

The image shows the front cover of an antique book. The cover is made of a green, textured material, possibly cloth or paper, and is bound with a traditional cord-stitching technique using a thick, light-brown rope. The spine of the book is on the left, and the cover is on the right. The title "The Orange Blossom" is printed in a gold, Gothic-style font within a rectangular border. Below the title, the year "1915" is printed in a smaller gold font, flanked by two horizontal lines of small gold dots.

The
Orange
Blossom

1915



Autographs

'15

College

J. V. Funderburgh
L. R. Y. Hoover

Academy

J. Ben Fisher
Alberta Neher
Kathryn Bomberger
Emerson Root
Maude Neher
John Rhodes
Ethel Brubaker
Cecil Cox.
Ruth Blickenstaff
Guy Conrad
Wilma Klingzman
Homer Norcross.
Russell Lichtenwalter

Four

'16

College

Bertrude Yoder
Lester Blocher

Academy

Galen Hockenberry
Galen Johnson
De Whisler
Raymond Brumbaugh
Isabel Ely.
Ruth Barnhizer
Mildred Jackson
Gladys Fesler
Mary Taylor
Chressie Neff
Mable Funk
Esther Funk.

Autographs

'17

College

Harper Frantz
 Fred Hollenberg
 John Overholtzer
 Almina Ries
 Mae Kepner
 Rosie Snell
 Florence Julius
 Vesta Sanger
 Ellice Laycock

Academy

Leroy Eikenberry
 Ethel Brown
 Olive Kesp
 Roscoe Hoover
 Flossie Michler
 Pauline Miller
 Bertha Fike
 Anna Heard
 Anna Yost
 Lna Marshburn
 Paul Lentz
 Minnie Gug
 Fern Hartman
 Lester Vaughn
 Selma Gug
 John Stover

Maude Brubaker

'18

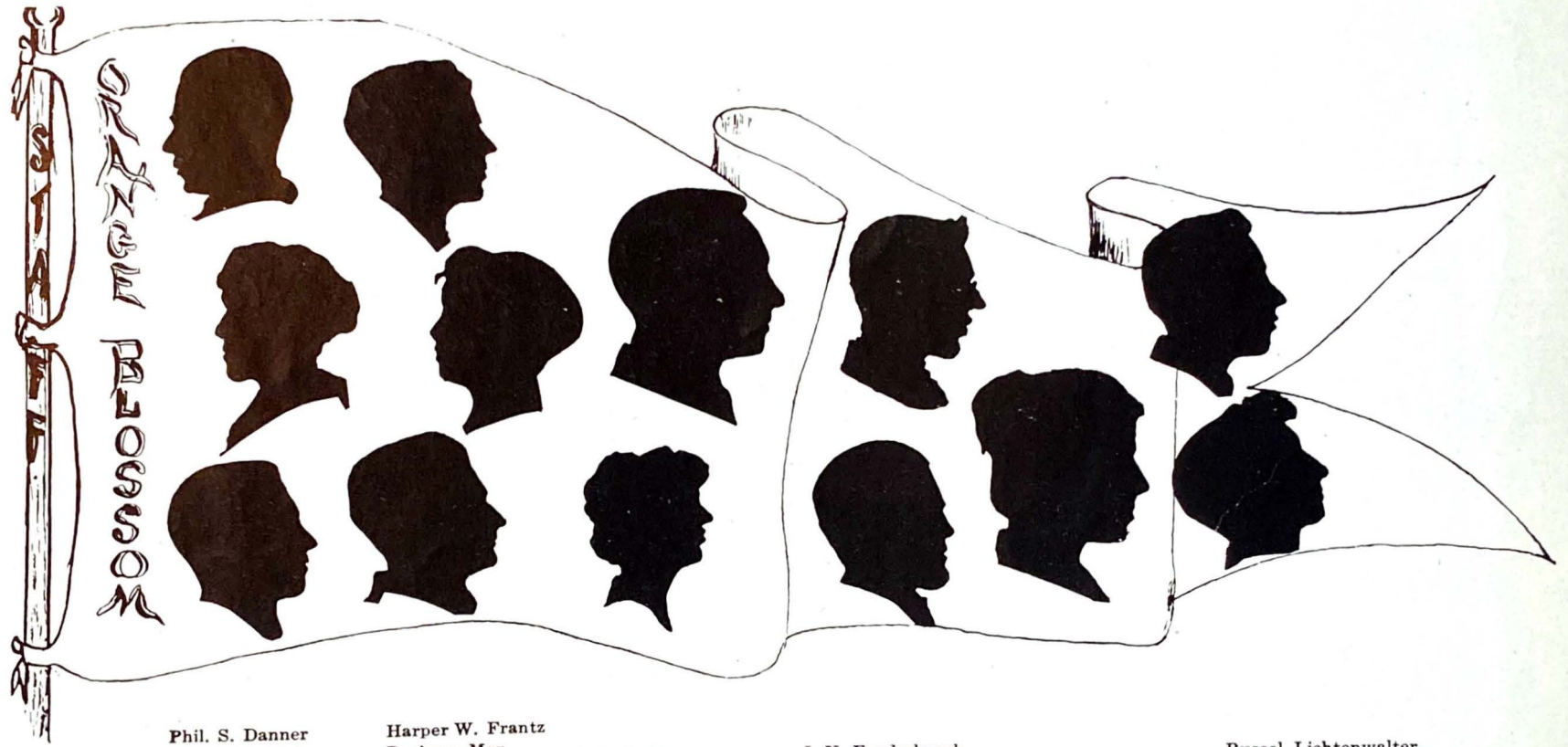
College

Charles Fisher
 Florence Metzger
 Lucile Snagy
 Mrs. Winger
 Lda Metzger
 Mary Lichtenwaller
 Phil Danner

Academy

Roy Young Hazel Winnick
 Clarence Miller Bessie Hershberger
 Elroy Bunch Huber Fisher
 Carl Cupp Rachel Brumbaugh
 Murrel Comer Winnie Comer
 Grace Moore Henry Overholtzer
 Elliot Thomas Clayton Hockenberry
 Marie Woody John Hollenberg
 Ethel Little Myrtle Fike
 George Shively Alice Bosler
 Moy Wing Howard Fike
 George Calvert Leland Brubaker
 George Yant Levi Bashore
 George Hollenberg Alice Linkham
 Charles Overholtzer Glenn Hipes

Five



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Fern Hartman
Social Hash

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Russel Lichtenwalter
Athletic Editor

John Stover
Circulating Editor

The Orange Blossom

issued by

The Associated Student Body

Lordsburg College

Lordsburg Calif.,

May, 1915

Friends, Alumni and Students of L. C.

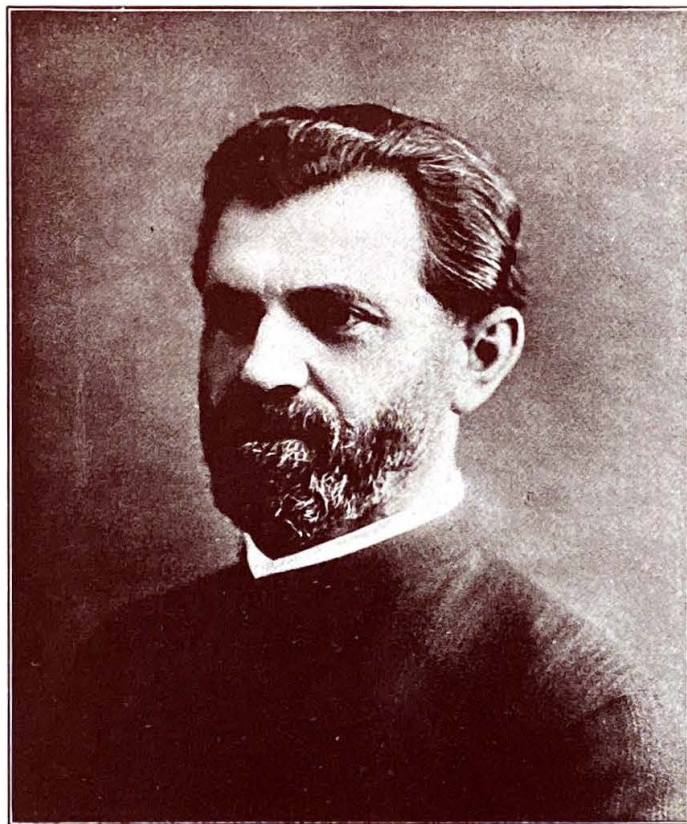
It is not without some misgivings that we offer for your approval our Annual, the child of our hopes, fears, sacrifices and much hard work; yet we hope that it will in a small way at least, accomplish its purpose—the stimulation and unification of your interest in our own school, Lordsburg College.

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Dedication

Our beloved President Edward Frantz, whom we honor and admire: His untiring devotion to our welfare and his sympathetic encouragement have helped to smooth out the rough places in the way and give us new light and inspiration: To him we respectfully dedicate our Annual, "The Orange Blossom."



PRESIDENT EDWARD FRANTZ, A. M.

The Newcomer

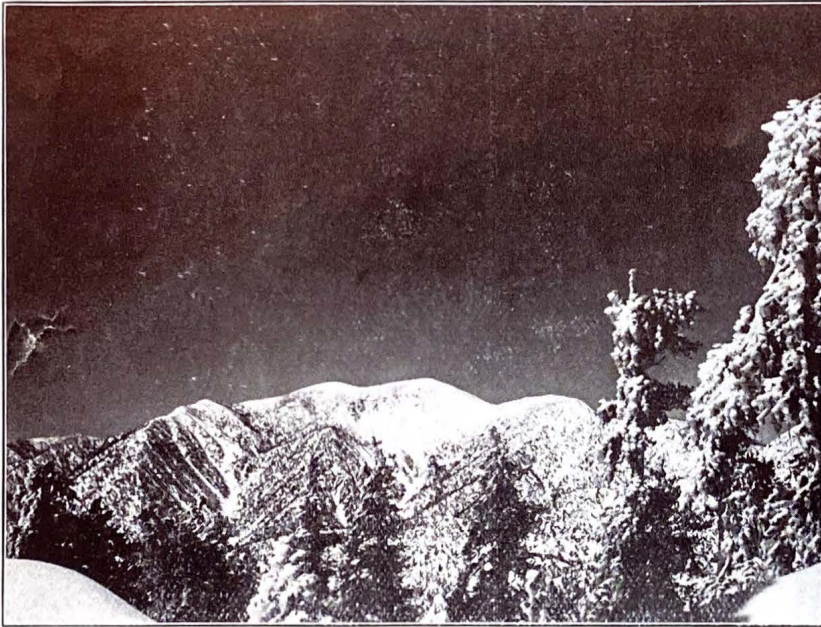
“GOOD MORNING, Mr. Brown!”

“Good morning, Mr. D—; expecting somebody?”

“Yes, I am looking for a student on this train.”

“Look out there! You’ll get hit with the mail when they throw it off. There she comes.”

The train came; stopped; started.



OLD BALDY

“How do you do? Are you looking for Lordsburg College?”

“Yes sir.”

“Well, my name is D—. Pres. Miller told me you were coming and I thot I’d come down and meet you. Let’s see, your name is—”

“F— R—. What’s that, a packing house?”

“Yes.”

“My! that’s a big one. It’s about as large as some of our cantaloupe sheds in Colorado.”

“Yes, it’s a whopper. There are two other packing houses here, but this is the largest. That’s the lemon house across the street. On the west of the orange house they recently built a large precooling plant. They make their own ice there and store the fruit. Employ about one hundred men and women. Women and girls do most of the packing. The property is owned by the ‘LaVerne Orange and Lemon Growers Association,’ and it is the home of the famous ‘Sun Kist’ fruit. There you can see the college building through that opening.”

“Oh, is that the College? It’s a pretty good sized building, isn’t it?”

“Ye-ah.”

“How long has it been built?”

“Why, let’s see; it was built in 1887, no, ’88, 1888. It was first put up for a hotel, but you’d be surprised how nicely it is adapted for a college. About three years after it was built a few prominent men,—David Houser, Samuel Overholtzer, David Kuns and Henry Kuns, especially, decided to purchase the building for a school. It has had a hard struggle, but is growing rapidly now. In 1909 the college building and several lots here became the property of the District of So Calif. and Ariz., and last year it became the joint property of the Southern and Northern Districts. So, you see, it’s bound to grow now.”

“Say! how far is it to those mountains?”

"Only about three miles."

"Oh, is that all!"

"Ye-ah. Do you see that highest mountain, right thru there, with the round top? That's 'Old Baldy.' There are only a few months in the year that there is no snow up there. Right over north-west there, is San Dimas canyon. That's a great place for picnics. The whole school usually spends a day in that canyon sometime during the year. It's a dandy one, all right. Some pretty falls up quite a ways.

"Up there, north-east, is Stoddard's Camp. That's a fine place. Sometimes the students go up there. Pretty falls up there, too.

"Right over this first range is what they call 'Brown's Flats.' You go up the 'Z' trail, right north of here. I guess you can see it right thru there. Then you follow the firebreak up to the top and down on the other side for a ways. The flats are about two miles on the other side. About sixteen miles from here. Some big pine trees and nice level space; good water."

"My, isn't that hedge pretty? This is certainly a pretty place for a college."

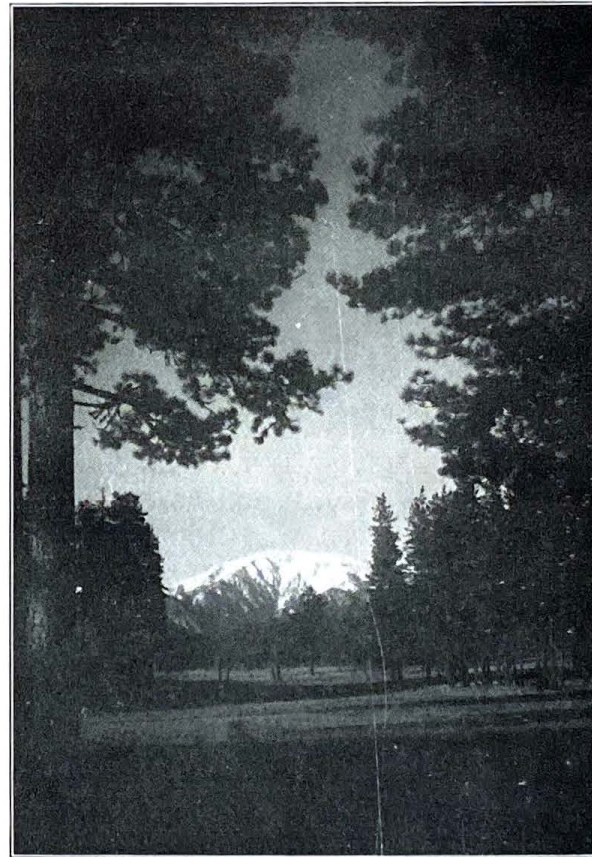
"Oh, you just wait! You haven't seen anything yet. Just wait until these Acacia trees here on the campus are blooming and the orange grove there west of the college is in blossom, and all those roses out in front, then it is pretty."

"Lordsburg is an ideal place for a college. This is a good clean town. No questionable places for young people. It gives you new life to stay here a while. Flowers blooming all the year."

"I believe I'll like it here. I hope my friend will. He's coming on the Salt Lake from Utah. That doesn't come thru Lordsburg, does it?"

"No! Pomona is the nearest stop on the Salt Lake.

But its only three miles and a beautiful city. Then he can come up on the electric. We have good service on that line. Twenty trains each way every day. Some to Pomona and some to San Bernardino, all to and from



BROWN'S FLATS (OLD BALDY IN DISTANCE)

Los Angeles. We'll go to meet him in the auto, and bring him right up. . . . Well, here we are. I'll take you to the President's office and then I'll have to go. See you again after a while."



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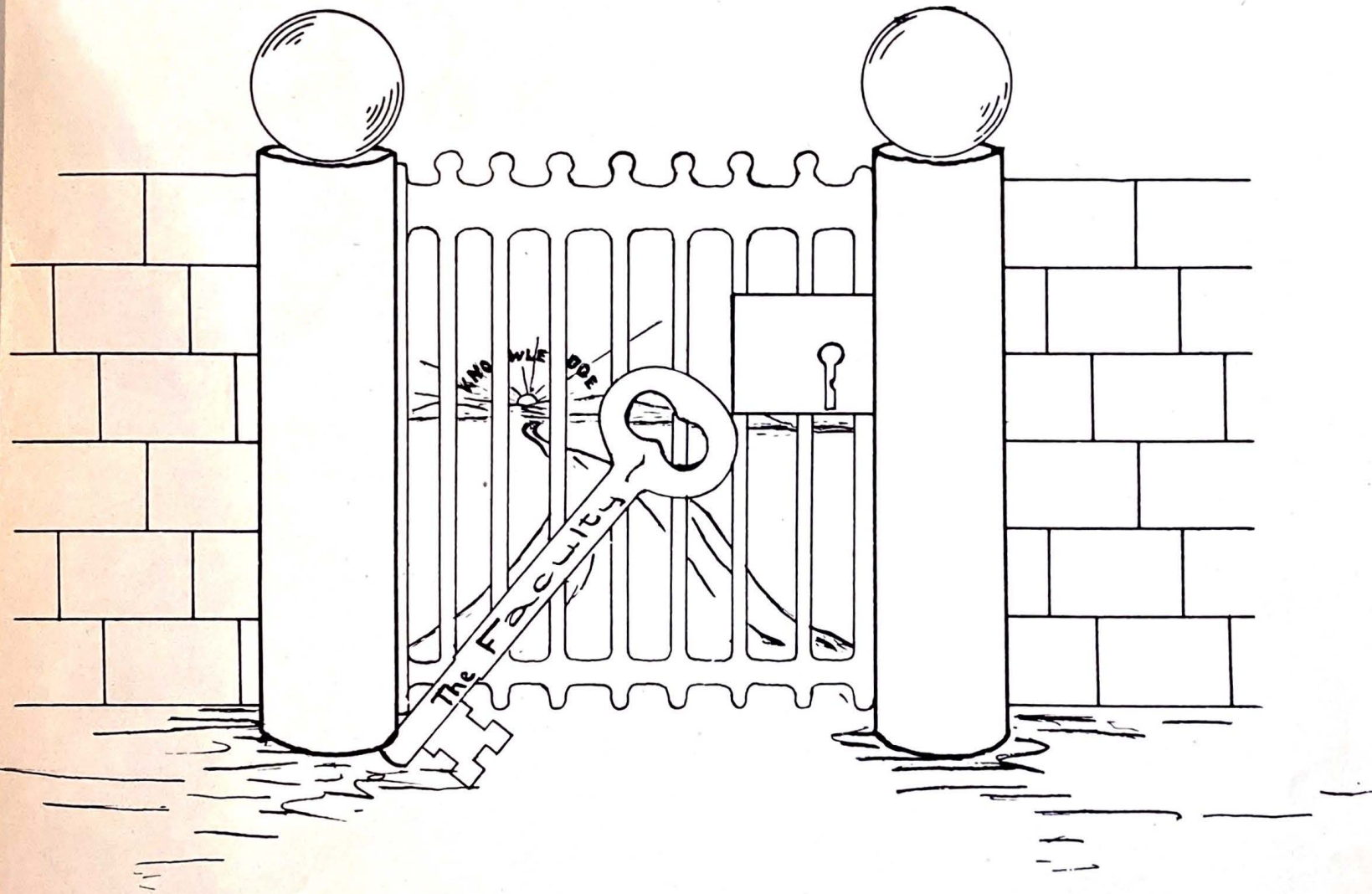
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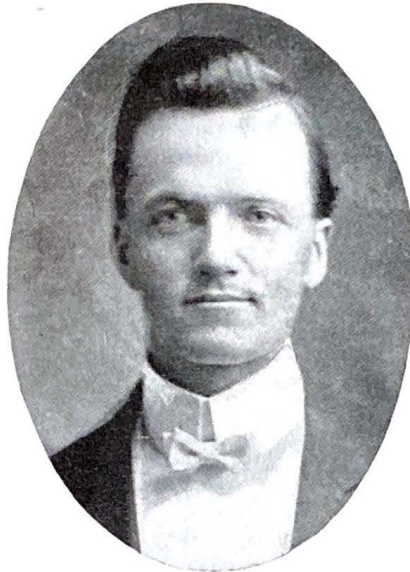
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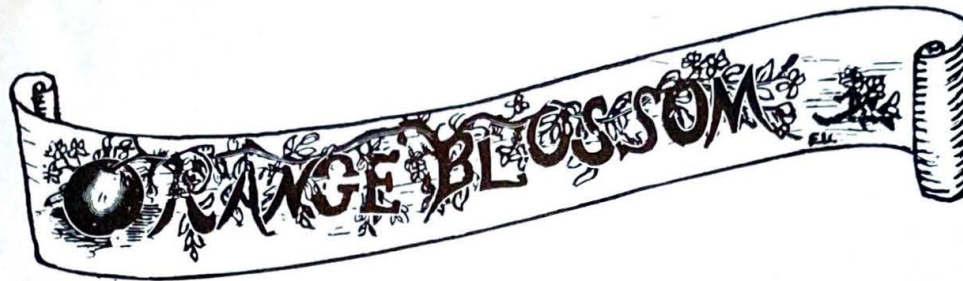


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Editorial



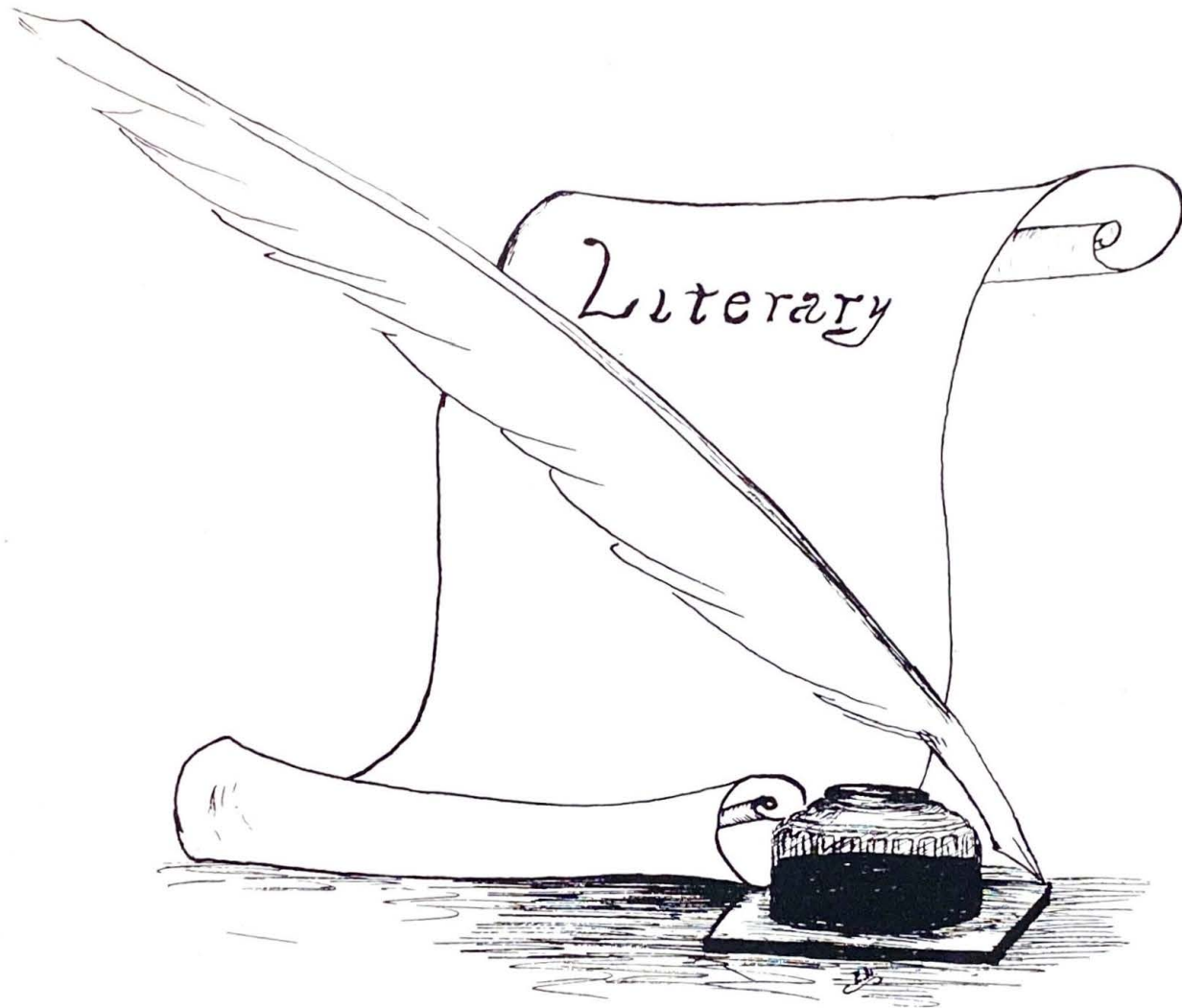
SCHOOL SPIRIT is generally one of two kinds. There's the kind we may call undesirable or deficient; and the other kind which is desirable and efficient. The former pervades the life of the individual student who is a candidate for some instruction in proper school life. The latter we find in students who are altruistic, absolutely unselfish, and with a true purpose in life.

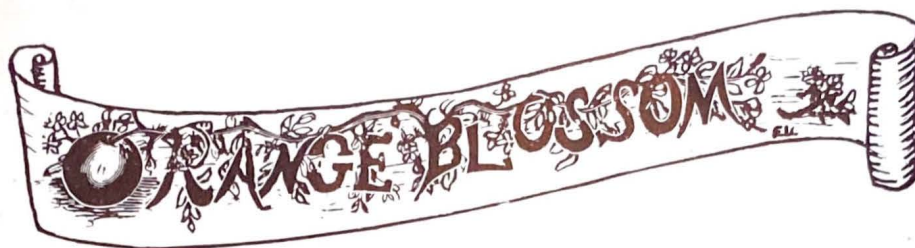
Proper school spirit has a different origin in different individuals. With some, it comes naturally. With others it needs to be developed. It also has a variety of manifestations, being personal with some, and general with others. There are those who attend strictly to No. 1, and with the presentation of a meek and quiet spirit, and good work accomplished, lay claim to the possession of proper school spirit. Perhaps the greater number, in addition to the foregoing qualifications, add to their credit some personal interest in the merit of others, some expression of virtue in regular attendance at student body functions, in dignity of manner in the presence of visitors, and in noble stability of character throughout the school year. As to the most desirable of the two classes you are at liberty to choose.

School spirit in relation to class spirit must not be misunderstood. Class spirit is good. The essential relation between the two is this:—Class spirit is always subordinate to school spirit. The latter always comes first.

For a good example of genuine school spirit we recommend the following recipe:

To five gallons of honest motives and four barrels of common sense add sixteen cups of diligent application, six drams of personal pride, nineteen pounds of personal interest in school affairs. These should be mixed thoroughly. A little dignity of nature, and self-control should be added to prevent curding. This preparation should be thoroughly cooked, and the skum of complaints, kicks, bad temper and egotism should be removed. When cooled, a hogshead of co-operative spirit, respect for authority, with sufficient environment adjuster to taste well, should be rapidly and surely added. When almost ready for use inject regular portions of the oil of enthusiasm, tasting frequently to detect public approval. When the desired taste is present, the preparation should be immediately chewed, swallowed, digested and thoroughly assimilated. —I. V. F.





"I Got It"

[Prize Story]

BETTY and Teddy, the twins, sat swinging their little bare legs out of the hay-loft door. It would be hard to find two sweeter children than these as they sat there trying to think of something to play.

Teddy had merry brown eyes and curly brown hair. He had a dear little rosebud mouth with two dimples hovering near. He was a merry little fellow, full of fun and frolic and he loved little Betty dearly. Betty looked a great deal like him, only her hair was yellow and her eyes were deep blue. She was more thoughtful and serious than Teddy, usually, but there were times when she was as mischievous as he.

They had been playing in the hay until they were all hot and tired out. Their mother had gone out calling and left them in charge of "nursie" and she had sent them out of doors to play. But now, there seemed to be nothing else to do.

"What shall we do, Betty?" asked Teddy.

"I don't know. Let's lay on the hay and fink."

They scrambled over to the hay and lay down with their chubby arms around each other. Thus they lay for a few minutes in deep silence. Teddy's voice broke the silence at last.

"Finkin'?" he asked drowsily.

"Yes. Is you?"

"Um'm. But I don't fink of nothin' nice. Do you?"

"No," she answered, yawning.

A few minutes passed in silence, when suddenly, something filled the doorway. The twins were astonished at what they

saw. It was a wee little woman in black. She wore a short wide skirt and a great cape and a high peaked hat.

"Well, my dears, so you don't know what to play, eh?" she said with a squeaky little voice.

"No'm," they answered, politely.

"Well, how would you like to go with me, dearies? I'll take you to my castle and find something for you to do. Will you?"

"Who are you please. Muzzy don't like for us to go off wif strangers, does she Betty?"

"I am a good witch and a friend to all good people. Come. Your mother won't object."

"How does you get there?" asked Teddy. "Trains?"

"No, dearie, not trains. I'll take you on my broomstick, of course. Witches always go on broomsticks."

Then she stamped her foot three times on the floor and turning on her heel, she muttered, "Be-be-e-Bee-e-e—Blinkum! Broomstick! Ho!"

Instantly there was a whirring, purring sound and a broomstick, driven by a huge black cat, lighted at the old witches' feet. They climbed on and away they went. Faster and faster, higher and higher, they flew until the earth seemed a tiny speck.

At last they began to circle lower and lower and finally landed in a beautiful garden where flowers were blooming, fountains flowing and birds were singing. Under the trees on the velvety lawn were many people sleeping. A beautiful little



fairy stood at the head of each person softly fanning him with his wings and unfolding a beautiful filmy dream which hovered about the heads of the sleepers.

"This is my dream garden," said the witch. "I bring the sad and weary mortals here and place them each in charge of one of my fairies. Each fairy unfolds a beautiful dream to them while they fan them with their wings. When the mortals awake they are happy and refreshed and ready to fight in life's battle again. Now, come, and see my children."

She led the way through the large hall, past many beautiful rooms, until they reached the back door and went out into a large court. Here were many, many happy children playing at every game imaginable.

"Now," said the witch, "You may go wherever you choose and as soon as you find the game you want to play you will find yourself back in your hay-loft at home, ready to play it. Good-bye dears," she said, and disappeared.

The children wandered happily about, stopping often to join some game but they did not find the one they were looking for. At last they stopped before two waifs, busily engaged in playing "jack-stones."

"Jacks!" gasped Teddy.

"Jacks!" echoed Betty.

Teddy sat up rubbing his eyes.

"I have it. Let's play jacks!"

Betty sat up too, rubbing her eyes and yawning.

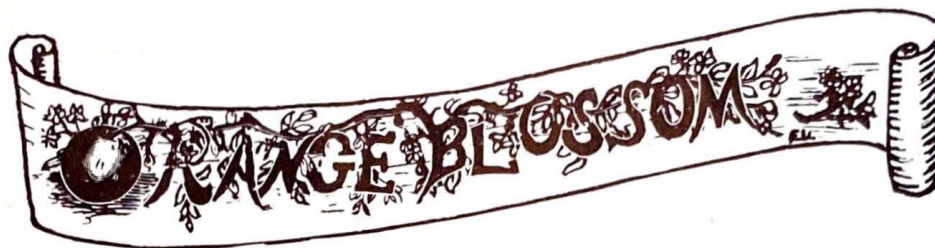
"Why Betty, you've been asleep. I've been finkin' and I finked of jacks. Ain't you glad?"

"Yes, but you've been asleep too, cause see how late it is. Let's go to muzzy now. Is'e so tired.

"Alright. But we'll have jacks to play tomorrow, won't we Betty?"

—Mary Taylor, Acad. '16





The Leap that Counted

It had been a great day for the little village of Dinton; a day of sports and amusements, now ending at a late hour with a performance of a traveling show. The chief event was "Dare-Devil-Dick's" mighty leap, and now, amid cheers and applause the crowd left the tent.

"Dare-Devil-Dick" leaped gracefully, swung from ladders, and walked ropes until the crowd disappeared. He then bounded into a side room from which he emerged half an hour later, no longer the reckless young circus performer, but an ordinary young gentleman. He sauntered leisurely to the hotel, and not feeling inclined to sleep, lingered some time about the office until finally at a late hour, he slowly mounted the stairs to the second floor. As the light was very dim, he crept cautiously along for fear of stumbling over something, and when turning into a narrow hallway leading to his room, he came face to face with another young man, who peered at him suspiciously, muttered to himself and passed on. Dick wondered at his actions, but knowing of no cause for his suspicious attitude toward him, he passed on to his room, and was preparing to retire, when he heard a light knock at the door. On opening it, Billings, the manager of the show entered.

"You'd better get away from here soon or lose your chance of going at all for awhile," he whispered cautiously.

Dick looked amazed. "Why should I wish to leave here so soon? I've only been here a day."

"Don't be so innocent, Dick. You know what I mean. You know you were seen and how can you expect to keep such a thing quiet."

"Oh, come now boss. Really, I'm getting interested. Tell me. Why all this rumpus?"

"Do you mean it? Don't you understand?"

"Of course I don't. Tell me, quick."

"Well, lock that door first. About twelve o'clock, the lady in 109 rang and called for the hotel boss. He went to the room. She had been out to the performance, then to supper with a friend. On returning to her room she found the door unlocked, her trunk had been rummaged through; some jewelry and several hundred dollars taken. The clerk thought it best to keep things quiet for a while, so crept about the hall in the hope of finding some trace of the guilty one. Turning the corner in the hall, he encountered you, also cautiously creeping along. You know the rest. I overheard him talking to a detective. They're coming after you soon. Now, see!" Dick looked dumfounded.

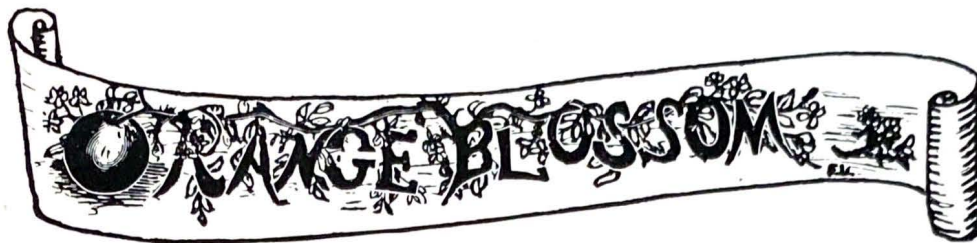
"Really, I can't comprehend your meaning."

"See here now Dick, be straight. Are you guilty of that theft?"

"No sir!"

Well then take my advice and go before it is too late."

With that, Billings quietly left the room. Dick stood still for a few moments, thinking rapidly. Realizing the situation, he decided to take Billings' advice, and leave town. Hastily collecting his belongings, he slipped out into the dark hallway to the fire escape, quickly descended and in a short time was well on the road to safety. He walked rapidly, he knew not where, through the entire night, he seemed almost in a dream. He



knew that he was unjustly accused, and must get to some place of refuge where he would not be detected. He knew Billings would fight for him and clear his name of disgrace if possible.

Thinking of what had happened and of all sorts of impossible things which might happen, he wandered about until evening, when he entered a small village. The first house he came to was a large old-fashioned structure, and the curtains being up he saw the interior of a neatly furnished living room; a fire glowed on the hearth, before which was seated a sweet faced woman, who looked tenderly at a little rosy cheeked girl of perhaps eight years, sitting on a stool at her feet. His eyes grew dim with tears as he looked upon the sweet home-like picture but the harmony of the scene was broken in upon by an elderly man who entered the room, scowling and muttering to himself. Dick watched this scene some time, then slowly approached the door and rapped gently. The man arose from his chair, opened the door and looked disdainfully at the young man.

"Well, what do you want?" he demanded.

At sound of the gruff voice, Dick almost lost his courage, but led on by the desire for food and rest, he said, "Do you happen to have an extra room I might rent for the night? I have been walking all day and have had nothing to eat. I will—"

"No you won't. You might as well go along. We can't accommodate tramps, "and was in the act of closing the door in his face, when the little girl sprang forward, and holding to the door, cried: "But papa, he looks awfully tired. Mama will fix him a room, I know she will."

The man looked at the child, the scowl left his face, which radiated with a new light as he looked at the pretty, pleading face. It was evident he loved the little one dearly. Without another word he threw open the door and motioned Dick to

enter. "Come on in to please Babe. Mandy, you see about something for him to eat, will you?"

As the woman left the room, the two men sat down and the elder eyed the other closely. "May I ask your name?"

Dick did not care to give his name, for, known as he was as a performer, he knew not how the gentleman would take it, so he said evasively, "Perhaps you will not care to keep me here. I have been accused of a theft and in trying to escape imprisonment, I came this way."

The other man looked at him steadily, then answered slowly, "I like your frankness in telling me. I believe you are innocent and an honest young man. "He held out his hand, and Dick silently took it feeling that he had found a friend.

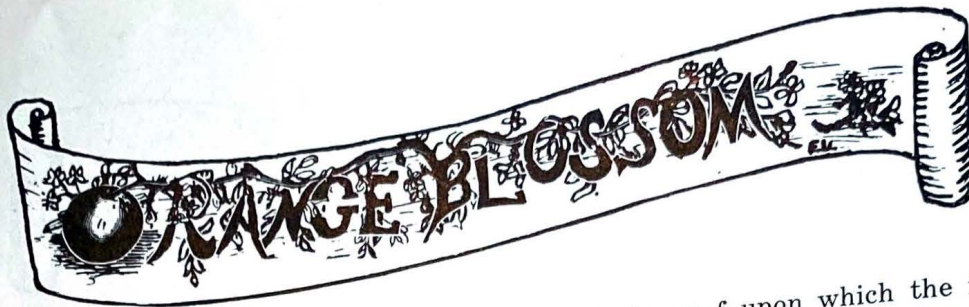
After Dick had partaken of a hearty meal, they all assembled in the cheerful living room and were chatting interestedly, when voices were heard outside, then footsteps on the porch, then a loud knock. Dick instinctively arose and stepped to the corner of the room. The man of the house opened the door, disclosing to view four men, rough looking fellows, whose countenances plainly told that they were there for no good purpose.

"Ye seen 'Dare-Devil-Dick' anywhere's round here? He come this way we know—seen him—answer me straight," demanded the leader of the gang. The others echoed his words by nods, exclamations of wrath and curses.

"We'll go now, but if we don't find him, we're liable to call send you in a hurry, you impudent fellow, said the old man once more falling into his gruff and unmanly mood.

"We'll go now, but if we don't find him, we're liable to call again. "So long," and they departed.

After their departure all was silent for a few moments.



Then Dick told his new found friends about his former life and occupation and in place of the angry words which he had expected, the man only said, "I'm glad you've told me."

A little later they retired and Dick, tired out with the trials and experiences of the last few days, soon fell into a heavy and dreamless sleep. He was awakened some hours later by some one shaking him rudely by the shoulder, "Get up—get up—the house is afire—Hurry!" Then the figure disappeared.

Dick hastily arose, looked out of the window, and saw that the front portion of the house was a mass of flames. He quickly donned his clothes and ran down the steps and into the yard. People were running about confusedly, crying numerous useless orders. Dick looked about, saw the owner of the house and went to him. The old man looked up at him and cried wildly "Oh for God's sake save her—save Babe—man, they're getting ladders—help them—save her."

At the old man's first words Dick bounded off to where the men were working to save the child. The fire, they said, was burning in the lower floor so that the only way to get to the child would be by a window on the second floor. A ladder was placed against the house, and quick as a flash, Dick was up it and into the smoke filled room. He crossed the hall to another room where he knew the child was sleeping, caught her in his arms, and attempted to return to the window, but the room was in flames. What should he do? He dashed hither and thither, blinded and choked by the smoke, and finally came upon the entrance to an outside balcony. Going out on this he quickly

ascended the roof upon which the flames were beginning to do their deadly work. He looked about for some avenue of escape. There was none. There was no place from which he could get to a ladder.

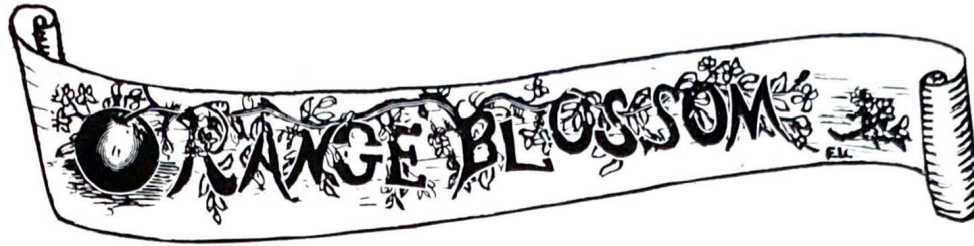
Like lightning a thought came to him. He flew to the edge of the roof, clasped the child closer in his arms, and as on a few nights previous he had made a leap for the amusement of hundreds, now he made a similar one to save the life of a little child. The first leap had been made from a previously prepared platform and all things made as safe as possible. This was made from the house to a large tree, with no thought of his safety, only thinking of the seemingly lifeless burden in his arms.

He knew not how he made it for, when starting it was dark, save for the lurid glare of the mighty flames, but when later he came to himself, it was broad daylight. He was lying on a bed in a large light room and a little girl sat by his side stroking his hand. Over him bent Billings, "It's all right, old man, I've fixed it up alright and you're no longer accused. They've found the guilty one, so cheer up and get well."

"I'm sure glad of that, Billings," answered Dick weakly "for though my life hasn't amounted to much and my work has not been of the nature to help, still I can leave a clear name, and, "with a tender and smiling glance at the little face beside him, "I thank God that my last leap counted."

—Isabel R. Eby, Acad., '16.





Madge's Choice

THE warm July afternoon was fast deepening into twilight as Madge closed her book with a sigh, rose languidly from the hammock and started to the house through a narrow path winding in and out among the fruit trees of "Rest Haven." When the girl reached the front of the house, she stopped and looked longingly in the direction in which the city lay. She was standing motionless with a far away expression in her beautiful hazel eyes. Her hair fell in dark ringlets about her face which now wore a troubled expression.

Madge had a habit of smiling only with her eyes and now hearing a sound behind her, she turned and found her mother regarding her with anxious eyes. Her eyes smiled as she noticed her mother's look.

"It's alright mother, I have decided to sing for the meeting tonight, so cheer up, and let's be happy."

"Oh, Madge, I'm so glad you are going to sing, because Mr. Neville from New York is to be there. He is a great music teacher and if your voice is really good for something, he can tell you."

The girl's eyes did not smile at this, a deep troubled look came into them. The mother gave her a searching look and then turned towards the house. The girl looked after her. "Oh," she sighed, "if they could only see what a great thing it would be for me to go out into the world and try to earn my living, but no, they think because I have money and plenty of pretty clothes and every thing I want, that is all I need. But oh, how can I ever spend my life like the girls of my acquaintance, a life lived only for pleasure."

That evening she dressed herself with care, in a beautiful gown with a bodice of pearls. When she was ready she looked

in the mirror, everything was faultless and when her mother entered she gave a cry of delight. "Oh, Madge, how beautiful you look, I always feel happy when I know my daughter is the best dressed girl in town."

A shade crossed the girl's lovely face as she answered with deep feeling, "But mother, dress is not the only thing in life; oh, if you and father would only let me work among the poor people around here, I could be happy, but I can never, never, be happy living a life of luxury."

An angry look came into Mrs. Carmen's eyes and she turned and left the room.

When Madge with her mother and father entered the drawing room that evening, all eyes were turned in their direction and all acknowledged Madge as the most beautiful among the crowd.

A man of perhaps fifty years of age came toward them, and clasping Mr. Carmen's hand said: "Well Carmen, it sure seems good to see you," and turning to Mrs. Carmen, "you remember how we used to debate against each other in our old college days? Those days will always stay with me as they were the happiest of my life."

Then Madge was introduced.

"This is our daughter, Mr. Neville, whom you will hear sing tonight. You have probably heard her in New York."

Yes, indeed, I have had that pleasure. I think she has one of the most wonderful voices I have ever heard."

That night Madge sang as never before; her rich sweet voice rose amid the bursts of applause. She was seeing, feeling, living



what she sang, and her voice showed her heart. It was not the voice alone, but the soul behind that thrilled and compelled.

At last the entertainment was over, and Madge went home, having almost enjoyed herself. When she reached her room, she closed and locked the door. She sat by the window and looked out over the surrounding country, her head rested on her hand and her eyes smiled. Why had she never thought about it before? How grateful she was to Mr. Neville, who had given her the suggestion. She arose and said aloud, "Yes, I will do it."

At breakfast the next morning she looked from her mother to her father. Could she leave them? It would be hard but she could overcome any struggles now.

At last she spoke, "Mother you know that the country is calling for nurses just now to nurse the wounded soldiers. There have been some who have responded, but not enough. I have decided to go."

"Madge!" was all Mr. Carmen could say, but Mrs. Carmen's black eyes snapped, as she gave her daughter a scornful look. "You go as a nurse, friends, wealth, everything to be thrown away for those worthless beggars. No, my daughter shall never disgrace herself so."

"But mo—"

"Not a word. You can't mean it, you are young yet. Think it over and I am sure you will see your folly."

Mrs. Carmen rose and was about to leave the room when Madge detained her saying, "Oh mother, don't be angry with me please, but I have decided, I have grown to womanhood and yet have never done a single thing for any one except myself."

"You have not needed to, Madge, you know your every want has been supplied. Now I want you to put all this foolish nonsense out of your head, and live the life fitting to your wealth and social position."

"The day you go, you cease to be a daughter of mine," and Mrs. Carmen went quickly from the room.

Madge went to her room, packed her clothes, left a note with the maid for her father and mother, and quietly left the house.

Three months passed, and although Mr. and Mrs. Carmen longed for their daughter they were too proud to trace her.

It was the day before Christmas when an ambulance stopped at the beautiful country home of Mr. and Mrs. Carmen. As the men carried in the stretcher, Mrs. Carmen ran ahead of the maid and led them up the broad stairway to Madge's old apartments, which had not been changed since her departure. The men then departed and Mrs. Carmen was left alone with her daughter. Madge slowly opened her eyes and gazed about her, and her eyes smiled.

"Oh Madge, my daughter, my only child, stay with me and I will aid you in the settlement work you wished to take up. Oh, can you forgive me? My child, I have been so unhappy since you left us, but my proud spirit would not have allowed me to speak had I known where you were, but now I shall dedicate my life to others, if you will only stay with us.

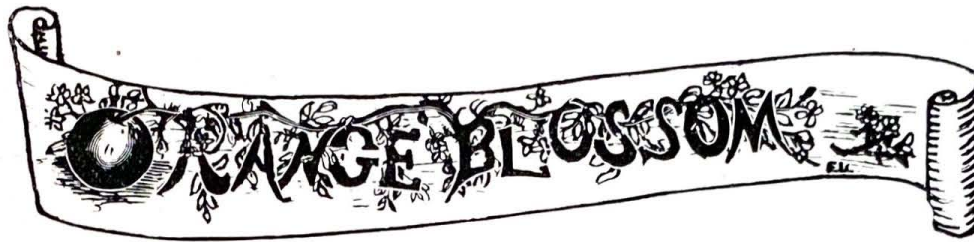
But Madge had contracted a cold which settled on her lungs and her mother did not know that her child's last moments on earth were numbered, but Madge knew.

On Christmas morning she called her mother to her and said in a feeble voice but with smiling eyes, "Mother, the time has passed quickly by, and I have been so happy because I have felt as if I had really helped to make those poor wounded creatures more comfortable and happy; the thought makes me ready to go home now, for my life has not all been misspent.

The mother kissed her tenderly as she lay quietly back among her pillows. "Your mother will try, daughter, to take your place among them."

With a peaceful expression radiating her beautiful face, Madge gave her life into the keeping of the Eternal One.

—Maude Brubaker, Acad. '17



The Hero of Rockville Academy

WHEN Eugene Adams entered the college hall on the morning of the opening day he was the object of many curious glances. His coat, old and in a rather dilapidated condition, had belonged to his father and was several sizes too large for him, although he was tall. Being exceedingly lanky his coat gave the appearance of a sail hanging to the mast of a ship. He wore a flannel shirt without a tie, his trousers bagged at the knees and his shoes were of heavy cowhide leather. He did not seem to notice the curious looks cast his way by the students, but inquiring where he could find the Registrar's office, he walked in that direction.

The students at Rockville Academy were for the most part children of well-to-do parents, and they did not appreciate any one in less favorable circumstances than they were. On account of this Eugene was left a good bit to himself, but he managed to take part in most of their sports, especially basket ball.

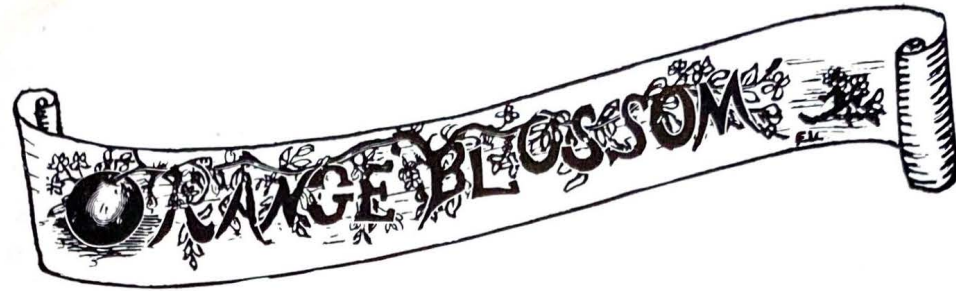
Now Rockville boasted of a crack basket ball team and had held the championship of their league for several years, but in the last year or so Glenwood their closest rival had pressed them closely, and so they were very anxious about their chances for the coming season.

Eugene was not able to report for regular practice as he would like to have done, but during the intermission at noon, some of the scrubs would practice shooting goals, and in this Eugene took part. His shooting was so remarkable that the captain of the scrubs took him aside and had a talk with him, after which a smile of satisfaction could be seen on the captain's face.

The regulars noticed that the scrubs wandered away on the evenings when they did not have regular practice, but took no especial notice of the fact.

One afternoon Eugene came out to the basket ball court attired in a costume he had found no one knew where. The jersey was striped red and black, and the trunks had formerly been a part of a bathing costume. He was greeted with howls of derision and with many jeers, but he only smiled quietly to himself. The captain of the scrubs introduced him to the coach and asked if he might use Mr. Adams for center. The coach nodded and smiling behind his hand motioned the referee to call the game.

Just before the ball went up in center Eugene called off a string of numbers and as the ball went up he sprang lightly into the air tapping the ball to the guard that had rushed up to receive it, he dropped back into a position near the goal and receiving the ball from the forward who was not in position to shoot, he made the goal, which brought the scrubs the first two points of the game. Again and again as the ball went up in center Eugene would call those numbers, the meaning of which no one knew except the scrubs, and they knowing just what to do, were always ready and did not need to look for a place to pass the ball when they got it, for their men were always in position to shoot. The regulars became so bewildered that they could only follow the scrubs around and make futile grabs at the ball. The coach was smiling again, but it was a different kind of a smile. At the end of the game the scrubs had literally cleaned the regulars. After the game the coach grasped Eugene by the

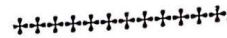


arm and said, "See here, why didn't you tell me you could play basket ball, that shooting was wonderful."

"I havn't time to play," said Eugene. "We'll fix that," exclaimed the coach, "you report for regular practice after this and I'll see that everything is arranged for you to play on the regular team."

Thus it came about that Eugene played in the championship game with Glenwood and through his wonderful shooting and management Rockville won by the largest score she had ever made. And Eugene Adams, the poor boy they had all looked down upon, was now hailed as the greatest hero in Rockville Academy.

—D. L. Whisler, Acad. '16.



Alone with Nature

In the evening when the shadows
Softly creep o'er land and sea
And I'm out alone with nature
I'm as happy as can be.

There I drink from nature's fountain
Streams of life forever flow;
And the sparkles of the river
Seem to catch the evening glow.

When I'm all alone with nature
I can feel a sacred power
Pulling, pulling me up higher,
There to find a strong, high tower.

I can read in all the colors
Of the evening sky
Such a warmth of love and beauty;
Then tears bedim my eye.

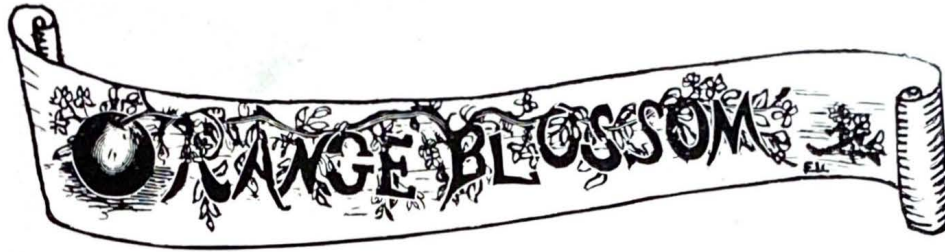
For I think of all the humans
That can never meet me there
When I'm all alone with nature,
Gazing at the heavens rare.

Many, many people never
See the beauty of the sky,
Never drink the love of nature,
Never feel that He is nigh.

Oh, if I could only touch them
With a wand of living love
And could really make them ponder
On the wealth of nature's love,

I would wander out at evening
And would softly breathe a prayer,
Happy for the God of Nature,
Filling all the earth so fair.

—Elice B. Laycook, A. B., '17.



Their Rose Bud

ONE evening as Mr. and Mrs. Bird were sitting by their comfortable grate fire, they heard something that sounded like the wail of a child. It startled them. They listened, and the sound was heard again. Mrs. Bird's warm heart was moved and she said: "Jonathan, do go out and see what that was, maybe it is someone in distress."

When Mr. Bird went out to investigate he heard another cry which this time could not be mistaken. The cry seemed to come from under a rosebush on the lawn, and when he looked there he found a curious bundle which proved to be a baby girl lying in a little basket! The little one had evidently been sleeping and on awaking, finding itself alone, began to cry. When Mr. Bird approached it stopped crying. It was a chilly night in October so he immediately took the strange burden into the house to show his wife.

"See what I have brought you," he said.

Mrs. Bird threw up her hands in astonishment and indignation, saying, "Who could be so cruel as to leave a little baby out-side on such a night. We will keep her for the night at least and maybe someone will come to claim her in the morning. So they renewed the fire and after warming some milk fed the child. The good woman then rocked her and it was not long before the little one was fast asleep.

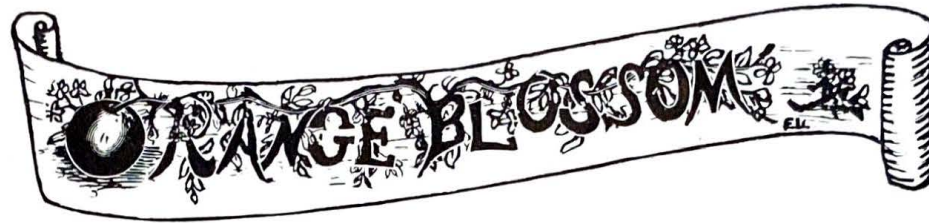
She was a poor little thing, her scanty clothing could scarcely be called more than rags; the face was blue and pinched, but clean. She seemed to be about four months old and evidently was the child of parents who were too poor to keep her. The only attraction the baby possessed was the large blue eyes.

Mrs. Bird declared she had never seen such beautiful eyes. But why the child happened to be left to them was always a mystery to these people.

Mr. and Mrs. Bird were a contented, prosperous couple, living in a comfortable country home in the middle West. They possessed unusual culture and good sense, believed in making the most of life and doing all the good they could. They both loved children, and their only sorrow was that their one child had died in infancy. Mrs. Bird had often talked of taking a little girl from the Orphan's Home, but this was never done, and this child so mysteriously sent was a godsend to their lonely hearts.

They named her Rosalind because it was under the rosebush they first found her. The news soon spread over the neighborhood about the mysterious baby and people for miles around came flocking to see her. Some of the women chided Mrs. Bird with, "You will soon be tired of caring for someone else's baby" and "I'd never think of keeping a strange young one and besides she's sickly." But the new mother wisely kept her own counsel and said nothing.

But in spite of these predictions Rosalind continued to grow. The peaked little face became round, the cheeks rosy, and dimples began to play in the soft little arms. Tiny ringlets were covering the head and the fond parents saw that her hair would be bright and golden. And the eyes, those wonderful eyes, were as blue as ever. No one ever came to claim her and Mr. and Mrs. Bird called her their very own. The house seemed to have taken new life, for Rosalind was beginning to



laugh and toddle about. Every day brought some new accomplishment. These days were happy ones for them all and the years flew rapidly by.

When Rosalind was five years old she coaxed to start to school, but as she was naturally bright, her mother thought it best to wait another year. Mrs. Bird bought a primer and taught her to read and write. A box of colored crayons was also a source of constant delight to her. She would often take the cat or chickens for models and draw pictures in her childish way. Some of them were really pretty, at least Rosalind thought so.

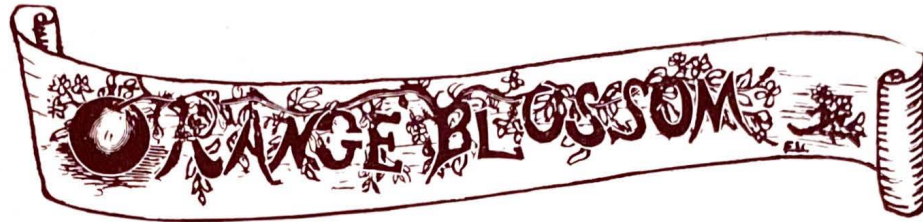
When her sixth birthday came, a very important little girl started to school. She was very happy and learned rapidly, soon becoming the leader of her class. She still continued drawing and coloring, but now a box of paints replaced the crayons. With the aid of the country school teacher she made rapid progress and surprised even her father and mother with her pictures. The neighboring women now looked upon her with envy because she was so far out-stripping their own daughters. "That child has surely blossomed out," they said. But Rosalind was always so kind and sweet to everyone that they could not help but love her.

At fourteen she was ready for high school, but as it was three miles distant from her home, it was a question in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Bird how she should go to and from school. At last Mr. Bird bought a gentle riding pony and during vacation Rosalind learned to ride. She and the horse became fast friends and every morning during school months the willing pony could be seen carrying its beautiful mistress to school. The exercise in the cool morning air was delightful and gave an added color to her cheeks. She liked school life immensely and soon became a favorite with all the students, being always in demand for her ready hand at drawing. Every spare

moment would find her in some secluded spot sketching and everyone said she had promises of becoming a great artist. After graduating from high school she stayed at home a year. Nor was it an idle one, for there were many things she could yet learn on the farm. She often invited her school friends out to parties and the house was filled with gay young people. Mr. and Mrs. Bird encouraged her in this and by their kindness and hospitality their home became a favorite place with Rosalind's friends.

She had by this time become very beautiful. She was tall and very graceful. Her hair had gradually changed until it was now a golden brown, and her eyes were brighter and bluer, if that be possible. Her manner was so frank and winning and she was altogether so good and true that to know her was to be her friend.

Mr. Bird was now growing tired of farm life and wished for a little more leisure. So the family moved to the city and lived in a cozy cottage in the suburbs. Here they had a small orchard and garden, with just enough work to keep them happy and busy. This pleased Rosalind, for she could now be free to finish her education. Mr. and Mrs. Bird spared no money but sent her to the best art school the city afforded. She worked hard and soon became very proficient. She loved to walk into the country and paint pictures from nature, picturesque landscapes and brilliant sunsets. She continued painting until she was by far the best student in the school. The young art master was a wealthy man and very much interested in Rosalind. He advised her to go abroad and study farther, but she did not wish to leave her father and mother, and besides, did not have the means. But he was not to be disappointed, so he easily obtained a scholarship for her to a famous school in Paris and he himself



provided money for the trip. Rosalind hesitated, but feeling that he was her friend, at last decided to go.

Six months later found our heroine in Paris pursuing her much loved work. Mr. Acklin, the art master, had written about her to the authorities of the school where she now was, so Rosalind soon felt at home. In a short time she quite distinguished herself among the many masters who were there from all over the world. Her pictures were so soulful and artistic that they became famous and sold for enormous prices.

A year passed, during which time Rosalind and Mr. Acklin had been maintaining a friendly interest in each other by writing occasionally. He begged her not to return the money which he

had given her, but as soon as she could do so Rosalind sent it back, with interest. This seemingly did not suit the gentleman, and obtaining leave from the school where he was teaching, he set sail for Paris. Rosalind was surprised yet pleased to see him, and when he asked for something more in payment for his favor, Rosalind could not refuse, for this was where her heart had been all the while.

They came back to the old home as groom and bride. Rosalind's god-parents were overwhelmed with joy at seeing their treasure again. And with tears of joy in her eyes Mrs. Bird said, "Father, aren't you glad the little rosebud was sent to us to blossom into such beautiful womanhood?"

Mary Lichtenwalter, A. B., '18.

A Girl to a Girl

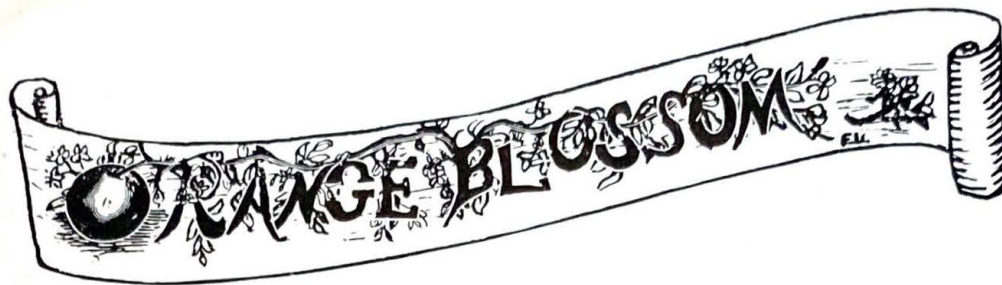
I scanned the world for friendships true,
And now I've found it here in you.
The feelings which I now possess
Are feelings not to be expressed.
When first I saw your smiling face
I little knew which lines to trace
To tell me all that in your case
Would be unfolded in embrace.
Your loving words, your kindly deeds,
Your patient acts, cease not to feed
My life with love for you.

Your life is not so different, dear,
From all the girls of far and near,

But somehow you have felt a touch
Of sadness in my heart, of such
As seems to make you deeper feel
Than other girls, who cannot kneel
Down at the lowly shrine of love.

The girl who lives to love will show
Her good big "her" to those who know
And understand her. I'm glad to find
This friendship kind; your lovely life
I can entwine around this feeling heart of mine.
So let us friends forever be.
As true as ever friends can be.

—Elice B. Laycook, A. B., '17.



Buying Lawns

AN elderly woman with keen gray eyes entered a small store in a rural district and was casually examining several bolts of lawn lying on the counter.

"Oh, good day, Mrs. Miller," said the proprietor, coming forward, anticipating a sale, "looking for lawns?"

"No, I don't know as I was," said the possible customer, "I was just noticing these."

"They're pretty patterns, I just got them in."

"They're all so light."

"Light colors are all the rage this summer. But here is a black-and-white piece, that's just the thing for you. Now, isn't that neat?"

"Yes, rather, but it ain't just what I like. How much is it?"

"Fifteen cents a yard."

"Ain't that dreadful high for lawns?"

"Not for lawns of that quality. Just see how fine it is."

"Yes, but they're selling lawns every bit as good as that in the city for eight and nine cents."

"Impossible, Mrs.—!"

"Indeed they are, and one of my neighbors got a good piece for seven cents."

"They are not such goods as this."

"It is almost the very same thing. I hadn't calculated on giving more than ten cents at the most."

"Why, this cost more than that at wholesale!"

"Oh, I guess not. Anyhow, I can't give more than ten cents."

"I can't take it."

"I can't give any more."

"Well, just examine the lawn closely now."

"It looks well enough, but I ain't at all sure it won't fade." "I'll warrant it not to fade. It's a standard make and fast colors."

"Well, how many yards are there in this piece?"

"Thirteen; just a good full pattern."

"Eleven would be a great plenty for me."

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll let you have the piece for fourteen cents a yard, being it's all I have left."

"Can't you say an even twelve cents to an old customer like me?"

"No, really, I couldn't."

"Fourteen cents is too much for lawn that's selling everywhere else for twelve cents."

"Oh, I think you're mistaken."

"Well, see here, I'll give you twelve and one-half cents a yard for it."

"No, I couldn't go below thirteen cents, and wouldn't let anyone but you have it for that."

"I reckon you'll throw in thread and buttons at that price?"

"Couldn't do it for only thirteen cents a yard."

"Well, say thread, then."

"I'll throw in a spool of thread, but nothing else."

"And a card of hooks and eyes?"

"Well, I don't know—yes, I will."

"Now, why can't you say buttons, too?"

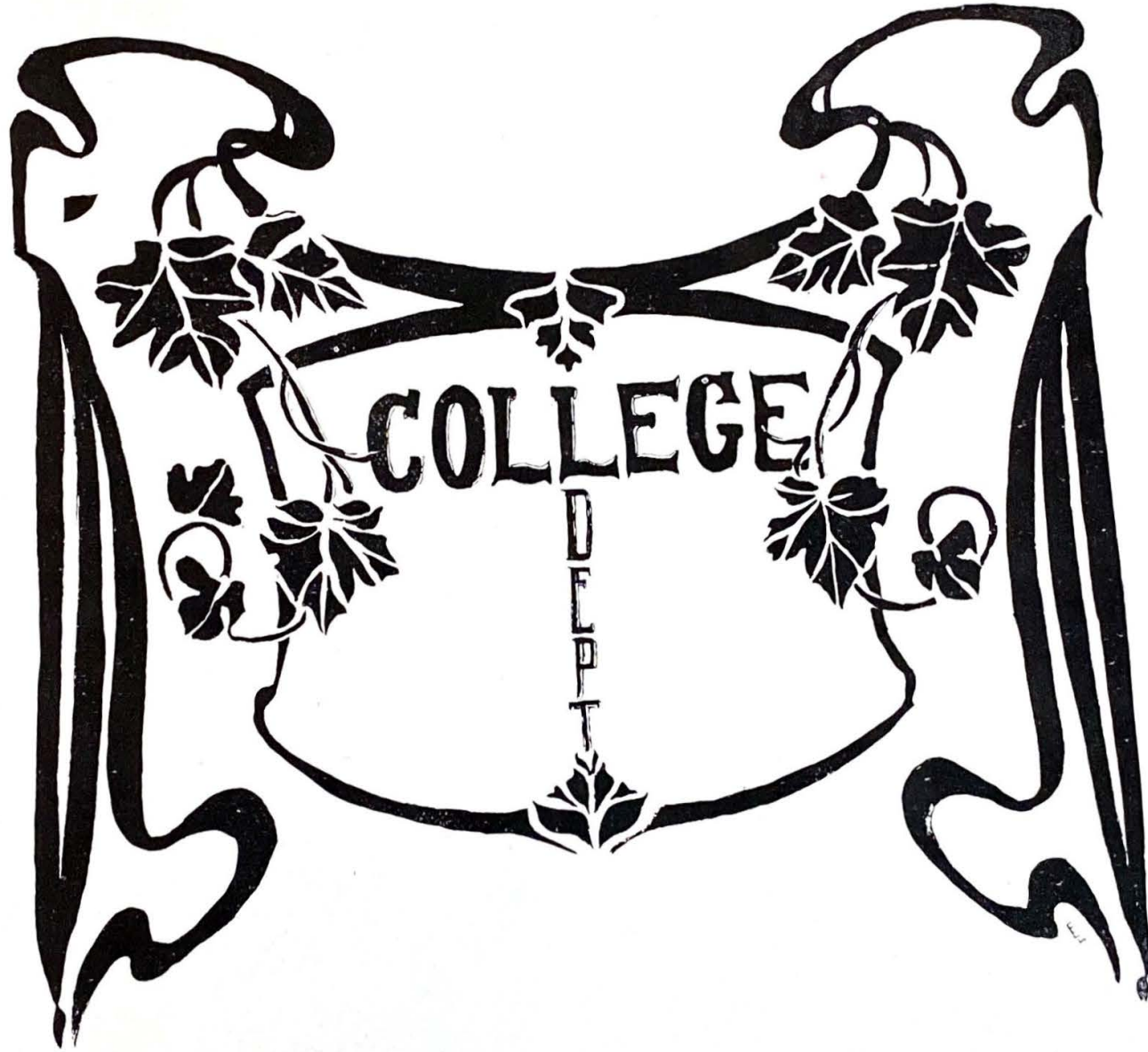
"I really can not. I'm losing money now."

"And you can't make it twelve and one-half cents a yard?"

"No!"

"Well, I guess I won't take it; I ain't needing a lawn dress this summer, anyhow."

Lucile Gnagy, A. B., '18.





P. J. WIEBE



Graduate Department

TENNYSON has said:

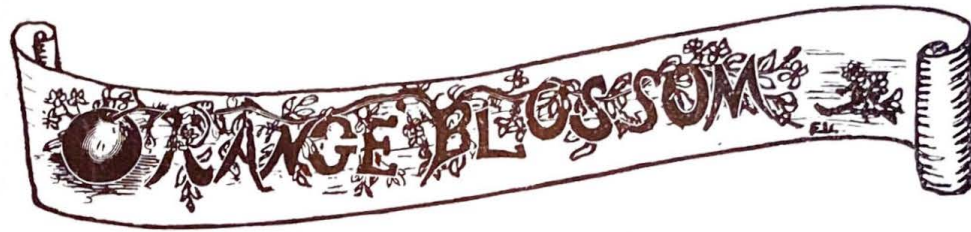
“I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.”

How true this has been in the case of Lordsburg College may be seen when we stop and look back over the past six years. Prior to the school year '09-'10 the school was one great heterogeneous mass of students. Academy, Music, Bible, Seniors, Freshmen, Juniors, all were on the same level. In the fall of '09 the classes of the Academy were organized, the special departments isolated and one student accepted for a first year College course. This was a beginning. Since then each year some little advance has been made in the perfection of a sure-enough College.

Last year there were 16 students enrolled for regular College work. One of this number, Mr. P. J. Wiebe, composed Lordsburg College's first graduating class and received the first degree (A. B.) ever conferred by her.

This year another step in advance has been taken. The enrollment has increased to twenty-two. But this is not all. Mr. Wiebe again takes first place when he receives his second degree (A. M.), which is also the first of its rank to be given by our school.

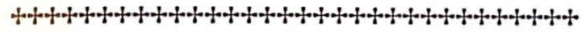
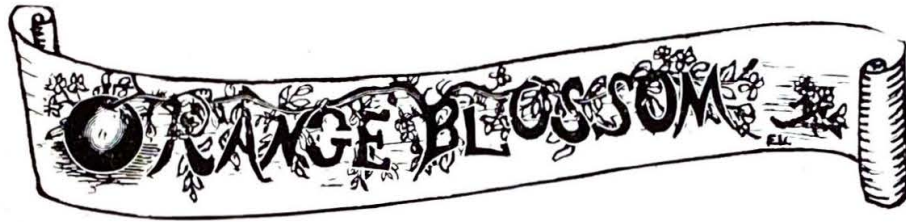
We are proud of Lordsburg College and also proud of Mr. Wiebe, and our sincerest wish for the continuation of success for both is all too meager an appreciation.



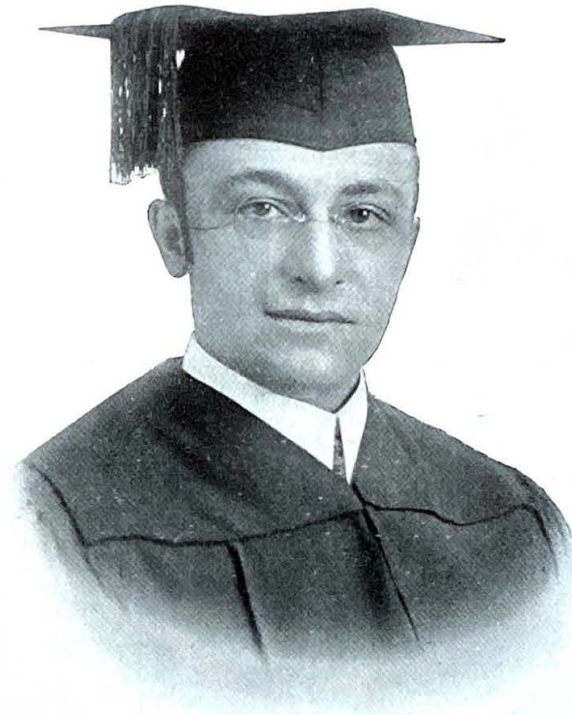
I. V. FUNDERBURGH



+++++
COLLEGE
+++++



SENIORS



L. R. Y. HOOVER



GERTRUDE YODER

Juniors

Class Organization

President—Blocher
 Secretary—Yoder
 Sergeant—Blocher
 Poet—Yoder
 Yell Leader—Blocher
 Chorister—Yoder

Reception Committee—
 Blocher and Yoder

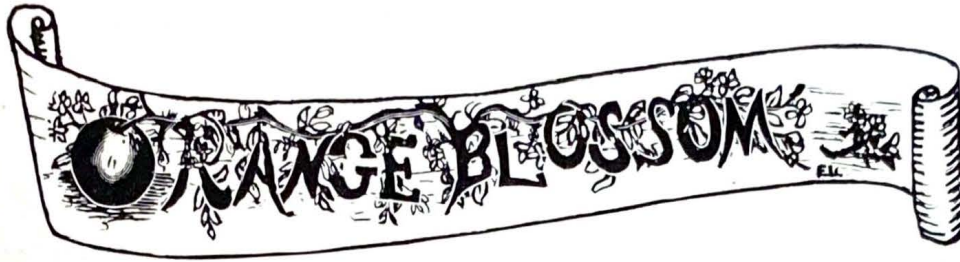
Class Colors—
 Gold and White

Class Flower—
 California Poppy

Class Motto—
 "Be Rich In Order to Enrich Others."



LESTER BLOCHER



Juniors

THE Class of '16 was reorganized on the first bright September morn of '14 with a full corps of officers.

The numerous class activities soon necessitated a joint meeting of the class and its official board. Upon the assemblage of all members in their accustomed hall Pres. Blocher called the meeting to order, expedited preliminaries and proceeded to hear committee reports.

The sergeant-at-arms committee reported that frequent usage of class furniture necessitated speedy repair. Whereupon the committee on finance reported that the constant outgo exceeded the inconstant income. The deficit was met by a tax imposed by the president and the sergeant. The whole assembly arose as one man in righteous indignation against such arbitrary ruling; and replenished the treasury thrice with free will offerings.

From the reception committee came a recommendation that, due to the multiplicity of social duties imposed upon them, elections occur often and that special substitutes be chosen to assist and thus avoid fatigue. The wisdom of this paper was so self-evident that the usual warm debate between the sergeant and poet was overruled by the president and the recommendation was accepted.

The practical secretary then arose and appealed to the assembly to create a fund to be known as the

"Junior Endowment" for the purpose of lessening the strain on the suddenly stretched money pouch and to beautify the College Campus. Said endowment was granted upon condition that the first one-half of same be spent for a beautiful double gate at the southeast corner of the college campus; and that the other one-half be used to purchase ornamental receptacles for orange peels. Each receptacle built on a pedestal shall be of lasting material, beautifully engraved with the emblem of L. C. From its center an extended arm shall support a gorgeous vase wherein the Junior poppy must forever bloom.

A motion was initiated and amply supported so that it became impressed indelibly upon the minute book that all Juniors be required to express loyalty to the class by regular and irregular attendance at all meetings. Furthermore, the first person violating the above rule shall receive the full extent of the Junior Code. Also any group or groups of the class suspected of talking or planning in secret shall likewise experience the rigidity of the invariable Junior law system.

After prolonged and thorough discussions and resultant expressions and impressions the meeting was adjourned to meet the first rainy day in September.

Lester Blocher, Pres.

Gertrude Yoder, Sec.



COLLEGE SOPHOMORES



Motto—Per aspera ad astra.

Colors—Red and Gray.

Flower—Red Rose.

WHAT WE ARE.

ALTHOUGH several valuable members of last year are numbered among the missing, this year our ranks have been filled with new members who possess large quantities of boosting spirit. Our class spirit has not been shown by rude or coarse jokes but by kindly conduct to our fellow classmen. Once each month we conduct chapel exercises; in this manner, coupled with our school spirit, we are trying to make a name for our class and school.

WHO IS WHO, AND WHY.

J. Mathias Overholtzer—Class President, Associate Editor "Palmerian," Business Manager Boys' Glee Club, Yell Leader. Useful in many other ways. Noted for cheerful smile.

Vesta Sanger—Vice President. A good student and society worker. Noted for getting "A's" and eating.

Florence Julius—Class Secretary. Sings, and is a good bluffer. Noted for her silence in class.

Almina Ries—Class Treasurer. Girls' Basketball. Noted for her interest in the President of the Academy Seniors.

Roxie Snell—Editor-in-Chief "Palmerian," Manager Debating Club. Has executive ability. Noted for her "good" temper.

Harper Frantz—President Student Body, Boys' Basketball Manager, Business Manager of "Orange Blossom." Would like to get near (Neher). Noted for laboratory propensities.

Lottie Hoff—Our married member. Literature a specialty. Is always smiling.

Elice Laycook—Art Editor of "Orange Blossom." The class poet. Plays our marches. Noted for her porch speeches to —.

Mae Hepner—"Late lamented." An all around girl with golden hair. Happy and jovial.

Fred Hollenberg—President of Mission Band. Likes to study and tease. Noted for curly hair.



COLLEGE FRESHMEN

College Freshmen



OFFICERS.

Charles Fisher, President
Phil. S. Danner, Vice President
Ida Metzger, Secretary-Treasurer.

Motto—"Man kan tun was er will."

Colors—Maroon and White.

Flower—White Carnation

IN a school of the nature of ours here at Lordsburg the College Freshman holds a unique position. He occupies what we might term the "half-way-house." He has just completed his four years of training in the Academic department and looks back upon them with pleasant recollection. He is just entering upon four

years of College work and looks forward to it with much anticipation and many high ideals and resolves. Thus in him are combined the dignity of a Senior and the submission of a Freshman, making him on the whole not such a bad sort.

CLASS ROLL.

(Reading from right to left in picture.)

Charles Fisher—Our own "Doc," Freshman President. If he's anywhere near, you'll hear him laugh.

Florence Netzley—From Glendora. Studies lots, gets good grades, helps others, never "too busy"

Lucile Gnagy—Glendora, too. Her disposition in general and her smile in particular, are covetable.

Mrs. Nininger—Prof's wife. Doesn't speak often but when she does she means it.

Ida Metzger—Never known to study but once; however, that once isn't over yet. Our Sec.

Mary Lichtenwalter—Just jolly, good-natured, whole-hearted, lovable Mary. Isn't that enough?

Philip Danner—"Phil.," Editor of the Orange Blossom," Philomathean President, Acting President College Freshmen, Athletic and Exchange Editor of "Palmerian," Track Manager, etc.



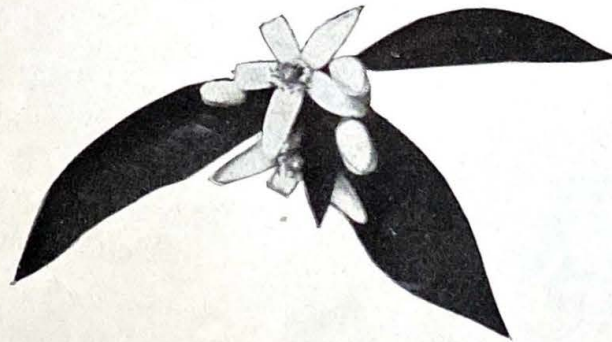
To An Orange Blossom

Oh little flower, so fair, so rare,
How full your fragrance fills the air;
Your waxy petals seem to tell
Of that Great Spirit who loves us well
His love to us is shown in thee;
Little flower so fair.

Oh little blossom, so very fair,
When all your fragrance fills the air,
The busy people stop and take

A long, deep breath, and then awake
To see in nature, beauties;
Little flower so fair.

Oh little flower so fair, so rare,
I seem to see you fading there;
But in your place upon that tree,
I know, some day there'll surely be
A perfect golden orange;
Little orange blossom.







Organization.

President—Ben Fisher

V. Pres.—Kathryn Bomberger

Secretary—Alberta Neher

Treasurer—Emerson Root

Class Teacher—Professor Van Dyke

Class Colors—Blue and White

Class Flower—White Rose

Class Motto—"Truth is the Seal of Success"

Class Emblem—Seal



J. Ben Fisher

When a lady's in the case
"You know all other things give place."
Is it not so, Ben?"
Yet on him we can depend,
For he is our honored President.



Alberta Neher

This is to Bertie, Sec. of our class,
A willing worker and a smiling lass,
"Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous
seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth
give."

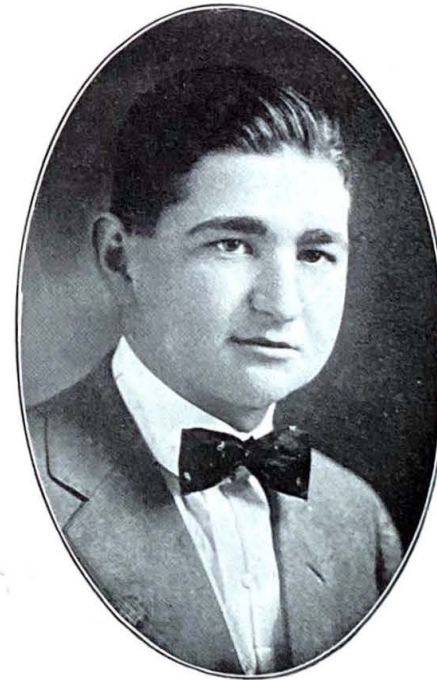
Kathryn Bomberger

Eyes of brown, locks of black,
Full of fun and jolly laughter,
She studies, too, nor is she slack
In music or talking matter.



Emerson Root

The big Senior known as our "Em"
Is kind and hoards our "mon,"
For you must know, he's our treasurer,
And does his duty with a pleasure.



Ruth Blickenstaff

"A foot more light, a step more true
Ne'er from the heath flower shook the dew."



Russel Lichtenwalter

Bus, the boy with the long name,
Is ever wishing to have fame;
Give him a lever long enough,
And a prop strong enough,
He can, single-handed, move the world.



John Rhodes

This lad from Canada is tall and slender
Brown are his eyes and his hair,
Quiet in speech, and is ever in hunger;
To eat and to sleep his chief care.



Ethel Brubaker

A girl with pretty blue eyes,
With winning ways, and seldom sighs,
And when she laughs, she laughs and laughs
And laughs until she cries.



Cecil Cox

Coxie, our sport, the little lad
Is ever gay, and never sad;
We always know when he's about,
For he is "Johnny on the Spot."



Maude Neher

She will be a schoolma'm;
Wish her all your joys,
For, you know, she'll need them
To educate the boys,
—and the girls.



Homer Norcross

Here's to Homer, the Commercial Prof.
Who jumps into his Metz and starts it off;
In the midst of the roar and smoke and clatter
He dreams he's ranning an old typewriter.



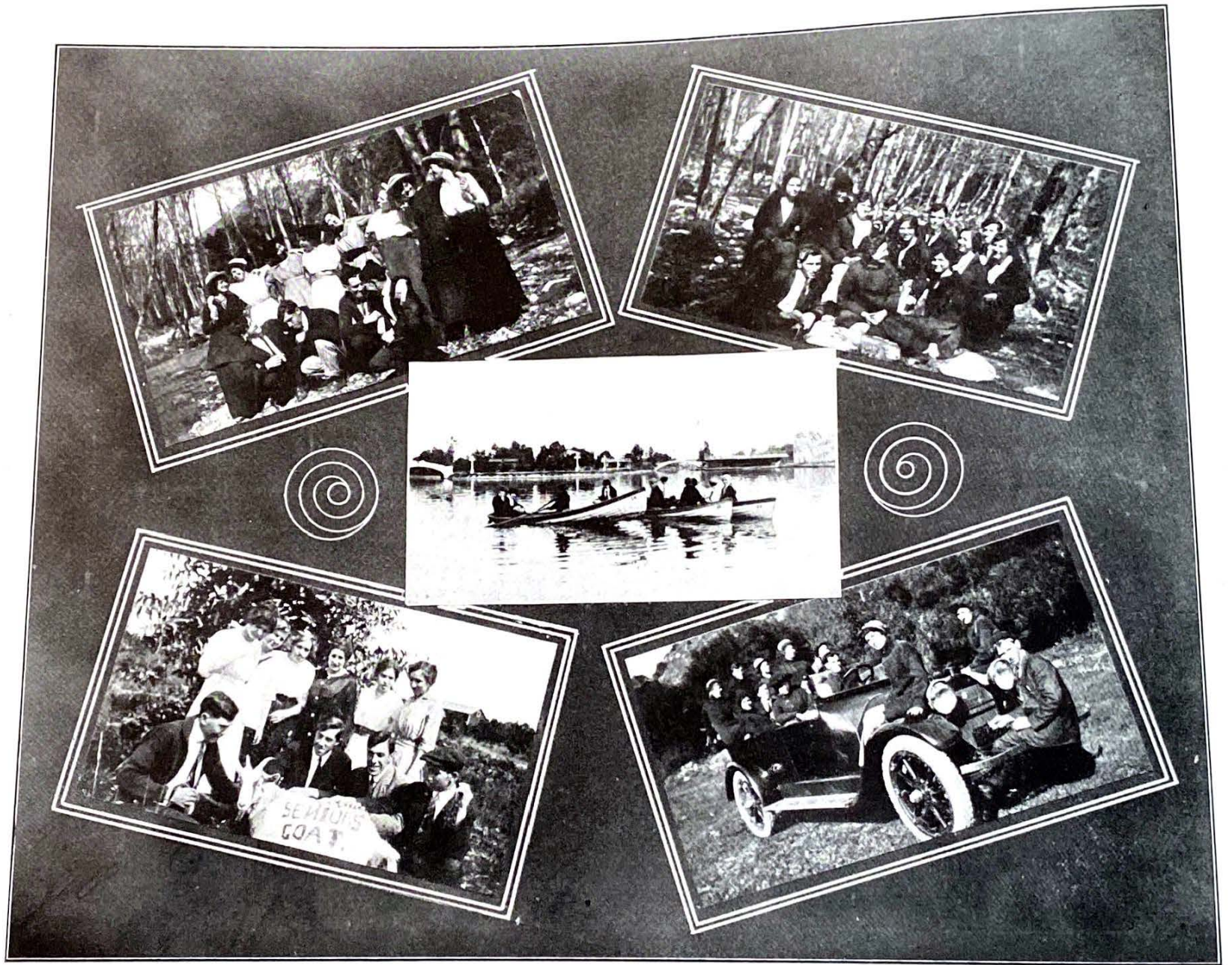
Wilma Klinzman

Babe, the maid so tall and fair,
With dimples deep and wavy hair,
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazer's
And, like the sun, they shine on all
alike.

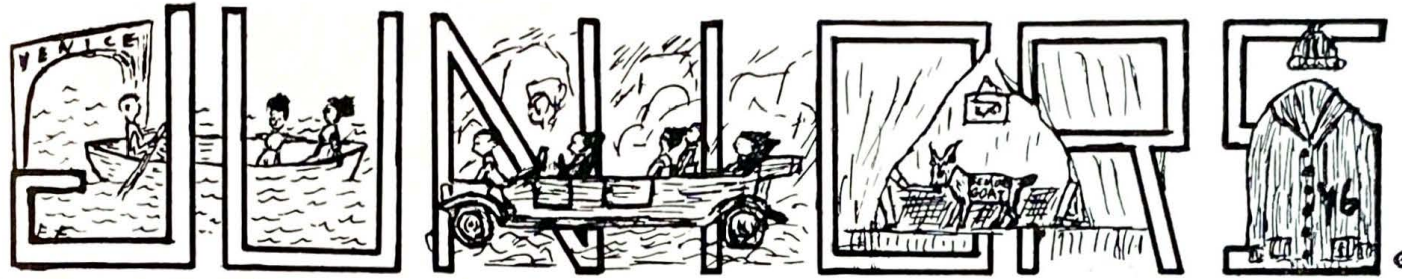


Guy Conrad

Short and jolly, that's our Guy,
Always watching with one eye
For mischief. He is known for miles
By his hearty cackling sound.



ACADEMY JUNIORS



A Comedy

How many acts are there in a comedy? Five in this one.

Act I.

A certain class acquiring sweaters. Rest of school surprised at precedent broken. Much clapping by audience. Class yell. Curtain.

Act II.

Mysterious disappearance of said class. Beach. Much wetness in gondolas. Great old time. Wild ride home. Congratulations. Curtain.

Act III.

Nearly a tragedy. Functions of said class nearly approached their respective limits. Woe! Woe! Woe! for ditching, one bright summer day. Despair coils around hearts with unutterable anguish. Curtain!

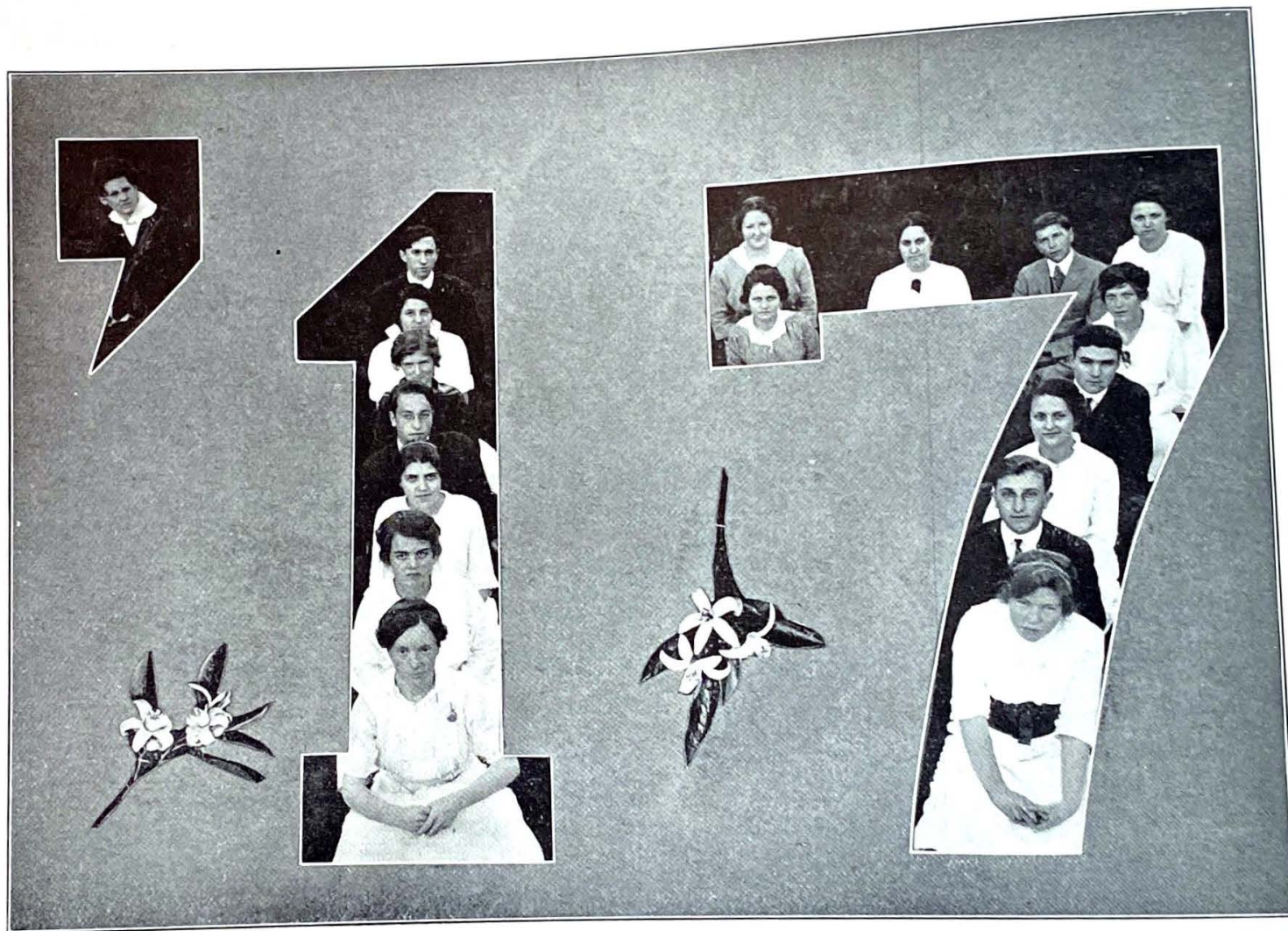
Act IV.

Many parties. Lots to eat. Progressive dinner. Numerous trips to canyon and hills by autos. Result: A hilarious time all the time. Curtain!

Act V.

A class holding a proxy session. Another class having extreme pain of vocal organs. Goat brought in. Big rush for front. Goat saved. Curtain!





ACADEMY SOPHOMORES



Roll Call

Ethel Brown—"Her looks were like a flower in May,
her smile like a summer morn."

Maude Brubaker—"Merry mischief sparkles in her
eyes."

Leroy Eikenberry—"A man, a right true man forever.
His work is worthy of man's endeavor."

Bertha Fike—"Small in stature but large in generosity
and helpfulness."

Roscoe Hoover—"Foe to loud praise, and friend to
learned ease."

Anna Heard—"Her blue eyes bespeak of wisdom."

Fern Hartman—"Always jolly and light hearted, with a
lofty ideal."

Olive Hesp—"The wealth of genial courtesy, the calm
of self reliance."

Paul Lentz—"The right man in the right place."

Ina Marshburn—"Whatever the faults that may attend
her, from duty's path you cannot bend her."

Pauline Miller—"Precious things come in small pack-
ages."

Flossie Mishler—"Loving, good, void of guile, her whole
heart's welcome in her smile."

John Stover—"The force of his own merit makes his
way."

Lester Vaughn—"The deepest rivers make least din;
the silent soul doth most abound in thot."

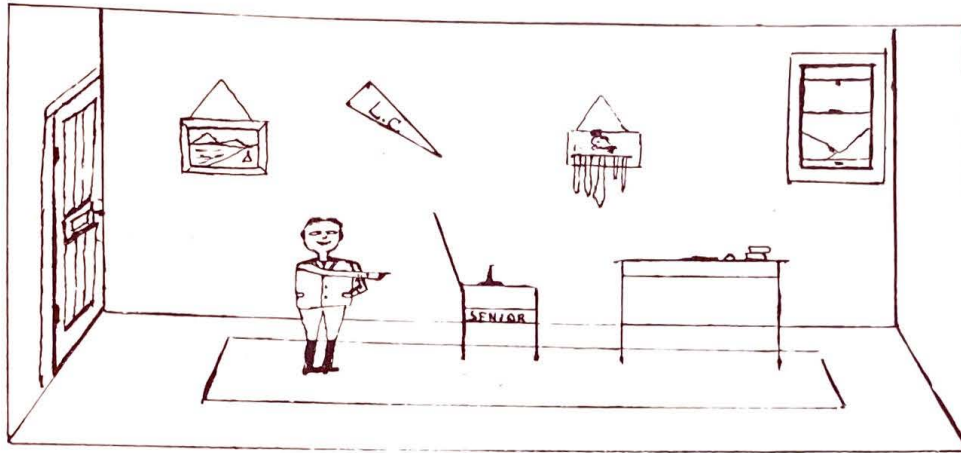
Anna Yost—"Of sweet and gentle grace and unassum-
ing ways."

Selma Zug—"A maiden never bold, a spirit still and
quiet."

Minnie Zug—"With noise and fun you'll know I've
come."



ACADEMY FRESHMEN



FRESHIES

Wail of the Freshies

I.

"I wouldn't be a Senior
With all their pomp and pride;
I wouldn't be a Junior,"
The noble Freshman cried.
"And I don't like the Sophomores,
Their conduct brings us tears,
But for the royal Freshies,
We raise our hearty cheers.

II.

"The Sophomores disgraced us
By a cellar full of coal;
They made us look like darkies,
As we crawled out that hole.
But the Juniors gave us all a ride,
And though 'twas long ago,
We've not forgotten it at all;
They love us still, we know.

III.

"We get called 'green' and so forth,
By you lofty Sophomores,
But we never flunk in Latin,
As we know you did in yours.
We ask, 'Can you help us
With this horrid Algebra?'"
But we've never found a Sophomore
That remembers it at all.

IV.

"Just wait till we are Juniors,
We'll show 'em how to do,
We'll always help the Freshies
When the others make them blue.
We'll make a record for ourselves,
And set our standard high.
We'll have that page in Virgil;
We'll do it, or we'll die."

Calendar

Mon., Aug. 31—Meeting of trains to welcome old and new students to the halls of old L. C.



THURS 3
All in favor of me for President say I!

SEPTEMBER

Tues., 1—Opening address 10 A. M. We all enroll.
Wed., 2—Schedule battles. Faculty reception 8 P. M.
Thurs., 3—Barney electioneers for Freshie presidency.
Sat., 5—Overholtzer watermelon feed.
Sat., 12—Freshmen rousing class spirit early. Entertain the Juniors.
Sat., 19—Bachelor club organized among Dorm. boys. Where's the fun?
Tues., 22—Sophs and Seniors had some doings last night. Anna Heard charmed with ice cream.

OCTOBER

Mon. Evening, 5—Senior wiene and marshmallow roast at San Dimas canyon.
Fri., 9—Dorm. boys envy Coxie. He wins eight pies.
Tues., 13—Society rush day. Be a Philo! Be an Alphan!
Sat., 17—What's the matter with the Bachelor club? Girls?
Wed. and Thurs., 21-22—District Meeting at the church brings vacation. Happy hearts.
Tues., 27—A treat for the Dormitory Students from Prof. and Mrs. Nininger and Prof. Van Dyke. Candy, Um!
Wed., 28—Syrup gives way to apple butter in dining room.
Sat., 31—Witches entertain.



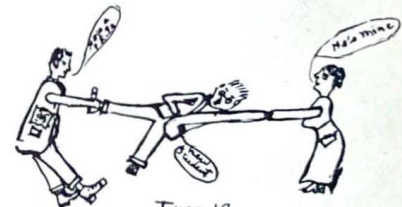
Sat 5

NOVEMBER

Sat., 7—Alphians present new stage carpet to school.
Tues., 10—Boys winning name in basket ball. Second victorious game with Citrus High.
Mon., 23—Senior-Sophomore reception. Junior and Freshman boys starved for chicken pie.
Thurs., 26—Thanksgiving vacation begins. Dormitory students give their thanks to the Brubakers.



Friday 9



Tues 13

DECEMBER

- Thurs., 3—"What's Under Your Hat?"
 Thurs., 17—Choral Union Christmas Cantata.
 Fri., 18—Juniors sport new brown sweaters.
 Sat., 19—High noon, Christmas vacation. Everybody happy.

JANUARY

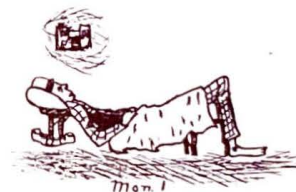
- Tuesday, 5—Have a joyful vacation? Glad to see you're back. Dorm wedding—Mr. (?) M. Woody and Miss A. H.
 Thurs., 7—Hurrah for our boys' basket ball team! Victors over Chino second time, 29-16.
 Sat., 9—Philos' birthday. Parade. Share cake with Alphians, who wish them many happy birthdays.
 Thurs.-Sat., 14-16—Oh! the grind! Did you pull thru?
 Wed., 20—Basket ball game of season! Played on home court with Covina. How much did they beat? 22-17.
 Thurs. and Sat., 21, 23—Senior Expression Recitals. Surprise for Seniors at the home of Mrs. Haugh.
 Mon.-Sat., 26-31—Bible Institute. Many good things.
 Tues., 27—Girls victorious second time in basket ball at Covina.
 Wed., 28—Scarlet fever scare. Maud Brubaker victim.
 Sat., 31—First hail of the season.

FEBRUARY

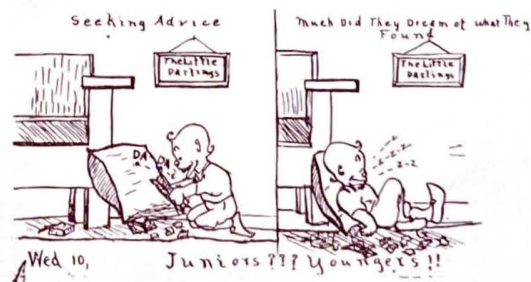
- Mon., 1—Visions of new college building.
 Wed., 3—One fine day. Boys out for first track practice.
 Sat., 6—Juniors become a minus quantity in everybody's estimation. Benches for athletic field presented by Alphians.
 Wed., 10—Special advice to the "youngsters"!!!
 Fri., 12—Girls' B. B. team victors over Chino.
 Fri., 19—Vaughn and Cupp spring pomp hair cuts.
 Thurs., 25—Likenesses of Juniors published in English room. Freshie meeting (?) cockle burrs.

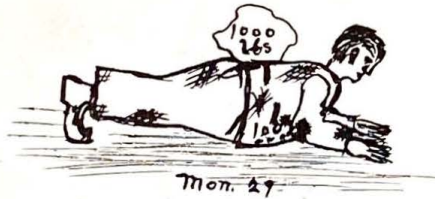


Fri-18



Mon 1





Fri., 23

MARCH

- Thurs., 4—Seniors prove worth of themselves in chapel exercises.
 Sat., 6—Great track meet at Citrus High. Cox, Bashore, Brumbaugh, Rhodes and Eikenberry brought honors for L. C.
 Thurs., 11—Debate with Bonita. Altho' we lost, just give us another chance.
 Sat., 13—Alphian program. Good. Juniors pull off a little extra entertainment. Display the goat. Take orders for "butter" milk.
 Tues., 16—Boys break in new base ball suits at Bonita. However, they failed to inspire. Lost, 5-3.
 Wed., 17—Have an ambition, like the College Sophs, to "Be Intensely Something."
 Sat., 20—Juniors' curiosity aroused—"my kingdom to know where the Seniors have gone."
 Thurs. and Sat., 25, 27—Student Body Program. Senior class pins shine.
 Mon., 29—Hard times—however, the Juniors entertain the Seniors.

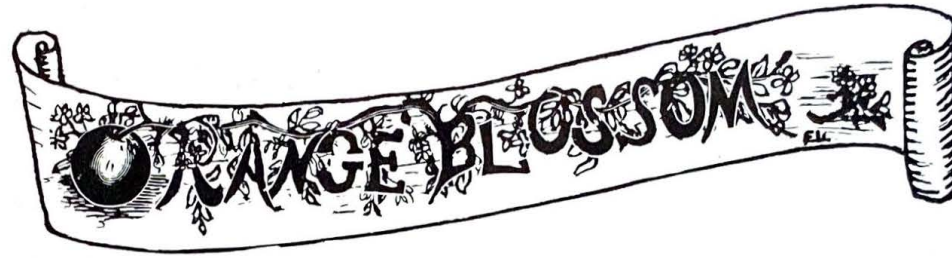
APRIL

- Wed., 1—Who said anyone ditched classes today?
 Sat., 3—After serious consideration the Juniors and Freshies decided to have a wienie instead of an egg roast at the hills. Sophomores spent evening at Ganesha Park.
 Mon., 5—Mr. and Mrs. Breneman give an egg treat to the students.
 Wed., 7—Freshie banner floats.
 Sat., 10—Senior program. Everybody spell-bound by "The Finger of Scorn."
 Mon., 12—Second rendering of "The Finger of Scorn."
 Fri., 23—Printer discovers mistake on page 50 of Annual; corrections made here.
 Sat., 24—Oratorical Prize Contest.

MAY

- Sat., 1—May Baskets prove the flower month has come.
 Tues., 11—Graduating Theses handed to faculty.
 Thurs., 20—"In His Steps," by the Expression Department.
 Sat., 22—Music Recital.
 Sun., 23—Baccalaureate Sermon.
 Mon., 24—Class Day. Commencement. Alumni Banquet.





OUR get-acquainted "faculty reception" proved a great success. The members of the faculty were introduced and asked to speak for a few minutes. During the evening we were given a bit of paper with a line of a song written upon it and told to find the ones who had the other lines. When the different groups finally got together the music for the evening was successfully rendered. Tunes were varied and interesting. Refreshments were served cafeteria style.

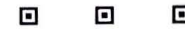


When watermelon time came along, the entire student body was invited to the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Overholtzer for an evening. After playing games on the lawn we roasted wienes around a bonfire and enjoyed a melon feed.



October came with its Hallowe'en party. On this mysterious eve the witches and spirits were requested

to assemble in the college auditorium. Each, on entering, received the friendly clasp of a cold, clammy hand. Shaking hands in a paper sack proved a demonstrative way of recognition among the guests. The appropriate reading of "When 'De Folks Am Gone" made de ghosts groan an' de odders look behin' dem some.



Our little gipsy fortune teller revealed our fates and fortunes for the asking. Then we found our way thro' the gloom to the dining room. We were rewarded by finding an abundance of hot tamales.



For some time class entertainments were many and varied. The Seniors were summoned by the Sophomores to an "indoor track meet" in the college auditorium and here many feats were carried off with honors. An aeroplane race, 30-inch dash, and relay race, featured among the events. Refreshments were served and the track meet was pronounced a success.



The class of '16 royally entertained the Freshmen a few weeks later. The Freshies were blindfolded and conducted to the door. They were quite worried at this, but after being led up a ladder they were allowed to look around. Imagine their surprise at finding themselves on a hay wagon. Of course this meant a ride. They were finally taken to the home of Miss Ruth Barnhizer where they enjoyed a wienie bake and watermelon feed.



When November came, Master Turkey Gobbler gobbled for the Sophs in the college auditorium, at the request of the Seniors. Various games were played during the evening, after which a delicious "Chicken Pie" supper was served. The Seniors will long be remembered by the Sophs for "doing things up brown."



We all enjoy a birthday surprise and Miss Elice Laycook was happily surprised by the student body at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Brenneman.

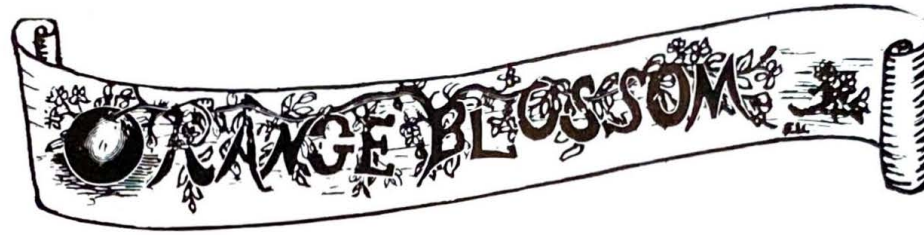
The Philos started the new year right and enjoyed a jolly dinner party on the evening of the eighteenth.



The Senior Expression class spent a merry evening at the home of their instructor, Mrs. Haugh, on the twenty-third. Plans for the evening had been made by the other expression classes. After the expression recital the Seniors were led blindfolded into the house where the evening was to be spent. Their bewilderment caused much merriment. A molding contest was one of the enjoyable features of the evening. Before leaving, Mr. and Mrs. Haugh sang several selections.



The Dorm students will always wish to remember the candy feed and general good time shown them by Professor Nininger. A humorous reading which was given by our professor added to the merriment of the guests.



A "Hard Times" party was enjoyed by the Juniors and Seniors at the home of Miss Gladys Fesler, by special request of the Juniors. The tattered company certainly enjoyed itself and much amusement was caused when mush and milk was served in pans and broken dishes. Ice cream and cake followed this repast.



On the evening of April third, the Juniors were the guests of the Freshmen. After a journey to the South Hills, a bonfire was built, around which they enjoyed a combined wiene and egg bake. Several of the glee club boys favored the crowd with songs.

On this same evening the Sophomores met under the leafy trees in Ganesha park. A merry evening was spent playing games, toasting marshmallows and baking wienes. The jolly Sophs say they had an unusually good time.



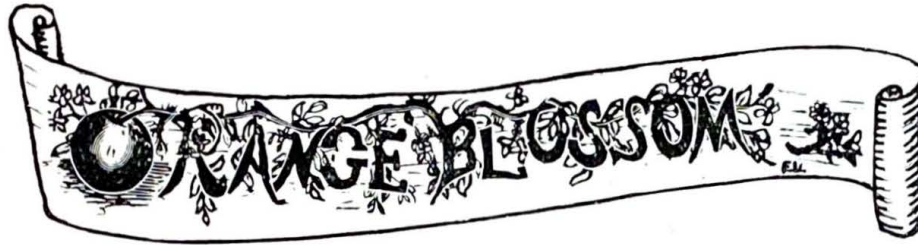
The students owe the general good time enjoyed at the college on the evening of April fifth to their kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Brenneman. Charades entertained the company for a large part of the evening. After this, games were played on the drive and refreshments served on the porch.







BOYS' BASKET BALL



Boys' Basket Ball

THE interest in basket ball at Lordsburg College has steadily grown from year to year, and the interest has been manifested this year by the large number of aspirants for the team, some of whom have played for several years in different schools. From so many good players the captain and manager found it a hard problem indeed to select the five to represent L. C. on the court. We did not win every game played, but we won enough to bring fame and glory to the name of our school and to let other schools know there is a Lordsburg College. Our old rival, Covina High, was not entirely overcome, but every game with her was close and fast, as will be noticed by the scores.

To watch Johnson jump and be all over the court at once, and Frantz and Hockenberry shoot goals, and Fisher, Conrad and Brumbaugh keep the opposing forwards from making goals, was a sight worth seeing.

The success of the team was due to the dilligence and enthusiasm with which the practice was conducted and to the loyal support by the second team and the student body, which is essential to the putting forth

of a winning team. An advantage which the team had this year over previous years was in their coach, Mr. Minnich, a man of experience and excellent judgment.

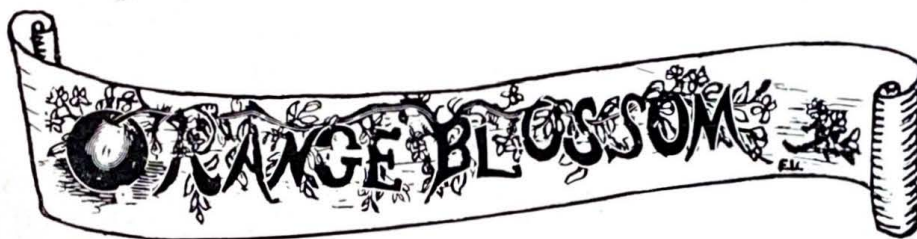
It would be impossible to describe the merits of the team, if I were to write a dozen pages praising them for their ability to humble their opponents' pride, so well did they uphold the trust and confidence placed in them by the school.

The success of the team is measured thus:—

Bonita - - -	32	L. C. - - -	23
Claremont - -	24	L. C. - - -	31
Citrus - - -	26	L. C. - - -	46
Claremont - -	31	L. C. - - -	25
Citrus - - -	34	L. C. - - -	36
Covina - - -	30	L. C. - - -	28
Covina - - -	31	L. C. - - -	32
Chino - - -	8	L. C. - - -	58
Chino - - -	16	L. C. - - -	29
Pomona - - -	24	L. C. - - -	22
Pomona - - -	14	L. C. - - -	35
Covina - - -	22	L. C. - - -	17



GIRLS' BASKET BALL



Girls' Basket Ball

HOW about girls' basket ball? Are we in it? I guess we are! The girls are just "tickled to death" over the results of the season. Indeed they have reason to be. For have they not gone through the season without a single defeat? Altho' this branch of athletics is only three years old at Lordsburg, the girls' team has, in the last two years, made an excellent showing, but this year,—well, leave it to me, we certainly have "some team."

At the opening of the season it was thought that we would not have a very successful team, some of the old players having left us, and many of the new ones with little or no experience, but the girls came out in such numbers that it would have been impossible not to have a good team.

The coach, Mr. Overholtzer, deserves no small amount of praise, for the success of the team was due to the careful training on his part, and the faithfulness with which the players stuck to their practice. All that could be said of the team would be to exalt them, and we sincerely hope that the standard set by them will not be lowered by future teams.

The line up of the team was:

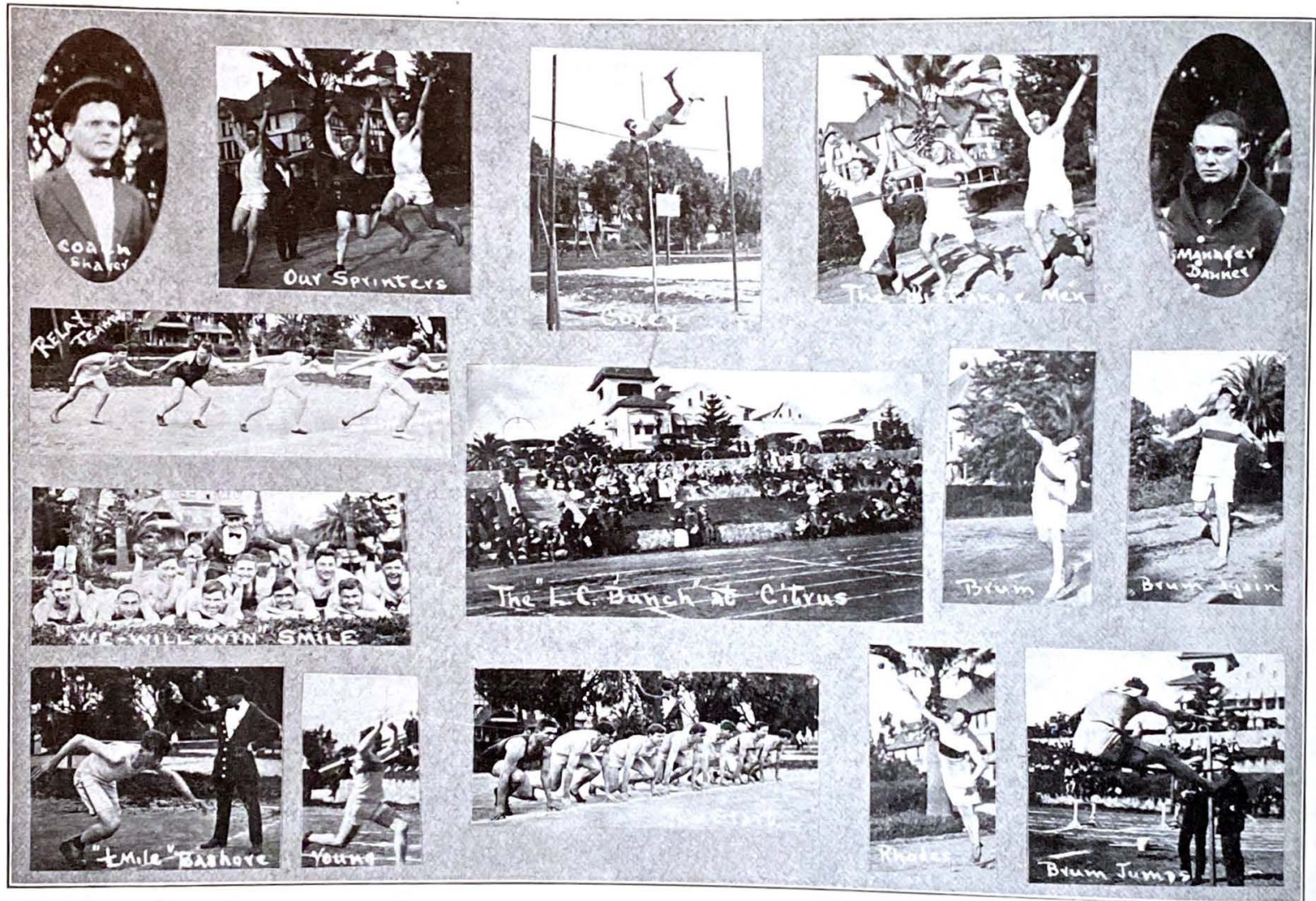
Forwards—Almina Ries,
Merle Comer.

Centers—Jumping, Vesta Sanger,
Running, Florence Julius.

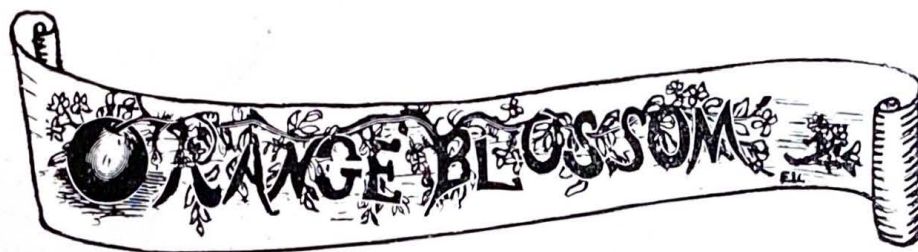
Guards—Wilma Klinzman,
Winnie Comer.

The names of the schools played and the scores are as follows:

Jan. 5—Bonita	- 7	L. C.	- -	14
Jan. 12—Covina	- 8	L. C.	- -	23
Jan. 22—Chino	- 6	L. C.	- -	14
Jan. 27—Covina	- 10	L. C.	- -	14
Feb. 12—Chino	- 14	L. C.	- -	15
Feb. 19—Citrus	- 9	L. C.	- -	13
Mar. 2—Citrus	- 14	L. C.	- -	25
Mar. 9—Lordsburg G. S.	- 10	L. C. 2nd	-	29
Mar. 15—Lordsburg G. S.	- 9	L. C. 2nd	-	20



TRACK



Track

FOR the first time in the history of Lordsburg College she has entered into track athletics. When the matter was first talked of it did not meet with much support, but in spite of this feeling a few got together and determined to at least make a beginning. This they did, and a mighty good one, too, altho' this was the first time any of the boys, with the exception of Brumbaugh, had taken part in a meet of this kind.

Mr. Danner was elected manager and Mr. Shaver, coach. The results of the meet show that they did their part exceedingly well.

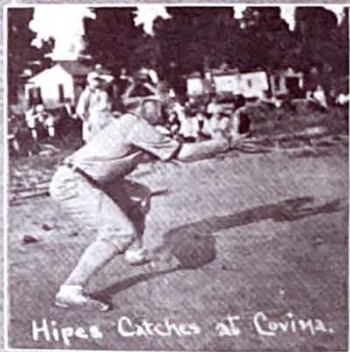
On March 6, the coach, manager and twelve athletes journeyed to Azusa and took part in the valley section of the L. A. C. H. S. A. L. track meet. Though there were five other schools entered, all of whom had had experience in track competition during previous years, our boys went in to win, and didn't miss it so very far either. Through the old L. C. do-or-die spirit we were

able to take two first places, three seconds, and a third, netting us a total of twenty points and fourth place in the meet. Bashore, a Freshman, ran the prettiest race of the meet, easily taking first place in the half mile in the fast time of 2 min. 13 sec. Our other first was in the pole vault. Cox took this event at the low mark of 9 ft. 6 in., but on account of approaching darkness was not permitted to try for height. Brumbaugh, our husky Junior, took second place in the discus at 97½ ft. and second in the shot put at 37 ft. 5 in., and Rhodes, the big Senior, third in the shot at 34 ft. 4 in. And thro' no fault of ours, except clean running, our boys took second in the four-man half-mile relay. This was occasioned by two schools being disqualified on account of various fouls committed by their individual runners.

Considering everything, we made a noble start, and here's hoping that next year's team will have even better success.



There it goes!



Hipes Catches at Covina.



Brum Connects

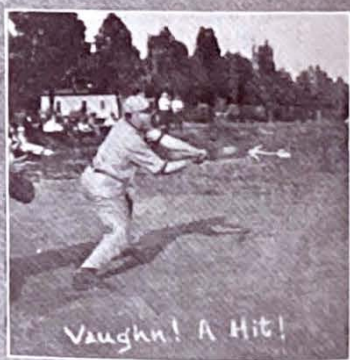


The Pill

Hockey's Home Run!



Watchful waiting



Vaughn! A Hit!

BASE BALL



Base Ball

THE baseball season has just begun and we have the prospects of one of the greatest teams that Lordsburg has ever had. During the last few years there has not been much interest in baseball, altho' the boys have always gotten out and played a few games, however, with little success. But they were handicapped in not having material and equipment and for this reason L. C. has not been heard of in baseball.

Since last fall, when an army of new students made their appearance, furnishing us with lots of good material, we have been making plans for a great season. Enough interest and enthusiasm has been aroused to persuade the Student Body to purchase new uniforms, and, say, they are dandies. To initiate the new suits a practice game was played with Bonita High School, coming out at the short end of a 5 to 2 score without any previous practise. Another game was played with Covina, which was also lost, but this defeat only served to renew our determination to play harder.

With Cox behind the plate and Conrad and Hockenberry to deliver the goods, there is no reason for the opposing team to score often. But if they should happen to connect with the pill, it certainly could not get by Brumbaugh on first, Rhodes, on second, Vaughn, on third, or Hipes, on short. To guard the outfield we have Danner at the left, Norcross in center, and Overholtzer on the right.

Raymond Brumbaugh has been elected manager and Glenn Hipes, captain. Under the guidance of these two able men, a winning team for 1915 is expected.

On April 15, our boys met Citrus High School on our home grounds and won the first game of the season. Score 11-8. The game was well played by both teams and showed signs of real class. This is a start and merely proves that we can win ball games, so here goes for more scalps.



TENNIS



ORGANIZATIONS

Treasurer.



L.L.W.

First V. Pres.



J.B.F.

President.



H.W.F.

Sec. V. Pres.



L.R.H.

Secretary.



H.M.B.

Track Mgr.



R.S.D.

Base Ball Mgr.



R.S.B.

Girls Basket-Ball Mgr.



A.R.

Debate Club Mgr.



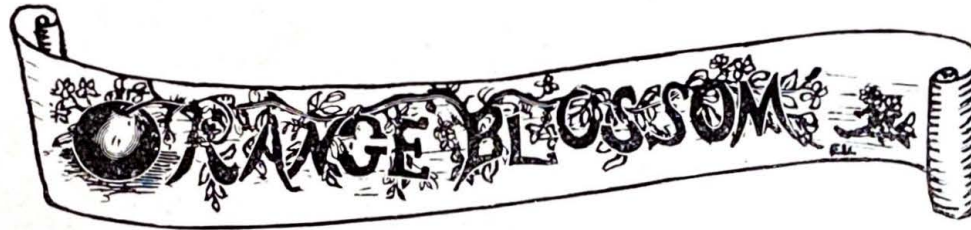
R.S.

Yell - Leader



J.M.O.

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS



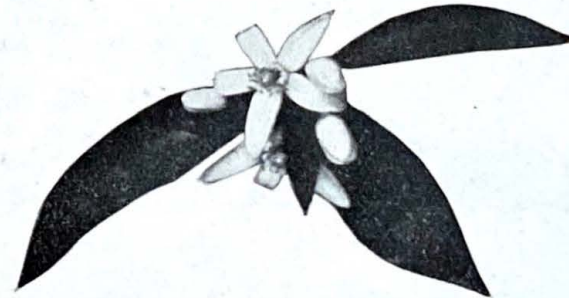
The Student Body

THE STUDENT BODY, organized three years ago, has without question attained a position of much importance in the school life. Altho' yet in its infancy, it has experienced a remarkable growth during its career, and has developed into a strong and sturdy organization. In looking back over the past years, we, thru our experience, realize the difficulties which the officers then had to meet in laying a firm foundation. As this year is nearing its close, we hope that the students of 1914-'15 have done their part in constructing the framework of what will later be the Student Body Organization of greater Lordsburg College.

The work of any one school year alone cannot fully accomplish the aspirations of the organization. It is only thru the faithful co-operation of the members of each successive year that the Student Body will be able to carry out the purpose for which the organization was effected.

That the organization is ably officered this year is quite evident from the opposite page. Little Harper early in life had experience as "chairman." He has been wisely advised in important matters by Bennie and Roy, the esteemed gentlemen to his right and left.

When Ruthie was small she liked to get the pen and ink and scribble. Even yet she uses them quite fluently. "D" used to enjoy putting pennies in his little pig bank. He is still interested in this occupation.. All through childhood tiny Mina and small Ray each took great pleasure in "Bawling." Visitors always found great amusement at ambitious Phil's daring track performances. Little Roxie is debating whether to cry or not. At the age of twelve months Johnnie's lung power tested at the extremely high pressure of twenty-five pounds. Now don't you think the Student Body used great discretion in electing their officers?





ALPHIANS

Alphian Literary Society



THIS is the day of achievement. The slogan of our day is "do things." Common things and common doers are relegated to the past. The lure of the future with its possible achievements spurs us to the harder tasks. Great men are making great, uncommon history. The worlds of the past and their attainments are forgotten in our onward rush toward the goal of our higher possibilities.

The Alphian's aim is true education. True education centers around the word "service." Service is the core of all learning. We gather our knowledge that we may better serve humanity. The foreigner who flocks to our shores largely from northern Europe, by the hundreds of thousands each year needs some one to guide him. Instead of greeting him with a "dago," thus arousing his hatred to America, her customs, her schools and her people, we greet him with a kind service, set his feet upon the right path toward the assimilation of American customs and ideals. Instead of driving him into a clannish settlement in the lower city, with a smile we lead him out upon the plain where he may be guaranteed a living for himself and his family. The Alphian's aim means the starting of Unamericanized peoples toward Americanized, thoughtful, intelligent, and righteous citizens.

The Alphian educates for service to the social outcast. He whose will has allowed him to be dragged along the path of perdition finds not scoff and scorn, but kindly regard, wholesome fellowship, and true devotion for his upbuilding. The Alphian realizes that service in prevention is better than slavery in cure.

Service, for the Alphian, means bringing the American to realize his place as a world leader. The vision is his, who will but grasp the spirit of the hour. In this American World Leader is to be found the greatest service. This service must reach to teach the Chinese, the Japanese, the man from India, how to live, to grow, to prosper. It must teach the European the unlearned lesson of brotherhood. It must teach the American to protect, preserve, enrich, and multiply its life to future achievement.

The Alphian brings all the world, around the world, to realize that "Labor Conquers All."



PHILOMATHEAN

PHILOMATHEAN

Organization

Phil. S. Danner—President
Catherine Klinzman—Vice President
Wilma Klinzman—Secretary
Elliot Thomas—Treasurer
J. Ben Fisher—Chorister
Fern Hartman—Editor
Guy Conrad } Sergeants at Arms.
Cecil Cox }

Motto—"Semper fidelis."

Colors—Blue and White. . . .

Emblem—The Owl's Head

THE NAME PHILOMATHEAN comes from the Greek and means "lovers of learning;" and lovers of learning it is our pleasure as well as our duty to become.

The College is the training ship of life and the literary society is responsible for the training we get in public speaking and oratory. Hence when we strive to accomplish something for our society we are working

also for our College and at the same time taking a step toward becoming a lover of learning.

Linked with the ideal signified by our name is one even higher in our motto, "Semper fidelis," meaning always faithful. When we are faithful to our society we are serving our school and our fellows as well as ourselves.

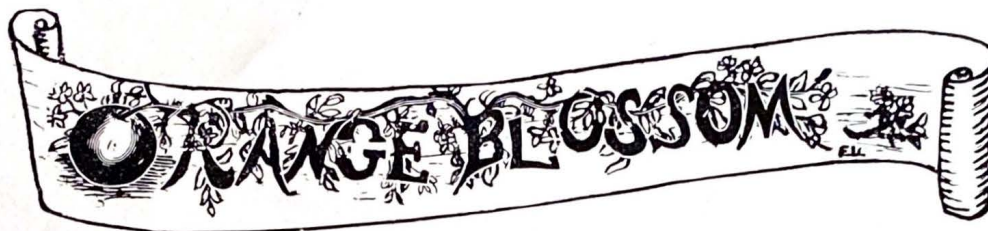
Thus when we follow the meaning of our name linked with that of our motto, we cannot go far wrong.

Since January 1, 1912, we as a society have been striving toward the ideals for which we stand. While we have accomplished a few things, our success has never yet approached the limit of its possibilities. So, we have good reason to look forward to the coming years with a strong determination to do, each his level best.

Our name is high, our aim is high,
Our motto even higher,
Our colors in the deep blue sky,
We reverence and admire.



DEBATING CLUB



Debating Club

THE DEBATING CLUB this year consisted of about forty members, about half of whom were from the Freshman and Sophomore classes, which was indeed encouraging as the younger students usually refuse to take part in any public speaking.

The debates were not given for the public in general, but only for the members of the club, although visitors were allowed to attend.

Extemporaneous speaking has been encouraged in the open discussion after the debate. One evening was also spent entirely in extemporaneous speaking on various questions, none of which were given out before the meeting.

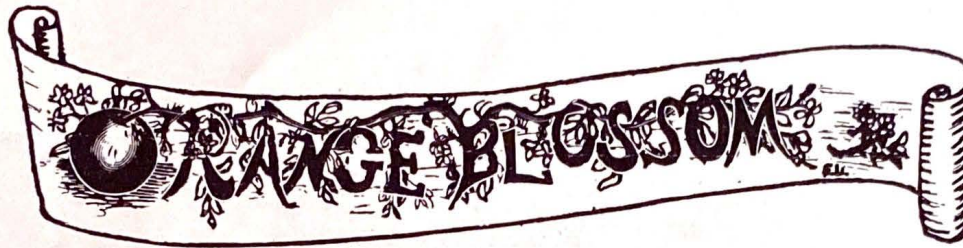
Our coach, Professor Van Dyke, has given helpful criticisms after the debates and also rules to remember in working out the argument. Special effort has been

made to secure good strong arguments; to be able to prove a point thoroughly and logically is a special benefit gained through the practice of debating.

A debate was held in the college auditorium, March 11, between a L. C. Academy debating team and a Bonita team. The negative side of the question, "Resolved that Capital Punishment Should be Abolished" was upheld by Winnie Comer, John Stover and Ben Fisher of L. C. Although our debaters did well and had excellent arguments, Bonita gained the victory. However, we did not feel at all discouraged since Bonita has debated with three or four other schools this year, while this was the first interscholastic debate L. C. has ever had. We feel that with practice and experience we shall be able in the future to carry off victories in the intellectual realm as well as in the physical.



MEN'S GLEE CLUB



Men's Glee Club

FOR the first time in the history of the institution there has been formed a Men's Glee Club. At the beginning of the year the movement was agitated and came to a focus with the election of officers and selection of an instructor. Those elected were:

President—Ben Fisher.

Secretary—John Stover.

Treasurer—Leroy Eikenberry.

Business Manager—J. Mathias Overholtzer.

Prof. B. S. Haugh of the Music department of the College was secured to direct us. He is a man of much experience and was well able to cope with the difficulties confronting the infant organization. Practices were held on Thursday evenings. The number was open to twenty singers, but as the material seemed insufficient, it was reduced to seventeen, which number now composes the club. We lack voices that have had individual training, but even then the quality and strength of the chorus compares very favorably with the Glee Clubs

of other colleges much larger than our own. Several numbers were sung by the club at a recent Student Body program and were well received by the public. During Commencement week the club will give a final recital for the year.

The personnel of the club is:

First Tenor

Ben Fisher
I. V. Funderburgh
Galen Johnson
H. K. Norcross

First Bass

J. M. Overholtzer
Leroy Eikenberry
Glenn Hipes
Elliot Thomas

Second Tenor

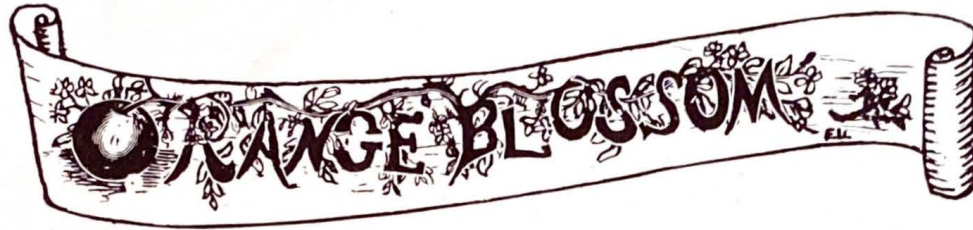
Chalmer Shaver
C. H. Larimer
Cecil Cox
B. H. Van Dyke
J. W. Stover

Second Bass

Luke Minnich
De Whisler
Galen Hockenberry
Charles Overholtzer



VOLUNTEER MISSION BAND



“Pass It On”

THESE was once a thot given by a departing friend, which has caused some people unrest, others sacrifice and others their life. This friend was a great traveler; he has wealth untold and power, and tiring of travel, he went home to rest.

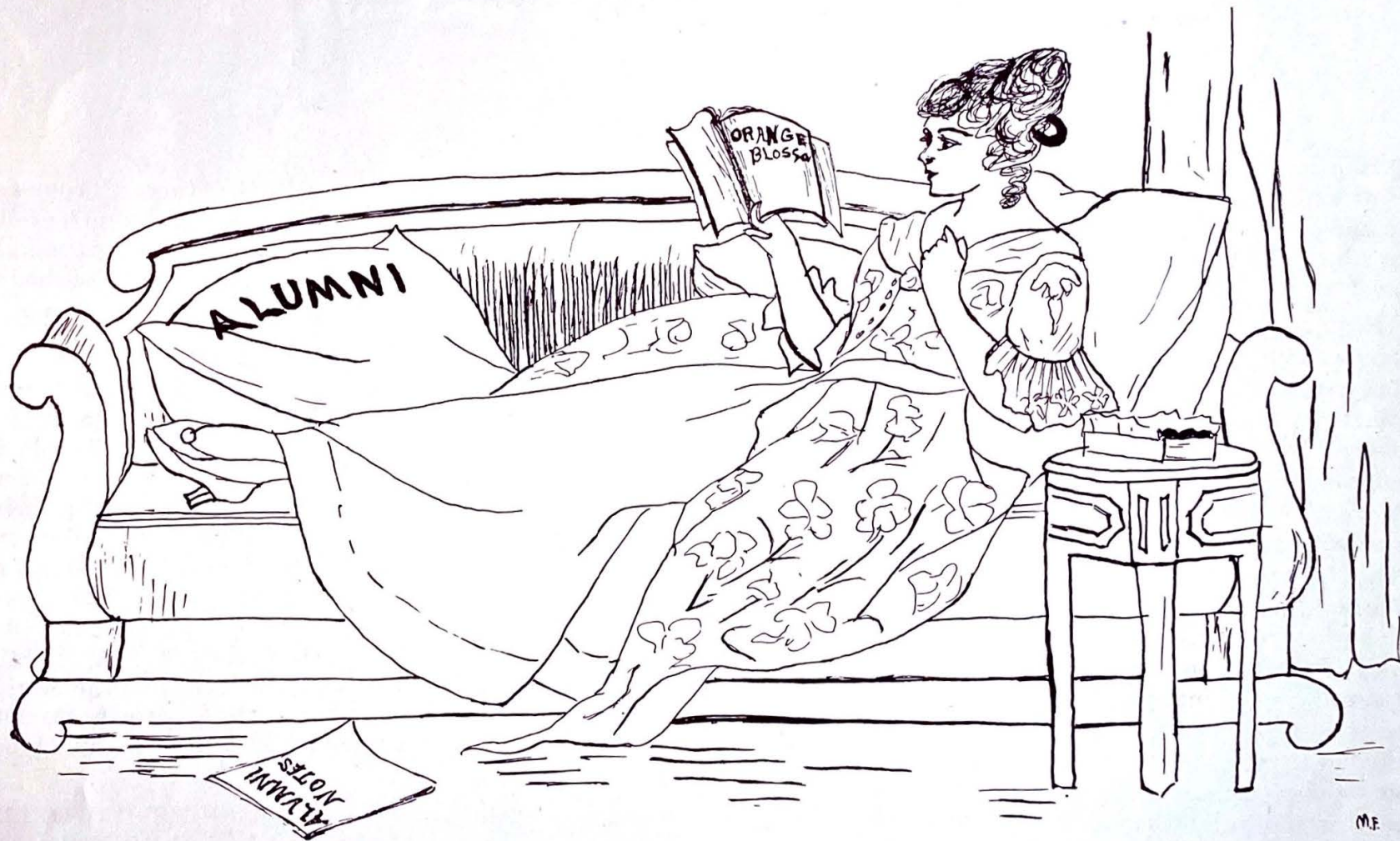
Soon after this a scribe got word of him and his renown, and tired of living where he was, made up his mind to travel. He arranges things at home and hiring a retinue of servants, proceeds on his journey. He is received by kings and feasted at their tables just as the friend had said. But what of the rest of the wish? Oh, yes! When he is feasted and feels good he proceeds with the story: “The man who I am following is great; he has wealth untold (at this the king bids him have another cup of wine). He came into this world to show us poor fellows how to enjoy life. This certainly is the life for me!” He also said: “Whatsoever ye ask in my name, ye shall receive,” so I am at ease and shall never cease to exalt his name. I don’t think I shall go to the island of the barbarians to tell them this wonderful story, for they cannot appreciate him and it would be neither safe nor comfortable there. I will stay here and live on the bounty of my master. I can tell those about me of the great wealth, for there is plenty for all.” The courtiers can refrain no longer, and cry out: “What is his name? How may we obtain

a share?” But he goes on with the story: “You see, if I tell one of just a little lower rank than I, and he tells one of still lower rank than he, and so on, in time all the world shall know him, for that is what he wished.”

“This man speaketh well,” said the king, “clothe him in pure purple”—The vision changes.

Eighteen hundred years have passed and still some have not heard of the great treasure. As ye go, therefore, merchants, in your dealing with the heathen, when you are in their ports, tell them of this man, for you cannot help but know him. As ye go in their midst, soldiers, to make them obey the laws, tell them of this traveler. As ye go thru China, millionaires, on pleasure trips, tell them how ye came about your wealth. Do not let your fellow men suffer as they do there. Let everyone that goeth past a stranger or deal-eth with one as he is about his business, tell the story, for we who are best possessed of the knowledge do not care to leave; we have our business which cannot be neglected.

THEREFORE, AS YE GO ABOUT THE WORLD IN YOUR DAILY LIFE, IF IT IS CONVENIENT, TELL YOUR NEIGHBOR, AND LO, I CAN GIVE YOU NO ASSURANCE.—Matt. 28: 18-20. (as practiced, rather than as it really is).





Alumni

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION of Lordsburg College was organized in 1911 by the classes of '10 and '11 with an enrollment of eight members. There are now thirty-nine members. A constitution was soon formed limiting members to graduates of three or four year courses. The first annual banquet was held in 1912.

The object of the association is to keep the interest of its members in Lordsburg College and to afford the opportunity each year for the renewing of old friendships, as well as for the forming of new ones between the new and old graduates of L. C.

We hope that the Alumni may never fail to perform the duties which its organization has the power to perform and that each member may ever be loyal to his Alma Mater.

Officers of the Alumni.

President—Paul Dresher, '13.
1st Vice President—Harper Frantz, '14.
2nd Vice President—Ernest Hoff, '10.
Secretary—Lucile Gnagy, '14.
Treasurer—Leon England, '12.

Class of '10

Edna Schrock—Putting on finishing touches at Normal.

Florence England (Mrs. Funderburgh)—Enjoying married bliss in Lordsburg.

Maude Moore (Mrs. Redmon)—Busily occupied taking care of her little son.

Ernest Hoff—Busy at Pomona College.

Chalmer Shaver—Schoolmaster at LaVerne.

Roy Wolfe—Farming near Pomona.

Class of '11.

I. V. Funderburgh—Student and Prof. at L. C.

Amanda Brown—Living with her sister at Summit, Calif.

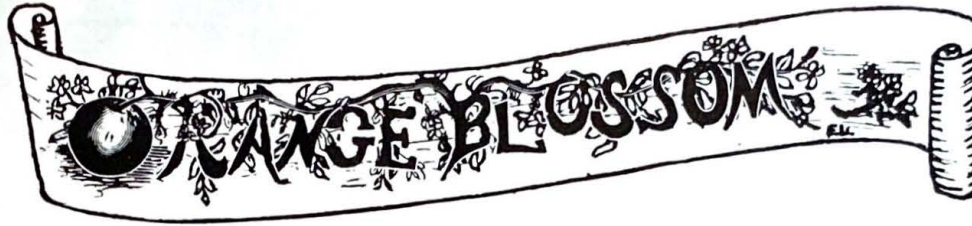
Lottie Neher (Mrs. Hoff)—A happy wife.

Class of '12.

Edna Neher—A successful teacher in Arizona.

Perry Blickenstaff—With his little wife, Hazel Lewis, a graduate in music in '13, is busy farming at Chino.

Leon England, Alumni Treasurer, who always handles lots of cash. U. S. C. Dental College.



Ray Ebersole—Has completed his work in this world and gone to that fair reward which we all hope to win.

Minnie Root (Mrs. Grober)—Enjoying married life at McFarland.

Mabel Eikenberry (Mrs. Seiple)—Tired of teaching, decided to get married also.

Jesse Brandt—Still pursuing his education at Pomona College.

Luke Minnich—Happy, tho' married.

Ruth Frantz—Enjoying her college life at Claremont

Fern Blickenstaff—Now at home in Lordsburg but may go to England soon.

Class of '13.

Phil S. Danner—Altho' small, is very industrious, and is editor of our Annual.

Lester Miller—Studying law at Santa Clara University at San Jose.

Raymond Evans—A contracting carpenter in Los Angeles.

Ernest Davis—Teaching at Macdoel.

Lloyd Rittenhouse—An Iowa farmer, residing with his sisters at Wellman.

Paul Dresher—Our President, who is in Lordsburg a

little of his time, at Pomona College more of his time and in Pasadena most of his time.

Elice Laycook—Still climbing the ladder of success. Our art editor for the Annual.

John Overholtzer—A College Sophomore, as ambitious as ever. Spends much of his time on 3rd St.

Class of '14.

Harper Frantz—A very busy man. Student Body President and Business Manager of our Annual.

Mary Lichtenwalter, Ida Metzger, Florence Netzley and Lucile Gnagy—The four girls from the class of '14 who are enjoying life as Freshies once more.

Charles Fisher—An industrious farmer, but may be seen at the College most any time.

Helen Fesler—At home in Lordsburg, tired of nursing.

Heber Baisinger—A witty youth, who is now far away in Washington.

Frederick Hollenberg—Still cramming at L. C.

Catherine Klinzman—Studying music and art at the College.

P. J. Wiebe—The first graduate from the A. B. course at Lordsburg College. Now in pursuit of his Master's Degree.



SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS



EXPRESSION



ORATORY AND EXPRESSION

WHILE music and painting and sculpture are means by which the esthetic nature is developed, perhaps there is no art which develops the individual pupil in such a broad and practical way as expression.

Expression not only teaches the pupil to appreciate the beautiful, but also to possess the beautiful, for the object of expression is to cultivate the beautiful in the body and soul. It opens to the average student a new world,—a study of the emotions and feelings of human nature. In other words, we might say that the object of expression is to liberate the soul; to let it find expression in body and voice. There are so many people whose inner self is completely hidden,—is caged in. Their body is not subject to their soul, that is, their soul has no way of expressing itself.

Expression not only helps the individual to overcome his timidity, but it develops his capacity for a high appreciation of the good and beautiful thru the selection of literature read and memorized and thru an art course in which the masterpieces in painting are studied. In the second year of the course Bible reading is taught. It is wonderful how much more interesting the beautiful passages are when read slowly and understandingly.

There are also other advantages for personal development. The voice is given special training to make it soft and beautiful. The body is assisted in responding to the emotions with grace and beauty. The main principles to be sought for to become interesting conversationalists, are practiced upon certain days. It is also a great opportunity to be able to bring a beautiful message to a large audience by means of a reading or drama.

The Senior A class graduated during the middle of this year, being the largest class to graduate in expression from Lordsburg College. They gave two public recitals, which were well attended by appreciative audiences. The editor of the Lordsburg Leader gave his opinion of the program as follows:

“The work of the class was highly meritorious; the numbers given were of a difficult nature, requiring skillful impersonation, and their interpretation was such as would compare favorably with the work of schools of expression anywhere. The instructor, Mrs. B. S. Haugh, is to be heartily congratulated on the showing made by the department.”



MUSIC



If we would learn to appreciate to the fullest of our capacity the beauty of a rose we must spend time and give our attention to the rose. We must examine its parts and see its perfection, its colors, its shape, its size, and inhale its fragrance. We must plant, cultivate and watch the buds develop in our own garden if we would have our hearts thrilled with its beauty.

This truth applies to the appreciation of the beautiful in all lines and no less to the beauty in the art of music. Give it your attention and it will tell its own story to your feelings while you listen. Examine it more thoroughly and you not only derive pleasure, but the thought being stimulated, the pleasure ripens into a real joy.

Should you study the science of music you will find it an exacting mental discipline. To enjoy a selection fully one must grasp the Theme, the Phrase, the Pe-

riod, which make the melody. Then the Rythm, Harmony, the shades of expression which are as infinite in variety as they are changeable in form and color. All appear beautiful to the mind trained to grasp and appreciate their effects and a refined and cultured language of the soul is thus made possible to those who will search and listen to its message.

About half a hundred young men and women are improving their opportunity for study in Voice and Piano in Lordsburg College, during this year, not to mention here the Glee Club and Choral Union, the latter having given the Christmas Cantata.

Modern Music and Musicians, a thorough library for teachers containing seven volumes, has been purchased for the use of the department.

Prof. Haugh expects to spend the vacation at Berkeley in advanced study of musical subjects, gathering new material and new inspiration for the coming year.

The second student recital just held showed marked improvement and seemed as an oasis in the desert of hard work for the semester.

And so as Bliss Carman says, "The good of all ages who have been imbued with a passion for righteousness have never hesitated to spend themselves generously for the cause they loved, the advancement of goodness, nor should those who care for what is beautiful ever hesitate to give themselves as liberally to make beauty prevail in the world."



ART CLASS



Art

He is the greatest artist, then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows nature, never man,
As artist or as artisan,
Pursuing his own fantasies,
Can touch the human heart, or please,
Or satisfy our nobler deeds. —Longfellow.

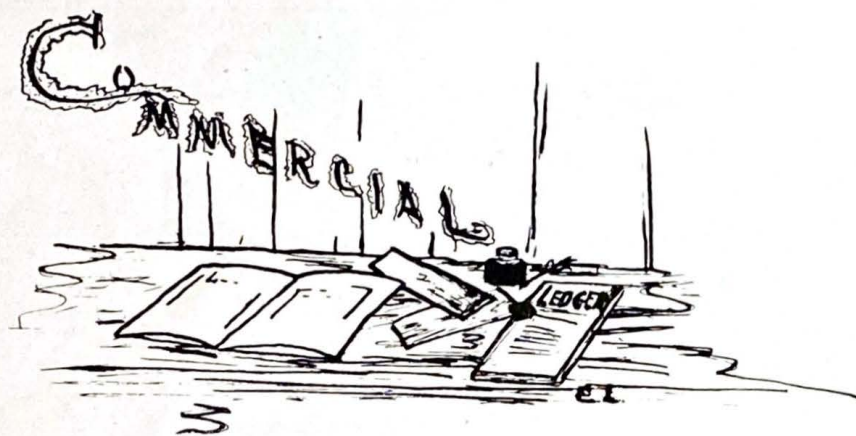
WE would consider Greece to be the home of art, but by all peoples, from the savage with his painted visage to the most civilized nations with their great paintings and sculpture, art has been expressed in some manner.

Art is perhaps entitled to be deemed the highest factor in civilized life, because it is the most unselfish. With the complete emancipation of the human intellect, there has come an imperative demand for expression in a language that is as potent as that of uttered speech—the beautiful and universal language of art. An appreciation of art is one of the most pleasing embellishments of the human life. Art is an expression of the emotions of the very soul itself. It enriches the mind and leads to a higher and nobler conception of life.
—Mrs. H. H. Nininger.





COMMERCIAL



THE aim of every commercial student should be to fit himself to be able to cope with the affairs that are to be met with in the business world. I feel safe in saying that that is the ambition of every student at L. C.

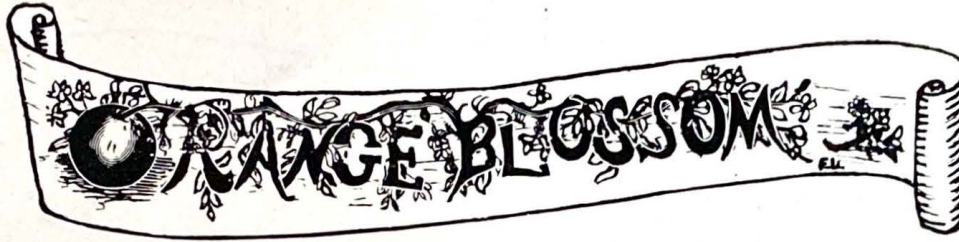
We have in our department students, some who are taking the complete course, others who are taking only the stenographic or bookkeeping course; there are also several academic students who are taking only one or two commercial subjects. So naturally this department has come to be one of the busiest departments of the school.

From the fact that several of the students did not enter until late in the year, we will have only three graduates. Though our department is small, the newest and best systems are being used, consequently we feel that the students graduating from here will be able to meet the difficulties that may arise as they go into business for themselves.

Undoubtedly each one as he goes from L. C. into the business world will be made to realize more fully as the years go by that he owes his success to the L. C. commercial department and its efficient management.



BIBLE DEPARTMENT



Bible Department

THE BIBLE CLASS, this year has been growing in interest and enthusiasm. The students enrolled in the Bible department, whose likenesses may be seen on the opposite page, are: Grace Heisel, Grace Moore, Almina Ries, Marie Woody, John Hollenberg, Guy Conrad, Elliott Thomas, Earl Cupp, Lee Bashore, Florence Netzley, Lloyd Rittenhouse, Ida Metzger, Mae Hepner, Orra Brunner, Mrs. Lela Newcomer, and Mary Lichtenwalter, besides a few who were not regularly enrolled.

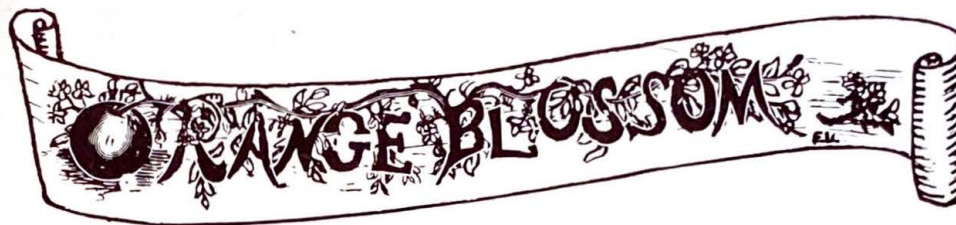
The course of study during the year included: Analytical Bible Study, Bible Doctrine, Bible Introduction, Bible History and Geography, Sunday School Teacher Training, also a Mission Study course the last semester.

The field of work covered may be represented in the following: Analytical study of three Old Testament books and several from the New Testament; studies in the doctrines of God, Jesus Christ, The Holy Spirit, Man, and Salvation, the latter including Faith, Repentance, Conversion, Union with Christ, Regeneration, Justification, Sanctification, and Adoption; studies in

the following text books: Evans' "Book of Books," Kerr's "Introduction to New Testament Study," Blaikie's "Bible History," Hurlbut's "Bible Geography," the Brethrens' Sunday School Teacher Training Book, and Galen B. Royer's "Christian Heroism in Heathen Lands."

There were some very interesting discussions during the year which were the outgrowth of various questions and problems which came before the class. The sentiment often expressed by our teacher, "Laying aside all preconceived notions, let us seek the truth," generally prevailed. Individual ideas and personal opinions were laid aside until the truth was revealed, which quite often led to the changing of some opinions and views.

It is quite certain that each member of the class could testify to the keener insight into spiritual truth, gained by this systematic Bible study. I feel to say that the class owes the deepest gratitude to their beloved teacher for the kind, earnest and considerate helpfulness he has shown us. The good seed which has been sown will never reach its bounds, even in eternity.



Bible Institute

THE annual Bible Institute of Lordsburg College opened January 25 and continued one week, or until January 30. The daily program was one of much interest.

The first period of the day, Elder J. P. Dickey gave an exposition on the First Epistle of Peter. He emphasized the fact that salvation from sin rests wholly in the blood of Christ.

Elder W. E. Trostle gave some very interesting discourses on the Book of Revelations. These discourses showed careful study and preparation on the part of the speaker.

Elder S. J. Miller gave a series of lectures on the Opportunities of Young People in the Church of the Brethren. The series included a discussion of the following topics: The City Church; the Country Church; The Sunday School as a World Influence; The Christian Workers and Missions.

“Do not look on life indifferently and as a cold and formal opportunity. Take advantage of what it offers.

Be sure you get your share and all that is coming to you. Golden moments and golden opportunities are ours today.”
—Eld. S. J. Miller

Prof. W. I. T. Hoover's lectures on “The Spiritual: Its Unreality and Reality,” were very instructive.

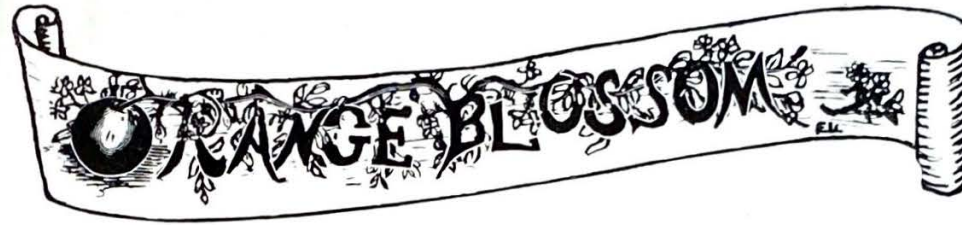
Prof. I. V. Funderburgh conducted a study on the Three-fold Offices of Christ: Prophet, Priest and King.

Elder D. L. Miller's lectures on Church Government were very helpful as well as interesting, since he has had much experience along that line.

Elder Miller's lectures of his journeys in the Holy Lands, which were given in the evening, were well attended in spite of the inclemency of the weather.

The attendance at all the sessions was good, and the attention and interest taken was commendable on the part of all who were present. We feel sure that all those who attended feel a deeper concern and interest in a careful, thoughtful and prayerful study of the Bible, the Book of Books.





Prof. Van Dyke (in English I.)—"Of course you all know the meaning of Habeas Corpus."

Roscoe (seriously)—"It's a disease, isn't it?"

Prof.—"Are there any technical words in tennis?"

John Stover—"Yes, love."

Prof. Frantz—"How did you get $x : 50-75$?"

Gladys—"Well, by dividing; Mr. Hockenberry told me how."

Prof. Frantz—"That was nice, but it is incorrect; you may settle with Mr. Hockenberry after class."

Marie—"Why do they tell such big stories and put them in the histories?"

Prof. Hoover—"What do you tell big stories for?"

Prof. Hoover—"If the Lord hadn't intended us to laugh, He'd never have given us a laugh."

Marie (giving an example of the subjunctive)—"I wish that I were Mrs. Rockefeller."

"My plate is damp," complained a new Dorm student.

"Hush!" whispered his companion, "that's your soup."

Winnie—"Did the Greeks carry those elephants across the sea to Italy?"

Prof. Hoover—"No, they let them wade."

Miss Mize (Latin I.)—"What does 'Conservandus sum' mean?"

Alice Tinkham—"I must be preserved."

Prof. Nininger—"How can we be sure that our ice is pure?"

Flossie—"Boil it."

Prof. Hoover—"What could the Greek war elephants be compared to now?"

Henry Overholtzer—"War aeroplanes."

Prof. Van Dyke (after Roscoe and Leroy had awakened from their regular afternoon nap in English II.)—

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Prof. Nininger—"Mr. Conrad, what do we mean when we say that lead has a density of 11.33?"

Conrad—"It means that it is 11.33 times as heavy as an equal weight of water."



Prof. Van Dyke—"What is a 'pelum?'"

John Stover—"I don't know; I never saw one."

"I say, Ovie," said Stover, "can you change a twenty dollar bill for me?"

Ovie—"Great Scott, is there another counterfeit in circulation?"

Prof. Nininger (in Physics)—"Cecil, name a liquid that will not freeze."

Coxie—"Hot water."

First Dorm Boy—"How will we get this freezer over without the girls seeing it?"

Second Dorm Boy—"I don't know."

First Dorm Boy—"Well I guess I'll have to sit down and think it over."

Prof. N.—"Mr. Fisher, please tell the class what a hydraulic ram is."

Fisher—"A submarine goat, sir."

"Who was Cyclops?"

"The man who wrote the encyclopedia."

Miss Furber—"What are bills of credit?"

Cecil Cox—"Bread checks."

They wanted to go to a football game and all manner of excuses were made. For instance:

Applicant—"I want to go to Pomona to see my old aunt."

Prof.—"I see; is she very old?"

"Yes, she is 105 years old."

"What on earth is she doing in Pomona?"

"Oh, just living with her grandmother."

Kathryn had a little lamp,
It was well trained, no doubt,
For every time Jack came in,
The little lamp went out.

Rhodes (who is 6 ft. 3 in.)—"This Spanish is killing me by inches."

Norcross—"Don't worry, old man, you'll last the rest of the year."

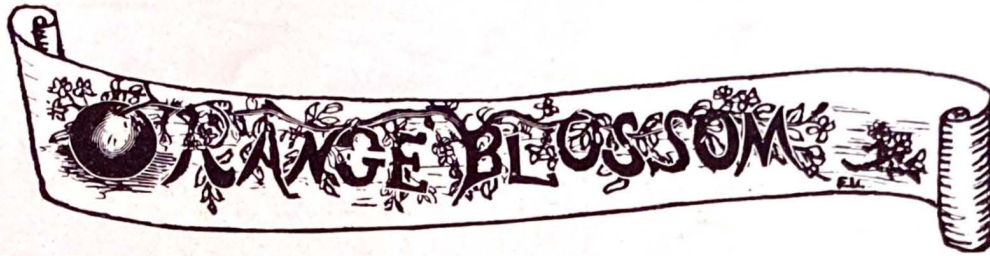
First Dorm Girl—"I heard an awful sad thing this morning."

Second Dorm Girl—"So did I—the alarm clock."

D. W.—"Yes the governor cut off my allowance, so I had to cash my brains for a living."

Anna H.—"I wondered why you were looking so thin."





At the German table. Roxie (desiring the catsup)
—“Geben Sie mir die Katze Supf, bitte”

Harper F.—“Oh, I forgot to bring my “Jung Frau”
to class.” Since when, Harper?

Prof. Van Dyke—“Decline food.”
Dorm Student.—“Never.”

Tailor—“For \$45 I’ll give you a fine fit.”
Young man—“Yes and for that you’d give father
a dozen.”

Mrs. Haugh—“Know your characters, dissect
them.” Hard hearted Mrs. Haugh.

Miss Funk, (in history)—“Two years after the
Revelation in Mexico, a great resurrection occurred
among the natives in South America.”

“What is an island?”
“A body of land entirely surrounded by a war zone.”

Mary had a little Ford
With tires white as snow.
And when it’s handle she does wind,
It every where will go.

Dr. Hoover (to idle Freshie)—“The devil always
finds something for idle hands to do. Go erase the
board.”

From a Freshie letter—“John, one of my class-
mates, fell and struck his head. Fortunately he fell
on a soft spot.” Extremely probable.

Prof. Hoover—“Did any of you ever have a good
friend go back on you?”
———Profound silence.

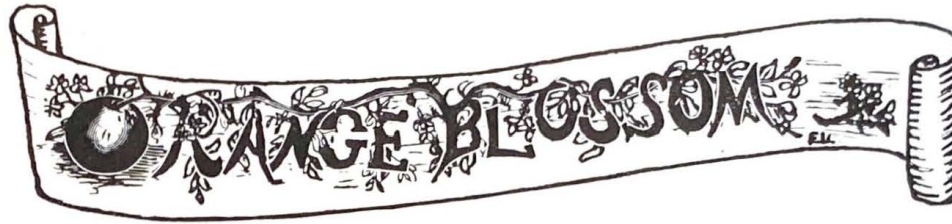
Marie Woody.—“Yes” ? ? ?

A certain young man was exhibiting some photos
to a charming girl, with whom he was much in love.

“This one,” he said, handing her one, “is a photo
of me with my two French poodles. Can you recog-
nize me?”

“Why, yes, I think so,” replied the young woman,
looking intently at the picture, “you are the one with
the hat on, are you not?”—Ex.

A bunch of college boys were invited to dinner at
Mr. Dresher’s. One of them ate so much that it was
necessary to use a shoe hook to button his vest. Why
don’t you laugh? That’s supposed to be a joke.



It is sad to think of what we are coming to, when young men of good reputation mistake saloons for eating houses, as Ben Fisher really did.

When the dormitory bunch had their picture taken, Miss Neff, having snapped the camera, said, "Oh, Kathryn, you were talking." How natural.

At the beach. Prof. Nininger (showing a photo of himself on a donkey)—"It's a good likeness, don't you think?"

Prof. Van Dyke—"Fair, but who is that on your back?"

Student—"See here, cook, I found this nickel in the hash."

Cook—"Well, you were complaining of no change in foods."

Lives of teachers oft remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
For by economic living,
They may lay away a dime.

He—"I dreamed that I died last night."

She—"How dreadful."

He—"Yes, it was so hot that I woke up."

Soph.—"Judas was a hypocrite."

Freshie.—"No, he was an I scariot."

Fateful loss.

Seen on the bulletin board. "Lost! my human mechanism" Sho. J. K. '18.

After one of the English classes had been dismissed the following sentences were found on the board: "A glare of lightning flashed from her eyes." "He set a good table."

Sounds like a good plot for a story.

Prof. Frantz, (in Trig.)—"You understand that "Pi" is a known quantity."

Dorm. Student—"It is seldom known in the dining hall."

"Let me see" said Thomas thoughtfully, "I've got to buy some flowers and some candy and some lecture tickets and—"

"Doing mental arithmetic?" inquired Cupp.

"No, sentimental arithmetic."

Mary L. with an expression of supreme joy on her face, exclaimed, "Oh, I've got a wisdom tooth!" Really!

— THE —
First National Bank

POMONA, CAL.

Extend to you the accommodations of a strong and well equipped bank, and cordially invite your Banking Business. All accounts both large and small will receive most careful attention.

Capital and Surplus
\$ 340,000.00

Oldest and largest bank in the Pomona Valley

CHAS. E. WALKER, President
CHAS. M. STONE, Vice-President

WM. A. KENNEDY, Cashier
C. A. STEADMAN, Ass't. Cashier

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A. H. Tufts

Chas. E. Walker
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Charles M. Stone

**THE STORE FROM WHICH GOOD
THINGS COME. THE BEST FED
ARE HEALTHIEST AND HAPPIEST**

No one lives better for less money than our customers. When you buy here you can depend upon our giving you just what you ask for, and you may rest assured that what you get here is good.

Williams Cash Grocery
BOB'S

T. H. WILLIAMS, Prop.

Phone 18

Prof. Frantz, (explaining a problem in geometry)—
“I will have to perform the same operation on this one.”
Student (aside)—“It must have appendicitis.”

GEORGE'S CAFE



If you want a good meal, try George's Cafe.

Meals Served
at All Hours

Once a Customer, Always a Customer

R. E. GEORGE, Prop.

Phone 206

“There is great danger in constant dissatisfaction. Sooner or later it will involve the health, or finances, or both, for it destroys the mental balance, and impairs the judgment.”
—C. B. Newcomb.

THEREFORE

Let us help you plan that future home, that it may be just what you will need, to make the joy of home life full.

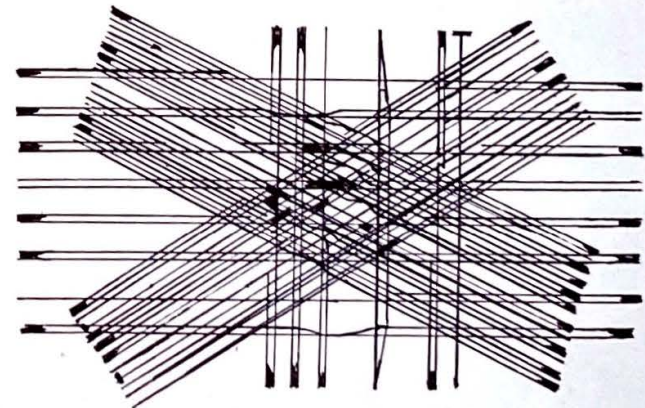
Yours for future
Success and happiness,

LORDBURG LUMBER CO.

S. A. OVERHOLTZER, Manager

Miss Furber—“Mr. Rhodes, what are land sharks?”
Rhodes—“They are an amphibious species of the fish family.”

CAN YOU READ THIS ?



Hold fairly close to the eyes. Then read horizontally down the lines. Read from each direction.

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The Store of Quality

Where your dollar gets a dollar's worth in
Merchandise for Men, Women and Children.

Shoes, Hats, Caps, Dress Shirts

Underwear and Hosiery

Dress and Work Pants, Overalls and Jumpers

H. K. LyBrand, Prop.

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Lordsburg, Cal.

Lady—"Listen to those trees sighing in the breeze."
Little boy—"You'd sigh too, if you were as full of
green apples as those trees are."

Ladies' and Gents' Tailoring



M. K. METZ, Men's Tailor

M. BERMAN, Ladies' Tailor

Individuality and Character are Subtly Expressed in
Every Garment We Make

SUITS FROM \$20 UP

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LA VERNE

*When Bargains Are Made
We Will Make Them.....*

Everything for the Household

PHONE 221
325-327 North D Street J. S. McCLELLAN, Prop.

Freshie—"If I die will I go to heaven?"
Soph—"They might as well ship you there, you are
too green to burn."

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DRUGS, PERFUMES
EASTMAN'S KODAKS
SPAULDING'S ATHLETIC GOODS
SODA WATER, ICE CREAM

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Has Most Everything You Want



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the Advertisers.



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“THE NEW STORE”

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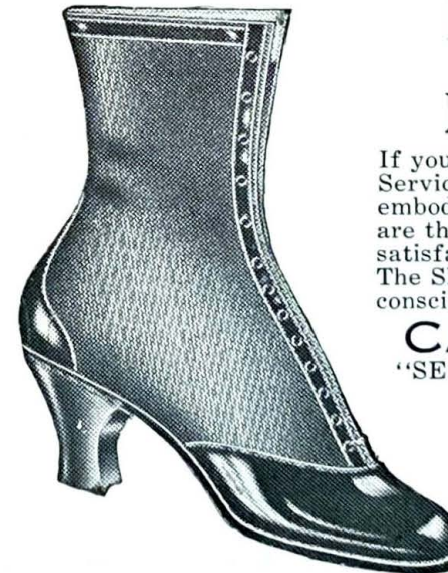
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WADE CARPER-FRED BROWN

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American Trading Checks.

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Graham and Buckwheat Flour

Rolled Oats, Rolled Wheat

All kinds of Poultry and Rabbit Supplies, Stock
Food and Remedies

D Street, South of Santa Fe R. R.

Phone 257

A woman who had some knowledge of baseball took
a friend to a championship contest.

"Isn't that fine!" said the first. "We have a man on

Drs. Broton & Alter

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SUITE 328-332 INVESTMENT BLDG.

PHONE 7171

Pomona, California

Dodge Bros. Automobile

Michelin Tires

Oils, Grease and Accessories

FIRST CLASS REPAIR WORK

LORDBURG GARAGE

PHONE 237

C. H. LARIMER

every base."

"Why, that's nothing," said the other. "So have
they."—Ex.

Any Suit in the house

No More, No Less

\$15.00

A Full Line of Furnishings

NORTON'S

\$15.00

Suit House, Pomona
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Improved Machinery Hats Cleaned and Blocked
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CHAS. E. MOHR, Proprietor

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We clean everything but a guilty conscience

Phone 226 Lordsburg, Cal. 111 E. 3rd St.

Prof. Van Dyke—"I spent 43 cents for dinner to-day in Los Angeles."

Prof. Nininger—"Oh! I've lived a week on less

HOME 492

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BUILDINGS **R**ESERVOIRS
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357 W. SECOND ST.

POMONA, CAL.

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than that."

Prof. Van Dyke—"Yes, and your bones show it, too.

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so low in cost that you CAN'T afford
to wear a ready-made.*

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TAILORS

Pomona - - California

Cassie K.—“Would you like to take a walk?”
Ovie—“I'd be delighted.”
Cassie—“Well, don't let me detain you.”

Go to.... **B**EAN'S
BAKERY for the
BEST things to eat

Fancy Pastry a Specialty

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Sells the famous MAZDA LAMP and

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AUTO DELIVERY

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is possible. Let's show them that we appreciate his
fact by giving them our patronage.

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AT PRICES THAT ARE RIGHT

McKendrick Brothers

BOOKS
 STATIONERY
 SCHOOL SUPPLIES
 ARTISTS' SUPPLIES
 PICTURES
 PICTURE FRAMING
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Pomona California

On the edge of a small river in Ireland is a stone with the following strange inscription, no doubt intended for the information of strangers traveling that

Brubakers' Dry Cleaners, Tailors



OUR SLOGAN
 We Clean while
 Others Try

We are reliable,
 we prove what we
 say.

Men's Suits made
 to order Prices
 \$14 to \$45. See
 our line.

Auto delivery service
 Phone 169
 J. D. Brubaker, Prop.

way:

"N. B.—When this stone is out of sight, it is unsafe to ford the river."—Ex.

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are deep-curved lenses which not only wonderfully enlarge your field of vision but give you a lot of real comfort and

vastly improve your personal appearance. If you wear glasses, you should know all about

TORIC LENSES

Let us demonstrate and explain their many advantages.



Any Little Eye!

Any little eye,
 That's the wrong little eye,
 Is the right little eye for me.

It doesn't have to look
 Like the eye of a crook;
 If a bad little eye it should be.

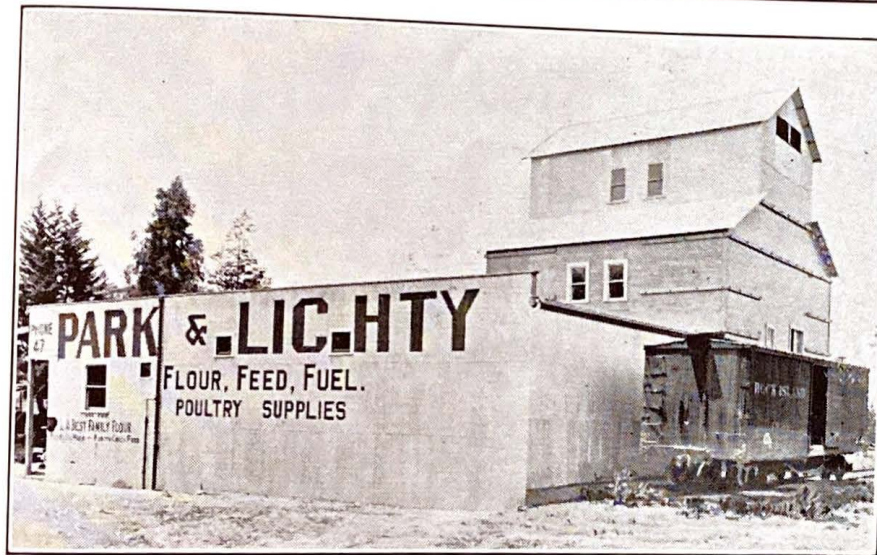
I can put it right,
 Improve its sight,
 And make it so it will see.

For any little eye,
 That's a wrong little eye,
 Is the right little eye for me.

Registered Optometrist
 Home 1802

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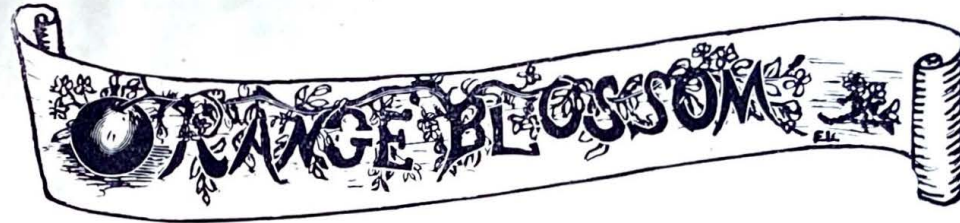
*We are equipped to do all
kinds of grinding, Cracking,
rolling and mixing of feeds.*

*When in Pomona give us a
call.*

An Ode to Germs

Sing a song to microbes,
Dainty little things,
Ears and eyes and horns and tails,
Claws and fangs and stings,
Microbes in the carpet,
Microbes in the wall,
Microbes in the vestibule,
Microbes in the hall.
Microbes on my money,
Microbes in my hair,
Microbes in my meat and bread.
Microbes everywhere.
Microbes in the butter,
Microbes in the cheese,
Microbes on the knives and forks,

Microbes in the breeze.
Microbes in the kitchen,
Microbes in the bed,
Microbes on the brush and comb,
Microbes in my head.
Microbes in the faucet,
Microbes in the drains,
Microbes in my shoes and boots,
Microbes in my brains.
Friends are little microbes,
Enemies are big,
Life among the microbes is—
Nothing "infra dig."
Fussy little microbes,
Billions at a birth,
Make our flesh and blood and bones
Keep us on the earth.—Ex.



THE BRAVE FRESHIES

Only a freshie, yet he calmly lay
On the attic floor till the dawn of day;
To guard their flag, lest the sophomore boys,
Should swipe the rag, and crush their joys.

He shivered, he shook, with cold and fright,
Saw spooks and ghosts in the dark, dark night;
But ere an hour had passed away
He'd called two more with him to stay.

A rat, a gnawing noise did make,
And three boys in haste their flight did take.
Lee climbed the ladder to the belfry top,
Then up the pole, till he had to stop.

Clayton, the freshie who's built for speed,
Made better time than any steed;
A little jump, his legs to thank
He crawled into the water tank.

While George stood stiff and could not run,
He looked around, though not in fun;
He gave a leap, hit the plastering so,
And landed in the hall below.

When George was asked, "the trouble please,"
He shook and shook about the knees;

At last he said, "a ghost I knew,
A-a-and I t-think a sophomore too."

* * * * *

The pattering sound of little feet
And voices yet so young and sweet.

And then the math-room door they close
For seldom they their plans disclose.

Urgent business is at hand
To which the class must now attend.

A pitcher, they elect no doubt,
For, 'tis a truth, we have found out,

That they their athletes do select
By secret ballot them elect.

The meeting long does stay in session,
(To give a business-like impression).

Then when the meeting is adjourned
And free the little ones are turned

They talk and chatter in the hall
Of nothing but Base ball, Base ball.
Judging from their talk, 'twould seem
That they've elected a Freshmen team.

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But if you cannot find what you want in your home town

==== Try The ====

ORANGE BELT EMPORIUM

You may find it there. \$100,000 Stock, ten big complete departments

Always a fresh, clean stock to choose from and the newest and best
of everything to show you

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DRY GOODS AND MEN’S WEAR

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*WE
GIVE
THE
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AMERICAN
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WHERE
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*SAVE
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FURNISH
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HOME
FREE*

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The ACADEMY is fully accredited.

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There are three-year courses in EXPRESSION, VOICE, and PIANO.

Two units of Academy credit are allowed on Bible studies.

Six Semesters College credit are allowed on Bible studies.

The FACULTY, composed of Christian Men and Women, have been educated in the best Colleges and Universities.



Ye Footballe Manne

(Spellynge revyised accordyng to Chaucer.)

Attend ye well, me merie menne,
Whyle I to you relate,
Ye ballade of ye footballe guy,
Hys happie, happie state.
Whenne o'er ye campus hee doth walke,
Ye students gaze & gawk,
& for a reason hee is sure
Ye cocke of all ye walke.

Hee needeth not to studie hard
In lore of bookes to shyne uppe;
They dare nott can hym, lest they may
Disturb ye footballe lyne-uppe.
Hys euery want attended is;
Hee hath ye shower and rubbe;
& thrice each day he hath a bigge
Plump T-bone for hys grubbe.

Ye maydens all do ogle hym,
& count hym of ye beste;
Admiryng of his stalwart frayme
& eke hys manlie cheste.
& oft they fayne would scratch and byt
A syster jealousie,
Because she won ye football manne
They hoped was thys to bee.

Hee burneth notte ye midnight oil,
Nor quaffeth ale or bocke,
& euery night he hyttes ye strawe
At 9 P. M. o'clocke;
& students throng ye stande each daye
& watch hys manlie capers;
Hee gayneth fame & lykwise hath
Hys picture in ye papers.

“Oh, happie, happie, footballe manne,”
My inner spirit cryes.
Hee is regarded as a beare,
& center of all eyes;
& all he doeth to deserve
Thys ease, ye traynor saith,
Is butte to runne about ye field
At ryske of sudden death.—Ex.

* * * * *

It was during a golf-game in Scotland The first player who drove off was very bow-legged. The second player, unmindful that his opponent was directly in front of him, struck the ball and it whizzed between his opponent's legs.

“Hoot, mon,” said the bow-legged one in anger, “that's nae golf!”

“Aweel,” said his opponent complacently, “ef 'tis nae golf 'tis croquet.”—Ex.

STUDENTS

Your Business is Acquisition of Knowledge
Ours is Acquisition of Wealth.
You Will Shortly Join our Colors.

We began business in 1906. Our assets are
more than

THREE QUARTERS OF A MILLION

Our stockholders own two banks THE STATE
BANK OF POMONA and THE FIRST NA-
TIONAL BANK OF LORDSBURG Deposit
with us and grow with a growing bank

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OF MOTORS AND BICYCLES

S. P. HUNSAKER

Service Price Honesty

Harley--Davidson Motorcycles

Bicycles and all Kinds of Repairs

545 West Second Street

Pomona, Cal

A Salina paper tells of a boy who was severely bitten by a "canine," and the Emporia Gazette adds: "His father mounted an equine and went for the doctor, who

Munger Laundry Co.

Guarantees You First Class Work
in all Departments

FINISHED

ROUGH DRY

WET WASH and

DRY CLEANING

Phone 749 Pomona and our wagon will
call and deliver your work promptly



When in need of Wall Paper, Paints,
Oils, Varnishes and Glass remember we
carry the most complete stock in Po-
mona Valley.

The Pomona Paint & Paper Co.

J. CARL MILLEN, Prop.

Phone 38

294 W. 2nd Street



recommended a poultice of milk from the family bo-
vine. It is said that a slice of fat from a porcupine is a
good thing for such a wound."—Ex.

Groups

Developing and Printing

Lloyd O. Cooper

Artistic Photos

Box 351, Claremont, California

Mountain Scenes a Specialty Enlargements

"The Store of Certain Satisfaction"

C. O. BOWEN & CO.

Everything In

DRY GOODS

and

LADIES'
WEARING
APPAREL

TELEPHONE
NUMBER 20

217 West Second Street
Pomona, California

"Did you hear about the terrible fright Bobby got on the day of his wedding?"

"No, but I was at the church and saw her."—Ex.



WALK-OVER'S

It is absolutely necessary for the man who dresses well to appear properly shod.

The man who wears Walk-Overs gets Comfort and Service, style and fit.

LET THE NEXT PAIR BE
WALK-OVERS
P. J. TARR SHOE CO.

Second and Garey

Next to Savings Bank

THE QUALITY STORE

YOU can't fool lively young men who know the style game; they catch the newest "curves" in clothes "right off the bat." So when you know, as we do, that

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Varsity Fifty-Five has captured the best dressed young men all over the country, you can be pretty sure it's the suit for you

BOOTH & VAUGHN

Where The Good Clothes Come From

234 West Second Street

Pomona

I'm so glad you've taken Greek."

"I haven't taken it; I've only been exposed to it."

—Ex.

\$10.00 REWARD

for any watch or clock that I can't make run.

E. E. FITE

Jeweler and Optician. Official Watch Inspector for

P. E. Railroad.

162 West Second St.,

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Are Satisfied*

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LAUNDERERS AND DRY CLEANERS

Auto in Lordsburg almost every day

PHONE 58

550 E. BERTIE ST.

Our Dry Cleaning Dept. Guarantees High Quality

"Well, well! Did you ever milk before?"

"Not exactly, but I've had a good deal of practice
with a fountain pen."



SHOE REPAIRING

BY

J. M. MILLER

Come and You Will Want to Come Again

304 East 5th Street

Lordsburg, Cal.



"Modern Homes"

¶The latest, most elaborate and most magnificent collection of designs ever published. A work of art, as well as an inspiration for the building of better homes.

¶A wonderful book—showing nearly one hundred designs, with photographs, drawings, floor plans and description of modern, artistic, step-saving, moderate-priced HOMES—the prize designs of the year.

¶Also a few selected scientific barns, silos, garages, etc.

¶You should see these designs NOW—no matter when you intend to build—just to know what a HOME should be.

¶Unequalled in exterior beauty—the interior arrangements have features—novel and necessary—which very few other places possess—and which should be in every HOME.

¶It is a liberal education in modern HOME making to study these designs.

¶If you cannot come to our office, we will be glad to show them to you at any convenient time and place—and then you'll understand why we're so enthusiastic.

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Material—All Lines.

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Drop In and See Us



The Home of an Institution Whose Officers and Directors are
at all Times Ready to Serve You in Every Possible Manner