

Monrovia High School
1920

MONROVIA

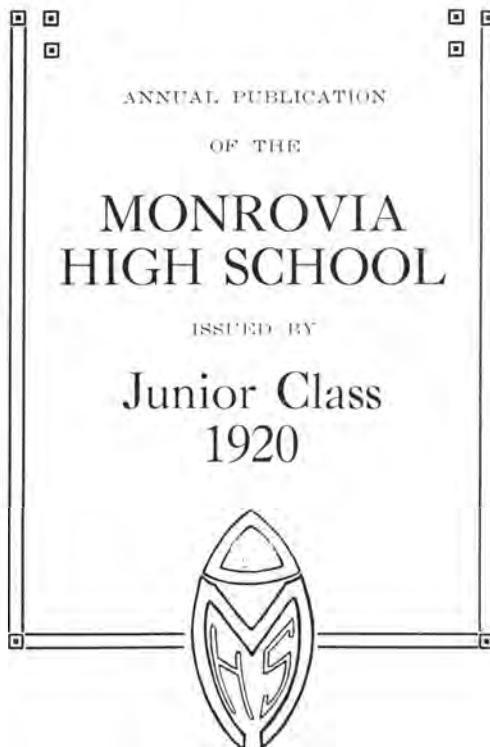


MONROVIA
HIGH SCHOOL

JUNE 1920

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THE MONROVIAN



Monrovia Publishing Company
Monrovia, California





OUR MASCOT

Perhaps he came from Africa,
Or from the Arctic Zone;
At any rate, we love him well
For he's our very own.

He gives us pep, he gives us zeal,
Through him we strive to win
The glory due our Junior class.
('Tis really due to him.)

So here's to our much-loved Teddy-bear,
May he ever be faithful and true
To the good old class of '21.
The class of the White and the Blue.

TO
FLORENCE M. CARPENTER
WE LOVINGLY DEDICATE
THIS ISSUE
OF
THE MONROVIAN
IN APPRECIATION
OF THE INTEREST TAKEN BY HER
IN OUR SCHOOL WORK
AND IN THE
PUBLICATION OF THIS BOOK



MISS CARPENTER



MONROVIA HIGH SCHOOL



A. R. CLIFTON
Our Principal

A. R. Clifton

EDITORIAL

THE world war, with its intense suffering and difficult problems, has ceased. But other, and perhaps more serious problems confront us, those connected with the reconstruction of our country. We, of the high schools and colleges are to have a hand in that reconstruction. It calls for an all-round education.

The work of reconstruction demands first of all patriots and idealists. Chemistry and Latin alone will not fit us for it. Athletics and the Manual Arts are only part of our education. The function of the Annual is to round out and to promote the earnestness, fired with enthusiasm, which is so essential to a nation's progress. We have tried to embody in this book our school spirit and the ideals for which our High School stands. Is it too much to hope that the spirit and the ideals thus fostered will grow into the larger patriotism and the loftier idealism that our country needs?

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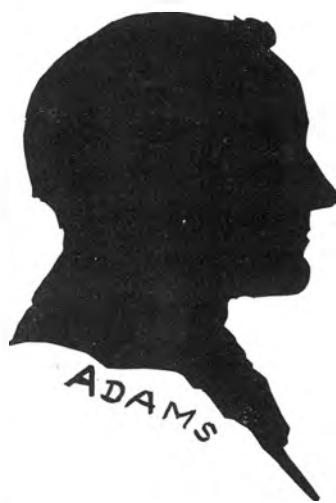


1

·CRAMLET, QUINCE OF REDMARK·

"WITH ALL MY IMPERFECTIONS ON MY HEAD."

"GIVE EVERY MAN
THINE EAR, BUT FEW
THY VOICE."



"WHAT WAS I
ABOUT TO SAY?
BY THE MASS, I
WAS ABOUT TO
SAY SOMETHING.
WHERE DID I
LEAVE?



"MY TABLES!
MY TABLES!"

"THE PLAY'S
THE THING."

2

MAN'S LIFE, "THE SHADOW OF A DREAM"
HAS HERE SOME OUTLINES MADE —



"I ONCE DID HOLD
IT BASENESS TO
WRITE FAIR. BUT
SIR, NOW IT DID
ME YEOMAN SERVICE."



"CALL ME WHAT
INSTRUMENT YOU
WILL, THOUGH YOU
CAN FRET ME, YOU
CANNOT PLAY UPON ME."



"SPEAK THE SPEECH,
I PRAY YOU, AS I
PRONOUNCED IT TO
YOU, TRIPPINGLY
ON THE TONGUE."

"THERE'S A SPECIAL
PROVIDENCE IN THE
FALL OF A SPARROW."



"I'LL NOT BE
JUGGLED WITH."



3

.. THOUGH LIKE A REAL NIGHTMARE MAY SEEM ..



MRS. SMITH

"I MUST BE
CRUEL ONLY TO
BE KIND."



WILSON

"SINCE BREVITY IS
THE SOUL OF WIT,
AND TEDIOUSNESS THE
LIMBS AND OUTWARD
FLOURISHES, I WILL
BE BRIEF."



MISS CONE

"IN YOUTH WHEN
I DID LOVE, DID
LOVE, METHOUGHT
'TWAS VERY SWEET."

"I SHALL IN ALL
MY BEST OBEY
YOU, MADAM."

"WHEN THE WIND IS
SOUTHERLY, I KNOW A
HAWK FROM A
HANDSAW."

"LOVED OF THE
DISTRACTED
MULTITUDE."



MISS OSBORNE



HESTER



MISS CARPENTER

4

EACH PEDAGOGIC SHADE.



MISS RAU
"THE TIME
IS OUT OF JOINT, O
CURSED SPITE, THAT
EVER I WAS BORN
TO SET IT RIGHT."



CARROTHERS
"OH THAT
THIS TOO TOO
SOLID FLESH
WOULD MELT."



MRS. POTTS
"AND THE LADY
SHALL SAY HER
MIND FREELY."

"HATH THERE BEEN
SUCH A TIME, -I'D
FAIN KNOW THAT
THAT I HAVE SAID,
'TIS SO', WHEN IT
PROVED OTHERWISE?"

"YOU COME MOST
CAREFULLY UPON
YOUR HOUR."

"BUT BREAK,
MY HEART, FOR
I MUST HOLD
MY TONGUE."



MISS EATON



MISS DUNN



EVANS

AN ODE TO DITCH DAY

I sat upon the shining sands
And watched the sparkling sea.
I rode on roller coasters
And laughed and screamed with glee.
I danced in the casino. Oh
It was some jambouree!
And all the time a thinking
Now in History I'd be.

I sat up in detention,
The silence was profound.
Those who had danced so merrily
Were studying all around.
The clock it ticked so mournfully
"Twas all that made a sound.
And all the time I might have been
Outside, a jazzin' round.

ELEANOR EVEREST—'20.

SENIORS



THE SENIORS

I was asked to write a poem,
But I didn't stop to think
That the subject's not poetic,
'Twould drive any bard to drink.

The Senior Class, we're wont to boast,
Is better than the rest.
Through all four years of High School
You'll admit we've stood the test.

But we don't take to meter,
We aren't much on rules or rhyme,
We don't lead the school in poetry
But in having one grand time.

So we chose in early autumn
Clarence for our president,
And Emily was next in line,
For lighter duties meant.

The keeper of the records
And the money tender, too,
Were Marian and Eleanor,
To whom much credit's due.

With these four as our leaders,
We have gone a merry chase.
Here and there one working brakes
The rest speeding up the pace.

Athletics found us in the front.
We starred in basket-ball
And football, baseball, tennis, track—
We had a hand in all.

And both thumbs in the social pie,
(Ditch Day was sure a plum!
Detention couldn't kill our bliss
Or make our spirits glum.)

And at the Senior-Junior—
We danced till very late.
It's an event enjoyed each year,
The Seniors set the date.

But one joy is in the future,
We expect a time sublime
When the jolly little Juniors
Stand in the receiving line.

And now commencement enters.
Joy is mingled with regret,
We are leaving Alma Mater,
But our hearts are with her yet.

BETTY PALMER—'20





LUCILE LAIRD—

She isn't much to make a show,
Her voice is ever soft and low.

HERBERT MOORE—

Handy Spandy, Herb a dandy,
Loves plum cake and sugar candy.

MARIAN HARVEY—

This little Senior named Harvey
In the halls we often see.
Happy is she and all care free,
Why aren't they all as happy as
she?

DOUGLAS RICHARDSON—

Doug be nimble,
Doug be quick,
Doug jump over
The candle stick.

MABEL DENSLAW—

Little Bo Peep has lost much sleep
In worrying over her lessons.
Leave her alone
And she will go home,
Ranking among the best ones.

BETTY PALMER—

Betty, Betty, the lawyer's daughter,
Chews in class
When she hadn't oughter.

DICK HOWEY—

A dollar, a dollar, an absentee scholar
We look for you in vain;
We used to see you every day,
When will you come again?

RUTH PETTY—

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet —

CECELIA TICE—

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
Said Cecelia to her beau.
Young Shower could not refuse her,
So of course he said, "I'll go."

ELEANOR EVEREST—

I have a little shadow that goes in
and out with me.
And what can be the use of him, is
more than I can see.





MARY SCHACHTER—

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your school-work go?
A Chemistry book, a manual, too.
And small bottles all in a row.

WARREN CHADWICK—

Do you know what's in my pottet?
Such a lot of treasures in it.

RUBY ROOT—

Curly locks, curly locks,
Wilt thou be mine?

CLARENCE McDougall—

Little Boy Blue,
Come study your books.
You can't win everything just on
looks.

PANSY EWING—

There is a little Senior,
She wears a little shoe;
She has so many lessons
She doesn't know what to do.

IVY ANDERSON—

What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice
And everything nice
And that's what little girls are
made of.

JOHN ADAMS—

Little Mr. Muffet, sat on a tuffet
Eating his jam and bread;
Along came a girl, set his head in a
whirl,
He didn't flee; he sat still instead.

GLADYS RANDALL—

"Where are you going, my pretty
maid?"
"I'm going to Spanish, sir," she
said.
"And why are you going, my pretty
maid?"
"Because I am registered, Sir,"
she said.

GRACE HOERGER—

Rings on her fingers
And more on her ears;
They'll make her pretty
For many long years.

CAMILLE DU MOND—

Sing a song of sixpence
A pocket full of rye;
This young and charming Senior
Was never known to sigh.





BEULA McHUGH—

Always happy, jolly and gay,
She lives her religion day by day;
On the seventh day she takes her
broom
And serves the Lord by cleaning her
room.

Beula.

JOHN WALTERS—

Little cubes of ivory,
Little pennies, too,
Make young Walter's conscience hurt
When Betty comes in view.

LOUISE VANZAGH—

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are.

MARVIN REINKING—

A Senior went riding
In his big black ear,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump.
With his best girl beside him
So rosy and fair.
Lumpety, lumpety, lump.

ERVENA SHOWER—

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Cramming in History and Chem.
Along came a boy
And filled her with joy.
Her lessons? Oh, she forgot them.

EMILY WILLIAMS—

Some little pigs went to Long Beach,
Some little pigs did roam,
Some little pigs went to Pasadena,
This little pig stayed at home.

ROBERT BOWMAN—

Bobby wants a cooky,
Bobby does, of course;
Give it to him quickly
Or he'll scream 'til he is hoarse.

HELEN KENT—

Lady bird, lady bird,
Away from all your classes;
A-grades are not all
High School offers to lasses.

CLARENCE KOCHER—

There is a man in our school,
And he is wondrous strong;
I can't tell more about him,
Or my tale will be too long.

LEONA AMES—

Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
The cat's run away with the pudding
bag string.



Bob
every
Peter

ERNST MAAG—

Folded hands, saying prayers
Understands not nor cares.

MYRON HOTCHKISS—

This is the boy
That sold the drugs
That lay in the store that Baker owns.

ALVIN VOLLMER—

A hotel keeper's son
And what do you think?
He lives on nothing
But victuals and drink.

WILLIAM SMITH—

Bill, Bill, the dentist's son,
Leaves school each day, on the run.

HAZEL ROBINSON—

Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the
fiddle
A piano player, too.

JOHN ZERELL—

One day I went into my room
And found my doggie there;
He was chewing up my new red tie
I keep for Sunday wear.



JOHN ZIPP—

John
Little John Zipp sat up in a tree,
Up went a girl and down come he;
Down came the girl and away Zipp ran,
Said little John Zipp, "Catch me if you can."

FRANK COEN—

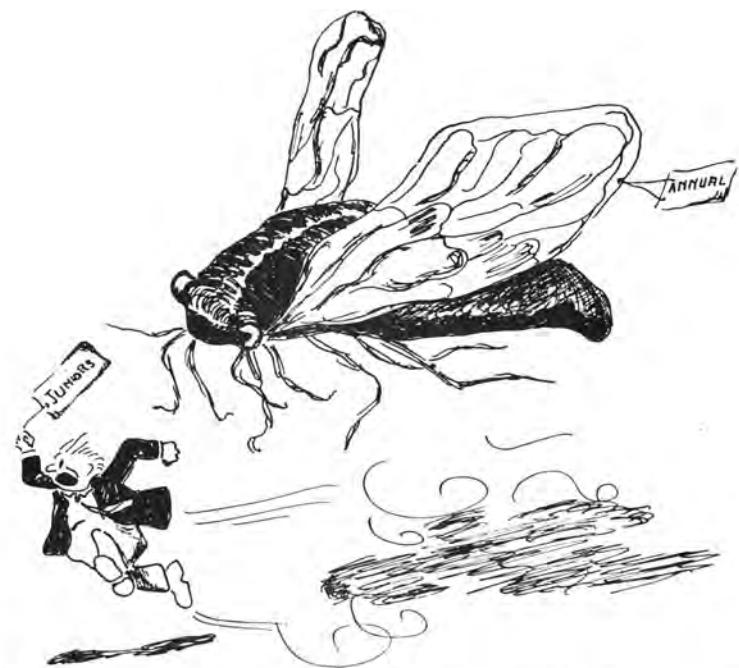
Little Frank Coen got him a girl
And she promptly set his head in a
whirl,
If his case had been stronger,
This tale had been longer.

MILDRED MARSHALL—

To market, to market, to get my
trousseau,
Home again, home again, did not
do so.
P. S.—Because of high pries.

EVALYN GRIMES—

Jacobi
There was a little girl and she had a little curl
That hung right down on her forehead;
When she was good, she was very, very good,
And when she was bad she was horrid.



JUNIORS



JUNIOR CLASS—Officers: President, Grovener Charles; Vice-President, Anna Spellicy; Secretary, Dick Coen; Treasurer, Dick Berry.

Some Class to Our Class—Class of '21

WITH this brilliant edition of the Annual, we bid adieu to the struggling underclassmen and prepare to step into the dignified position of Seniors. From the records we have made as Juniors we predict a Senior class of unequalled intelligence.

Although our ranking fell a little low this year, due to a mental lapse caused from overstudy, possibly no other class in the history of Monrovia High School has produced such athletic and social successes as have we.

In Foot-ball we made a smashing victory for the Junior class with a score of 8 to 0 over the Freshmen. Captain Billie Palmer, famous quarterback, directed the expert playing of our all-star team.

In Track our prowess as athletes was again flashed over the United States. Grovenor Charles, captain-elect, scored many successes as a sprinter of undefeatable ability, being our champion of short dashes, while Wendell Stewart, our relay star, thundered over the victory line with the ease of a veteran. Some of our speediest sprinters, who showed great ability in practice, developed engine and tire trouble, and were forced to relinquish their winning positions and go to the pits for repairs.

Our all-star Basket-ball team modestly declines to make public its series of victories, as it might undermine the moral of the coming classes. However, we modestly admit that the honor of captain of the High School Basket-ball team was conferred on our worthy Junior, Dick Coen.

As in Basket-ball, our Base-ball record is the "talk of international sports," but we decline to appear conceited by publishing it. Another reason for concealing our Base-ball stars and scores is to keep the National league from bothering our players with contracts before they finish their education.

In the social whirl we have been the envy of the 400. One brilliant affair after another has marked our social calendar. Being a conservative class, we have endeavored to combine business with pleasure. Funds to promote this de luxe edition of the Annual were massed by several novel entertainments. Our dances at Thompson's barn were among the society events of the year and were the most successful from a financial standpoint. Music of the incomparable jazz variety was played by our syncopation artists, Mildred Marshall, Erle Dufton, Carroll Bihlmaier and Phil Bortells.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Cassil, the Colonial Theater was chartered by our class one Friday night in January. A great financial success was recorded and more gold poured into our coffers.

On Monrovia Day we took advantage of the holiday crowds and, from our booth at the park, cold drinks, ham sandwiches and peanuts were dispensed by several of our attractive co-eds, ably assisted by a squad of gallant braves. Another means of much merriment and financial gain on that day was the "White Elephant."

With this historic past we are looking forward to the work of next year.
(Also the summer vacation.)

ALBERT ANGUS—'21.

GATHER YE ROSEBUDS

The murmuring sea, the stars above,
The very zephyrs speak of love.
He thinks of her and wonders where
Another is as true and fair.

Oh foolish youth! Oh dire deceit!
The maid you think so true and sweet
Does, like the rest of womankind,
Reserve the right to change her mind.

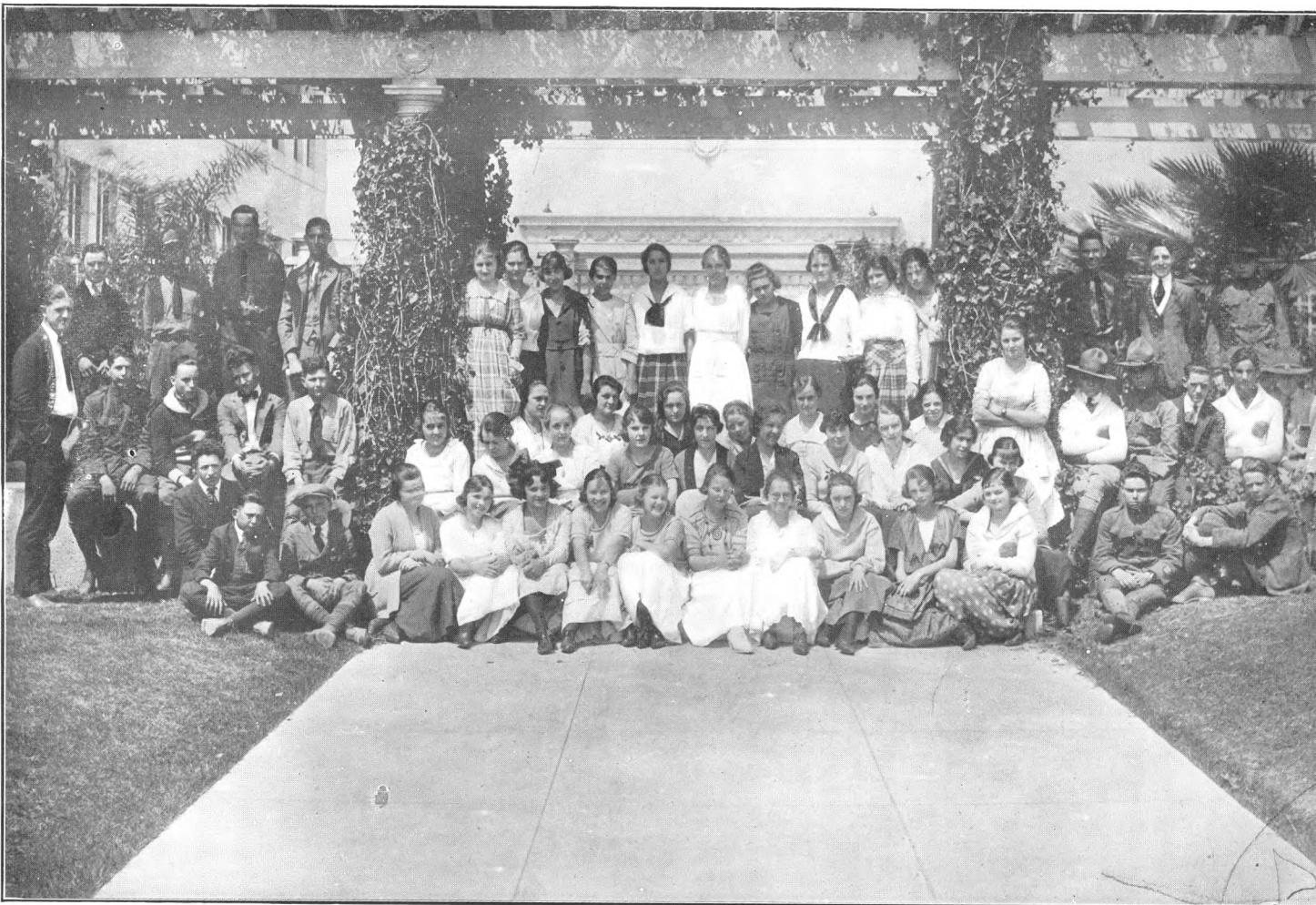
For now she's thine. Quick then, today
Enjoy her sweetness while you may.
Tomorrow with each sweet caress
She may some other lover bless.

For, ah, the wiles that women use.
The power they have and do abuse.
'Till one I find that's free from guile
A single life I'll try the while.

BILLY PALMER—'21.



SOPHOMORES



SOPHOMORE CLASS—Officers: President, Phil Bortells; Vice-President, Mary Moore; Secretary, Ethel Crall; Treasurer, Mills Beardsley.

SOPHOMORE REPORT

NEARLY two years ago, M. H. S. witnessed a most thrilling sight when she opened her arms to welcome the class of '22. Such talent, energy, ambition had never before entered her portals; on the other hand no class had ever so confused the Faculty or Student Body in its efforts to develop the latent possibilities in each and every member.

With the aid and counsel of Miss Eaton and Miss Osborne, the following scientific classification has been made after long deliberation and investigation. Following the Darwinian theory that man is but a descendant of animal, the probable ancestors of each student have been discovered and with the help of these two authorities, such characteristics will be developed or corrected as the individual case requires:

Eagle—king of birds and natural leader—Phil Bortells.

Monkey—fond of dates—Ethel Crall.

Bed-bug—usually found between the sheets 'round 9 o'clock—Dorothy Slosson.

Chicken Hawk—very fond of chickens—Rollin White.

Bookworms—always found in books—Alfred Fisk, Wilson Coles.

Crocodile—often tearful over a "D" in English—Violet Bowden.

Salmon—frequently canned—Curly Stevenson.

Red Flamingo—noted for especially brilliant head-plumage—Wilma Dodder, Lucille Harris.

Eel—adept at slipping through—Mills Beardsley.

Owl—noted for wisdom and a peculiar hooting—Henry Morris.

Flycatcher—famous on the baseball field—Nelson Bender.

Electric Fish—gives off frequent but not violent shocks—Iva Bishop.

Turkey—obtains nourishment by means of gobbling—Alvin Root.

Glowworms—shed the light of knowledge abroad in the maze of ignorance—Thelma Jones, Dorothy Lazenby.

Beaver—fond of damming—Willard Woodward.

Magpie—carries on a constant chatter—Rachel Preston.

FRANCES WHEELER '22.

MY SLANT EYED CHINAMAN

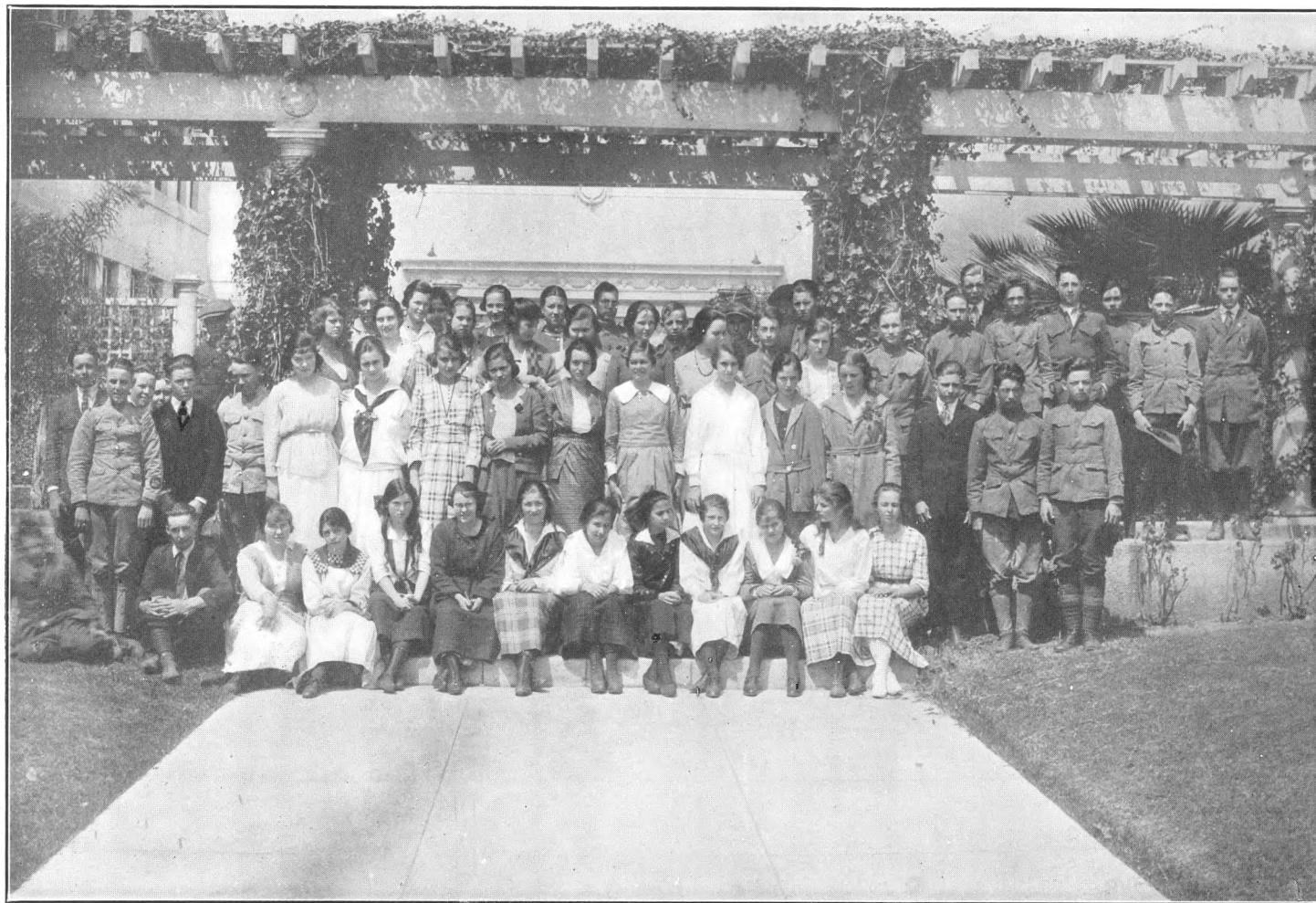
A long black queue, a short shirt-tail,
Two bead, slanted eyes, a funny little wail,
Long, narrow ears, a short, pug nose
Made him look very queer, with his odd little pose,
But I loved him all, as anyone can,
My quaint little, slant-eyed Chinaman.

A dainty little basket turned upside down,
Makes the cutest little hat, that ever could be found
The tiniest slippers, a lonesome little smile,
A quaint little dress, in a queer little style—
All these charms has my oriental Dan,
My quaint little, slant-eyed Chinaman.

MILDRED UMBACH—'21.

FRESHIES





FRESHMEN CLASS

FRESHMEN REPORT

THE large and mighty Class of '23 does not in the least mind being "Freshmen," for it remembers that "a little child shall lead them."

After the newness and wonder of the High School had worn off we settled down to astonish the upper classmen. We did this in several ways. Foremost stands the wonderful record we have made in athletics. Raymond Akin, Riley and Wiley Manning made the first team in foot-ball, while in base-ball, Neil Miller made a fine first baseman. The team could not have dispensed with Joe Quasser perched on third.

We are very proud of Mabel Smith and Margaret Bachman, who at one time won second place in the school's scholarship. Last but not least, we startled both the faculty and older students by the remarkable aim that was behind "spit-balls." But we lost our champion when Bobbie Fravel moved away.

Although our activities have gone no farther, we are proud to say that we are boosting worth-while projects and know that in the future we will accomplish something really noteworthy. Martha Reynold's ambition is to own a chewing gum factory. Could anyone aim higher? Fred Spellacy has as his main ambition entrance to the Girls' Gym Jinks. Viola Vollmer longs to be a vamp. Ethel Le Van cherishes the ambition of becoming a Prima Donna. Arlin Blain, because of his hatred of English nobility, wishes to get rid of a certain "Erle." King Beardsley's chief aim in life is to convince his father that "F" stands for "Fine."

Several of the members of the class under discussion are made conspicuous by their peculiar (?) birthstones. Bobbie Fravel's is a spit-ball, while Sallie Edwards' is a spotlight. Newton Wheeler claims a pill for his. Peggy Bachman has as her trade-mark an "A" from Mr. Evans.

A few Freshmen are noted for their conspicuous eccentricities. Donald Gleeten loves nature so ardently that he is always turning "Wood ward." Chryssie Hotchkiss always manages to stir up a "Rau" in Algebra. Helma Black thinks a lot of an ice-cream "Coen."

So from these and other famous-to-be Freshmen the world may expect much.

GOLDIE KENNEDY—'23.





LITERARY

MARS OR MANILA

“EXTRA! Extra! Flying torpedo starts for Mars tomorrow! J. M. Hartford to have big send off at 5 A. M. Extra! Extra!”

Above all the clamor of the main street of San Francisco this cry arose. A young astronomer in his laboratory sixteen stories above the street looked down angrily and then slammed the window. The room in which he stood was in a turmoil. Weird instruments, tanks and bottles of chemicals covered the floor knee deep. Clad in an old calico apron, the owner was wading around in the confusion evidently making strenuous efforts to pack everything into a large box which stood in the middle of the floor. He was very tall with the high forehead and horn-rimmed glasses which proclaimed him a student, but with a humorous quirk to his mouth and a coat of tan which distinctly denied the possibility of such a misfortune. Several damp, brown locks of hair hung over his eyes and the general effect of calico apron, glasses and dishevelled hair was immensely humorous. However there was seemingly nothing funny about the job, for with a dark scowl he went at the packing as though he were bayoneting Germans.

In half an hour most of the stuff was sealed up and the rest kicked into a trash pile. With a gratified glance at his work he tore off his apron, slipped into a well-worn brown coat, crushed a brown felt hat over his damp brow and opened the door to go. There he paused sorrowfully, surveying the door for a moment. Printed in neat black letters on the dull glass were the words, “J. M. Hartford, Astronomer.” Finding a can of turpentine and a rag, Jeremiah Matthew Hartford proceeded to rub off this last remaining sign of his former life, for as the newsie had said, he was starting for Mars in the morning.

Though his proposed trip was stirring up great excitement in scientific circles, and the world in general regarded him as a scientific fool, Jeremiah looked at the whole affair quite calmly. To begin with, he had perfect confi-

dence in his torpedo. Enclosed in an oxygen supplied room he would be speeded through space, by a series of explosions, to land supposedly on Mars. Of course, there was not much chance of getting back and even the inventor himself had to admit that there was only a slim chance of landing on anything. The way he figured, however, it wouldn't be any great loss if he should bump into a block of frozen hydrogen. He had no folks, not even the most distant cousin that he knew of and what is more he had been pursued by bad luck ever since he could remember.

To begin with what worse jinx could be wished on a perfectly innocent infant that to be christened Jeremiah Matthew. This name had caused him untold chagrin. When as a kid, the teacher, on finding a tack on his chair, or two little girls' pigtails tied together, had instinctively cried,

"Jeremiah Matthew take your place in the corner!" and all his remonstrating and assurances of innocence were of no avail. In college he had made the Varsity, then the evening before the big game, he had broken his ankle. One month before he was to graduate with honors he had been called away by the death of his only remaining relative and had never received a diploma. Once, only once, had he mustered courage enough to ask a girl to go to a dance with him. But alas, he forgot to get her address and never saw her again. So his jinx had followed him through all the twenty-six years of his unlucky life. In his study of astronomy and scientific invention only, he had been unusually successful.

While meditating all this Hartford had taken a street car which ran out to the suburbs where his torpedo had been built and was now ready to leave. The car swayed monotonously and Jeremiah, entirely occupied with his melancholy thoughts, paid little attention to those around him. Suddenly, like a ray of sunshine into a dark room, a girl, the prettiest girl he had ever seen, was abruptly deposited on his lap. Behind the horn-rimmed spectacles his brown eyes blinked incredulously at her. And she, with a sprightly glance at his bewildered countenance, broke into rippling laughter. Her merry blue eyes twinkled, her golden brown curls shook happily, and all the way from her pert little brown spring hat to her neat little oxfords, she radiated happiness. It was a full five seconds before she had the grace to blush and explain that the car had lurched, while Jeremiah, still stunned, moved over and offered her a seat. Shyly they began to talk and eventually he asked her what she thought of this J. M. Hartford and his trip to Mars.

"I think," she said slowly, "that he's adorably brave, but he must be either crazy or—well, just lonesome."

"I think," he replied, "that you are right."

That night there was a farewell party in "Jerry's" honor. Carl Findlay, a fellow scientist who had worked in vain on a "flying torpedo" for himself came, proudly escorting the "golden girl," as Jerry had christened her. The murmur in his heart melted when, as Findlay introduced them, she flashed him one of her rare smiles and murmured something about having met him before. The evening was riotously gay, but a touch of sadness prevailed. The girl explained on leaving that it was a farewell party for her also as she was

sailing for Manila at 5:30 A. M., and Jerry saw her serious for the first time as she wished him good-bye and good luck.

That night on the roof Hartford inspected the torpedo for the last time and sat down by the chimney to take a last look at the peaceful world and to dream.

"Just my darned luck," he mused. He had met the only girl and here he was booked for Mars while she sailed for Manila. But there was no backing out now. The world would call him a coward and "she" might believe it. It was his jinx again. Maybe he could leave it behind him on earth or get rid of it before he reached Mars.

Well what difference did it make if the world did call him a coward? It wouldn't be true. And besides if she cared, she would understand. They could go far away where no one would know J. M. Hartford from Adam. But what if she didn't care, if he lost his name and his work of five years for a bubble which broke as soon as he touched it? Then, when the only thing left in this world for him to do, the only thing he would want, would be to leave this world and his jinx behind, it would be too late——Which should it be, Mars or Manila?

The moon went down, but still Hartford leaned against the chimney and dreamed. Dreamed of what life would be if he went to Manila and everything turned out happily. In the midst of his pleasant dreams returned the thought:

"What if she wouldn't care?"

It was too slim a chance and he was just deciding on Mars when a slight sound attracted his attention. He looked up. Slowly, cautiously a man's head and shoulders appeared above the edge of the roof. A flashlight began to play over the place and Hartford quickly drew back into the shadows and watched. Evidently reassured, the intruder climbed up and turning, helped another and taller man onto the roof. Together they walked round and round the torpedo examining each minute detail with the flashlight and occasionally making entries into a notebook. Finally the taller man stood up and lit a cigarette. Then Hartford recognized him and understood. It was Findlay taking a desperate chance to steal the plans of the invention. Still puffing at his cigarette, Findlay climbed inside the torpedo and closed the top. The other man remained outside and soon commenced to fool carelessly with the levers. Horrified, Hartford opened his mouth to utter a warning when there came a deafening explosion which shook the house and threw the remaining thief half way across the roof. The torpedo leaped into the air and was gone. In a few seconds came another explosion as from a long way off. The torpedo was on its way to Mars.

For a moment Hartford stood stunned, appalled at what had happened. Then, for an inventor whose hopes were blasted, whose labor of five years had vanished like a flash into the night, his actions were very strange. He tossed his hat into the air, and after one wild Apache dance about the body of the unconscious thief, dashed downstairs, threw some things into a grip and made

his way to the steamship office, radiating an exuberance and optimism which would have rivalled that of the "golden girl" herself.

Just as the 5:30 A. M. steamer for Manila backed away from the wharf J. M. Hartford landed on the upper deck with a flying leap from the roof of the warehouse; and as she steamed out through the Golden Gate in the light of the rising sun Jerry and the "golden girl" stood up in the prow, while Jerry thanked all his lucky stars that he was headed for Manila instead of Mars.

ELEANOR EVEREST—'20.

MARRIED LIFE

IT WAS all over. The newness had all worn off and cold facts had to be faced. It was two aged hours since Algernon had stood before the minister with Undine and taken the vows which had made him a weakling for life. The only reminders of this were a wife, a bump on the back of his head caused by a boot thrown by a well meaning friend, a seemingly unending trickle of rice, which followed him where ever he went, a quarrel and a canary.

After the wedding Algernon had rushed with his blushing bride to a suite of rooms previously engaged for them at the best hotel. Here they had found a varied collection of wedding gifts, including a crate of bananas from Undine's great uncle, who lived in the South Sea Islands. To Undine the gifts had all sunk into significance when she beheld her pet canary, Algy, who she had named for Algernon. She had immediately deserted Algernon and gone to Algy, telling him all about the wedding and how she wished her "beloved little angel" could have been there. Algernon began to feel slightly out of sorts at his little angel, when she suddenly returned to him, and slipping her arm through his, coaxingly led him to the window. Imagine his disgust when he found that what he had first taken as remorse on Undine's part at having deserted him for such an unmeasurable length of time as a whole minute, was only her wish to place him in such a position that Algy might pass his opinion on whether or not Algernon was as good a husband as he had been a lover. Algernon, caring nothing for Algy's verdict, foolishly began to sulk and absolutely refused to show off his good points for Algy's inspection. Undine then displayed her temper and here my story begins.

For three frozen minutes the thermometer registered twenty, then twenty-one, then twenty one and a half, and the air between their backs began to have a frosty crust. Undine, with a determined expression on her face, turned her back and only the rigid stiffness of her spine and the nervous tapping of her slipper on the heavy carpet betrayed her erupting emotions. Algernon, no less stubborn than she, strode from the window to the other side of the room and snatching a paper from the table flung himself into a chair and with an air of utter disgust he jerked open the paper to the "Best Hints to the Housewife"

department and stared at the print. In this manner the seconds ticked into minutes, and then, both relenting at the same moment, they turned, and after one look in each other's tragic eyes the "peace treaty" was signed with reservations.

To celebrate the happy ending they decided to go for a joyride. Undine took off her bridal veil and put a heavy coat over her dress, while Algernon hunted for his hat. He had just finished looking through all the wedding presents for one, when the bell-boy, who had been fussing around waiting for his tip, handed him one which happened to be lying on top an open trunk. It was a college hat with a striped band around it, and it didn't exactly go with Algernon's dress suit. But he didn't notice, therefore it was all right. He did notice the bell-boy, though, who was still smiling at the scene he had just witnessed, and Algernon, remembering this as well as the fact that he had not tipped him, handed him a bill and as he pushed the boy toward the door murmured something at him to the effect that he hoped whatever he bought with it choked him. A half hour's impatient waiting and Undine was ready. They rushed down and hailing a taxi, Algernon ordered the driver to take them for a ride where there were not "such a deuced lot of people."

The ride was a great success except for Undine's worryings about Algy's welfare until _____.

"Dearest," Algernon murmured, when _____.

"Say, youse!" shouted the taxi-man, opening the door. "If you expect to git home before next week you'd better start hoofin' it. The bus is stuck in the mud deeper'n Hades, and it'll take the strength of Willard to yank it out. Better cut out the mush and beat it fer home. No one ain't likely to be 'long here 'til morning'."

Algernon blinked and looked out the window. Around them appeared a lake of brown, oozy mud. Algernon jumped out, then struggled back into the car. He had sunk almost knee deep into the slime. At last it was arranged that the taxi-man should carry them out of the mud to dry land, where they could begin their weary, homeward journey.

"Oh, Algernon, I just know Algy will die of lonesomeness before I ever return. Why did you ever bring me away out here? Oh, you're a brute! Take me home immediately," ordered Undine.

This rash statement was followed by a flood of tears that bid fair to cause another mud hole, and Undine flopped herself down on the grass and refused to move. Algernon had just started to argue with her in no gentle manner when something rubbed against his legs.

"Oh, look at the pretty——," exclaimed Undine.

The rest was cut off by the fearful howl let out by the cat as the toe of Algernon's shoe connected with its ribs. The cat's back arched, it's hair stood out, and it became a streak as it headed for a nearby tree.

"Algernon, you cruel beast! I hate you! I wish—I wish I'd never ever have seen you."

"Great Caesar," pleaded Algernon, "how did I know it was only a cat? Anyway they are dirty little beasts, and I don't think it hurt it much anyhow."

Algernon was getting into deep water, but he finally pacified Undine by

offering to climb the tree after the cat to see if it had been harmed. Now a dress suit is no costume for climbing trees, but the limbs were low and after a great deal of ripping of cloth and cries from Algernon as he scratched his hands, he gained the limb on which the cat had perched itself and reached out a hand for the spitting mass. The mass retreated. Algernon advanced. The mass again retreated, sending out sounds of warning. Algernon grabbed and caught the cat by the ear. Then came a cracking, and the cat, limb and Algernon fell to the ground. Algernon tightened his hold and held on in spite of the cat's "wild and woolly" efforts to free itself. Undine rescued the cat, leaving Algernon to extract himself through his own efforts, and after trying to soothe it, declared it was so frightened it was sick and that they must take it home. Algernon half-heartedly agreed, realizing already who was the head of the family.

An hour's walk over a country road in thin-soled shoes isn't exactly a form of amusement, and with a frightened cat and a worrying wife it was worse than a medieval torture. But all things, good or bad, must have an ending, and the walk ended in a ride back to town in a 1492 Ford, which they unearthed with its driver at a farmhouse. The farmer finally persuaded the animal to take them as far as the hotel. Here Algernon handed him his pay, slipped the cat under his coat, and they made a wild dash for the elevator.

Amused, curious and suspicious eyes followed them, but they tarried not to explain and rushed from the elevator to their room. Undine at once took the cat and tried to persuade it to return to its natural shape and size. Soothing the cat and making herself presentable for dinner took so much of her time that Undine forgot to see Algy, whom she had left on the window seat.

Leaving the cat in the room they went to dinner. The waiter showed them to a secluded table and they were enjoying their first meal together, when Undine remembered her neglected Algy. She refused to eat more and insisted that they return at once to their room. Arriving there, she ran over to the cage and in a pleading voice, started to beg Algy's pardon when ——.

Well, I suppose you have guessed it already. Undine was furious at the cat and Algernon, whom she accused of forcing her to bring the heartless creature home. She insisted that the cat be killed. Algernon argued, but Undine was only more persistent in her demand that it was a just punishment for a murderer. So the bell-boy was called and given five dollars to destroy its nine lives.

The cat's end having been made certain, Undine grew a little calmer and spying a feather of her beloved bird lying on the floor, she stooped with brimming eyes to pick it up. But she followed this action with a piercing scream.

Out from under the table a huge black snake crawled. Half way down its length appeared a lump the size of the bird. Undine literally flew into Algernon's protecting arms. The commotion thus caused brought the elevator boy to the scene. He called the manager and the snake was soon captured and taken to its execution. Algernon then attempted to rescue the innocent

cat, but his guiltlessness had been discovered too late, and it already had suffered the death of a martyr.

Thus was Algernon relieved of his enemy, Algy, through three tragic deaths, and the first day of his married life had passed. Undine refused to write and thank the uncle who had sent the crate of bananas into which it was decided the snake had crawled to travel all the way to relieve Algernon of his rival. I can assure you, though, that Algernon's letter to the uncle was full of gratitude.

M. P.—'21.

OIL

SOME men are born to be hanged, others to die of old age.

Judge Wells, as everyone called him, although he had never been anything but a "shyster lawyer," was born in a little town in Alabama. Though not born with the proverbial "golden spoon" in his mouth, he was gifted with something far more useful,—luck. He always won in marbles, got through exams, and in short always got the big piece of cake.

Later in life he moved to a small town named Colfax, in central Indiana, and hung out his shingle. On his door was the following inscription:

J. C. WELLS
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
NOTARY PUBLIC
REAL ESTATE
AGENT FOR NEW YORK LIFE
PATENT ATTORNEY
COLLECTION AGENCY

You can see that the Judge had considerable business to occupy his time. Luck had rather turned against him now, however. He made a good deal of money but either lost it gambling or used it up in extravagant living.

He had the best house in town, drove the best horse in the county and was in fact the big man of the town. He controlled polities and was looked to for guidance and help.

The Judge was a large, well-built, portly man of about 50 years. His hair was graying slightly at the temples, but was otherwise jet black and very heavy. A pair of gray eyes peered shrewdly and steadily from under heavy eye-brows. He was clean-shaven, and his clean-cut features showed the strength of his personality.

He was of the type known as a "glad-hander," and knew every man, woman, child and dog by his first name and called him by it, too. Rich, aristocratic Mrs. C. G. Snyder was "Mary" to him, and he called "Hello, Bill," to the sot lying in the gutter.

Three years before this story started Joe Strouse, a citizen of Indianapolis, had given the Judge 20,000 shares in an oil well for getting him off in a mur-

der trial. It was being drilled then, but because of poor management the company ran out of capital. Recently they had secured more money and had started to drill again. It was a forlorn hope, however. Everyone scoffed at the idea that there was oil within miles, let alone on that deserted, desolate place. The Judge needed money. He had several gambling debts, his house was mortgaged and in spite of his popularity he could not raise enough money to float his debts. He had some good horses, it is true, but he determined not to part with them as long as he could get money another way. A plan began to buzz in his head.

The next day the Judge appeared before the door of his office with a can of paint and a brush. Laboriously he painted in fancy black letters on his already title-laden door, "Agent for the Lucky Star Oil Well Co." Then going inside, he sat down at his desk, put his feet upon the window sill, nervously lit a cigar, knit his brow and became absorbed in thought.

He had managed to combine comfort and style in his clothes. He wore white flannel trousers, white shoes, white silk socks, a gray close-fitting coat of light material and a silk shirt. His bow-tie was black with a gold design in it. Lying on the desk surrounded by numerous pens, pencils, documents, newspapers and magazines was his hat, a gray, soft felt affair.

The Judge was unquestionably worried. He chewed viciously on his cigar and looked at the dusty street, weather-stained stores and blue sky with fretful anxiety. Would he do it? Could he betray the confidence the people had placed in him? He would have to. It was too late to withdraw now.

He took his feet from the sill, opened a drawer and took out the package of certificates for his shares in the oil well. Yes, it was legal enough. The company was incorporated and had recently renewed operations to drill the well. Still the Judge's conscience hurt him a little as he thought of the certainty of loss that awaited anyone who bought the stocks.

Well, he needed the money badly. Besides there was a chance that the company might be successful. The crafty ought to make a living off the fools anyway. With this comforting bit of philosophy he threw his cigar away, took his hat and started his campaign. First he went to the general store and told Perry Pence, the proprietor, that he had a good investment in oil, and left some literature telling of the wonderful opportunity offered by the Lucky Star Oil Company, how other people had made millions by investing a few paltry thousands and why shouldn't they?

He then hunted up Molly Garwick, who peddled soap and news for a living, and told her of his new venture in business. He told her also that he had a limited amount of stock to sell at a dollar a share and wanted the "home folks" to have the first opportunity to make their fortunes. Then returning to his office he sat down and waited for business to come to him, confident that the news was spreading rapidly.

He did no business in his new line that day. Lum Kirgum, who dropped in for some legal advice, inquired about the stock, the chances to make money and whether it was safe or not. The Judge gave him a pamphlet that conclu-

sively proved by sound argument that there was no chance to fail, that big returns were certain.

The next day he sold ten shares at one dollar per to Lunn, who said he'd think it over and might invest one hundred dollars if his "Missus" agreed. Molly Garrick bought five shares with her hard-earned money, and her happy smile in contemplation of the money she was going to make pricked the Judge's conscience not a little. For the next few days he was glad that he had other business besides oil, for he hated to have time hang heavily on his hands.

He made a few sales the next week and people began to show a decided interest in oil, it was discussed continuously. Finally a bomb was dropped in Colfax when the weekly paper announced the striking of oil in Texas. True it was nowhere near the place where the Lucky Star Co. was sinking a well, but nevertheless people swarmed to the Judge's office to buy. He sold 1600 shares to Nate Lucas, besides many smaller amounts. Finally he was sold out. In the course of a few weeks \$20,000 worth of stock had been bought by people living in or near Colfax.

Then came the anxious period. It took all the Judge's personality, persuasiveness and amiability to keep the storm from breaking. The people wanted returns from their stock and wanted it quick, while the Judge kept putting them off with all the excuses he could muster.

Finally he decided that it was useless to try to fool the people any longer. He gave Dave Kern, an old friend of his, written instructions as to his financial affairs, put the \$20,000 and a few clothes in his grip and started down to his office. People looked menacingly at him. His former popularity was gone. He neither spoke nor was spoken to. As he neared his office he saw a group of people in front of his door. He spoke pleasantly but received no reply. Entering he sat down behind his desk, slipped a revolver from a drawer into his pocket and began to write on a brief.

The people began to come in. Jim Casey, bolder than the rest and seemingly spokesman, said: "Well, Mr. Wells, what have you heard from the oil?"

"Nothing except that they've sunk the well fifty feet deeper."

"Guess its time you refunded our money."

"Refund your money!" snapped the Judge. "I sold you this stock and you knew that probably you would lose your money. You have no legal claim on me whatever."

"Perhaps not, but mob law ain't legal either," drawled Jim.

"Do you threaten me?" the Judge inquired in a calm, even voice.

"Call it what you wish. All we know is that we want our money."

"Tell you what I'll do. If I don't hear from the company favorably by tomorrow morning I'll refund your money."

This seemingly satisfied the crowd and they withdrew quickly.

The Judge spent a busy morning. He had his colored boy go home, hitch his best horse to his rubber-tired buggy and tie it in front of the office. He also straightened up his various affairs and got ready to close shop.

That night at the accustomed hour, Judge Wells left his office, untied his horse, got into his buggy, drove to and stopped in front of the general store.

He went in, bought some meat and a supply of his favorite cigars. Upon returning to his buggy he found a large group of men surrounding it.

After a brief, exciting and rather rough scene the Judge was left sitting in his buggy minus \$20,000 and a revolver with his certificates in his hand.

"Damn it," said the Judge. "This means the big break up for me." He slowly drove to his office to curse steadily and fluently. At the end of fifteen minutes he ran out of epithets and began to repeat with different combinations. He was interrupted by Tip Bickly, who came with a telegram.

"What now?" thought the Judge, "a death or financial trouble?"

He signed his name, gave Tip a quarter, opened the envelope slowly and read, "Struck oil gusher this afternoon. Estimated flow 80,000 barrels."

WILLIAM PALMER—'21.

SHERLOCK HOLMES THE SECOND

COMING home late from a party, Wm. Wharton Jr., better known as plain Bill, took up the evening paper out of force of habit and glanced it over. After reading about the primary elections, foreign affairs and divorce cases, he ran across a small item in the corner of a page stating that some-one-or-other confessed the slaying of a young telephone operator by the name of—something—and not thinking any more about it, went his sleepy way to bed. That night he dreamed of being a Sherlock Holmes, and how, with the help of a young lady friend, namely Patricia Nichols, they captured a young girl who had gotten away with some money or clothes, no, he believed it was jewelry. It was just a hazy dream, but in the morning when thinking it over it reminded him of the time when he had tried to help Pat find some valuable jewelry that a great aunt had left her. She hadn't worn the jewelry very much because it was rather old-fashioned, but it had belonged to the family a great many years, and in this day and age it was considered very valuable. He wished he could have found it for Pat. She sure was a nice girl. In fact, in his way of expressing it, "She was a darned nice girl."

At the breakfast table that morning as was his usual custom he glanced over the morning paper. The very same item caught his eye. This time he read the names over carefully. It read—

"Anson Best, formerly of Flint, Mich., confessed early this morning, according to Prosecutor C. Gillespie, that he killed Miss Vera Schneider, 18-year-old telephone operator, whose body was found, early Sunday morning, on the porch of an unoccupied dwelling, etc., etc.——"

Not knowing exactly why he did it, Bill cut out the item and stuffed it into his pocket. Somehow it interested him.

That day was Friday, and after working hard all day in the office of the Petroleum Oil Co., where he held a very good position, he made his usual Friday night call at the home of Pat. The minute he saw her he knew that something was the matter. After a few words of inquiry after her health, which

always seems to be necessary, he asked her why she looked so worried. She told him that they had been robbed again, this time two nights in succession and that it was getting on her nerves to think that while she and rest of the family were peacefully sleeping a man could walk right into the house and take anything that caught his eye. The funny part of it was that he had very unusual taste, or that he might have been robbing for his wife, because he made a specialty of silk underclothing.

Bill was determined; determined that he would not have Pat worried like this, besides, being robbed three times without finding the burglar was about three times too many.

After leaving the house he walked around the block twice trying to think of some plot to catch the burglar. Finally, the second time around, he stopped at the entrance in the east hedge of her home, stepped inside, and sat down on the grass in a shadow to await who or what might come. He waited, and waited, never doubting but what the burglar would come again that night. One thing was certain, he had never known that burglars robbed so late in the night. Why, he had heard of robberies being committed as early as ten o'clock. It must be getting pretty late. He pulled out his watch and holding it out of the shadow, made out that it was only five minutes after twelve. Putting his watch back he pulled his hat farther on his head, only to wait again. He sat and sat. Finally he drowsed off into a rather fitful nap, but his nerves were keyed so keenly, that some minutes later he was awakened by a stirring near the house and was on his feet immediately. He crept slowly toward the house, being careful to keep in the shadows. When he got to what he thought was a safe distance he stopped and tried to make out the figures. There seemed to be only two of them—they both looked like men—well, maybe their wives had stayed at home tonight. They both had on dark suits, but they must not have been very good ones because he thought he saw a couple of holes about the size of buttons in the front of one. One of them also had on a very queer looking cap. Bill wondered where he had "swiped" it. It was a cinch it didn't fit him very well. It stood up on his head so far. He couldn't see the other fellow very well, so he decided to move in the shadow of the next tree. He moved very cautiously and succeeded in getting there all right, but he had to be careful because there were so many dead leaves on the grass. He took one more step toward the trunk of the tree, and the leaves seemed to make an awful noise. He was afraid to straighten up to see if the fellows had heard him for fear of making more noise, but when he did, they were both standing rigid with their heads turned in his direction. What a fool stunt it had been to move. It was at this moment that he realized for the first time that he had no revolver or any weapon of any sort. They probably were loaded down with guns and what chance would he have? In that short moment he saw himself doing Douglas Fairbanks stunts and beating them both up at the same time. He also saw himself getting the worst of it, and a good many other things flashed through his mind, as things have a way of doing at such times. It seemed hours to him that both men stood staring in his direction. Finally one tip-toed over to the other and whispered to him. Then they both gradually

worked around to the other side of the tree. Bill was very careful indeed to keep on the other side of the trunk. After all if he could just give a good description of them, that would probably help. But as yet he hadn't had the chance to see their features. They whispered again and one of them took a long, slow step toward the trunk. What in the world was Bill to do? There wasn't any shadow on this side of the tree. If only he could make a dash toward the house. He waited a minute and the fellow took another step toward him. This was too much for Bill. Why in thunder hadn't he brought a policeman along? He looked again and the fellow was ready to take another step. By this time he was so close that Bill could make out his attire quite plainly. He had on a dark suit, a soft felt hat and he believed,—yes—the man did have a mustache, a big black one at that. After taking one hard look at him Bill made a dash toward the house. When he reached the deepest shadows he turned to look behind him. There he saw, noiselessly, creeping along next to the house the other man. It was quite evident that he couldn't stay here long so he moved on a little further. The man kept coming, so Bill moved further still. He finally got to the corner and making a wild dash around it, ran into something—no—it was someone!

The next thing he knew he was grabbed by the neck. He looked up sheepishly and—praise be—it was a policeman.

"Trying to git away was 'ya?'" Bill thought the policeman fairly screamed.

"Not so loud, not so loud, officer."

"Oh, that's all right, sonny. The Nichols know we're watchin' their house for 'em."

"That's just it, there's a man just around the corner. I'll bet a million on his being the burglar."

"Don't git too reckless wid yer money. Hey, Ed! I've got him."

At this instant a plain clothesman appeared around the corner.

"But officer, don't you understand? I'm trying to catch the burglar."

"Say, what do you call that game? It's a new one on me. Ever seen a fellow try to catch himself before, Ed?"

Here Bill began to see through things and with a laugh said:

"Well, you see its just like this——"

"Never mind, you can tell that to the judge in the morning."

"In the morning?" You're not going to put me in jail for trying to do a good turn for you, are you?"

"Got them cuff-links, Ed? Here, put these on and shut up."

"But officer——"

"Are—you—going—to—shut—up? Or do you want me to put you to sleep?"

So Bill, in fair desperation, trotted along with the two men to a corner where they telephoned, and shortly he was taken for a little joy ride to the city jail. Here he spent a very uncomfortable night in the same cell with a fellow who apparently wasn't sleeping much either. He seemed to sigh a lot and thrash around restlessly.

By the time the first little ray of sunshine shone through the iron window it found Bill sitting on the edge of his cot and his cellmate pacing the floor in deep thought. They didn't say a word to each other 'til after they had their meager breakfast. Then Bill, not finding anything better to do, asked in a gruff tone:

"What are you in for?"

"For doing a kind act for a girl."

"Then you and I are in the same boat, that's exactly my case."

"What did your girl steal?"

"Steal? Why, nothing man. That's just it, somebody stole from her."

"Then you didn't kill her?"

"Kill her!!! Say, what are you driving at? Who are you?"

"Huh! It's a wonder it hasn't been a headliner for the newspapers. Why I'm Anson Best."

"Anson Best. Anson Best—wait a minute." Bill pulls forth a much rumpled clipping from the daily paper and reads: "Anson Best, formerly of Flint, Mich., confessed early this morning——Say, are you the fellow it tells about here? Did you kill a girl by the name of Vera?"

"Yes, I reckon I did. It seems she stole a bunch of jewelry some time ago. Not especially on account of the jewelry, because that was kind of old-fashioned. It was the money she wanted. I guess the poor kid was pretty near desperate. She never made a practice of stealin', though, 'til the other night when she had to have some more clothes and not having enough money, she gets into her old ways again and makes a raid on some young lady's joint and comes away with more silk underclothes than she could wear out in her life. Then she gets kind of scared again and so she tells me about it. As it happens she was workin' as a telephone operator and she overheard the police talking and gets scareder than ever. She said she was afraid it was just born in her to steal, so she begs me to——What's the matter? What are you smilin' for? I tell you it ain't no smiling matter fer me."

"You said old-fashioned jewelry and silk underclothes? Say, lead me to 'em. I may not be able to identify the silk dope but I'm sure I'd know the jewelry if you'll tell me where she pawned them."

And so, Bill found the burglar.

MARIAN HARVEY.

GRACE HOERGER—'20.

THE VALLEY OF REPTILES

AFTER assembling my baby Zeppelin at Natal on the east coast of Brazil, I rose with my friend Joe, a negro slave, to a height of 30,000 feet and started west over the wild lands of Brazil. My purpose of the voyage? I did not know.

I had been flying for fourteen hours and was in sight of the Xingu River when my motor suddenly stopped. I was in for it, I thought. What should I do? I could drift around and maybe the wind would carry me to some village. But no, I couldn't do that, as I might drift farther into the wild regions. I decided to let the gas out. I pulled on the cord but could not make it respond. What on earth could be the trouble?

I got into my old working clothes to see if I could fix the double engines. I worked hard to find out the cause of our stop in mid-air and had nearly given up in despair when I hit my head against the gasoline tank and was surprised to hear the hollow sound that issued from it. It hardly seemed possible that the tank could be dry, as I had started with a hundred gallons.

Looking around to see where the leak could be, I found the petcock part way open, but more than that I saw a piece of black, white and green checkered calico hanging on the cock. That cloth looked familiar and I knew instantly who was its owner.

"Joe," I cried, "Come here a minute, I've found the trouble."

The large, broad-shouldered negro came running up to me with a grin on his tarry face that stretched from ear to ear, revealing a beautiful set of pearl white teeth.

"Here Ah is, boss," said the negro, "Can I'se be of any 'sistance to yo'?"

Looking at his pants, I said, "You sure can you beastly nigger. You've ruined this trip and maybe our lives by your d——d carelessness." I pointed to his pants and then to the piece of calico. Then I placed the calico into a large rip in his pants.

"The patch fits poifectly, boss," cried the negro in great glee.

"Shut up, you fool," I exclaimed, "Do you want me to throw you overboard to the lions down theré?"

"No-o-o-o sir-r-r," he replied, scared out of his wits.

"Do you realize what you did?" I asked after explaining the situation to the ignoramus. But as I said this last I looked at the negro. He was staring dazedly off into space. His eyes were fixed on something and I turned to see what it was that could hold him so spell-bound.

I was terrified to see a large, dark cloud approaching us. The cloud was a flock of ricos, large birds which can take full-sized men in their talons and tear them to pieces. Even as I looked I could observe still more flocks coming

in all directions. They were headed for us and would tear the fabric of the balloon to pieces and let us down like stones.

Mounting the machine gun, I fired several rounds into the flock with no effect whatever.

"Spring to your parachute," I ordered Joe. He got into it all right, but I had a terrible time getting him to hang his feet over.

"P-p-p-lease boss, lemme stay wid the boat and get et up. I'd lots radder dan to yump all dat expansion. Why boss, I can hardly see de eart, it so———O-o-o-o-o." The sound died away as poor Joe fell earthward. All would have been over and everything lost if he had stayed much longer, so I had had to shove him.

I watched his parachute open and sail gently downward. I lost no time in getting myself overboard. Even as I put my feet over, three large birds lit on the craft and shook it from stem to stern. I let go. Cold shivers ran up and down my spine. I had the same feeling that I had had when descending from the top of Washington monument to the bottom in the elevator. The wind was whizzing by me faster and faster. Would the parachute never open?

I looked down and saw the earth rushing up to meet me and Joe's parachute only fifty yards below me.

Then jerk—ercak—and oh! my back. I looked up and my parachute was spread out above me. I was heavier than Joe, so soon caught up to his parachute. The sight that followed I could not help laughing at.

There was Joe hanging by the strap around his chest kicking violently and praying a blue streak. Before I got close enough to hear him I saw his red lips open and close over his shiny, white teeth and the extreme expression of terror on his countenance was highly humorous.

"Laud a' mozie save dis poo' nigga' from dis slow and orful death." Just then he saw me and cried, "Oh boss, please come and git me an' take me to heaben wid' yo'. I'se just sure I'se goin' to 'ell."

"Cheer up, Joe, old boy, we'll both come out all right."

And then Joe hit a small air pocket and fell straight downward, the cloth of his parachute doubling in and out threateningly. He fell for about fourteen hundred feet and his parachute took hold again.

He was landing a few seconds ahead of me and was headed for a spot several feet from him. What was that long, slim, wiggling thing that rose to meet him?

On landing I saw poor Joe encircled by three or four coils of boa-constrictor ribbon, screaming most pitifully. I started to run to him to see if I could save him. I drew my revolver. As I was doing so I was stopped abruptly by a long figure swinging back and forth in front of me,—only three feet in front of me. I gathered together all my muscle but could not move. I had plenty of power but couldn't use it.

The ugly head of the reptile swung like a pendulum ever closer and closer. Its tongue was wagging back and forth rapidly.

Just as it was striking, I woke up.

THE SHERMAN ROSE

(A Romance of Early Monterey)

Feeble and garrulous old men
Tell in the Spanish tongue
Of the good, grand times at the Mission
And the hymns that the fathers sung.

Of the oil and the wine, and the plenty,
And the dance in the twilight gray—
“Ah, these,” and the head shakes sadly,
“Were the good times in Monterey.”

—Selected.

ON THE 26th of January, 1847, the United States storeship, “Lexington,” dropped anchor in the harbor of Monterey. It was a beautiful balmy day—the type of winter day that was years later to make California famous to the people of the East. The sun was shining brightly, yet there was that ever-bracing breeze from the ocean that made one feel it was good to be alive. The atmosphere was clear, and the bay lived up to its reputation of being the bluest in the world.

No wonder that in the afternoon, after having temporarily established himself in the Custom House, young Lieutenant Sherman, of Company F, rode on his beautiful chestnut mare, up the picturesque street to have a look at the quaint old Spanish town. The lieutenant was a tall, slim, somewhat loose-jointed young man with a fair but sunburned skin. His red hair could be seen beneath his officer’s cap, and upon his coming nearer, his black, piercing eyes attracted one’s attention.

He was much impressed with the live oaks on the hills, with the grass and flowers, and especially with the low adobe houses behind their walls. As he passed a large adobe house, the home of Jimeno family, a carriage stopped. A young woman alighted and went up the steps. The click of hoofs attracted her attention and, pausing before she entered, she turned her face toward him. In that brief moment young Lieutenant Sherman knew that she was the most beautiful young woman that he had ever seen. She had profuse ebony-black hair and dark, flashing eyes. Those eyes—they fascinated him with their sparkling laughter and brilliance, and he was not to forget them for many a day.

About a week after his arrival, Sherman was invited with other officers from the military post, to a dinner given by Dona Modesto Castro. Among the Spanish guests, Sherman, to his surprise and joy, found the young woman who had so attracted him. She was introduced to him as Senorita Bonifacio. Somehow during the evening he was conscious of her gaze upon him. Sometimes their eyes met and hers were always the first to fall or turn away.

Some of the Spanish dishes were new to Lieutenant Sherman. The main

course consisted of rabbit and what looked to be a very appetizing tomato sauce. However, after tasting it he would have sworn it was liquid fire. His hand instinctively flew toward his water glass, and when he looked up, he found himself the object of much merriment. Even *Señorita Bonifacio*'s eyes twinkled gayly.

During the evening, Sherman became better acquainted with the *Señorita*. Once she remarked, "I see that you are not fond of our Spanish dishes," and her buoyant laugh disconcerted him not a little.

On his way home, her bright smiling face was ever in front of him and during the following days, try as he might, he could not forget her.

One Saturday evening, Lieutenant Sherman with some brother officers was invited to a ball at the Custom House. At about eight o'clock on this evening, little Carlos Garcia, attracted by the light shining out upon darkening Alvarado street, peered through the window of the House. He saw Juan Rodriguez rubbing his violin bow on a piece of rosin, and Manuel Trajo shaving the stub ends of old tallow candles over the none too smooth floor. An hour later Carlos could again be found with his nose pressed against the cold pane. This time he saw a different scene—young Spanish beauties with red roses in their black hair, mingling among dashing caballeros wearing bright silk sashes. Here and there was a military officer in the somber blue, relieved only by shining brass buttons, that bespoke Uncle Sam's men.

Little Carlos was especially attracted by *Señorita Bonifacio*. And no wonder, for she was acknowledged to be the most beautiful *señorita* of the old Spanish capitol. As he watched her, she waltzed with a young American lieutenant whom Carlos had never seen before—and how could he know that it was Lieutenant William Tecumseh Sherman, who had but lately arrived in Monterey? Carlos did notice, however, that *Señorita Bonifacio* danced with this same lieutenant three times, causing many a disapproving glance to come in her direction as handsome *Señoras*, who had escorted their daughters to the ball, whispered together. Each time she left behind her a disappointed, jealous caballero. But Carlos would have been surprised had he seen her coquettish smile or heard her say, as is the Spanish way, "The Jimeno home is your home and you are welcome there, always."

It was long after midnight before the revelers began to scatter in various directions. Watchful and envious Spanish caballeros did not fail to notice that Sherman was one of the last to leave, and that he had assisted *Señorita Bonifacio* into her carriage before mounting his chestnut horse and riding up the hill to the Presidio, where he was now located.

A few days later, Lieutenant Sherman called at the home of the *Señorita*. Perhaps there was a twinge of conscience as he thought of a girl back in Ohio. If there was, it is probable that he said to himself, "Nell knows how lonesome I am. She'd want me to have a good time."

The thick adobe walls of the old historic theater of Monterey, that have sheltered many a brilliant and blithesome scene, still stand down on Pacific street near the old whaling station, just as they did when Lieutenant Sherman was having many new and varied experiences in California.

One Friday in April, among those waiting for the wooden curtain to raise were the Lieutenant and Senorita Bonifacio. To Lieutenant Sherman the Spanish customs were, of course, new and strange, and he received the fair Senorita's comments with the profoundest attention. No doubt her sparkling eyes and bewitching manner added much to their interest.

Before the play began, there was dancing and singing. The Senorita told him that it was Carmelita Pena who was dancing with the castanets; that Anita Sanchez was the one who sang so well, and that it was the sisters, Ysabel and Margarita Romero from Carmello who did the Spanish dances so gracefully.

When the wooden curtain was raised for the second time, a play called "Adam and Eve" was presented. Dolores Gomez, a friend of Senorita Bonifacio, who took the part of Eve, was bedecked in most elaborate finery such as Eve could not have dreamed of. And it was Dolores' brother who took the part of Adam, and who looked in the direction of the Senorita and her escort more than was consistent with his part in the play. The end of the entertainment came only too soon and Lieutenant Sherman and Senorita Bonifacio reluctantly left the picturesque playhouse.

During the next few months, Lieutenant Sherman's chestnut mare could frequently be seen, tied to the quaint hitching post in front of the Bonifacio home. Sometimes he and the Senorita rode together through the pine woods or along the beach. As the people of Monterey danced almost every night, Sherman often met her at the various halls.

Late one sunny afternoon of January Sherman mounted his horse and galloped out through the Presidio gate. Near the foot of the hill, an overhanging cloth-of-gold rose bush caught his eye, and, as if seized by a sudden inspiration, he slightly reined in his horse, leaned over in his saddle, and pulled a branch from the rose-bush.

He found the Senorita in her charming old Spanish patio. "Dear, I have sad news," he said after a hasty greeting.

"Nothing can be sad to me," she laughed, "so long as you are here." But guessing it must be something extraordinary that would cause his unusual seriousness, her laugh died abruptly.

"But," he sadly replied, "I will not be here longer. Colonel Mason has just received unexpected orders and I sail on the steamer Oregon tomorrow morning with dispatches to General Scott, who is in New York."

At this critical moment, they could think of nothing to say. They sat for the most part in silence on the garden bench; but quietly his hand stole toward hers and told of the love his lips failed to utter.

When Sherman rose to go, the Senorita with a sudden impulse, seized the cloth-of-gold rose from his buttonhole, saying, "Together we will plant this, and if it lives and flourishes, I will know that your love is true, and that you will come back to me." So together they planted the rose, patting down the earth around it. Like two children at play they watered it. But all too soon the time came for him to go. Their farewell was painful. Neither knew what to say or how to close this scene which hurt their very souls. Then, impul-

sively Lieutenant Sherman caught her hands and covered them with passionate kisses. With a last lingering glance he jumped onto his horse and galloped away, never once turning back. She stood at the gate until horse and rider were lost to view, then sadly entered the now lonely house.

The departure of a vessel was an incident of great consequence in the old Spanish town. Everybody must go to the pier to see the exciting event. Among the crowd on this occasion was Senorita Bonifacio with her beloved and faithful old "nana." She saw her lover among those who marched down the wharf and boarded the steamer. At last the vessel weighed anchor. She saw him rush back to the part of the deck nearest her, and bravely mustered up a smile as she waved her handkerchief until she could no longer see his figure. Then she sat down on the old wharf and watched the little steamer until it was but a tiny speck on the horizon. A comforting pat on her shoulder called her back to the happenings of the moment, and with a sad smile she rose. Slowly and silently, with her beloved "nana" at her side, she wended her way home.

Every day Senorita Bonifacio watered the rose-bush, sometimes with a tear in her eye. No wonder, with the care she gave it, that it grew, and thrived and finally blossomed. Old Spanish señoritas, passing, shook their heads and said, "She will soon forget him and love another." Passing caballeros saw her fading beauty and wondered—wondered how any man could forget such a face. But friends noticed that as months lengthened into years, her cheeks grew paler and her face sadder.

Years have passed. It is autumn of the year one thousand, eight hundred and eighty-eight. Alvarado street is now a bustling American thoroughfare. Between the First National Bank and another modern business block the old adobe house still stands. The Senorita, an old bowed lady, stands beneath a large rose arbor, which leads from the wall to the door of the house. The beautiful cloth-of-gold roses are profuse. Standing there under the roses she seems to be dreaming, dreaming of a bygone day. And as she picks a blossom from the arbor and holds it in her hand, she smiles a sad, wistful smile. Suddenly there is a knock on the heavy wooden gate. For some inexplicable reason it startles her. But of course it is foolishness even to hesitate and so opening the gate, she is confronted by the figure of a handsome young priest. Something about his winsome smile thrills her and wakes a song in her breast.

"Senorita Bonifacio?" he asks.

"Si, Señor," she responds with a nod.

"You do not remember a William Sherman who was in California about the time of the gold rush?"

"Lieutenant William Sherman!—Why—you bring—you are—it can't be," and grasping his hands she looks intently into his face. "Tell me, ah, tell me all!" And with an effort she calms her excitement.

"I am his son. He sends greetings to his old-time friend."

With her natural serenity the Senorita leads the way to the self-same bench where often she sat with his father. Many eager questions she asks the

boy about his father. The priest tells her of all that the years have brought into the life of his father, who is now a famous general. He tells her of his sweet mother, his brothers and sisters, their beautiful family life and of his own dedication to a high and holy purpose.

It is not until dusk, when the vesper bells suddenly remind him of duties to be fulfilled, that their reminiscences are brought to a close. As he rises to go, Senorita Bonifacio, picking a rose from the arbor, hands it to him; but little does he know of all that rose means to her.

She is loth to let him go, but at last they part. She is left to dream of the days long past, of the days of the dashing caballeros, of the Spanish beauties, of the indolence and ease before the Americans came, of the old life of gaiety and song, of the love and the romance and above all what her life might have been had her prophesy been fulfilled, the prophesy woven about the cloth-of-gold rose—the Sherman Rose.

ALFRED GRUNSKY FISK—'22.

THE ADVENTURE OF MISS BETTY

MISS BETTY FLOWER stood leaning against the tiny picket fence of her diminutive back yard. The wistful expression on her sweet face caused the fine net-work of wrinkles on her low-forehead and plump cheeks to show more plainly than common. Miss Betty was a little lady who lived in a tiny bungalow, surrounded by a tiny yard, which was on the outskirts of a tiny village. What there was of this bit of a woman was sweet and pretty enough to make up for her lack of size. You glanced casually at her, caught a vision of lavender and white, then felt happier through the entire day.

But Miss Betty was sad. More than that, she was in a difficulty which seemed to her to be unfairly severe. She had written the letter on an impulse, with an enthusiasm which was now sadly waning as she thought tremulously of the last two weeks.

First, there had been that fear of utter poverty which the increased cost of living and her unincreased income had forced upon her. This fear had been growing upon her and she had been cutting down her living expenses in every way possible.

She had lived all alone since she had come to claim the property which her uncle had willed to her, twenty years before. As she had been very retiring and almost haughty toward the common village folk, they had gone about their own work, interspersed with pleasures in the form of church "sociables" and quilting bees, and left Miss Flower to the care of her petite garden and the perusal of her books. She had soon begun to feel lonely and longed for the companionship of even her humble neighbors, but she had too much pride to make the first advances and so she went on living her lonely life of seclusion.

It was one evening when the pangs of this same loneliness had surged through her heart more painfully than usual and when the realization of her

gradually increasing poverty was revealed more clearly to her, that she saw the "ad." She had seen similar ones many times and had thought them ridiculous, but she read this one several times and pondered over it. Most of the like advertisements which had met her eye called the applicant a gentleman and enlarged upon his good qualities as a husband, but this article merely said that a man, the foreman of a Montana grain ranch, would like to become acquainted with a woman who would enjoy a life such as one would spend as his wife. The address was given as: A. M. Lodge, foreman of the X. Y. Ranch, _____, Montana.

The advertisement appealed to her because it meant that the woman who accepted it would need to be lonely no longer. Perhaps there wouldn't be many people about during the day, but then she would have her time filled with the cooking and baking in preparation of the meals for the hired men. Miss Betty loved to cook. Perhaps she would be able to keep a cat or a dog, or even both. She couldn't do that now because they ate so very much. Why maybe—

She began to speculate about Mr. Lodge. What kind of "man" was he? Foremen were always big and broad-shouldered with an air of delicious authority toward men, and a "fine" man's manner would soften and grow courteous in the presence of a woman.

"I wonder if Mr. Lodge is like that," Miss Betty ruminated. "Oh-h-h-h, I believe I'll write and see."

Wondering at herself, she went to the wicker writing-desk. She wrote the letter while her hand trembled with excitement and her eyes shone above cheeks that were tinged with brilliant pink. She asked the man whether or not he was the owner of broad shoulders and an authoritative manner that disappeared when he associated with women. She told him that she loved to cook and inquired as to the prospects of keeping a dog and cat.

As she was about to seal the envelope which contained her eager little letter, it occurred to her that perhaps Mr. Lodge might like to see what sort of face she had, so she tucked in a tiny photograph that had been taken five years ago at the sole "picture shop" of the town. Not waiting 'til morning, she slipped a wooly shawl about her shoulders, walked quickly to the dilapidated postoffice and dropped the missive into the box.

Exactly the ninth day after that letter was sent, a reply came. Miss Betty gazed for a long time at the large, business-like envelope and noted with a thrill the big slanting hand in which the inscription was written. The ink used was very peculiar—bronze in color. Then she opened it. As she took out the sheet, a small snap-shot dropped to the floor. Without reading the letter, she picked up that bit of a picture and stood for many minutes silently gazing at it. It was the picture of a tall, broad-shouldered man, standing beside the railing of a vine-covered porch. He was hatless and coatless and his face was lightened by a care-free, jolly smile. Oh! how Miss Betty did like that smile. Then she discovered the big Scotch collie which lay at his feet, and yes, there was a darling little kitten, curled up on the railing at his side.

Upon second thought she read the letter. It was not long but it answered

her questions as whimsically as they had been asked. He mentioned that the picture spoke for itself as far as the animals were concerned, but that it might interest the reader to know that Catch-'em, the cat, was the proud mother of six children which, he feared, did not all receive their share of petting. As for having a good cook in the house—well, he didn't believe that he had ever had his share of good things to eat. He stated at the very end that he would visit her as soon as his work permitted, because he wouldn't want her to take the word of a mere letter. Almost against her will, Miss Betty's heart filled to overflowing with pure joy.

So why does the opening of the story find this dear little lady so despondent? Well, I'll tell you.

The next afternoon, as Miss Betty was passing the postoffice, a very attractive young woman opened the door of that edifice and walked out, reading a letter, the envelope of which was tucked under her arm. As she came down the steps the envelope dropped to the ground and the owner passed on rapidly. Miss Betty involuntarily glanced down at the envelope, whose address was visible but not legible at that distance, and as she did so, she saw that the address was written in that big, slanting hand-writing she knew so well. Almost instantly she recognized that peculiar shade of ink which she had seen only once before. Her heart missed a beat as mechanically she started toward home. It was true "he" had written the letter.

"Oh," groaned poor Miss Betty, "I should have known that I would not be the only one to answer the ad. But he said that he would come to see me. Did he say that to all other applicants? She asked the last question of herself, half aloud, emphasizing the word "applicants," bitterly. "He'll probably kill two birds wth one stone when he comes to this village."

Forgetful of the errand which had brought her to the village business section, she hurried home, anxious to be alone with her shattered hopes. Having reached the quietness of her home, she sat down to think. The phrase that passed most often through her reeling brain was this:

"He didn't look as if he would be like that." "that" being very indefinite because weren't there other women equally as nice as Miss Betty? Miss Betty realized her unreasonableness but she had not thought of it in any other light than that in which she was the only one to be considered. This was not because she was selfish.

It was stuffy and hot in that neat little living-room, so to get fresh air and to enable herself to think more clearly, Miss Betty went out into her garden, where we found her at the beginning of our story.

She stood motionless for a long time, gazing absently down the shady street. She was thinking of how foolish she had been to answer that still more foolish advertisement. Then she thought of the letter she had received. Her heart softened when she thought of that and of the picture it had contained.

As her thoughts ran in these channels, her fixed gaze relaxed and she followed with her eyes the figure approaching her own gate. Yes, it was the owner of the envelope which had killed her hopes for the future.

Miss Betty knew that the young woman was undoubtedly charming in her light, figured dress and huge, floppy-brimmed hat, as she also realized that she herself was prejudiced. But somehow she couldn't like the young woman whose lovely features were brought out more distinctly as she approached. Miss Betty's dislike for her grew and grew.

But of course the visitor was received sweetly by the owner of the vine-covered cottage.

"Come into the house where there are chairs in which we can make ourselves comfortable," she invited when the first formal salutations were over.

The visitor accepted in so charming a way. Miss Betty was forced to admit that her manners were perfect.

The first words of the caller were unexpected. "I'm Miss Lodge of the X. Y. Ranch of Montana.——and oh! I'm so glad to find you so pretty and sweet," she finished abruptly.

Miss Betty gasped, and as she collected her thoughts, her admiration for Mr. Lodge's daughter began to grow by leaps and bounds.

They had a pleasant afternoon because their friendship was mutual. It was easy to find some mutual subject of conversation.

Miss Lodge told of her life on the ranch after the death of her mother, which had occurred when she was three. What a pal her father had been and how she had enjoyed the ranch life. She had gone away to school and there had gained a different view of life. When she returned her father was amazed to find that she had decided to teach school in a little Eastern village.

The father realizing that he could not break her will, knew that the house would be lonesome without his girl. Then it was that, together they had put the article in the paper which had reached Miss Betty's hands.

Before the result of his advertising venture was known, Mr. Lodge's daughter started for the East.

The rest of the story you can easily guess, but I will tell you that some months later, Miss Lodge, the teacher of the village school, received a letter, in which was enclosed a small snap-shot of a tall, broad-shouldered man without a hat or coat standing beside a sweet little lady in whose arms was held a tiny, tiny kitten and at whose feet crouched a big, big dog.





Organizations

M. H. S. PEP

1918-1919

THE class of '20 sacrificed the pleasure and WORK of publishing an Annual last year and devoted time and energy and money to what they deemed a worthier cause,—war work. They also purchased Jerseys for our foot-ball boys who had been using ragged makeshifts that were a disgrace to our Alma Mater and cost many a stalwart half back a seemly but uncomfortable blush.

So we feel that a report of the Student Body activities of that year would be welcomed. The officers of last year were:

President	Thelma Laird
Vice-President	John Walters
Secretary	Grovener Charles
Treasurer	Mr. Hester
Business Manager	Paul Langlie
Custodian	Elizabeth Adamson
Debating Manager	Dora Gene Golder
Yell Leader	Clarence MacDougall
Collector	Francyes Tate

The record made by the Student Body was splendid, considering how the first part of the year was broken up by the "flu." In fact "Pep," who had a serious attack of influenza was so low that we feared his death was nigh. If such a calamity had come to pass the whole Student Body would have been responsible, as they had neglected him so shamefully. We might even have had to answer for it in court, for of course it's the next thing to murder in the first degree. Despair was on every face when suddenly, like a sunbeam on these dark prospects, "Gibby" landed in M. H. S.! He used every talent, effort, and faculty, as well as sciences, known and unknown, in an attempt to revive Pep. He succeeded! Pep's lungs grew stronger and stronger until he again made himself heard on the bleachers.

In Thelma Laird, the president of the Student Body, Pep had had a sincere and helpful friend. And together they strove to raise the already high standards of M. H. S.

The postponement of the Cradle Roll party because of the "flu" dampened Pep's ardor considerably. He wandered around forlorn and disconsolate, and looked for all the world as if he'd just been ducked. But it was even more of a tragedy to the Senior boys and more than one broken heart was the result.

Our boys across the sea, whom we had been writing to since the opening of school, were much worried about Pep's illness and their frequent letters

cheered him when he was at his lowest as well as during his convalescence.

I might go into detail and relate how everybody (even Miss Osborne) was seduced out to the campus when there was to be a game, but when I tell you that M. H. S.'s Pep was making the valley schools sit up and take notice, I know further words are unnecessary.

Near the end of the year a number of our soldier and sailor boys came home, and the first thing they noticed was Pep. They congratulated us on his renovation and we showed him off with the greatest pride. School closed with a flourish despite the wish of all that vacation be omitted that year (? ! ! ? ?) and Pep retired to the pleasant land of Memory for his vacation.

STUDENT BODY

1919-1920

OFFICERS

President	-----	Florence Berry
Secretary	-----	Frances Willard
Treasurer	-----	Mr. Hester
Business Manager	-----	John Walters
Custodian	-----	Ethel Crall
Yell Leader	-----	Clarence MacDougall
Song Leader	-----	Mrs. Potts

THOUGH you may think our Student Body is dead and its future prospects darker than its checkered past, I am willing to bet dollars to doughnuts that it is going to wake all the valley schools up next year and keep them wide-eyed and agape till the end of the term. I am not going into the details of this prophecy but I want all of you to be prepared for anything, so that the marvelous things that happen next year will not be too great a shock.

Because of the unusually busy year, we have had only a limited amount of meetings and assemblies. However, we had time to make some improvements in our by-laws as well as to write a new constitution. We had some splendid assemblies which were very much enjoyed by all of us and we hope next year we will have time for still more. Our social activities began and practically ended with the Freshman Reception, which was a great success. Dramatics took an important place in student life and the work-shop plays, given in assemblies, at the Spring Concert and on other occasions were a great success. The dramatic activities left no room for debating, but that will undoubtedly come to light next year. Athletics thrived and the Student Body was back of the boys on the field with all the support they could muster.

As the end of the term approaches, we, the officers of this year, wish the Student Body prosperity and convey to the incoming officers our sincerest wishes for their success.

F. C. B.

U. S. B. C.

“**T**HAT was living,” sadly sighed a truck on the junk heap, more to itself than its surrounding companions.

A scrapped Ford glanced inquisitively at the G. M. C. and, upon hearing another reminiscent sigh, nudged him and asked:

“What was living?”

“My, how I miss those days. I'll tell you about them so you can better understand. It was, of course, before my owner had decided that I was no longer useful. I used to take the High School folks to many different places, but the trip I enjoyed the most and was regarded by all as a wonderful event was Gala Day. You naturally don't know what that means, so I'll have to explain. I, myself, learned by hearing lofty Seniors explain to the timid freshies who were going to Gala Day, but didn't quite understand what it was all about. You see there's a confederation around here of nine schools. It's called the U. S. B. C., which means United Student Body Confederation. The schools that belong to it are: Citrus Union, Covina, Alhambra, El Monte, Claremont, Bonita, Puente, South Pasadena, Glendale and last but not least, Monrovia. Every year they get together for a track meet and a good time and the day is called Gala Day. I heard one of the Senior boys say on our way to Claremont (where the Track Meet was held) that the purpose of the U. S. B. C. is to bring the schools closer together. He also said that the officers for this year are: President, Harold Nigg from Covina; First Vice-President, L. Carpenter from Citrus; Second Vice-President, Alvelentz from La Verne; Recording Secretary, J. Laey from Bonita; Corresponding Secretary, E. Kerckhoff from Covina; and Treasurer, L. Shields from Bonita.

“Now, as you probably have an idea of what it means, I'll relate what happened this year. I took a load over early in the morning to see the Grammar School Track Meet. From what I heard, no special school won because it was sort of an individual meet, but many of the boys made good records and all the Monrovia folks were happy to see the good material that would be coming in the next year.

“About noon we left for the big track meet of the high schools. We had not gone far when one of the boys told a girl that the U. S. B. C. had had two business meetings this year. In September they had met in Covina to hear reports from the different schools on student life, athletics, debating and dramatics. At this meeting the plans for Gala Day were begun. Then in January, they had another meeting at Puente, to complete Gala Day plans. The boy said that at this last meeting chocolate and sandwiches had been served by the Puente girls and they were all very glad of course, because they were about starved.

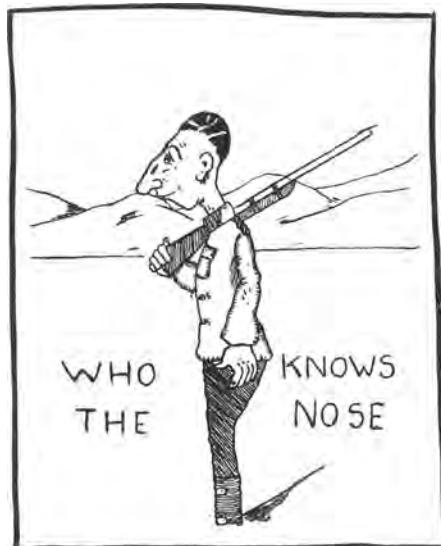
“Yes, I'm coming to that right now. We reached Claremont just before the track meet began. I had a splendid view of the field and was just patting myself on the back when a Hudson touring car drove in and parked right in front of me. Boiling would have been cool to me just then. However, there was nothing to do but resign myself to this cruel blow of Fate's with as good

grace as possible. I needn't have worried though, because I heard all about it on the way from Pomona College campus to Claremont High. The Monrovia boosters were tickled "pink" about their boys' part in the meet. Monrovia almost tied for third place, but Claremont beat her. Citrus was first and La Verne second. Monrovia did very well in the relay but La Verne finally won. Everybody was talking about the wonderful things done by Eddie Shaw. As he's a Monrovia boy they were all very proud. You see he was the star of the meet.

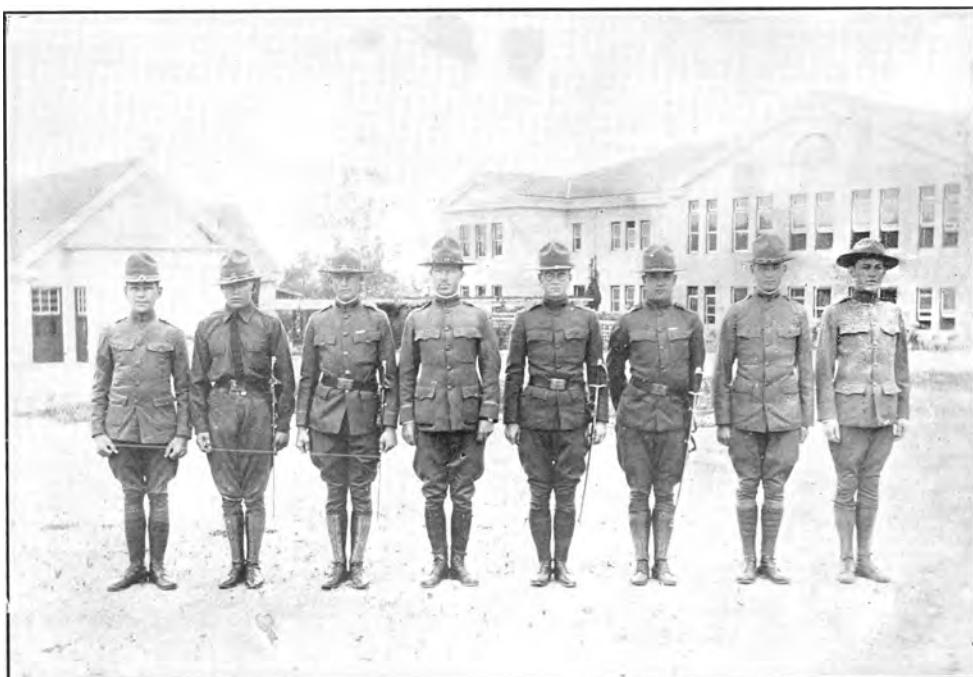
"I had heard all this over several times before we arrived at the H. S. I was sorry I couldn't go in. Even then, I had lots of fun listening to the laughing and clapping. On the way home I found out that the trophies had been awarded, after which an entertainment, furnished by all the schools, was given. They were all elated over the success of Monrovia's skit and said———"

Just then the junk man drove up to deposit a load of things on the junk heap and abruptly the truck stopped its story.

F.B.—'21.



HIGH SCHOOL CADETS



Reading from left to right—Second Lieutenant Berry, First Lieutenant Bowman, Captain Adams, Major Wilson, Major Walters, Captain Charles, First Lieutenant Eager, Second Lieutenant Bihlmaier.

“FORWARD MARCH.” With this command Major Walters started the battalion of High School Cadets on their march through the year. Looking toward this command as an incentive, they have gone forward ever since, striving to create an organization as perfect as possible along military as well as moral lines.

Everything must have a beginning and the H. S. C. is no exception to this rule. It came to pass that in the summer of 1918 their country called to arms two of the most revered and well-known teachers, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Boynton. Not hesitating to heed this all-important summons, Mr. Boynton packed up all of his worldly possessions in his diminutive pill box, Mr. Wilson packing his in a more commodious container, and they started to the Presidio at San Francisco. Here they received the highest of honors, Mr. Wilson being appointed Major in the National Guard. Filled with the spirit of militarism, these two authorities, upon returning to M. H. S. that fall, organized the 114th and 115th companies of H. S. C.

In order that each cadet might have a chance to prove his individual merit and to become familiar with every rung of the military ladder, he was promoted each week, advancing thus gradually from the rank of private to that of captain. An officer's training class, under the supervision of Major Wilson, offered to any rookie the opportunity of mastering the I. D. R. From this

class were chosen the commissioned officers under whom the companies started the New Year with fresh energy.

Toward the end of the school year, Monrovia entered two competitive drills. At Claremont a squad competitive drill was held, in which there were some twenty entries, among them schools such as Polytechnic High, Los Angeles, and Hollywood. Monrovia's squad won third place, Manual Arts and Hollywood High taking first and second. A few weeks later Monrovia was invited to enter a four squad company in a competitive drill at Citrus Union High School, where Monrovia tied for first place with Citrus.

This year each company of the H. S. C. organization boasts sixty on its muster roll. They have discarded their old wooden muskets and are now proudly shouldering one hundred Springfields. With increased numbers, equipment and experienced officers the battalion has set a new pace.

During the spring vacation about twenty Monrovia cadets with Major Wilson, two captains and a lieutenant, went to the five-day camp at Sierra Madre, conducted by the state. While there everyone had an enjoyable and



profitable time. During their stay everyone had a taste of true army life and army duties. (Ask King Beardsley, he knows.) They returned to put new enthusiasm into the organization.

"Forward 'arch.'"

JOHN ADAMS—'20.

GIRLS' LEAGUE

HAVE you noticed anything a trifle unusual about the girls of M. H. S. this year? No? Well, perhaps it isn't very conspicuous, but if they do act rather lofty at times and appear to have something big upon their minds, don't think it strange, because — — — No, that isn't the reason at all. I know that women have the vote now and that the men seem to think that they are becoming somewhat over-bearing, but of course our girls wouldn't let a small thing like that make them hold their heads so much higher than usual.

I see that you are getting uneasy under the suspense which seems to float about us, so I will tell you the cause of this before-mentioned "egoism."

You see last year, on account of the "flu," our League wasn't able to stretch its wings as broadly as it would have liked, so this year we started with a leap and have explored regions before unheard of.

Am I flying too high? Well, let's come down to hard facts, but they aren't very hard after all, in fact they are softened and padded so well that the work hardly shows at all.

Before looking about for outside work, we gave our Freshman girls a reception at Mildred Pitt's home. If you have ever seen the Pitt residence you know that we couldn't help but have a good time, and a jolly, good time we did have. Aside from becoming acquainted with the new girls and those of the Freshman class we renewed our familiar relationships with girls from whom we had been separated all summer.

We didn't have to look far for our next work. (We generally aren't forced to look very far for good deeds to perform, are we?) So the very next week we had a "Heart Tag Day" and sold "Hearts" to help out the little tots of the Children's Home Society of California. We worked, but we were very proud of the \$30.85 that we were able to raise.

Before I tell you anything more, I must stop here to say that we readopted the two French orphans that we took under our wing last year. (I'm always speaking about wings. I can't seem to avoid it when I'm talking of the girls of the League.) We sent them each a box of hard chocolate candy for Christmas and they wrote us the quaintest, sweetest letters of thanks.

Do you remember the thrill which seemed to reach the usually calm depths of the school, one day last winter? I wonder whether or not you realized what had happened. All of the girls were called to assembly and there issued a ripple of prolonged applause. Afterwards, in the halls, you heard snatches of excited conversation in which the following figured prominently,—"Did you ever think that we could raise \$609?"

Perhaps several days later you were walking down Myrtle when there passed down the street beside you a bright new "Chevrolet," and you said to a passer-by,—"Who owns that new bus?" Then the person addressed said in a hearty way,—"Why that is the new automobile that those girls up at our High School bought for the Visiting Nurse Association." Did you puff up and look wise and realize the true significance of that \$609.12?

And say, did you see Charles Ray in "The Egg Crate Wallop" at the Colonial one Saturday night in February? Wasn't it great? Oh, yes, I was there as a guest of the Visiting Nurse Association. I sat among a lot of other Girls' Leaguers and we did have a fine time.

May day was a busy day for the girls of our League. Perhaps you saw some of us hurrying around and wondered what was up. Perhaps you think the entertaining of eighty girls and teachers from towns all over Southern California doesn't call for some hurrying about!! But we **did** work and we had a good time. The visitors seemed to enjoy themselves and I know that they hated to go back to their respective home towns after seeing Monrovia. If

you want to know how we entertained them, just ask some M. H. S. girl and I know she'd love to tell you.

Then here's to ourselves, the Leaguers,

And here's to our High School days!

May they show us other duties

For we've found that "helping" pays.

ELIZABETH ADAMSON, Secretary.

HOUSEHOLD ARTS

THE Domestic Science classes have always been exceedingly interesting to those who are members of them or even exposed to the study, and to those who participate in the results.

There are two first year classes, of two periods each, both in the morning. During the year, the girls of these classes gave luncheons to their mothers. These luncheons are not only beneficial to their victims, but also to the girls, as it teaches them to prepare a meal (for two or more), serve it correctly, set a table properly, and be efficient hostesses, housewives, or whatever the occasion may call for.

There is one advanced class in the afternoon. During the foot-ball season, this class entertained the team, Coach Wilson and Mr. Clifton at a dinner. This appeared to be enjoyed by all, but several of the guests were a shade paler the next day. The foot-ball colors, orange and black, were carried out in the flowers on the table, the favors and the place cards.

The advanced class also gave a dinner to Mr. Harry Williams, the Times War Correspondent, who spoke to the students in Assembly. Mr. Clifton, Mr. Wilson and the basket-ball boys were the other guests.

The second year girls followed the example set by the girls of the first year classes and also entertained their mothers, other guests being several of the school boys.

Two demonstrations were enjoyed by Miss Rives and the Domestic Science girls. Miss Payne demonstrated with Jello and Mrs. Summerville demonstrated with Mazola Oil. Very pleasing results were obtained from their efforts.

Cornes Grocery store has been exhibiting a steam pressure cooker which was loaned to the High School for experimentation, during "cheap cuts of meat" week, and we found that in a very short time inexpensive cuts could be made wonderfully palatable.

The sewing classes have also proved very efficient. Among other things they have made the new curtains for the auditorium. This meant a saving of about one hundred and fifty dollars to the school.

The following is a recipe taught by Miss Rives:

To one piece of dark porch add a little moonlight. Take for granted two people. Press into two strong ones a small, soft hand. Sift slightly two ounces of attention. To one measure of folly add a large measure of romance. Stir

in floating ruffles and one or two whispers. Dissolve half a dozen glances in a well of silence.

Dust in a small quantity of hesitation, one ounce of resistance and two of yielding.

Put the kisses on flushed cheeks or red lips. Flavor with a slight scream and set to cool.

HER FIRST CAKE

She measured out the flour with a very solemn air,
The milk and sugar also, and she took the greatest care
To count the eggs correctly, and to add a little bit
Of baking powder, which you know beginners oft omit.
Then she mixed it all together, and baked it full an hour,
But she never quite forgave herself for leaving out the flour.

This morning, Peggy B. was asked about the neck of the kimona she is making.

Miss Rives: What did you do to your neck?"

Peggy: "I stretched it."

One of the corrections found by Aileen Bateman on the bottom of her Domestic Science paper was: "Bee careful of your spelling."

K. S.: "We have seventeen cats, what in the world will we do with them all?"

Evalyn Grimes: "Make catsup out of them."

Why does Betty Palmer always save her cooking results to eat after school? Ask Johnnie, he knows.

Miss Rives to Grace H.: "You may use this cake recipe, but eliminate one egg."

Grace, after thirty minutes of searching: "Miss Rives, I can't find the Eliminator anywhere."

Miss Rives to Louise Hotchkiss as class was darning stockings: "Your ribs are going the wrong way."

Evalyn Grimes was washing dishes with her back turned to the class. Some of the girls who did not want to wash their dishes took them over to Evalyn, when they thought she was not looking. Evalyn said nothing until a rather large pile of dirty dishes was brought her way. Without determining who the offender was, she remarked, "What do you think this is, you big hunk of cheese?"

All was silent.

Miss Rives was the meek offender.

MANUAL ARTS

THE Manual Training Department of M. H. S., under the supervision of Mr. Hester, is, among the boys, one of the most popular departments of the High School.

The building devoted to this department is of ample size, consisting of six rooms, and is located some distance from the main school building, so that any noise caused by the machinery will not bother those wishing to study in the main building.

The equipment is, considering the size of the school, one of the best to be found in Southern California. It consists of three or four spud lathes, a circular saw, joiner band saw, and emery wheel, all these being operated by electricity.

There are nineteen or twenty benches, each equipped with a complete set of hand tools and a vise.

Under the careful supervision of Mr. Hester, the students turn out pieces of furniture fully equal to those found on the market.

In addition to the Manual Training Department, Mr. Hester is in charge of the Mechanical Drawing Department, the two departments being in the same building.

HOMER MENDENHALL—'21.

THE SUPPRESSION OF SLANG OR WHY CHANGE YOUR NAME?

B'LIEVE me, bo', it's some idear. It popped into existence through Spell's and Each's gray matter. Spell says to Each,

"Now you biff me one every time I spill a slang 'spression and I'll be overjoyed to slip you one every time you murder the U. S. jabber."

"You're on, bo'. Mit me here," threw back Each as she stuck out her paw.

"Two fer you, kiddo," grinned Spell, biffin' Each a couple of times on the mug.

"Say, you, whatcha tryin' ter pull off? Take that and chew it," handin' Spell a good un on the side of her beano.

Just then Pitt had to butt in and the inquisitive kid flopped down on a seat betwixt them and demanded that they spill the beans to her. They both started speelin' 'bout their 'ceptionally bright idear.

"Say, guy, now you either shut up or wiggle your stumps out of here. I'm doin' this," yelled Each at Spell, when the latter started tellin' what a dirty guy Each was ter hit a feller when he slipped on such a microscopic word as "kiddo."

The two raved thusly 'til what they were beefin' over seeped through Pitt's dome. It tickled her funny-bone and the other two nuts began to catch

on to the joke themselves, and the atmosphere was overflowing with such expressions as:—

“Gee, wouldn’t it be fun to get a bunch together and form a club or some-
thin’?”

“Aw heck, who’d join?”

“Yours truly would, dawgone it.”

“Sure, me too. C’mon, let’s scribble a petition. Somebody snitch a pen
and paper.”

“Here, Spell, you do it.”

“Yea, bo, lead me to it.”

So the three eggs began to grate their cocoas for a sawdustie inspiration.

“Let’s fine ‘em fer slingin’ slang,” piped Each.

“A penny fer slang and a jitney fer swearin’.”

“Nothin’ stirrin’, ding bust it,” chimed in Pitt, whose rep. when it comes
to the latter is—well, you might say—nullo.

“Naw, don’t charge ‘em nothin’ fer swearin’. Say, angel pie-faces, what’ll
we do with the dough we’ll pull in?”

“Dunno, give a party or—oh, baby! Give it to the Annual.”

And with this bright thought in our kanoodles our maps lit up like little
Myrtle’s White Way and so we continued to get the following document from
our overworked brains:

We, the undersigned, do hereby devote ourselves to the great and glorious
cause of Suppression of Slang, pledging our sacred honor that no unworthy
word shall pass the barrier of our teeth, and we do agree to pay the sum of
one penny (1c) upon the violation of said pledge, this sum to be donated to the
Annual.

Sworn to this third day of May in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred
and twenty.

Anna E. Spellicy.	Elizabeth G. Adamson.	Mildred F. Pitt,
Margaret Kennedy.	Lura C. Rau.	Georgia Kent,
Marcia Church.	Florence Lazenby.	Gwen Siderfin,
Roxane Bishop,	Izel Juvinal,	Mildred Force,
Sallie Edwards,		Cecily Davis.

The charter members are: Spell, Peg, Marsh, Pink, Edwards, Each, Flossie
L., Juvinal, Rau, Pitt, Kent, Siderfin, Force and C. Davis.

Each and Spell and Pitt, like most geehunks, began to squabble over who’d
put her panhandle down first and indigo war clouds hovered over the scrap
until peace was again revived by plotting to place three rows of John Henry’s
on the partition.

In speakin’ of the present, I might add that Peg Kennedy holds the record,
having forked over one buck and two coppers. Pitt is running her a close sec-
ond with six bits, two jitneys and a copper and the whole contraption seems
to be a paying business.

M. P.

MUSIC

"Music washes away from the soul the dust of every day life."

WE ARE indeed fortunate and proud to have such accomplished and capable music directors as we have in Frances C. Potts, teacher of Voice, Harmony, and Music Appreciation; Mr. F. Carothers, Band director; and Mr. H. Potter, our Orchestra director.

In the Music department under Mrs. Potts we have a great many different organizations, including the Senior Girls' Glee Club, Boys' Glee Club, Advanced Voice Class, two classes of Freshmen and Sophomores combined, Harmony and Appreciation classes.

SENIOR GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

"On life's dull stream, that niggard moves along,
Shimmers the lively shadow-world of song."

The girls in the Senior Glee Club have enjoyed not an especially active, but a very satisfactory year. They have regular practices once a week, in which each member develops a keen sense of harmony and learns to appreciate good music.

The Glee Club is not only an educational organization, but its members enjoy many social advantages as well, in the form of delightful teas given every month.

At present there are twenty girls in the Club, which includes the following:

Leona Ames	Helen Kent
Grace Hoerger	Emily Williams
Lucile Laird	Cecelia Tice
Marian Harvey	Evalyn Grimes
Myrna Bateman	Ivy Anderson
Mary Schachter	Mildred Marshall
Beulah McHugh	Ervena Shower
Pansy Ewing	Gladys Randall
Camille Du Mond	Betty Palmer
Maybelle Denslow	Mrs. Siderfin

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

"The human voice is really the foundation of all music."

We are very proud of the Boys' Glee Club this year. Under the direction of Mrs. Potts, they have been able to win success.

The first opportunity the boys had to make a name for themselves was the brief concert they gave to the Glendora Woman's Club. Although it was early in the year and their young voices had not all been developed harmoniously, they were applauded again and again and their homecoming was no doubt a very happy one, for they had achieved fame.

They have sung for the Charlotte Avenue School and the Citrus Union High School. They were invited to sing for the Woman's Club of our city but were unable to accept the invitation. In March they put on an Assembly for the school which was very clever and highly appreciated.

The following boys are members of this organization:

Richard Berry	William Palmer
Donald Gleeten	Henry Morris
Bruce Jenson	John Walters
Henry Kirschenschlager	Raymond Akin
Clarence Koehler	Herbert Moore
Ernst Maag	

THE ORCHESTRA

"Music is evidently a necessity of our existence, and the more the taste for it is developed in its highest form the greater will be our appreciation of the good and beautiful."

This year an orchestra has been developed of which we may well be proud. Every year the orchestra seems to be growing in size and advancing rapidly in ability as well as popularity. Under the instruction of our competent director, Mr. Potter, of Covina, we have been able to produce an orchestra which helps to make the name of Monrovia High School famous.

We have had a very active year and have played at numerous school events, such as assemblies and have furnished the music for the Foothill Community Players for the "Man From Home," given February 13, 14 and 19, at the Orange Avenue School.

Our music surely must have been appreciated, for we were called upon again to supply the music for their second production, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," which was given April 15, 16 and 17.

We are also planning and preparing for the program we are to give for the Lyceum course to be given some time in May, also the annual concert, class play and Commencement exercises.

The following are the members of the orchestra:

Violins:	Piano:
Irene Vanzaghi	Hazel Robinson
Helma Black	Cello:
Rachael Preston	Mabel Smith
Amelia Rendon	Bass Violin:
Erle Dufton	Anna Spellacy
Alfred Fisk	Flute:
Richard Berry	Florence Berry
William Palmer	Clarinet:
Fallis Spence	Frances Willard
Elizabeth Writer	Saxaphone:
Bernice Baird	Marvin Reinking

Cornets :
Maebelle Denslow
Dorothy Lazenby
Wendell Stewart
Drums :
Philip Bortells

Trombone :
Florence Lazenby
Bruce Jensen
French Horn :
Frances Hill

BAND.

"Of the nine the loveliest three
Are painting, music, poetry.
But thou art freest of the free,
Matchless muse of harmony," —Grillparzer.

The M. H. S. Band has had a very successful year under the able directorship of Professor Carothers. Although we have had several setbacks by members failing to recognize their duty and dropping out, through the hard work of faithful members, we are now ready to stand with other schools. The band is an organization which encourages "pep" and should therefore be backed by the school. We do our part in arousing school spirit and we leave the rest to you.

The band is indeed fortunate for we have organized a Young Ladies' Band, which is only beginning, but will be able and expects to win success.

The band has had an opportunity to play several times for assemblies we are now preparing, and expect to take part in the spring concert to be given sometime in June. In previous years we have been called upon for our part Monrovia Day and we anticipate performing again this year. We are also preparing to play for some of the ball games played on the campus of our school.

The following are the members of the band:

Flute :
Florence Berry
Cornets :
Wendell Stewart
Dorothy Lazenby
Ruth Bennett
Pauline Thomas
King Beardsley
Trombones :
Florence Lazenby
Bruce Jensen
Beatrice Remington
Tuba :
Fred Spellacy

Altos :
Maebelle Denslow
Frances Hill
Agnes Bowman
George Wetherby
Clarinets :
Frances Willard
Ruby Bennett
Izel Juvinal
Eugene Memmler
Baritone :
Archibald Memmler
Snare Drums :
Phil Bortells



DRAMATICS

AS THE last strains of the M. H. S. orchestra dies away, an expectant hush falls over the audience. The curtain rises slowly on our dear M. H. S., the background of mountains towering above all. The presentation has commenced and we see some old friends of last year's acquaintance enter. They hold a banner on which is printed in attractive letters, "COMMENCEMENT DAYS." Oh, yes! Surely you have heard of that play which the Seniors of 1919 gave. Was it not a brilliant success? The last figure passes off the stage of Memory and the curtain falls.

It rises again on a totally different scene. The setting of the stage represents our auditorium. We see a pupil struggling with a selection from one of Riley's poems. About a dozen others are intently listening to the speaker. Nearby is seated a small figure who appears to be intensely interested in the speaker. She is unconsciously leaning forward and going through the same actions as those of the person on the platform. Who is she? Her name is Florence Schofield MacAfee, the director of "Commencement Days." As we watch, we realize that one of her classes in expression is being portrayed. We wonder how she comes to be teaching. Then we remember that everyone was so pleased with the success of "Commencement Days" that the school board asked her to be our dramatics director. The curtain is drawn and our applause fills the theater.

Once more the curtain rises and we behold a strangely familiar sight. For a moment, as we look at the setting which consists of a stage and a large audience, we wonder what it represents. Then we realize that it is Gala Day at Claremont. We suddenly hear a voice say, "Beesniss iss goot." Ah, we well know who said that. Have you ever heard of "Mac"? Well, at any rate, he and the rest of the cast make the "Florist Shop" the hit of the evening. Following are the members of the cast:

Mr. Slousky	Clarence MacDougall
Maud	Camille Du Mond
Henry	Phil Bortells
Miss Wells	Marian Harvey
Mr. Jackson	Ray Herr

The curtain falls amid deafening applause and we impatiently await the next scene.

Oh-h-h! The stage is entirely dark except for the pale moonlight which streams in through a small latticed window at the back. It is the "Maker of Dreams." The cast is as follows:

The Maker of Dreams	Dick Howey
Pierrot	Herbert Moore
Pierrette	Jane Ellis

(This play and the "Florist Shop" were given for an afternoon entertainment at M. H. S. Both of these plays were a howling success.)

The curtain falls for the last time and a figure, representing Future, appears and says:

"Dear Friends, I am sure you will be glad to hear that the Seniors are planning to give a play during Commencement week. They have chosen 'Prunella.' The cast has not been chosen yet, but I assure you that there is splendid material from which to select the characters.

"I have just heard that another play, called 'Three Pills in a Bottle,' and 'The Maker of Dreams' will be given at the Lyceum Course entertainment. The cast of 'The Maker of Dreams' will be changed:

Maker of Dreams	Joseph Ainley
Pierrot	Clarance MacDougall
Pierrette	Jane Ellis

The cast for "Three Pills in a Bottle" is:

The Sick Boy, Tony	Grace Davis
The Mother	Helen Kent
The Miser	Herbert Moore
His Soul	Billy Palmer
The Scissor-Grinder	Dick Berry
His Soul	Phil Bortells
The Scrubwoman	Mary Schachter
Her Soul	Ethel Crall

"Farewell, my friends, until we meet again."

Then the orchestra begins to play "Home, Sweet Home."

JANE ELLIS—'21.





MY DAIRY

SEPTEMBER

15—Skule begun today. Sum new tetchers here, on looks i gess they'll pass.
 16—Todey they had a welcum acemblie fer the new kids, we all went. Wen we uns yelled the freshies (nown by their timud expreshuns) begun to look skeered.
 26—went out to see the feet-ball boys practice—gee—but doug sure is a hum-dinger gosh—how he can kick that pigskin.

OCTOBER

2—Sa, i saw the handsumest feller todey—only hes a Freshie. He aint bashful nuther.
 13—Them senyors hed a meetin my but they think there smart—lected officiers i gess.
 19—Todey they let out skule so we uns could go see the king and Queen—but i gess they didn't no we was there cause they didn't stop.

NOVEMBER

6—i wuz at a partie todey. the peoples house it was at names is pitt. There was swell eats and we hed a good time. Miss osburn hed sum of the girls do a play i dont spect them Freshies saw the point to it—i didnt myself.
 7—recepshun to freshmun. it rained and they hed it in the study hall on count of the rane—eats was handed out. the donuts and appuls was kindo hard fer them youngsters, they been cuttin teeth. didnt have terribel good time—1 of them fat senyor gurls went an took my hansum freshie boy
 11—them ding bust repourt cards come out yestirday—i was just terribel het up didnt relish my vietuals—all i wanted was a bottel of pop but ma woodnt give me no nickel.
 14—salomey Jane! big doins—a carnival has cum to this here town. me an

that freshie feller stood and watched the mary go round most all day.
he shore was sum sport he sed heed by us a ride only his ma dont give
him his sundy skule muney before time to go.
28—yestirday was thanksgiving gee—i feel punk today gess ill lye down
awhile.

DECEMBER

12—santy clause here today he shore is a funny ole guy—he giv miss grace a
kichen stove—we all got premonishuns that shell be leeving soon. miss
lurie seems to be kinda follerling in her feetsteps cause she got a hole
set of dishes. mr archie receeved a lil bunny that hops on a stick i wisht
i hed one—looks kinda bad betweene miss potts an santy she whispered
to him sumpthin awful. no more skule this yere (cause there aint no
more yere)

JANUARY

13—acemblie todey. swell french guy with a purty blew uniform on him said
things to us—his name was monsewer paregoric
16—pa sed i could go to the piteher show to nite cause the jrs wuz sellin tikuts
up to skule—gess they must be makin sumpin out uv it
26—no skule—this a n mister eliften says yew kin go over to the blewn skule
to see mister pershing—cum back erly he says—we went but we didnt,

FEBRUARY

3—todey grace Smith sed sum peeces in asembly—they was nice.
10—them jrs shure is trying to outdo theirselfs todey they hed sum fellers from
the pomona institushun they sung fer us—my pa says he wont give me
no more diunes fer them payd acemblies but i gess he will.
12—mr adams give us a swell orashun cause its mr lincoln birthdey also mr
evans drawed sum pitchers.
19—washingtuns birthdey acemblie—miss dun and mis carpenter run it.

MARCH

6—i cum in so late last nite that i couldnt rite in this here—we all went to
clairmont to the B. V. D. track mete—gee eddie and charlie shure kin
run.
9—the gurls guy us a acemblie fer 10c today—they hed tablow.
21—i havent tolled pa yet what time i cum home last nite but wen he heers
what a swell time i had mebe hell remember onct wen he cum home late
wen he was a little gurl—i went to the senyor jr recepshun and we hed
refreshmunts we also dansed i luve to dance—mister wilson played pule.
23—mr and mrs rasmus presented the musick master todey.
26—just got home frum gim jinks say we had sum fun i gess ma thinks the gurls
of our skule are awful talunted.
29—Easter vakashun has cum—o boy.

APRIL

7—hed our pitchers took todey fer that catalog them jrs are gettin out—i
shure hope mines gude.

19—i got a tickut fer Shataqua when i heered that i could get out 15 min
erly but now they dicided to let everybody out—wisht i hadnt got one.
26—todey i got all het up a tryin to find johnie walters to tell him not to wurry
cause the jrs hed a staf meetin and the anuals coming along swell.

MAY

1—us gurl leegers hed a convenshun to-dey an i gess there was most 150 came
hed a free automobil ride an swell eats up in the mts—hope i didnt
git poisin oke.

4—i bout split my sides lafin to-dey mister foley said sum funy peaces fer us
he sure did slam them teechers

6—gee we shore luked funy to-dey it wus tramp day i was shore dressed up
swell—it shure wns a shock ter weuns when they sed we koud hev a
asemby latly they been ferfuly stingy wit em.

15—some swell time i been haven the last cople o weaks todeys monrovia dey
yesterdey i told em i neu wher i cold get sum flours fer our flote so
theyd let me out of skule i decerated til most brekfust tim this a m
then i went down toun an been eaten penuts un kandy un pop un hot
dogs ect. ever since—hope i dont hust. bot a white elephunt an it wus a
rattel—i guved it ter my freshie un he seemed real plesed.

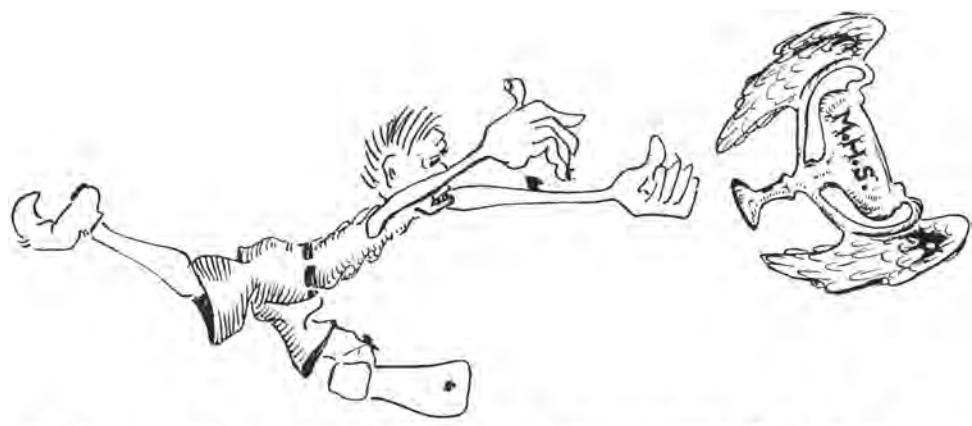
20—i heered thers talk of a strike usuns getten mite tire of this grind and weer
goin ter strike fer mor asembls an higher marks an shorter hours—
i hevent heered yet when the wakout is goin ter take placee.

25—i gess thet talk abot a struk hus dyed down.

28—last nite thet handsum freshie toke me ter the dance thet them jrs gave
at tomsuns barn in duarte hed a swell time cumin home.

31—them jrs sed thet they wanted my dairy ter put in ther catalog so i kent
rite no more in kuse it has ter go ter mr mie korkle un be pressed.





ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL



A NEW day has dawned for M. H. S. For years it has groped in the murky darkness of defeat. After five years of endeavor, sometimes struggling for existence, it has scaled the walls of an almost bottomless pit; and for once it can see the sunshine of success and feel the ever-increasing breeze of victory.

Foot-ball has brought us nearer to victory this year than we have ever been before. We have tied for second in the League, where heretofore we were very pleased to win one game of a season.

The schedule was as follows:

Glendale 16

Monrovia 7

The Glendale game started with a whiz and a bang and ended with a——bang. (Ask Doug, he knows.) Nevertheless it was a splendid game and showed that Monrovia was going to make some of her old opponents look sick.

Franklin 0

Monrovia 13

Didn't I tell you that goose eggs look pale—huh? The line did especially well in this game, living up to the standard they set at Glendale.

South Pasadena 6

Monrovia 7

This game was a repetition of the hard work done at Glendale. Ed Shaw in the first half put the ball over the goal line after an eighty-five yard run. Doug converted the kick, giving us seven points. The second half started

with Billy Palmer playing a speedy game at full back. It grew dark and South Pasadena scored a touchdown. A thousand eyes were strained to see the kick. The ball was kicked——a second "plunk" was heard. Thank "Griddy," god of foot-ball, it hit the goal post.

Citrus 26

Monrovia 0

Somehow "Griddy," god of foot-ball, wasn't rooting for us this game. Monrovia held them down the first quarter. Then began the funeral march down the field. The line played an excellent game against superior weight and at that we'll say Citrus got some goals on flukes.

Covina 6

Monrovia 13

This game was a hard fought battle. The climax of the season was reached in the strength of the line. In the last few minutes of the game Monrovia had their backs to the goal line while Covina hammered four consecutive downs at our line; but "narry" an inch did our husky lads give; thus they saved victory for Monrovia.

The last game of the season was to have been with Alhambra, but they forfeited the game.

The following men received their letters: Doug Richardson, Q.B.; C. Mac-Dougall, F.B.; E. Shaw, R.H.; R. Aiken, L.H.; N. Bender, L. E.; J. Walters, R.E.; T. Ross, L.T.; C. Koche, R.T.; R. Manning, L.G.; W. Mannings, R.G.; A. Gilmore, C.

Palmer, "Kirk," Gleeten and Thrasher did good work. At the close of the season, Billy Palmer was elected captain for the next year.

GROVENER CHARLES—Asst. Athletic Ed.



BOYS' BASKET BALL



The Basket-ball squad feels that it holds a high place in the sports of Monrovia High this year, for it won second place in the League. After our first hard luck game with Citrus we went through the entire season with flying colors, and defeated the rest of our opponents with ease. As the season progressed we showed marked improvement, due to the excellent training of Coach Wilson and the willingness of the boys to get out and work.

All the boys on the team won their "M's" this year and they fully deserved them.

Following are the members of the first team and the number of points made by each one:

Kocher	17 games	258 points
Moore	11 games	110 points
Walters	16 games	120 points
Shaw	7 games	40 points
Bender	17 games	8 points
Maag	17 games	0 points

The record for the season is:

Citrus	21	Monrovia	20
Allambra	8	Monrovia	35
Glendale	30	Monrovia	34
Covina	18	Monrovia	46
Franklin	27	Monrovia	38
South Pasadena	4	Monrovia	55

GIRLS' BASKET BALL

The girls have had neither a brilliant nor a very satisfactory career in basket-ball this year. In the last few years the girls' interest in basket-ball has reached a low ebb and two years ago no schedule of games between the valley schools was issued. A few schools sent out challenges to others of the League but little interest was shown by the players and they had little practice before the games. This year we played only one game with another school and that was with Covina. The girls did their best, but none of them had an overdose of practice, so it is best to allow the score to remain a deep, dark secret.

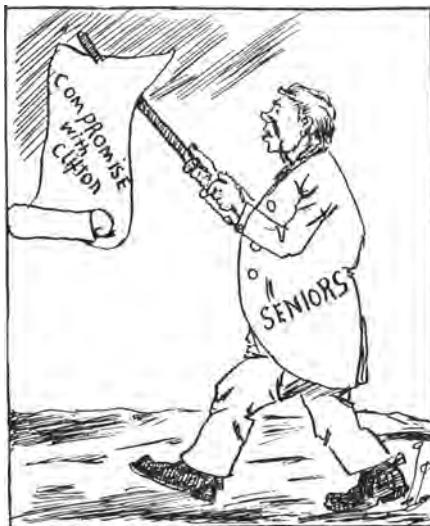
The following girls played:

E. Grimes, F. (Captain)
H. Kent, F.
E. Shower, F.
C. Tice, G.

H. Wilkins, G.
M. Church, R. C.
M. Pitt, J. C.

Only one inter-class game has been played this year. The Seniors and Freshmen challenged the Juniors and Sophomores. Of course the Seniors and Freshies won. It was only a matter of two points, but then "a miss is as good as a mile." The game was far more exciting than the one with Covina. The Seniors and Freshies were almost always in the lead, but never by more than two or three points and the outcome of the game was uncertain to the end.

E. G.—'20.



DITCH DAY—Then the White Flag

BASEBALL



When baseball started this year all but two members on the team were newcomers. This was of course a great handicap, for it is usually the experienced team that comes out with the long end of the score. This has proven true this year, for out of the first six scheduled games, our team lost five. This does not mean, however, that pep was lacking, for the boys were not to be daunted and played with vigor, although Fate seemed to be against us this season.

Our prospects for next year are exceptionally bright, for only four out of the fourteen players are graduating this year. The whole infield will be intact, with Hub Bliss taking Kocher's place behind the bat, Ed Shaw and Erle Dufton taking turns pitching, and Neil Miller, Joe Quasser and Bender splitting up the bases among them. The only new place to be filled in the outfield is that left by Johnny Walters, who graduates this year. So it would seem that Monrovia has the best chances in the world to place the baseball pennant on our walls next spring.

For the first five games Kocher caught behind the bat, but on account of an injury to his hand, he was forced to take a rest while Hub Bliss filled the vacancy. For pitchers we had Erle Dufton and Ed Shaw, but during most of the games a number of would-be pitchers tried their luck in the box at various times, by name: Bender, Quasser, Miller and Moore. When Neil decided that he couldn't pitch satisfactorily he tried his luck at first base and was so successful that he was kept there permanently, his specialty being pick-ups.

Bender, who was captain, was a good example for big league shortstops and no doubt he can give them some pointers. Quassner held down third base in fine shape, letting but very few balls get by him. In the outfield were Dick Coen, who played in the left aisle; Grovener Charles, who ushered the balls down past second base; and Johnny Walters and John Zipp, who took turns giving a ball the high sign over in the right section of the field. Like all outfielders, they are modest and can not say very much for themselves except that they were the whole team and never missed a fly, or made an error or anything foolish like that.

The inter-class games were a Bolshevik uprising, the Sophomores coming out of the play-off with the Freshmen with a score of twenty-two or twenty-three to one. The score-keepers lost themselves about the fifteenth run. The Sophomores went on a spree in the fifth inning, making seventeen runs after there were two down. The Freshmen lost heart after that, although they played the game to the finish as well as they could.

When baseball comes around next year, Monrovia will have a team that we hope will surpass those of all the rest of the schools in the Central League, so let us give three cheers for Monrovia. Altogether now. Make it snappy.

Monrovia!! Rah! Rah! Rah! Monrovia! and the best of luck.

The batting averages are given in the list below for the first six games played:

	A.B.	H.	Ave.
Shaw	16	5	.313
Coen	18	3	.167
Charles	16	2	.125
Koher	16	2	.125
Moore	18	2	.111
Miller	18	2	.111
Quassner	18	2	.111
Walters	12	1	.083
Bender	18	0	.000
Zipp	7	0	.000
Dufton	1	0	.000



TRACK



Monrovia has had an unusually successful year in track. Many stars have been developed as well as some very promising material for next year. Ed Shaw starred in the 440, low and high hurdles, broad jump and high jump; Grovener Charles was a bear in the dashes and showed great capability in filling the office as captain of the team. N. Bender, P. Bortells, H. Moore, R. Stevenson, W. Palmer, C. Koher, J. Quasser and W. Stewart did their part in winning points which did much to uphold the honor of M. H. S.

Our first meet was with Alhambra. This proved to be an easy walk-away for us. Shaw took first places with ease; G. Charles led in the dashes; Moore ran a good race in the mile, as did Koher in the 880. The relay was won by us in fairly good time.

The next meet was triangular, being scheduled with Covina and South Pasadena. Covina gave us a fair battle in the first part of the meet, first one taking the lead and then the other, but by the end we had increased our lead by a safe number of points. Shaw won the 440, broad jump, high hurdles, discus and third in the shot put. Charles easily took the 100 and 220 with our other sprinters, Palmer and Bortells, not far behind. Moore won the mile and Quasser also placed in that event for Monrovia. Stevenson placed in the broad jump and pole vault. Our relay team, composed of Bortells, Bender and Shaw, again easily won first with very little effort.

Gala Day, the U. S. B. C. meet at Pomona College, came next. Fate was cruel on this day and Citrus was victor over us by a small margin. Shaw took the limit of first places, however, winning the 440, high jump, high hurdles and broad jump. Charles had a slight off-day but tied for first in the 100 and took fourth in the 50 and 220. Bender snagged a lone point in the discus. The relay was as pretty a race as was seen this season. La Verne, Claremont,

Puente and Monrovia were bunched as closely as possible and finished in the order named.

Citrus was right there again in the Central League Meet, winning from Monrovia by a few points. Shaw ran away with six firsts. Charles did good work, running Shaw a close second in both dashes, and winning third in the broad jump. Stevenson took fourth in the pole vault. Moore and Bender also did good work. Bortells was sick, so consequently the relay suffered, Monrovia losing to Citrus by inches. The spectators were furnished a thrill when Ed Shaw lessened Citrus' lead from yards to inches.

The big meet of the year, the Southern California Championship, was a great disappointment to us. Shaw had the "flu" and was not strong when the meet came off. Consequently he was not able to perform in his usual manner. He had been "doped" by all the Los Angeles papers to win the high hurdles and 440, and at least place in the low hurdles. We were as sorry as they, if not more so, to spill their dope. Charles, also, had bad luck by getting into a heat with the fastest sprinters of Southern California. But even then he placed fourth, which was not bad.

Shaw, Charles, Bender, Bortells and Stewart won their letters, which they fully deserved. At the close of the season G. Charles was elected captain for next year.

A. VOLLMER.

BOYS' TENNIS

Dead? No! Almost? Yes. Only a remnant of the strength of the pre-year's team remained in the form of John Adams. After consulting Dr. Practice, it was decided that Tennis (for that is of whom I am speaking) was near death and the only remedies available were pills in the form of John Adams, Herbert Moore, Millard Simpson, Neil Miller, and Alvin Eager, which were to be administered to Tennis in their respective order.

Dr. Practice, after doing all in his power to strengthen the dose, administered it and after a time Tennis appeared to be strong enough to stand the strain of a little strenuous exercise. His first attempt to use his regained strength was to play off a scheduled tournament with Alhambra. This ended in a disastrous relapse from which Tennis never fully recovered and his weakness was apparent for the rest of the season. As the tournament progressed, Tennis' temperature had slowly lowered until by the end of it he was thought to have died from the great suffering caused by the score of 17 to 0 in Alhambra's favor and it was thought best to lay him, proclaimed by all to have breathed his last, away in his final resting place. But either Tennis or his ghost played the next tournaments with Franklin and Glendale. These followed Alhambra's example and seemed to have nailed down all hopes for the resurrection of the corpse. But when it was Covina's turn to attempt to lower the casket into the deep grave, she spoiled the ceremony by becoming careless. She jarred the coffin and caused Tennis to revive enough to scare her out of three points and so great were the effects of the jar that when Citrus attempted to complete the burial, Tennis broke open the box and sticking out his head, came within a meager little point of beating the undertaker. South Pasadena laid our beloved and sincerely reverenced Tennis to rest without so much as an effort on his part to regain life. But Dr. Practice insisted on holding an inquest at which it was found that a spark of life still remained deep in Tennis' soul. Since then the doctor has worked every night after 3:15 and it is hoped that with the help of his old remedies, Simpson and Miller, and some of the new remedies, lately discovered, Tennis will have completely recovered by next year and will be able to fill the role of undertaker for some other school.

JOHN ADAMS—'20.

GIRLS' TENNIS



To the surprise and joy of all, the girls' tennis team has done wonders this year in comparison with what has been accomplished in previous years. Heretofore, pep and interest have not been lacking although the material has not been very good. But this year the girls went out and did the job up right. After playing off to decide places, it was found that Eleanor Everest and Marian Harvey were almost evenly matched. Because of lack of time to play off their seemingly endless match, it was thought best to have they play first and second alternately. Elizabeth Adamson played third and Mildred Pitt fourth. Cecelia Tice was the substitute.

We were scheduled to play six tournaments, out of which we won five. The only school that spoiled our score was Covina, who beat us nine to eight.

The games played and scores are as follows, in order:

Alhambra 5	vs.	Monrovia 12
Franklin 0	vs.	Monrovia 17
Glendale 2	vs.	Monrovia 15
Covina 9	vs.	Monrovia 8
Citrus 3	vs.	Monrovia 14
South Pasadena 8	vs.	Monrovia 9

MARIAN HARVEY—'20.

ABOUT SCHOOL

There was a tall kid named Freddie,
Who was very blank in the headie.

He wore a black hair,
That the barber left there,
Upon his red lip so steady.

There was a small boy called Clarencee
Who spent all his weekly allowanee
On candy so fine
For a girlie divine,
And he called her "My dearest dear Florence."

We have a teacher named Carp,
Who some day will play on a harp (?)
And when she will sing,
The echoes will ring
To us, far down in the dark.

There is a young lady named Pink,
Who endeavors to vamp every gink,—
And you all hope, I know,
That she'll soon land a beau
And then she'll be happy, we think.

"Marcia, sweet Marcia," quoth Billy one day
In a poem both brilliant and gay.
But Miss Carpenter censored it.
"Twas thus that she read it.
"Lizzie, sweet Lizzie," was what she did say.

From the land of the sky blue water
Comes a fellow we all know as Potter.
He plays with great fame
Horn and fiddle the same,
When you laugh it makes him the hotter.

There was once a young lady named Sally
Who met all the boys in the alley;
Her mother found out
And kicked them all out.
But Phil always managed to dally.

If ever in search of a peach,
Just look for the girl we call Each.
 Her beauty is rare,
 Her face is so fair,
None like is found within reach.

We all know a Senior named Moore
Whom all the ladies adore.
 The fact is—he's handsome,
 Strong, noble and then some,
He has dates up to June twenty-four.

Spell used to like fat cream puffs.
Said she, "They are mighty good stuff."
 But one day she turned green
 After eating thirteen,
Then she said, "Of cream puffs I've enough."

To his name will be added great glory,
Of him there will be a good story.
 He is chocolate in hue
 And, oh my, what a view
As he leaps to tape on the four-forty.

There was once a young lady named Flossie
Who thought she could ride on a bossy.
 But when she fell off
 In a watering trough
She decided to stick to a hossy.

I know Grovenor Charles as a scholar,
I don't know the size of his collar.
 But he's clever, indeed.
 And just what we need
To make all the Junior boys "holler."

DAY DREAMS

After an unusually hard day's work, Mr. Clifton betook himself to the Land of Nod. His weary brain labored under these happy delusions. He dreamed that:

A Freshman for one half day did not get into the wrong class.

That certain troublesome members of the Northwest Corner (of Assembly Hall) Gossip Society were safely deposited in booths.

That Marcia was seen without Tido.

That Mr. Evans and Mr. Adams gave tests after having collected all text books.

That J. Walters cheerfully donated five dollars (\$5) to the Annual.

That we had a fire drill.

That the Faculty gave the students a dance, Mr. Adams and Miss Rau acting as host and hostess.

A POEM

He writes a rondeau to a rose
in a gay, poetic mood.

He has no rose, and if he had
'Twould do him little good.

Honor, I say, should go
Where it is really due.
You'd think sometimes a bard would write
A sonnet to a stew.

WARREN CHADWICK—'20.

NOVELS AND NOVELTIES

The Suicide Club—The Advanced Voice Class.
The Christian—Alfred Fisk.
Pilgrim's Progress—Evalyn Siderfin.
Ships That Pass in the Night—Jack Richards and U No.
The Lion and the Mouse—Clarence Kocher and King Beardsley.
The Man of the Hour—Mr. Evans.
The Jungle—Curly Stevenson.
Hearts Courageous—Cecelia Tice.
A Gentleman of France—Freddy Dillon.
The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come—Alex Gilmore.
The Lady Beautiful—Betty Palmer (by J. W.)
The Leopard's Spots—Myron Hotelkiss.
The Lightning Conductor—“Flivver” Andrews.
The Sea Wolf—Willard Woodward.
The Strollers—H. Moore and M. Harvey.
The Port of Missing Men—Detention Room.
Puddin' Head Wilson—“Coach” Wilson.
The Wrecker—Eddy Shaw.
The Hero—MacDougall.
The Crisis—March 26, 1920.
Innocents Abroad—Erle Dufton and Ruth Blain.
The Mystery—Mr. Adams.
The Missing Link—Alvin Vollmer.
Babes in the Wood—Doug, Richardson and “Shorty” Ames.
Six Feet Four—“Barraecuda” Chadwick.
Nothing and Everything—Dick Howey.
U All Know—Clifton, A. R. (all right.)
Smiles and Chuckles—Miss Thorne and Mrs. Potts.
Little Bo Peep—Miss Chess.
The Little Blonde Lady—Pansy Ewing.
The Iron Woman—Miss Osborne.
Freckles—Lucile Harris.

Adopted by M. H. S.

APPRECIATION

We, the members of the Staff, wish to express our sincerest appreciation to the following people for their hearty cooperation in the publication of this book:

Members of the Junior Class and Their Parents
The Faculty, Especially Mr. Evans and Mr. Clifton
The Student Body
The Monrovia Merchants
M. H. S. Jazz Band
Mrs. Ewing
Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Pitt
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Thompson
Slick's Grocery
Al. Stinson
Mr. MacCorkell

ALUMNI

JUST mention the name of M. H. S. to any of the former students of that hall of learning and immediately you notice the great chest expansion, the proud raising of the head and the "from ear to ear" grin.

"Sure," is the inevitable reply. "I used to go to that little old school," and the countenance of the speaker beams. They are all proud and happy to acknowledge that they are alumni of Monrovia.

Hardly a week passes that some old-timer of M. H. S. doesn't win glory and honor in the every-day walks of life and not a day goes by that doesn't bring fame to Monrovia High's already glorious walls.

During our high school careers we make many friendships and it does not seem possible that they will ever be broken, but from the list below one can see how widely scattered a class may become after leaving the dear old Alma Mater. Wherever the former students are now living, they carry with them our best wishes for their success. May they ever cherish in their hearts the days spent at M. H. S.

CLASS OF 1918

Becker, Arthur O.—Monrovia, Calif.
Blain, Leone Charlotte—(Mrs. Reeb)—Duarte, Calif.
Bliss, Frances Evelyn—Monrovia—University of Southern California.
Bradney, Naomi Florence—Monrovia.
Caylor, William A., Jr.—So. Calif. Edison Co., Monrovia.
Clark, Cassius C.—College of Agriculture, Davis, Calif.
Clark, Doris Palmer—Tulare, Calif.
Clark, Elizabeth Grace—Monrovia.
Clark, Emma Louise—Occidental College, Eagle Rock, Calif.
Cochran, L. Ruth—(Mrs. Roy Mankin)—Duarte.
Collins, Levi H.—Monrovia.
Cramlet, Mabel Claire—So. Calif. Edison Co., Monrovia.
Davis, Alice Estellene—Los Angeles Business College.
Dike, Harriet Alice—Monrovia.
Dougherty, F. Alma—City Hall, Monrovia.
Dunlap, Helen May—Monrovia.
Flowers, Esther May—Stanford University.
Kappa Alpha Theta.
Holcomb, Florence—Monrovia—American Pump Co., Los Angeles.
Juvinall, Cordelia La C.—University of So. California.
MacDougall, France D.—Photographer, Monrovia.
Magee, Bertha F.—Cunningham, Curtiss, Welch, Los Angeles.
Mann, Robert H.—Mgr. of Monrovia Ice Co.
McLennan, Kenneth Stewart—Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.
Moore, Mary S.—Monrovia.
Rawson, Carroll C.—M. H. S., Monrovia.
Reid, Jeanette May—U. C., Berkeley, Calif.
Roberts, Winifred Inez—University of So. Calif.
Sanger, Herbert Mitchell—Monrovia.
Sherwood, Helen—(Mrs. Pierson)—Monrovia.
Shower, Hazen Emanuel—Monrovia.
Smith, Elsie Edith—San Marino Junction, Calif.
Umbach, Fern L.—P. E. Station, Los Angeles.
Whitecomb, Lewis K.—Chicago, Ill.
Williams, Jessie—University of So. Calif., Los Angeles.
Willits, Ellis Joseph—University of So. Calif.
Wilson, Harlow—University of California, Berkeley, Calif.

CLASS OF 1919

Adair, Mary Dell—Monrovia.
Ainley, Joseph T.—Working on farm, Woodlake, Calif.
Baker, Henry Ewin—Santa Clara University, Santa Clara, Calif.
Backus, Wanda Marie—Pomona College, Pomona, Calif.
Blythe, Virginia C.—So. Branch of U. C., Los Angeles.
Bradney, Anna Ruth—Monrovia.
Caldon, Henry G.—Hass Barrett Co., Los Angeles.
Church, Merle Janet—Good Samaritan Hospital, Los Angeles.
Clark, Dale F.—Fakersfield, Calif.
Dillon, Fred P.—Kingsburg, Calif.
Estell, Arthur B.—P. E. Workshop, Los Angeles.
Fisk, Henry G.—Occidental College, Eagle Rock, Calif.
Gibson, Theo C.—Monrovia.
Golder, Dora Gene—University of So. Calif., Los Angeles.
Hallock, Ruth Leone—Brayton, Iowa.
Hayes, Julia—So. Branch of University of Calif., Hollywood, Calif.
Herr, George Roy—Monrovia.
Hill, Frances Gertrude—Monrovia.
Laird, Thelma Agnes—Monrovia.
Langlie, Paul J.—California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, Calif.
Lindo, Sophie Anna—Monrovia.
Maxwell, Marie Eleanor—County Library, Los Angeles.
McLendon, Horold C.—Munro Garage, Monrovia.
Nelson, Emily Ellavera—Monrovia News.
Richardson, Frank B.—Pomona College, Pomona, Calif.
Roth, James R.—Arcadia, Calif.
Smith, Rupert L.—Duarte.
Tate, Frances La Verne—Tanner's Art Shop, Monrovia.
Taylor, Anna Eateman—S. B. U. C. Normal, Los Angeles.
Whitecomb, Laura Rosetta—Monrovia.
Williams, Lewis H.—Hardware Store, Los Angeles.
Woodward, Alecia—Pomona College, Pomona, Calif.

Perhaps you all know that Herbert Sanger married Miss Horlock of Arcadia. You will be equally interested I am sure to learn that they are the proud parents of an eight-months-old baby.

From the list above you have discovered that two of the '18 graduates are married. As it happens, they are both living in Duarte.

Thelma Laird has been in the East for some time, but we are all glad to hear of her return and to see her once more.

Horold McClendon, '19, is living with his wife, Mary Shultz, a M. H. S. girl, in the Standish Bungalow Court.

It is rumored that Frances Hill is about to announce her engagement to—well, that's a secret.

France MacDougall, with his wife, formerly Katherine Cummings, has left for an extended visit in Tennessee, his wife's home.





JAZZ LITERATURE

Todo (at basket-ball game)—“There’s Kocher, he’ll be our best man soon.”
Pink—“O, this is so sudden.”

“Marcia, is it proper to say this ‘ere, that ‘air?”

“Why, Jane, of course not.”

“Well, I don’t care whether it is proper or not. I feel cold in this ear from that air.”

The Seniors saw something green ‘tis true.
And thought it was the Freshman class.
But when they nearer to it drew
They found it was a looking glass.

Wanted:—Jokes for Joke Department printed in tissue paper so they can be seen through.

“I hear your son is going to a school of pharmacy.”

“Yes.”

“Nothing better than farmers these days.”

Chadwick (in restaurant)—“Do you serve lobsters?”

Waiter—“Sure, what will you have?”

Ford A.—“Want to buy some candy?”

Senior—“Nope, feel like the Czar today.”

F. A.—“How’s that?”

Senior—“Nicholas.”

Frosh—“Why do you call your dog Expectorate?”

Senior—“Because he’s a Spitz, of course.”

F—ierce lessons

L—ate hours

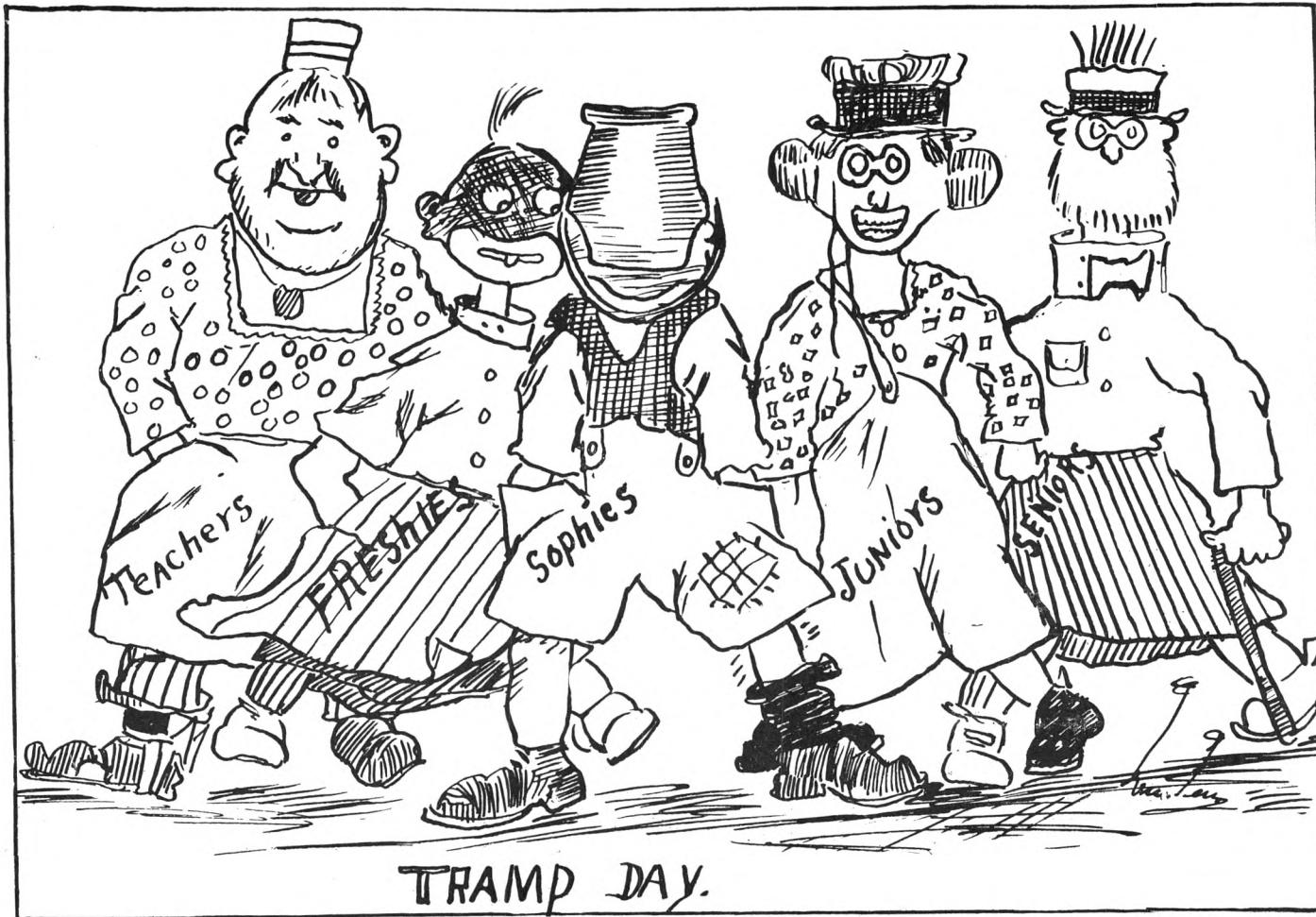
U—nexpected

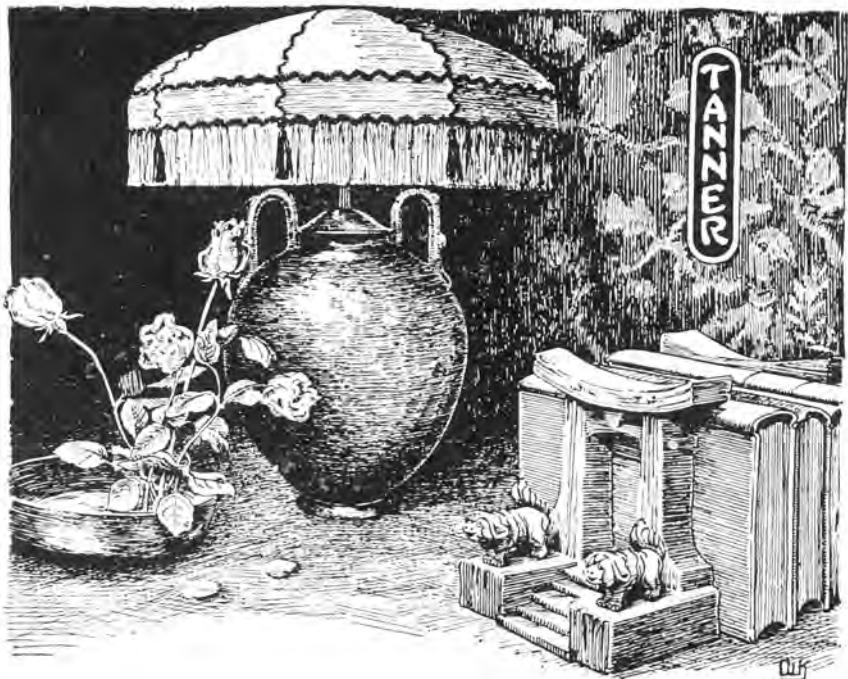
N—othing doing

K—nocked out

Gilmore—“Say, Grandpa, have you ever heard that joke about the guide in Rome who showed some travelers two skulls of St. Paul, one as a boy and the other as a man?”

Ray—“Guess not, let’s hear it.”





The most exclusive
music and art shop
in Southern California.

A. F. Tanner & Co.

Monrovia

Covina

LAWSON MADE

The line we have always carried in

Smox and Middies

All wanted colors with dainty, unique embroidery

High School Uniform Middies

With navy serge collars. Also a complete range of other trims and all
white. All moderately priced

SIZES 8 TO 22

Brownson



MONROVIA'S
\$50.000
THEATER

SHOWS AT 7 AND 9 P. M.
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JEWELER-OPTICIAN

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WATCHES DIAMONDS JEWELRY

Are lasting memories for

GRADUATION GIFTS

A. L. McCAMENT Haberdasher

GENTS' FURNISHINGS HATS CAPS
TRUNKS and SUIT CASES

Agent for HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX Clothing

Dr. Deimel's Linen Mesh Underwear
and Stetson Hats

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MONROVIA, CALIF.

Sixty-One
Stores

Southern
California



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MONROVIA

CALIFORNIA

CHAFFEE'S BREAD
EAT MORE OF IT

Bread is the food of life and care
should be taken in choosing well-baked,
luscious-flavored loaf. TRY CHAFFEE'S.

RAGGED ROBIN BUTTER

NONE BETTER

A golden-yellow pound, fresh and sweet
as home-churned butter.

RAGGED ROBIN JAMS

A fine spread—pure fruits and berries put up with sugar—
care taken to obtain the highest quality

RANDALL'S
DRY GOODS STORE

For a complete line of

Corsets, Ladies' and Children's Underwear, Notions

Also

Silks, Voiles and a large assortment of Wash Goods

B. & C. BLOCK

PHONE: MAIN 178

YOU WILL FIND COURTEOUS SERVICE AND SATISFACTION

At

McBRATNEY'S

Irish Linen Store

IMPORTERS OF IRISH LINEN

Fine Imported and Domestic Wash Goods Laces Ribbons
At Goods Hosiery Waists Underwear
House and Street Dresses

B. & C. BLOCK

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MONROVIA, CALIF.

HIGH POWER PROMISES!



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The Candy Shop

JAMES REYNOLDS, Proprietor

WE MAKE OUR OWN CANDY AND ICE CREAM

Luncheon Served 11:30 to 2:00 -- Dinner Served 5:30 to 7:00

419 S. MYRTLE AVE.

MONROVIA, CALIF.

SPACING

The parlor sofa holds the twain,
Cecelia and her lovesick swain,
He and she

But hark! a step upon the stair
And mama finds them sitting there,
He and she

She—"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."
He—"Oh, that's all right. I drink mine through a straw."

He (passionately)—"I press my suit on bended knees."
She (icily)—"Hayen't you got an ironing board?"

What a queer funny little bird a frog are;
When he walk he hop most,
When he sit he squat most,
He ain't got no tail at all,
Hardly most.

Mrs. Smith—"Kenneth, what would it take to make you happy?"
K. Meyers (promptly)—"Saturday."

WHERE YOU GET WHAT YOU WANT
WHEN YOU WANT IT

DRUGS SUNDRIES STATIONERY SCHOOL GOODS

Kodaks and Kodak Work. Films and Enlarging

BLACK & BOAL DRUG CO.

THE STORE YOU'LL COME BACK TO

CORNER LEMON AND MYRTLE AVES.

PHONE: MAIN 120

617 South Myrtle Ave.

Phone: 40

Monrovia Hardware Co.

C. L. DANIELS, Manager

MONROVIA, CALIF.

IN GEOMETRY. (PROBLEM X)

Mr. Adams—"Harold, you may demonstrate the advanced proposition."

Harold Davis—"The proposition is—

A lazy dog is a sheet of foolscap paper.

Given: A lazy dog.

To Prove: A lazy dog is a sheet of foolscap paper.

Proof: A lazy dog is a slow pup. A slope up is an inclined plane.

And an ink-lined plane is a sheet of foolscap paper.

Therefore: A lazy dog is a sheet of foolscap paper.

Q. E. D.

Frosh (aspiring to literary fame)—"I can write about anything."

Editor of the Annual—"Then, please, right about face."

Teacher—"What makes the tower of Pisa lean?"

Scrub—"It was built during the famine."

Charles—"You're to be put in the guard-house at sunrise."

King B.—"Aw, I don't get up that early."

Billy Drew—"Does your mother object to kissing?"

Shorty Ames—"I don't know, but if you really want to kiss her I'll go ask her for you."

COR. MYRTLE AND LEMON AVES.

TELEPHONE: EXCHANGE 28

Cornes Grocery

W. J. CORNES, Proprietor

"THE QUALITY STORE"

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES
CROCKERY and GLASSWARE

WOOD AND COAL

HAY AND GRAIN

Monrovia Bakery

610 South Myrtle Avenue

Sanitary and Quality

MACHINE MADE DOUGHNUTS

We Bake with Modern Equipments where Public Can See

PHONE: BLACK 111

CHAS. NOYER, Proprietor

Perhaps some of these jokes are old,
And ought to be on the shelf;
If you know any better ones
Send them in yourself.

Everybody is going out to the rhubarbs, so we've bought a house in the
underskirts of the city, too.

-DITCHER'S RETURN-



GRINDING 'EM IN THE M.H.S.



SKILLED WORKMANSHIP

Bender's Garage

EFFICIENT SERVICE

W. E. HICKS, Manager

PHONE: MAIN 89

Myrtle Hardware Co.

HARWARE MIXED PAINTS WINDOW GLASS
TINNING AND PLUMBING REPAIR SHOP

503 S. MYRTLE AVE.

MONROVIA, CALIF.

ON THE DESK

The ink called the blotter an old soak, then the fight started. The ruler got her foot in it, inch by inch, and instead of helping her out the stamps stuck to the envelopes and let the pen-holder. The keys were in a bunch so the pencil lead them away and let the paper weight. At this stage of the battle the paper knife stepped in, cut out the fight and silence reigned supreme.

M. Reinking—"I see that they are selling wives in the Fiji Islands at \$5 apiece."

Brick Hotchkiss—"More of that darn profiteering."

SOME SAYINGS AND QUEER QUESTIONS

If the moon had a baby would the sky-rocket?

The Lord gives you your eyes—but you get a chance to pick your own teeth.

You have to pay some people for being good, but the Sophs—they are good for nothing.

Flunk and the class flunks with you, recite and you recite alone.

You can push a pen but a pencil must be lead.

Teacher—"Don't swear before me."

Pupil—"Excuse me, I didn't know that you wanted to swear first."

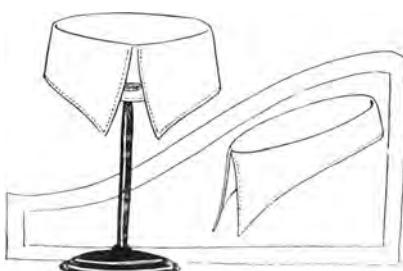
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Furnishings

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First National Bank

RESOURCES - - - - - \$1,500,000.00

THIRTY-THREE YEARS UNDER ONE
MANAGEMENT

YOUR ACCOUNT SOLICITED

AN EXPERIMENT

Given a lab. full of boys. Introduce three pretty girls.
To prove: That the boys will not turn to rubber.

One of the Freshmen calls Miss Burdorf "Experience," because she is a dear teacher.

Some people call Miss Dunn "Revenge" because she is so sweet.

Miss Rau's Latin pupils call her "Crystal" because she is always on the watch.

Mr. Carothers is called "Delay" because he is so dangerous.

FRESHIE VERSION

Iabet vicissem—(You bet we kiss 'em)

SOPH VERSION

Passus sum iam—(Pass us some jam)

JUNIOR VERSION

Caesaris boni leges—(Caesar's bony legs)

Mr. Evans—"Who is the greatest man alive today?"

Albert Angus—"That's merely a matter of opinion. There are several of us."

COMPLIMENTS

of

NELSON & FANCHER

COMPLIMENTS

of

MOEHRL'S ECONOMY STORE



H. N. Jackson Electric Co.

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

Phone: Green 113

511 S. Myrtle

Green Frosh—"Why are telephone girls called operators?"

Handsome—"Because they usually 'cut you off' in the middle of a conversation."

Mae—"Say, Maag, did you send the dollar for those advertised instructions on 'What to Do at the Table'?"

Maag—"Yes."

Mac—"What did you get?"

Maag—"A slip with one word printed on it—'Eat.'"

Mr. Wilson—"Jack, you wrote this letter yourself."

Jack—"Yes, sir. You see, dad writes such a poor hand, I felt ashamed for you to see it."

G. Charles was peering over F. Berry's shoulder at a "form" she was making for Chemistry.

F. Berry—"Are you admiring my form?"

G. Charles—Blush!!

Mother—"Why Guthrie, what do you mean by making baby eat that yeast cake?"

Gus Price—"Well, he swallowed my quarter and I'm trying to raise the dough."

MONROVIA DAILY NEWS

ED M. SAXTON

CORRECT TAILORING

ALTERATIONS AND REPAIRING

606 S. MYRTLE AVE.

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PHONE MAIN 276 STAND P. E. DEPOT

SILCOTT BROS.

AUTO SERVICE

Eight Cars

LOCAL, 15 CENTS BY HOUR, \$1.25

710 S. Myrtle Ave., Monrovia, Calif.

Miss Burdorf—"Digale que venga, digale que venga, I find myself continually saying and thinking that!"

Senor Bowman—"What does it mean?"

Miss B.—"It means, 'Tell him to come'."

Senor B.—"Who is he?"

Mr. Adams (in Physics)—"Elizabeth, didn't I tell you to notice when that water boiled over?"

Each—"I did. It was a quarter past two."

Johnnie Walters (holding concave mirror before Betty Palmier)—"Now where do you see your head?"

Betty—"It looks as if it were on your shoulder."

Johnnie—"May I hold the mirror there awhile?"

Miss Carpenter (in Senior English)—"Eleanor, how are you getting along with your sonnet?"

Eleanor—"Oh, Miss Carpenter, I just can't do a thing, my feet are too long."

Junior (quoting)—"And what is so rare as a day in June?"

Miss Rau—"Mildred Pitt with her lesson."

RILEY & MOORE
ENGRAVING COMPANY
CUTS FOR ALL PURPOSES
PHONE 14637
HALF-TONES LINE-ETCHINGS
ART-WORK ELECTROTYPESES
337 So. LOS ANGELES ST.
LOS ANGELES

COMPLIMENTS

McFEELY'S

of

"IT'S DIFFERENT"

CONWAY SHOE STORE

BAKERS FOR THOSE WHO CARE

Jaek—"Does Sally ever blush?"

Phil—"I don't know, it's always dark."

Miss Rau in Algebra 9 after asking for the answer to problem "F."

"Did you get that answer, Anderson?"

Anderson—"Yes, Ma'am."

"G!"

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

At

LEONARD'S NOTION STORE

"Crall writes that he will draw 100 dollars per."

"Per what?"

"Perhaps."

The boy stood on the railroad track,

He heard the engine squeal!

The fireman climbed down from his cab,

And scraped him off the wheel.

COMPLIMENTS

COMPLIMENTS

of

of

RENAKER COMPANY

GARD'S CASH GROCERY

SIGNATURE

Dr. Shaver - 1900

Mildred Force - '21

Richard Christian Hawes

Cecilia Ricci '20

Sophie M. Burdette - 1900

Frances Bishop
Pinto

Eleanor Everett

Warren M. Chadwick '20

Ed. Sharpe

Senior Session Preacher

Ruile Laird

Sallie Edwards

Robert Bowman '20

Anna E. Spelling - '21

Ernest Maag.

ANGUS

July 1900

1900

Alvin Coe

Chas. W. Durbin.

Mary Moore

Jellen Church '21

Jack Pickards

Wig Brofou

Myron Hutchison

Newton Wheeler

Al Dayton - 1862

"Let me forget."

Ruth Blaine



Betty Colver
Ruby Roy '20
Michael Pitt '21

Berla McHugh

W. Davis '21

"The Bachelor"

Alma Egger

Cline Bateman '23

John C. Clegg

Jack Pickards

Wig Brofou

Myron Hutchison

Newton Wheeler

Al Dayton - 1862

"Let me forget."

Ruth Blaine

Kathleen Buckley

Pauline
The Monte's
Barry & Windis

Jane Ellis '21

Sister Bowden.

Miss Marion Gertude Harvey Francis Wheeler '21

Hazel C. Dole '21

Brown '22

Walters
Walters

Wile '22
Wile '22

Prosser & Warren

MONROVIA PUBLISHING COMPANY

Olive Beckwith

Ruth Emery Petty



Wile '22

Goyd Anderson

Price Green

Korace Carpenter

Verie La B. Cone

John Zijep Jr '20

Mynna Bateman '20

Cirley Davis

Mary Schubert '20

Robert Wood '21

Frances L. Otto

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