The

Brown Studio

Official Life Photographer
for the Class of 1925

101 East Sixth Street
St. Paul, Minnesota

Telephone Garfield 3613

We Appreciate Student Patronage
Seniors, farewell!
We wish you all good luck;
But yet, would not
That you forget the void,
The emptiness,
You leave behind you here.
We Thank You

Abraham Lincoln had to die before the people recognized his true value. There are many others a great deal like him, in fact almost every one of his type meets with like fate. In order to present such a thing here at Humboldt, “Humboldt Life” staff is taking this opportunity to make known some of our heroes and heroines, and also to extend to them our sincere thanks.

Miss Hart and her typists come in for a good share of our thanks. Without them “Life” would be more difficult, and “Strife” would be practically impossible. They spend hours of hard work typing copy, making bills, and cutting stencils; and the best part of the whole thing is that they never seem disheartened when more work appears.

The art department, too, should receive much attention. It is one of the biggest features that helped to get an “All American” rating for our magazine. We hope that it will continue its good work because it is impossible to even imagine a magazine without a good bit of their talent within its pages.

We also wish to thank Miss How for answering the hundreds of perplexing questions which we ask of her nearly every day; Mr. Wauchope and Mr. Blankenbiller, although they have never saved a nation from slavery, have, in our eyes, accomplished as noble a deed, by time and again saving the “Life” from financial distress, when gloom had settled like a wet blanket over the staff.

To the literary contributors, both teachers and students, we owe much. To the advertisers, we make the nine knockings and bendings. It is these loyal supporters that have made the “Life’s” existence at all possible. Without them there would be absolutely no “Life” to cheer our drab, dull days.

Last but not least, is our faculty adviser, Miss Whitwell, the heart of “Life.” Around her everything moves and to her we are responsible for having nothing but the best in “Life.”

To the above-mentioned, and everyone else who has aided in the existence of “Life” or “Strife,” we extend our undying gratitude, and hope they will keep up the good work.

The Editors.
Humboldt Life
Humboldt High School
Saint Paul, Minnesota
MAY, 1925

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Price one dollar a year; twenty-five cents per copy for first three issues, and fifty cents for last or Senior Issue.
“Now William, this sort of conduct must stop,” began Professor Browning.

The boys grinned. It was an old story for Billy to get “razzed” by the teachers, and besides, Billy’s affairs never got beyond the razzing stage.

After class, a group of the boys around him, teasing him good-naturedly.

“But what were you doing when he began to talk to you?” demanded one.

“Oh, Ted was below the window trying to tell me something,” grinned Billy. “He wanted to see me after class. Guess I’d better hunt him up.”

If the school had been asked who its most popular student was, the almost unanimous answer would have come back, “Dilly Raymond.” He was an athlete and a good sport; and there were very few boys or professors who did not like to be called his friends.

The morning after the above episode, Billy and his school-mates noticed that a certain graveness seemed to hang over all the professors. In the midst of his first class, Billy was summoned to the office of the head of the school. As he left the room, he whispered with a grin. “Bet they’ve discovered that I sneaked out again last night.”

A little later he returned with a troubled look. To all inquiries he gave a jesting response, but his companions noticed that he was strangely quiet for the rest of the day.

Then the news leaked out. On the previous night, the little confectionary store on the campus had been robbed. The owner had caught a glimpse of the culprit as he fled, and his description, to the wonderment of the school, seemed to fit no one as well as the adored Billy.

Billy’s friends, of whom there were many, laughed at the whole affair, but even they had to admit that it was unpleasant, and not a little alarming to have Billy refuse to give an account of how he spent the night in question. He admitted, upon being questioned, that he had been out the night before, and without permission. This fact and his earnest denial of any knowledge of the affair were the only statements he would make when questioned.

This state of affairs continued for sometime. Finally, in as kind a tone as he could muster, the head professor asked Billy to leave.

The school settled down to a morbid quietness. The boys gathered in small groups, between classes, to discuss the matter. Billy’s intimate friends looked quiet and gloomy, and said little.

Then, one day, an excited youth rushed into the Head’s office.

“I’ve got to tell you, Professor Bowler; can’t stand it any longer,” he exclaimed wildly.

Continued on page forty
Lenfield vs. Glenfield

By Robert Walther

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of either love or baseball. Peter O'Connor's fancy turned to both, causing convolutions of his cerebral hemispheres. Peter did not pay as much attention to his studies, as his marks showed, as he did to Sally Flannigan. Sally was one of the prettiest girls at the Lenfield High (naturally, heroines are always beautiful); and as for baseball, Pete soon convinced the coach and other fellows that he would be Lenfield's regular pitcher. He had a good assortment of curves, excellent control and a fine base-ball brain.

"I'm too good to be playing with a dinky team like Lenfield, an' I'm only doing it to show that Sheky Riley from Glenfield that I can beat him!" Pete remarked to Sally one evening.

He immediately noticed that he had made a mistake for Sally became too confounded interested in Riley. She was continually asking annoying questions.

"Is he that good-looking fellow who played on the basketball team? and don't you think he has the darlingest hair comb?"

In the weeks that followed Peter noticed that henceforth he must consider that Riley "nut," not only as a baseball but also as a matrimonial rival.

As the baseball season progressed remarks were often heard that Glenfield and Lenfield would most likely have to fight it out for the district championship. There was already a great deal of talk about the coming game. Each pitcher believed that he was the better and was always willing to prove it with his fist.

In the meantime the love contest had also become rather bitter. One evening Pete would go to Sally's house and recite his poetry, poke fun at his rival, and do all the other foolish things a love-sick boy does. The next evening Riley would have his rehearsal. Each boy went home, convinced that he was Sally's favorite.

The crisis came one fine moonlit evening. With the odor of flowers and songs of the birds in the air, Pete could not restrain himself from calling on Sally. Upon arriving at Sally's house, Pete had the pleasure of seeing Pug Riley on the porch swing with Sally.

Sally handled the situation in true womanlike fashion (missed things all up). The following agreement was finally reached: if Lenfield won over Glenfield, Pug should consider himself "outta luck" and visa-versa.

The fateful day finally came. At two-thirty in the afternoon the two teams were lined up for battle. The grandstand was filled with enthusiastic fans. The most interested one of all sat in the first row as near to the pitching mound as possible.

"Batteries for today will be: Lenfield, O'Connor and Nutson; Glenfield, Riley and Smiley," bellowed the ump.

Pete walked to the pitcher's mound. His confidence was displayed in his walk, his cool delivery, and deliberate placing of fielders. One by one the batters were mowed down with strikes.

Nothing unusual happened until the eighth inning. At the end of the eighth inning the score was tied at nothing to nothing. It was Lenfield's turn at the bat. The first man up struck out. Pully, the next man up, fouled out. Nutson then hit a double down center. Pete then walked to the plate. Here was his chance. To make a hit would mean the ball game and Sally; to fail would mean ruin.

Pug's mind was filled with wicked intentions. He, too, realized the situation, and knew that if Pete were out of the way, victory for Glenfield would be a certainty. Mustering all the speed he had, he threw straight at Pete's head. The ball missed its mark.

(Continued on Page 41)
Bird Notes in a Garden

By Miss Mary G. Fanning

In an unguarded moment I was induced by a smiling face and a pair of dark eyes to promise to write for "Life." "Something about Nature," the smiling face suggested, and that was my undoing.

It all grew out of a talk that I gave my first period class, trying to help them look with "seeing" eyes on the fascinating common things in nature that are all about them in this big, interesting world.

My subject was birds, and I was telling them how much I had learned about birds by the two simple devices—a bird's feeding table where I kept crumbs and on the table a shallow bowl that I kept filled with fresh water.

Seven different kinds of birds came constantly to that table for at least three months of the summer and daily played a bird drama of absorbing interest, in which they exhibited love, hate, timidity, greed, envy, and many other human characteristics.

The cock of the walk was the Red-Headed Woodpecker, whose home was in the hollow pole along the car tracks, a block away. All other birds, except the grackle, retired respectfully when he was cross at mealtime. He would clutch the edge of the feeding board with his two forward and two backward pointing toes and eat and eat until it seemed as if there was not room for another tiny crumb inside his handsome body.

Then, and not until then, did he remember the needs of the birdlings at home.

One day he made seventeen trips in about twenty minutes, carrying large fragments of bread to them and driving off on his return, each time, any other birds that had dropped in to luncheon.

Because of his long, awl-like bill he had to bend his head side ways and lay his bill parallel with the table to pick up small crumbs.

Next in greediness came the grackle, with the blue jay a close third.

That summer a handsome black and gold oriole with his modestly dressed little mate used to bring five junior orioles to the table every day. These spoiled darlings would sit on the table or on a nearby elder branch, shaking their half feathered wings and making little whining noises begging for food while the old birds worked overtime stuffing crumbs down the baby gullets. This they continued to do until they were almost as large as their poor over-worked parents before they attempted to pick up crumbs for themselves.

The brown thrush would slip quietly down, timidly snatch a few mouthfuls, keeping a close lookout the while, and then carry crumbs away to the funny little stub-tailed nestlings in the hazel-brush.

The robins and wrens were the nearest and dearest, the most companionable of all the birds in the garden and

(Continued on Page 32)
The Campus Breeze
University High, Minneapolis

Your stories, especially “A Declaration of Independence” in the March issue are clever. The athletic section is an interesting part of your magazine because of the manner in which it is written and arranged.

Ranger
Chisholm High School, Chisholm

Your cover design is very attractive. Your sketch of a ranger at the top of each page is something new and takes the place of printing the name of the magazine at the top of each page. Your language section is also a new idea in magazine work and is interesting.

In the Mirror
Saint Clara Academy, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin.

“The cover design of your November number was distinctive and appropriate. “One or One Hundred” was a fine short story with its vivid word pictures and well sustained interest. The poems in “Poet’s Corner” were very good. We were so impressed by their evident merits that we were disappointed when we turned the page and found there were no more. The editorials are eminently worthy of praise. School and Dramatic Notes are well written and give evidence of an alert interest in school activities.”

From THE CATAMOUNT, Bennington, Vt.

“HUMBOLDT LIFE”—You should have a larger Literary department in your excellent paper. Your editorials are good.”

Page Eight
Turn Back, Oh, Time
By Marjorie Morrison and Alma Stonehouse

One late October night Alma and I were sitting before the library fireplace in my London home. It was a typical London night with rain and fog. Only the hardest of Londoners had ventured forth. The books were old and rather philosophical in nature, but we were trying to interest ourselves. Queer illustrations in a huge volume whose pages were yellow and crumbling with age had attracted my attention. From the old English dictionary which corresponded to: "When that April with its showers soote," I was able to translate the title, "Oriental Faiths." The chapter most profusely illustrated seemed to be an elaborate explanation of the theory of re-incarnation; the pictures were of certain souls which had been reborn in successive bodies.

"Say, here's an idea worth studying!" burst forth Alma.

I looked up. Alma was poring over a translation of Yen So Fue's "Theory of Relativity of Time and Space." The main idea of the book was that if one could travel faster than light he could catch up with past years.

"The book says," continued Alma, "that in Yen's time there was a formula which when repeated, would take one to any place in history he desired. If there was anything to this, we could place ourselves wherever we wanted to be in history."

"Except for the slight handicap." I replied after scanning the pages closely, "that the formula has been lost for a century."

Alma's enthusiasm, however, was not to be dampened. She sat gazing into the fire thinking of the possibilities opened by the ancient philosophy. I heard her say, "Turn backward, oh time in thy flight Let us view history again for tonight."

A tremendous crash shook the house and as we settled back in our chairs, I grumbled, "If only that worked, we could go back to the peace and quiet of Sherwood forest. Anything to get away from this beastly weather."

The room became warm and quiet and a pleasant drowsiness hung over us. I leaned back in my chair and through sleepy eyes I noticed that Alma appeared to be asleep.

The brown road stretching into the maze of trees was not familiar. I looked around. Alma was staring wildly about her. I called her, "Do you suppose that your crazy formula really worked and we are in the forest of Sherwood?"

Wandering down the road in hopes of meeting someone, we heard a mocking laugh. We turned in time to see three men dash out from the forest, Strong arms enfolded me and I was roughly thrown on a shoulder, carried off into the forest, and dumped abruptly beneath a large tree. I looked around and tried to converse with Alma, who had been captured in the same fashion, but a hand was clapped over my mouth.
A LITTLE figure popped into view, a horn sounded somewhere, and men appeared from all sides, crying "Robin Hood!" So this was Robin Hood and his merry men! I studied Robin's face; it seemed familiar. Could it be possible that Yen So Fue's theory was true, and Alma's rhyme was the lost formula?

"He looks like Jimmie Pieper in spite of his mustache," Alma was saying to me.

I looked again. It surely was Jim.

But how? "For the soul shall be reborn in successive bodies",... the lines from the Oriental faith flashed through my mind. This was positively "spooky." Never again would I scoff at an ancient theory!

"Jimmie!" I gasped delightedly.

HE swaggered towards us, twirling his mustache. "Thou seest a kindred spirit, yet I know thee not," he said, ordering his men to release us.

"I will introduce my men as you seem to be strangers. This is Little John.

We looked at each other with amazement as we saw the short, stout man before us. "Louis Smith," we said in the same breath. It surely was not Little John; he was tall and slender.

Robin continued, "This is Friar Tuck." He stuttered his acknowledg- ment of the introduction. Alma gasped, "Herbert Trapp!" After looking more closely at the Merry Men near us, we recognized, Walter Bartsch, Adam Bull, Neil Coil, George Dorosh, George Engleson, Ralph Gardner, Max Mushkat, Maurice Ross, Vernon Larson and Sidney and Alex Goffstein.

So this was what our classmates way back at Humboldt high school had been before we knew them! Then the inspiration, fostered by curiosity, came to us. Why not make use of the priceless formula we had hit upon? go back, farther, until we had seen them all? Alma was first to think up a place of interest.

"Turn to Solomon's palace, oh, time in thy flight.

"Let us view history again for to- night."

We found ourselves within a wondrous castle. We advanced timidly toward a group of women who eyed us curiously. Sitting on the throne next to Solomon we recognized our old school mate Eleanor Beck. Was that Marvin Hunsacker? Re- clining in many positions on the floor we, with much difficulty, picked out several of our old school friends: Julia Ablan, Bernice Bins, Silvia Aronov- sky, Julia Cohen, Lilly Engle, Verna Ihle, Evelyn Dosh, and Pauline Hen- nessey near the throne, played the zither and rolled her eyes at Marvin. I looked at Alma and suggested that we see Julius Caesar.

No sooner said than done. We were on the banks of a stream which an army was fording. The man at head we recognized as Archie Halloran. We caught glimpses of well known faces as the men crossed the stream—Lloyd Grassenger, Elmer Carlson, Maurice Laing, Arthur Lorr, Norland Franz, William Greene, and Joe Paul were urving their horses at an alarming rate of speed toward the city of Rome. As they neared, a lone figure advanced toward Caesar and stopped. Archie called, "Hail, Brutus."

Brutus, perhaps once, but we knew him as Irving Lampert. We followed the army and arrived in Rome in time to see Mark Antony, who proved to be Chester Jones, leave on his voyage to Egypt. We bid ourselves aboard the ship and eventually arrived at our destination. He was met by the queen of Egypt, Cleopatra. Cleopatra? no! Margaret Blanford. We could see that Chester was falling under Margaret's spell. We sauntered up the banks of the Nile, and rested for a short time.

ONCE more we used the formula to an entrance to the realm of Alex- ander the Great. Will Henslin of all people as Alex himself! We were much diillusioned to find that Aristotle was not a man, but a woman in the person of Nellie Petrowski. After due
deliberation, we decided that some of the crowd that greeted Alex and his friend King Porus, who looked very much like Robert Walther, were Alice Abraham, Alex Chernoff, Wesley Brandt, Fern Cutts, Lucille Bertrand, Orval Boshardt, Inez Haugen, Elvina Edwards, Virginia Foreman, Marion Friedman, Bernice Milbrath, Waldo Kellgren, Clifford Randall, and Fred Lindeman.

"Turn to the French Court, oh time in thy flight,
And let us view history again tonight."

Waters stretched before us and the moonlight shone on the high balcony where we found ourselves. Strains of "Amarillis" came to our ears and we started in search of it. As we stepped through the French doors we beheld an orchestra which to our surprise William Brache was directing. Lillian Hajek was playing the violin, Robert Cornia a queer little instrument with a bow, and Eunice Ryan the piano. In the spotlight in the center of the floor were two dancers whom we had no difficulty in recognizing as Harriet Hauck and Edna Gardner.

Our eyes were dazzled by the many gorgeously gowncd women, and were about to leave thinking we would know none of them when we recognized Eleanor Conradi and upon looking more closely, Ruth Kuhn, Bernadette Conlogue, Audrey Eisenhart, Sadie Fremland, Celia Dannovskv, Gladys and Glory Otto, and Dorothy Downie. We asked the lady nearest us, who was the center of attraction, and after she pointed out King Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette we knew that they were Orlo Hoye and Marcel Andersen. Marcel's nephew, Sir Archibald Godfrey, looked very much to us like John Williams. So he was the inventor of the first monacle! The shock was too great. Us for Captain Kidd.

The ship lurched alarmingly; we ducked behind a convenient hogshead as a black moustached man, with the furious scowl, strode down the deck. We never thought that Seymour Simon could be so vicious looking.

"Avast, ye lubbers; bring the prisoner." Our hearts sank as Julo Stattendal was dragged on deck by two villainous looking pirates, Herbert Houchin and Herbert Hardwick. The pirates lined up to hear the sentence passed on the fair prisoner and we were certain that Ned Johnson, Homer McMahol, Roland Kahnert, and Rodney Martin were members of that terrible crew. This was too nerve-racking, and as we could do nothing to help the prisoner, we left her to whatever fate had in store for her.

We found ourselves in a garden in Italy. The Italian princess, her sister and their ladies-in-waiting were sitting around the wondrous sunken pool. It seemed that Lucile Sladec and Doris Hadlich were the princesses and Flora Lockman, Ruth Goebel, Laura McIntyre, Edith Goldberg, Evelyn Okeson, Reeva Ott, and Edith Sullwold were the attendants.

Tiring of the quiet, we wished for a bull fight in old Spain. Alta Garlough, William Englebreton, Fan- nie Katz, Myrtle Peterson, Della and Esther Kulenkamp with Lillian Stevens were sitting in the arena. We became greatly excited when the trumpets sounded and a scarlet clad figure rode in on a white horse. Earl Thayer! Then the bull!! "Hurrah for the Matador!" This was too much for us. Justin Curran!

It was a gala day in Madrid, so we decided to see the city. We wandered in a beautiful grape arbor where we came upon a chattering group. Were our eyes deceiving us, or was the merry group composed of Frances Senecal, Rose Weinerman, Henry Wagner, Dorothy Tubbessing, Joe Rom, Laurence Trudeau, Elizabeth Wallner and Ruby Welter? We finally came to a street in which we saw a lace shop, presided over by Howard Henderson. Caroline Zemke, Frances Helberg, Inga Nash, and Mae Swanson were buying rare pieces of old lace.

"I'm tired of foreign lands, let's visit our native country while we can. We
won't have a chance when we get back to England unless some one leaves us a fortune," I said. Alma was more than willing, so we quickly repeated our magic words. To our astonishment we found ourselves in a much denser forest than Sherwood. "We must have struck the wrong number," Alma said. "This can't be our much longed for America."

Well, Yen must have double-crossed us. Let's explore." We wandered around and were about to repeat our formula again when we saw the figure of a girl bending down beside a stream. I stepped up and tapped her on the shoulder.

"Can you tell us where we are?" The figure sprang up and faced us. Ah! Verna Koplitz. Oh, no. This girl was an Indian. She turned and ran. Excited we ran after her; she led us to a clearing on the edge of a beautiful stream. She shrieked at the top of her voice. Girls and women appeared from the wigwams and ran toward her. She pointed to us and shrieked again. We were shocked at such conduct from Verna. She was evidently a person of importance. Ah! the Indian Princess, of course. Closest to her we saw Frances Holmes, Viola Kostner, Margaret Nebel and Ester Warren. The whole group ran into the wigwams as we took a step forward. As the girls we recognized ran into the largest one we concluded that they were Verna's sisters. Where could the men be? We were glad that they were out.

The stream looked so pretty that we walked toward it. Well! We hadn't frightened all the girls away. Two Indian maids were kneeling beside the water. What could they be doing? Oh, they were washing. Ugh! I always detested washing. We made our way closer. Suddenly I glanced at Alma and then at the Indian maidsens. Surely one of them looked like her. Why, yes! It was! And washing! A thing she hates as much as I do. Why did she gasp? She clutched my arm.

"One of them looks so much like you, Marje. Look!" I whispered back, "One of them looks like you!" And then I saw! As much as one resembled Alma the other resembled me!

"Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! To think I ever did the washing for an Indian village." Alma cried and I was surprised and upset to find that she had fainted. I felt sick myself and as I tried to revive her, I experienced a queer sensation. I was falling, falling, falling! But where to? A bump, and I sat up with a start. Alma was shaking me. London. The fireplace. Our books.

I had the queerest dream," Alma was saying. I dreamt—" Half way through the story I interrupted.

"Why I dreamt the very same thing! Goodness! To think that we were washerwomen. Well, I just don't believe in Reincarnation, do you?"

"I certainly do not," Alma agreed as we put the books back in their places and started to climb the stairs.
Humboldt High School
Class of 1925

Honor Roll

VALEDICTORIAN
Nellie Petrowski

SALUTATORIAN
Rose Weinerman

Sadie Fremland
Eunice Ryan
Marion Friedman
Ruth E. Kuhn
Harriet Hauck
Edna Gardner
Sidney Goffstein
Laura McIntyre
Sylvia Aronowsky
Ruby Welter
Robert Walther
Doris Hadlich
Caroline Zemke
Edith Goldberg

Joseph Rom
Waldo Kellgren
Gloria Otto
Vernon Larson
Flora Lockman
Mae Swanson
Alta Garlough
Bernadette Conlogue
Esther Warren
Dorothy Tubbessing
Audrey Eisenhardt
Dorothy Downie
Sam Shapiro
George Doroshow

Gladys Otto
JULIA M. ABLAN
Civic League; Assemblies; Booster Club.
"We will answer all things faithfully."

ALICE F. ABRAHAM
Dramatic Club; Assemblies.
"I love my duty, love my friend. Love truth and merit to defend."

MARCEL ANDERSEN
"Sally"
President Hi-Y Girls Reserves; Booster Club; Ruddigore; "Life" staff; Latin Club; Overtones; Senior Vodvil; Social Club; Dramatic Club; Student Council.
"And whatever sky is above me, here's a heart for any fate."

SYLVIA ARONOVSKY
Honor Roll.
"She breasls the blows of circumstance."

WALTER C. BARTSCH
Civic League; Stage Force; Booster Club.
"He'll find a way."

ELEANOR ROSE BECK
"Becky"
"Patience"; "Ruddigore"; Home Economics Club; Dramatic Club; Latin Club; Booster Club; Social Club; Assemblies.
"Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth."

LUCILLE F. BERTRAND
Orchestra; Girl Reserve, treasurer; Civic League; Social Club; Assemblies.
"Young in limbs; in judgment old."

BERNICE LEORA BINS
Civic League.
"Ne'er shall the sun arise on such another."

MARGARET I. BLANFORD
Dramatic Club; Latin Club; Senior Vodvil; Assemblies.
"She grasps the skirts of happy chance."

WILLIAM HOWARD BRACHE
"Bili"
Orchestra '23-'24-'25; "Ruddigore."
"Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie."

Page Fifteen
WESLEY C. BRANDT
Hockey ’24-'25; Dirty Thirty; Football ’24.
"Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine."

ADAM P. BULL
"Let knowledge grow from more to more."

ELMER R. CARLSON
"Swed."
Dirty Thirty; Student Council; Junior Circus; Rah Rah Boys; Baseball ’23-
’24-’25; Football ’22-’23-’24; Basketball ’25.
"What should a man do but be merry?"

ALEX CHERNOFF
"AI"
Orchestra; Civic League.
"Man is his own star."

JULIA B. COHEN
S. O. S. Club; Dramatic Club; Booster Club; Civic League.
"Still believing, still pursuing. Learn to labor and to wait."

NEIL BURTON COIL
Radio Club; H. A. F.; Baseball ’25; Electrical Force; Civic League; Class Basketball.
"His life work lies in science."

ELEANOR MYRTLE CONRAD
"El"
S. O. S.
"Ring away sorrow, cast away care."

ROBERT E. CORNIEA
Orchestra; Civic League.
"And he hears thy stormy music in the drum."

BERNADETTE L. CONLOGUE
Latin Club; Civic League; Dramatic Club.
"Blue were her eyes as the fairy-fax."

JUSTIN CURRAN
"Wit and wisdom are born with a man."
FERN MABLE CUTTS
Civic League; Booster Club.
"Neat not gaudy."

CELIA O. DANNOVSKY
Civic League; Assemblies; S. O. S.; Social Club; Dramatic Club; Latin Club.
"Pay out the play."

GEORGE DOROSH
Civic League; Honor Roll.
"We will answer all things faithfully."

EVELYN MARGARET DOSH
Student Council; Home Economics Club; Dramatic Club; Civic League; Assemblies.
"Her voice is low and sweet."

DOROTHY E. DOWNIE
Booster Club; Dramatic Club; Civic League; Social Club; Honor Roll.
"My ventures are not in one bottom trusted; nor to one place."

ELVINA CAROLYN EDWARDS
Girl Reserves; Style Show; Civic League.
"Nor let it be guessed what is hid in thy breast."

AUDREY B. EISENHARDT
"Able"
Home Economics Club; Honor Roll.
"Wit, now and then, struck smartly shows a spark."

LILLY ENGEL
"We grant, although she had much wit; she was very shy of using it."

MILDRED V. ENGELBRETTSON
"The Stolen Prince."
"Silence is one of the virtues of the wise."

WILLIAM ENGELBRETTSON
Electrical Force; Radio Club; H. A. C.; Civic League; Latin Club.
"A man wants but little here below."
GEORGE ENGLESON
Dramatic Club; Civic League.
"Every man shift for all the rest and let no man take care for himself."

VIRGINIA IRENE FOREMAN
Social Club; Assemblies; Senior Vodvil; Junior Vodvil; Secretary Girl Reserve; Booster Club; Civic League; Dramatic Club.
"For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds."

NOLAND J. FRANZ
Football '22-'24; Hockey '24-'25; Stage Force; "Bunker Bean."
"The chief recommendation in a young man is modesty."

SADIE G. FREMLAND
Honor Roll.
"If she will, she will, you may depend on't. And if she won't, she won't; and there's an end on't."

MARION FRIEDMAN
S. O. S. Club; French Club; Treasurer of Sophomore Class; "Life" Staff '24; Assemblies.
"Go forth, under the open sky, and list to Nature's teachings."

EDNA GARDNER
"Clarence"; Assemblies; Dramatic Club; "Life" Staff; Senior Vodvil; Booster Club; S. O. S.
"Always ready to smile out loud, and full of pep."

RALPH C. GARDNER
Football '21; Basketball '22; Baseball '25; Civic League.
"Thought is deeper than all speech. Feeling deeper than all thought."

ALTA C. GARLOUGH
"Red"
Booster Club; Dramatic Club; S. O. S.; Honor Roll.
"What will not woman, O gentle woman, dare!"

RUTH E. GOEBEL
"Let us not burden our remembrances with a heaviness that's gone."

EDITH M. GOLDBERG
Honor Roll.
"In her, silence reigns supreme."
ALEX M. GOFFSTEIN  
Class Basketball '25; Civic League.  
"Mind is a kingdom to the man, who gathereth his pleasures from ideas."

SIDNEY W. GOFFSTEIN  
Orchestra '22, '23; Class Basketball;  
Civic League; Assemblies; Honor Roll.  
"I thus, neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of my mind."

LLOYD GRASSINGER  
"Gruss"  
"Pirates of Penzance"; "Ruddigore";  
"Patience"; "Pinafore"; Dramatic Club; Booster Club; "H" Club; Civic League; Football '22-23-24-25; Latin Club; Assemblies.  
"Youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm."

WILLIAM C. GREENE  
"Green"  
"Pinafore"; "Pirates of Penzance";  
"Patience"; Class Basketball 23-24;  
Basketball team '25.  
"Re compound of oddity, frolic and fun  
Who relished a joke, and rejoiced in a pun."

DORIS C. HADLICH  
"Daddy Long Legs"; "Clarence";  
"Bunker Bean"; "Life" Staff; Civic League; Booster Club; Dramatic Club;  
Senior Vodvil; Assemblies; Social Club; Junior Vodvil; G. A. A.; Honor Roll.  
"The joy of youth and health her eyes dispayed  
And ease of life her every look conveyed."

LILLIAN ROSE HAJEK  
"Lill"  
Orchestra; Civic League.  
"When she had passed, it seemed like the  
the ceasing of exquisite music."

ARCHIE J. HALLORAN  
Football '23-24; Captain '24; All-City Team '22-24; Baseball '23-24; "Strife"  
Staff; "Life" Staff; Treasurer Junior and Senior Classes; Social Club;  
Civic League; Booster Club; H. A. C.  
"I am not in the role of common men."

HERBERT H. HARDWICK  
"Herb"  
Civic League; Booster Club; "H" Club;  
Latin Club; Football '25.  
"Custom hath made in him a property of  
 easiness."

HARRIET HAUCK  
"Life" Staff; Dramatic Club; Senior  
Vodvil; Booster Club; Assemblies;  
S. O. S.; Honor Roll.  
"Grace was in all her steps."

INEZ H. HAUGEN  
G. A. A.; Hi-Y-Girl Reserve; Civic  
League Assemblies.  
"A simple maiden in her flower  
It worth a hundred coats-of-arms."
FRANCES CECILE HELBERG

"O thou wert among the noblest of thy train."

HOWARD HENDERSON

"Howie"


"His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand; His manners were gentle, complying, and bland."

PAULINE HENNESSY

"Paula"

Latin Club; Dramatic Club; Student Council; Booster Club; "Pinafore"; "Patience"; School Publicity; Assemblies; Lunch Room Force; Social Club; Usher for "Clarence."

"A daughter of the Gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."

WILLIAM EDWIN HENSLIN

"Bill"

"Life" staff; Student Council; Treasurer Senior Class; Civic League; Baseball '25.

"He was ever precise in promise keeping."

FRANCES ELIZABETH HOLMES

"Fran"

"H. M. S. Pinafore" '22; "Pirates of Pennance" '23; Assemblies; "Ruddigore" '24; Senior Varsity; Student Council; "Life" Staff; "Strife" Staff; Social Club.

"The pen is the tongue of the mind."

HELEN HORSELL

Booster Club; Civic League; Dramatic Club; "Pirates of Pennance."

"Her sprightly looks a lively mind enclose."

HERBERT FRANCIS HOUGHIN

"Herb"

Stage Force '22-'23; Civic League; Booster Club.

"Let the end try the man."

F. ORLO HOYE

Orchestra; Civic League; Assemblies.

"A man I am, crossed with adversity."

MARVIN D. HUNSAKER

Football '25; Baseball '24; Civic League.

"To beguile many, and be beguiled by one."

VERNA F. L. IJFE

"We have some salt of our youth in us."
NE\D McDaniel Johnson
Civic League.
"Should life all labor be?"

CHESTER R. JONES
"Chet."
"Ruddigore" '24; Constitutional essay contest '24; "Life" Staff '24; "Strife" Staff '24; Student Council '24-'25; Vice President '24; President '25; Football '25; President Senior Class '25; Senior Vodvil '25; Orpheus Trio; Dramatic Club; "Bunker Bean"; Assemblies; Izaak Walton Contest; Music Contest; "H" Club.
"Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand.
He raves, recites, and gladdens all the land."

ROLAND L. KAHNERT
"Roly"
Civic League; Hockey; Class Basketball; "Ruddigore"; Baseball '25.
"For every why he had a wherefore."

FRANCES KATZ
"Fannie"
Spanish Club; Junior Vodvil '24; Civic League.
"Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge."

E. WALDO KELLGREN
Civic League; "Life" Staff; Booster Club; Spanish Club; Honor Roll.
The secret of success is constantly to purpose better.

VERNA JUNE KOPPLITZ
"Kopo"
Secretary Student Council '24; Vice President Twin City Press Association; Assemblies; "Strife" Staff; Editor "Life"; "Ruddigore"; Social Club; Senior Vodvil '24-'25 Booster Club; Junior Candy Chairman; Senior Picture Committee; Civic League; Dramatic Club; "Overtones."
"Is not every able ed\ger a ruler of the world?"

VIOLA M. KOSTNER
Dramatic Club; Civic League; Student Council; Girl Reserve Club; Social Club.
"A Merry heart goes all the day."

RUTH E. KUHN
"I was not born under a rhyming planet."

DELLA M. KULENKAMP
"The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart."

ESTHER E. KULENKAMP
Civic League.
"Sweetly did she speak and move."

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MAURICE LAING
Basketball '25; Civic League.
"Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful."

IRVING LAMPERT
"Lampe"
"Pinafore"; "Patience"; "Pirates of Penzance"; Football '24; Basketball '24; Class Basketball; "Bunker Bean"; Assemblies; Civic League; "H" Club; Booster Club.
"Why, then, the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open."

VERNON O. LARSEN
Latin Club; Booster Club; Honor Roll.
"The mirror of all courtesy."

IRVING LEVENSON
"Pat"
"Pinafore"; "Patience"; "Pirates of Penzance"; "Ruddigore"; Senior and Junior Yodvils; Basketball; Civic League; Booster Club; Assemblies.
"I am sure care's an enemy to life."

FLORA B. LOCKMAN
Civic League; Cantato; S. O. S.; Honor Roll.
"Charms strike the sight, and merit wins the soul."

ARTHUR H. LORR
Civic League; Football '23-'24.
"Gentle of speech, benificent of mind."

FRED LINDEMAN
"Good words are better than bad strokes."

LAURA I. McINTYRE
Assemblies; Dramatic Club; Latin Club; Honor Roll.
"Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom."

T. HOMER McMAHON
"Mac"
Civic League; Basketball '25; Baseball '25.
"A sound mind in a sound body."

RHODEY MARTIN
Civic League.
"Deeper than did ever plummet sound I'll drawn my book."
BERNICE L. MILBRATH - "Bun"
"Not without art, yet to nature true."

HAZEL-MARJORIE A. MORRISON
"Happy"
"Life" Staff '24-'25; "Strife" Staff '24; Civic League; Dramatic Club; Assemblies; Booster '23-'24-'25; "Patience"; "Pirates of Penzance"; "Ruddigore"; Student Council.
"It is not that I love studying less but I love pleasure more."

MAX H. MUSHKATIN - "Mush"
Civic League; Librarian.
"My tongue is the pen of a ready writer."

INGA RAE NASH
Student Council; Booster Club.
"The very pink of perfection."

MARGARET LUCELE NEBEL
Secretary of Senior Class; Secretary of Student Council '25; Dramatic Club; Girl Reserves; Stenographer of Civic League; Social Club.
"The Rose is fairest when 'tis budding new."

EVELYN J. OKESON - "Sweeë"
Dramatic Club; "Life" Staff; Assemblies; "His Majesty Bunker Bean."
"Your hero should be always tall you know."

ADELIA OTT
Civic League; S. O. S.
"Hard she labored; long and well."

REEVA D. OTT
Latina Societas; Student Council; Civic League.
"She moves a goddess and she looks a queen."

GLADYS L. OTTO
Latin Club; Civic League; Booster Club; Honor Roll.
"The mirror of her sister."

GLORIA L. OTTO
Latin Club; Civic League; Booster Club; Honor Roll.
"She also may be her sister's mirror."
JOSEPH PAUL - "Joe"
"Ruddigore"; "Bunker Bean"; Civic League; Basketball '24-'25; Baseball '25; Honor Roll.
"He whose inborn worth his acts commend."

MYRTLE ELEANOR PETERSON
"Life" Staff; Civic League.
"We wish that we had more like her."

NELLIE M. PETROWSKI - "Pete"
Secretary of Freshmen; Secretary of Sophomore; Secretary of Civic League; Associate Editor of "Life"; "Strife" Staff '24-'25; Booster Club; "Pirates of Penzance"; Annual Staff '23; Student Council; Senior Ring Committee; Usher; School Publicity; Assemblies; Issac Walton Contest; Valedictorian.
"Of all the girls that e'er was seen, there's none so fine as Nellie."

JAMES H. PIEPER - "Jimmy"
Baseball '23-'24 and Captain '25; Basketball '24-'25; Vice President of Freshmen, Sophomores, Seniors, and President of Juniors
"A genial disposition brings its own reward and many friends."

CLIFFORD A. RANDALL
Civic League; Dramatic Club; Hockey Team '23-'25.
"North makes the man."

JOSEPH ROM - "Joe"
Freshman Class President '26; Civic League; Assemblies.
"Are not great men the models of nations?"

MAURICE ROSS
"Our business in the field of fight.
Is not to question but to prove our might."

EUNICE RYAN
Latinas Societas; Vaudevill '24-'25; Dramatic Club; Honor Roll.
"Favors to none, to all she smiles extends."

CLARA CAROLINE SAUER
Booster Club.
"None knew thee but to love thee"

FRANCIS M. SENECAL
Civic League.
"Kindness is wisdom."
SAMUEL SHAPIRO - “Sam”
Junior-Senior Vodvil ’24; Honor Roll.
“Do not for one repulse—forego the purpose
that you have resolved to effect.”

SEYMOUR SIMON
Basketball ’24-’25: Civic League;
Radio Club; Booster Club; Assemblies; Stage Force.
“The better part of valor is discretion.”

LUCILLE SLADEC
Hi-Y-Girls; Assemblies; Booster Club;
Senior Vodvil ’25; “Life” Staff; Annual Staff ’23; “Bunker Bean” ’25; G. A. A.
“Begone dull care! I prithee begone from me.”

JULO ALYCE SLATTENALD, “Torchy”
Hi-Y-Girls; Assemblies; Student Council;
Booster Club; Senior Vodvil ’25; “Life” Staff; Social Club.
“While we live, let us live.”

LOUIS SMITH
Cheer Leader.
“Lowliness is young ambition’s ladder.”

LILLIAN F. STEVENS - “Lill”
Usher at “Ruddigore” and Senior Vodvil;
Civic League; Sunrise Class.
“Silence is the perfectest herald of joy.”

ALMA STONEHOUSE - “Pat”
“Life” Staff ’24-’25; Civic League;
“Pirates of Penance”; Booster Club;
’24-’25; “Strife” Staff ’24-’25.
“Can one desire too much of a good thing?”

EDITH MAE SULLWOLD - “Ede”
“Life” Staff; “Strife” Staff; S. O. S.;
Civic League; Junior Candy Sale;
Usher; Booster Club; Social Club.
“Almighty jolly lassie with a mighty level head.”

MAE JEANNETTE SWANSON
Overtones; Bunker Bean; Home Economics Club;
Latin Club; Civic League; Honor Roll.
“Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.”

EARL C. THAYEYER
Civic League; Senior Vodvil; Booster Club; Football ’24.
“The style is the man himself.”
HERBERT F. TRAPP
Baseball '25; "Ruddigore"; "Pirates of Pencance"; "His Majesty Bunker Bean." Senior Vodvil; Dramatic Club; Track '24.
"For courage mounteth with occasion,"

LAWRENCE GEORGE TRUDEAU
"Shortie"
Spanish Club; Civic League.
"A decent boldness ever meets with friends,"

DOROTHY TUBBESING
Civic League.
"I will help others, out of a fellow feeling,"

ELIZABETH G. WALLNER
"Billy"
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness,"

ROBERT E. WALTHER
Latin Club; "Ruddigore"; Bunker Bean; "Life" Staff; Civic League; Hockey; Track '24; Honor Roll.
"Great offices will have great talents,"

ESTHER D. WARREN
Civic League; G. A. A.; Assemblies; "Pirates of Pencance"; "Ruddigore"; "His Majesty Bunker Bean"; Honor Roll.
"I do but sing because I must. And pipe but as the linnets sing,"

ROSE WEINERMAN
Latin Club; "Daddy Long Legs"; Dramatic Club; Assemblies; Salutatorian; Honor Roll.
"Infinite riches in little room,"

RUBY MARGARET WELTER
Honor Roll.
"Truth hath a quiet breast,"

JOHN M. WILLIAMS
"Life" Staff '24-'25; "Strife" Staff '24-'25; Booster Club '24; Civic League.
"Long were his legs and full lean,"

CAROLINE ZEMKE
Civic League; "Life" Staff; Booster Club; Honor Roll.
"And mistress of herself though china fall,"
ORVAL BOSSHARDT - "Bozie"
"Ruddigore"; President Students' Law League; "Bunker Bean"; Baseball '25.
"His are manly ways."

AUTOGRAPHS
Bon Voyage

The good ship, CLASS OF '25, tugs impatiently at her anchor as she prepares to set out upon her maiden voyage on the great Sea of Life. Four years she has been in the making, and four years, too, her crew has been training at Humboldt, learning to sail her. Many have left the training school during these years to set out on their voyage in their own frail craft. The crew also has several recruits who have joined their number in the later years.

And now all is ready, and the CLASS OF '25 is about to begin the voyage from which there is no turning back. Tempest and fog and sharp-toothed rock and even shipwreck await the sailors on that Sea: so what wonder if they hesitate a little on the eve of their journey? Some feel
their unfitness so keenly that they have made plans to enter another training school where they may better learn to sail the Sea.

Yes, it is a treacherous sea, O crew of the CLASS OF '25, full of lurking dangers, and the chart and compass of experience are not yours! But the days will not all be stormy. Many days will be fair, and the breeze will blow softly, and the Sea of Life will be calm and beautiful. And there are many strange and lovely isles which you may visit, and many beautiful sprites, Nature and Music and Friendship and Laughter, will cheer your way.

Nor need you fear the raging storm and hungry rock, for your Pilot will guide you safely through all danger. And may He, who is your Master also, say, when at last you reach the harbor, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

And so, "Sail on, O Ship of State!" H. W. B.

“Life” Interest

Why do we enjoy our paper? What is that peculiar fascination that lures us into devouring each word of “Life”? Is it not because each word and line is original with us? that we are the authors, editors, and writers of our own publication? These are the reasons in a nutshell; our paper would lose its interest, its entire sympathetic throb, if one bit of foreign or not original writing crept into it.

However, Humboldt Life was actually threatened by such a catastrophe. Despite the vigilance of our editorial staff, a poem, the original of which was later discovered in a copyrighted book, appeared in the winter number.

We are loathe to believe that the student who submitted that poem did it with a wanton, malicious idea in mind. We are content to believe that he did it from over-enthusiasm, wanting to make our paper the best and to help it keep the record it has attained.

However, let us not be carried away with our good will towards our paper. Let us not submit some one else's work and thus cause our paper to be condemned. Our own poems, stories, and editorials are what we want. Let us take a lesson from the above unfortunate occurrence; let us follow that student's enthusiasm and interest, in submitting material, but, we beseech you, LET IT BE YOUR OWN!

Joe Rom

Our Assemblies

The weekly assemblies, which Mr. Wauchope has instituted at Humboldt to give the students a more extensive knowledge and better appreciation of those things not connected with the routine of our daily life, have been of great value to the students.

Not only have we been entertained by these assemblies; but while we listened with pleasure to the music and to the readings we absorbed something of the innate beauty of good music, something of the art of good literature. And from those speakers who talked to us on more serious subjects, we not only learned new and interesting facts, but from their personalities as much as from their words, we received an inspiration to make the best of ourselves and our opportunities.

We students feel that Mr. Wauchope has been successful in his objects, and wish to express our appreciation for his never-failing interest in the welfare of his pupils.

Hannah Ball

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Seniors

Graduation, the most impressive and important occasion throughout the school year, is to be held June 17 at the Masonic Temple. It is a time when a mixture of joy and sadness is in the heart of each senior: sadness in the thought of leaving behind the old school and its happy associations, joy in the hope of living the unknown years before him.

Supt. S. O. Hartwell will give an address, and Principal J. A. Wauchope will present the diplomas to the graduates. The Honor Roll students, under the direction of Miss Ethel Graves, will take part in the exercises.

For the first time in the history of Humboldt, the boys are going to graduate in gray flannel trousers and dark coats. This was decided at a meeting held by the boys May 1. Preceding the boys' meeting a class meeting was held and the following people appointed by the president to act on the respective committees: Eleanor Beck, chairman, Doris Hadlich, Marcel Andersen, Irving Lampert, Herbert Hou- chin, class colors and flowers; Howard Henderson, chairman, Esther Warren, Mae Swanson, remembrance; Frances Holmes, chairman, Inez Haugen, Mar- vin Hunsacker, Julo Slattendale and Chester Jones, class motto.

Juniors

About one hundred and seventy stu- dents, alumni, and faculty attended the annual Junior-Senior Ball held at the Masonic Temple Monday evening, May 11.

The hall, fittingly decorated with palms, furnished an excellent background for the girls many colored dresses. The girls' bright colored parasols and the boys bright balloons, the favors of the evening, completed the color scheme.

The music by Ridley's orchestra issued from behind a screen of palms, keeping everyone dancing to its harmonic strains.

Ray Yaeger, junior class president lead the Grand March with Frances Holmes; Chester Jones, senior president, with Marguerite Henchman followed.

Miss Una M. Hart, junior class ad- viser, was the overseer and with the following committees made the evening a successful one: programs, Ray Yaeg- er; music Al Korfhage, Corinne Hall, Ruth Tracy; refreshments, Ruth Lindall, Catherine Morgan; favors, Roy Hoff, Dorothy Brewer; decorations, Eileen Bergh, Frances Armstrong, Keith Knopp.

A committee composed of Ruth Tracy, Thelma Rosen, Anna Jackson, Frances Armstrong, Eileen Bergh, Beth Hutchinson, Frances Goodman, and Amanda Beggs cleared ten dollars selling candy at the two performances of the annual play, "His Majesty Bunker Bean," April 22 and 23.
Sophomores

The dance given by the sophomore class on March 18, was open to all students and was well attended. A good orchestra, consisting of William Brauche, Robert Cornea, Robert Rockeck, and Edward Edgell, was obtained for the occasion. The publicity committee composed of Frances Dawson, Margaret Moran, Jean Lehman, and Edith Laustrup did a great deal to make the dance a success. Attractive posters were made, and decorated invitations, with verses on them, were given to all the teachers, by the publicity committee. The admission fee of ten cents was to cover expenses. Miss Bigue, class adviser, chaperoned.

The officers of the class are making plans for a sophomore party which will be of interest to all the members.

Helen Mickelson

The Civic League

Early this spring our Civic League joined the Minnesota Garden Society, and the State Horticultural Society.

The officers elected at a re-organization meeting are: Edward Yaeger, president; George Hagney, vice president; Nellie Petrowski, secretary; Will Henslin, treasurer; Josephine Resch, stenographer; and Thelma Rosen, photographer.

Now that spring is here, Miss Peyton is calling for workers. Every boy having a vacant period willingly donates his services to assist in beautification. Bill Parker will cavort flying Humboldt's grounds.

The school police, a branch of the Civic League, was organized May 4. George Hagney is captain, and the following boys are officers: William Henslin, Ivan Johnson, Chester Jones, and Irving Levenson.

Student Council

The novel plan of electing an honor roll of students who have done the most for the school has been carried out by the student council. Each member of the council voted for ten students; from these lists the following honor roll was made: in order in which they appear: Chester Jones, Ray Yaeger, Verna Koplitz, Pauline Hennessy, Margaret Nebel, Nellie Petrowski, George Hagney, Howard Henderson, Will Henslin, and Edward Yaeger.

A class spirit committee composed of Roy Hoff, chairman, Marguerite Henchman, Julo Slattendale, and Frances Holmes has done diligent work.

"H" Club

An elaborate banquet in the school cafeteria, April 12, marked the culmination of the "H" club activities.

Mr. Ernest Johnson, formerly Ass't. coach at Humboldt, now director of parks and playgrounds, acted as toastmaster. He introduced Mr. William "Bill" Spaulding, head coach at the University of Minnesota who gave an address.

Mr. W. W. Kilbourne, former Humboldt athletic coach brought pleasant memories to the minds of many "old grads" when he spoke on athletics at Humboldt in former years.

Claire McMann, president of the "H" club, welcomed the group and presented letters to those who participated in athletics prior to 1907; before that time no "H's" had been awarded. The Orphens trio, composed of Hagney, Jones, and Yoerks, delighted the audience with a few songs.

After short talks by Prin. J. A. Wauchope and Coach E. Wachter, captains to lead next year's teams were chosen. William Puffer was selected to lead the football team; William Parker was re-elected hockey captain; Edwin Choate was the choice for basketball captain; and William Mears will lead the swimmers.

Page Thirty-one
Annual Play

Attractive tables set with vari-colored sweet peas and white doilies, met the eyes of the one hundred and seven alumni who attended the Annual Homecoming dinner, Thursday, April 23, at the new school cafeteria.

Superintendent S. O. Hartwell, Dr. W. J. Little, Mr. D. Lange, and three alumni, George Duncan, Mrs. S. V. Holmes, and Dr. Alex Brown addressed the guests.

The girls of the Home Economics Club, in gray and white costumes, served the dinner. Miss Mable Regan superintended preparations.

After dinner, the alumni attended the annual play, "His Majesty Bunker Bean," and then danced in the gymnasium.

The Home Economics Club

The Home Economics Club, which holds the distinctive place of being the first of its kind in Minnesota, prepared and served the "H" Club banquet April 30.

The following girls comprised the committee in charge: Evelyn Tischler, Eileen Bergh, Frances Goodman, Edna Englen, Eleanor Beck, Luella Cortey, Albena Koza, and Alice Bertrand. All the other members of the club helped in making the banquet a success.

The club members dressed in gray costumes, served the annual homecoming dinner April 23. On the tables were sweet peas and paper doilies. Louise Trapp was chairman of the committee for this affair.

The Law Students League

On May 4, 1925, the Law Students League held a re-organization meeting under the direction of Miss T. Peyton. The officers elected at the meeting are: Orval Bosshardt, president; Waldo Kellgren, vice president; Joe Paul, sergeant-at-arms; Josephine Resch, secretary; Catherine Morgan, treasurer; Frances Katz, clerk; William Claus, district judge; Max Muskatim, prosecutor.

Bird Notes in a Garden

Continued from page 7

repaid us the most generously with songs.

The robin is such a deliberate bird—no vulgar haste at his meals as he stood on the table smacking his lips, so to speak, over the delicious crumbs or bits of potato. Suddenly tempted by the sparkle of the water in the bowl on the corner of the table, he would flirt the water all over his body with his wings, shake off the shining drops, and do it again and again before he returned for his dessert.

Mrs. Rose-breasted Grosbeak brought four baby grosbeaks to supper one day, and, after they had finished their meal, they hopped to the ground and quarreled fiercely with each other for the place under the drip of a water faucet near the feeding table.

We did not recognize them at first as they were just fluffy little balls of soft gray feathers until we saw the strong, broad bills that gave them their family name.

Another feathered stranger, dressed in black and orange-red, came one day and was hanging upside down under the same faucet and with quick nervous motions was catching the drops as they fell from the faucet, one by one. We had never seen him before, but after a search through Chester Reed's Bird Book we identified him as the Redstart.

So every summer extends the list of birds that we know, not by sight alone, but intimately, as we watch them feeding, playing, and building their nests.

Put up boxes for them to nest in, put out food and water to attract them, and they will come to you season after season. The bluebird ushers in the procession early in March; then the robin, song sparrow, meadow lark, wren, catbird, thrush, oriole, phoebe, and so on down the whole delightful list, too numerous to give here, until we reach the little black-capped fellow who, when frosty nights and fallen leaves have driven most of the birds to warmer climes, greets us still with his cheery, "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee."
Bunker Bean

One hundred and thirty dollars was cleared at the two performances of "Bunker Bean," the annual play given under Miss Ethel Graves' direction, April 22 and 23.

The play was a decided success from all standpoints. The audiences were appreciative both evenings. Thursday evening was the annual Homecoming night. All the alumni of the school were invited to attend a banquet and to see the play afterward. On this evening, Miss Graves was presented with a beautiful bouquet of pink roses by the cast.

The participants in the play were very good. The leads, Chester Jones as Bunker Bean, and Margaret Blanford as the Flapper, did exceptionally well. Others who deserve special mention are Irving Lampert, The Greatest left-handed pitcher the World has ever known; "Pops," Howard Henderson; and Grandma, Doris Hadlich; Big Sister, Esther Warren; "Mops," Lucille Sladek; Bulger, Robert Walther; The waster, Orval Boshardt; The "Lizzie boy," Clarence Ryder; Balthazar, George Hagney; and Larabie, Ray Yaeger.

Stolen Prince

"The Stolen Prince," a Chinese Play, given at an assembly, April 3, under the direction of Miss Ethel S. Graves, proved very entertaining.

Miss Graves announced the cast as follows: Chorus, Frances McGowan; Property Man, Alice Abraham; Sing Ho, Royal Nurse, Mildred Engelbretson; Long Fo, son of chief cook, Alice Alcorn; Wing He, daughter of chief cook, Frances Dawson; Hi Tee, fisherman, Dorothy Schmidt; Li Mo, fisherman's wife, Laura McIntyre; Joy, Stolen Prince, Vanna Bewel; Executioner, Louise Geiske; Soldiers, Elma and Thelma Turpen; Orchestra, Robert Walther, Clarence Ryder, Sam Dorschow, and Agnes Keller; Gong Ringer, Elizabeth Wallner.

Music Contest

Humboldt entered three soloists and a music memory team in the preliminary Minnesota Music contest held at Mechanic Arts high school, April 20, 21, and 22.

Pauline Hennessy, Humboldt's piano soloist, won third place; she played "Autumn" from the Woodland sketches, by McDowell, and the "Second Mazurka" by Godard. Sidney Williams of M. A. H. S. won first place.

Humboldt's music memory team consisting of Mildred Kain, Dorothy Kosanke, and Geraldine Johnson won 245 of 300 points. St. Paul Central won first place.
Musical Assembly

If you were given three notes of the musical scale could you build a minuet of them? That is what Mr. Hugo Goodwin, St. Paul's municipal organist, did for us at an assembly on St. Patrick's Day, March 17.

Mr. Goodwin gave an interesting talk on musical appreciation, the building of music from a simple melody, and the different periods and styles of music.

Mr. Goodwin introduced Mrs. Agnes Rast Snyder, contralto, who sings with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Goodwin accompanied her in the following songs: “My Heart Ever Faithful,” by Bach; “Send Me a Lover” (author unknown); “Hard Trials,” a negro spiritual; “The Old Road,” by John Prindle Scott; and “My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice,” from the opera “Samson and Delilah.” Mrs. Snyder sang “Snowflakes” for an encore.

“The prince wore no spats when we saw him; the queen carried a white parasol which looked like cotton; Englishmen do not wear gloves, but carry them; English people drive on the wrong side of the street and can catch a joke; London has a heart.”

These were a few of the interesting remarks Mr. John Bradford made in his talk of England at Humboldt.

Brush, the heartless, handsome magician of the stage, enthralled the inmates of Humboldt with his mystifying and startling performances in the assembly hall, March 26. His trick of however, the athletic fund was $32.25 richer after Mr. Brush’s evening performance.

Glee Club Program

A program including songs, piano and violin solos, and readings was given by the Hamline Girls Glee Club when they were brought by their leader, Mr. John Yaeger, a former graduate of Humboldt, to entertain the assembly March 30.

Mr. Farnham Speaks

Mr. Charles Wells Farnham, well known in the literary circles, was introduced by Mr. J. A. Wauchope at an assembly, on April 14, after Pauline Hennessy had played the “Second Mazurka.”

He showed the marked difference between a piece of literature written in one language and the same piece translated into a different language.

Oak Hall Girls

Attractive in their uniforms, of white dresses and blue ties, the Oak Hall girls’ glee club, under the direction of Mr. Moore sang a group of four Mother Goose Rhymes, translated from the Chinese, “Lady Bug,” “The Old Woman,” “Mouse,” and “What the Old Cow Said.”

Arbor Day

The arbor day assembly, May 1, was greeted with enthusiasm.

Our celebrated “Orpheus Trio” sang three selections, much to the enjoyment of the student body. Mr. Tinker, of the forestry department spoke on the “Conservation of the Forests.” He told of the feelings of a forest ranger at the sight of smoke, and he made a plea to the students to be careful when they go camping.

Nellie Petrowski, secretary of the civic league, who was in charge of the assembly, announced that the next scene would take place on the lawn of the school, where Will Henslin and George Hagney would plant a plum tree.
Baseball Prospects

Competition for positions on the baseball team this year is keen. Forty students answered the first call for practice sent out by Coach Wachter.

The mound department will be ably taken care of by Elmer Geiger, southpaw, and letterman, the master of last year's hurling staff. Herb Trapp and Carl Metzger are working out daily and occasionally in practice tilts.

The infield will perhaps be made up of veterans, with the exception of Bie- lenberg. Bill Parker will cavort around second base with Captain Peiper as shortstop and "Skid" Puffer on the hot corner.

No definite trio can be named to fill out field positions. Carlson, Peterson, Danner, and Deichmann are among those who are showing up well.

Although his proportions are not as gigantic as is typical of a catcher, "Shorty" Mathes will probably do the receiving. His ability to snare the slants in practice games and his clever handling of "Pug" Geiger's "side winder" practically assures "Shorty" of the backstop assignment.

Humboldt's Tennis Tournament

Humboldt has again entered the state tournament with the following competing in the school: Elmer Nelson, Noland Franz, Ray Yaeger, Chester Jones, Henry Wagner, Richard Hodgson and Richard Yerks. Last year Humboldt went far in the finals, and with the crack players mentioned above Humboldt has a good chance to make good this year.

Alumni Swimming Meet

The school swimmers lost to the alumni team at the Y. M. C. A. pool, April 9, with a score of 41 to 27.

Billy Mears, Humboldt's all city swimmer, won first place in the 200 yard free style and second place in the 100 yard event. Edward Hennessy, with 5 points and Mears with 8 points were the school's high men. Dick Stuck, Y. M. C. A. swimmer, with 15 points, and Robert Boyle, of the Ham- line team, with 13 points were best for the alumni.

This meet was the third alumni-Humboldt event. The alumni won the football and swimming games, but the school took the basketball honors.
Mr. and Mrs. John H. Donohue, 1481 Summit Ave., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Grace, to Mr. Urban A. Lavery of Chicago. Mr. Lavery received his B. A. degree at the University of Pennsylvania, where he played right tackle on the football team, and rowed on the college crew. He received his law degree at the University of Chicago, and is now an attorney there.

The wedding will take place June 30 of this year. The honeymoon will be spent in Europe, where they will visit England, France, and Italy. They will make their home in Chicago upon their return.

Humboldt’s best wishes for a happy future go with Miss Donohue.

Mr. Wauchope has discovered that Riverview is as good a place for a residence as it is for a school. He has therefore changed his address to 262 West Winifred Street.

The staff wishes to call attention to a poem, “My Ma’s Tools,” published in the Fall issue of the “Life.” It was afterwards found to be one of a collection of poems appearing in “More Heart Throbs” published by Grosset and Dunlap.

Chester Jones won the first prize of ten dollars in the Isaac Walton League contest. The other prize winners are Evelyn Okeson, second; Nellie Petrowski, third; Inez Haugen, fourth.

Hats off to Lawrence Novotny, boys! He won the five dollar prize offered by Kochler and Hinrichs for the best ad written by a Humboldt student.

Just by accident I found that the secret ambition of our junior president, Ray Yaeger: to call Mr. Holmes “papa.”

“Where’s your pass?” asked a Humboldt teacher of a pretty young girl who was wandering in the halls one day.

“I haven’t any, I didn’t know teachers needed any” said Miss Ham, who is teaching one of Miss Bigue’s Spanish classes, as she walked away, leaving the astounded teacher looking blank.

At last Mr. Wauchope has shown fear of the mob! During the violent applause given Mr. Farnham who entertained us with humorous poems by Riley, we heard him say, “I’m afraid you’ll have to speak again!”

Julo and Harold have “made up” so that they can quarrel again. Or is it that they quarrel so that they can “make up” again?

A short film, showing the different processes in the making of Lenox china and pottery was given at noon, March 27.
Kathryn Coyne, '24, is assistant supervisor at the Riverview Telephone Company.

Lorraine Fales, '24 is doing stenographic work at the First National Bank.

Leona Stayman, '23, is teaching school in Pine City, Minnesota.

Lester Williams, '23, is employed in the safety deposit vault of the Merchants National Bank.

Esther Cardle, '23, is employed in the commercial club Charity Department.

Maria Korphashe, '23, is doing office work in the St. Paul Furnishing Company.

Adelaide Ham, '21, who is completing her last period at the University of Minnesota is teaching Miss Bigue's third period Spanish class for Practice Teaching, one of the requirements of her course.

Elizabeth Quehl, '19, is representative of the R. M. Neely Insurance Co. On April 1 she took a civil service examination which made her a Senior Clerk.

Dr. Alex Brown, '15, and Mrs. Brown (nee Frances Hullmer, '17) left for Rochester on May 7 where Dr. Brown joined the Mayo staff.

Clarence Leudemann, '16, who graduated from U. of M. and has been working on the Tribune Building in Chicago, was instrumental in having a course in architectural engineering introduced in the Architectural department of the University of Minnesota.

Alice Jean Buckner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Buckner, and Mr. Clark Adell Raynsford of Beverly Hills, California, were married in Los Angeles on March 14. Mr. Raynsford is the Pacific Coast representative of a New York concern. They will make their home at Beverly Canyon.

Donald Burns, '07, of South Park, accompanied by his wife (nee Emily Clark), left for Buenos Ayres, January 1. Mr. Burns is an agent for Swift and company in that city.

Harold Spaeth, '07, has served as Assistant Secretary of the State Senate during the last four sessions of the Legislature.

Elzear Godbout '05 expects to go to France this summer for two years to study in French Universities.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Randall (nee Mabel Kay) have returned to their home in Spokane after a month spent in the East. They made two short visits in St. Paul going and returning.

Joseph Thomas '23 has moved from St. Paul to Washington where he expects to attend college.

Robert Peabody '22 is doing construction work in Mason City, la.
It is said that Noly’s visits to Minneapolis have become fewer and fewer since somebody’s “little sister” has grown up.

Al: “Guess I’ll go home after this period and get some sleep.”
Ray: “Why go home? You sleep walking around.”

We wonder if George’s Easter was too much for him.

He couldn’t seem to get to school until the Tuesday after vacation.

Industrious
At the sewing demonstration Parent’s night several girls were making skirts. Big John was watching with interest; Mr. Wauchope asked him what he was doing. He said, “Oh, I’m learning all about skirts, Mr. Wauchope.”

Betty Did
Arriving at school early one morning we found this notice written on the board in Joe’s enrollment room “Joe Deitchman, call Midway 5278 and ask for Betty.” Quite a sheik is little Joe.

Miss Whaley: “Orval, correct the first sentence.”
Bosshardt: “Just outside is a small porch looking out over the street, which can be used for sleeping purposes.”

“I’ll See You in My Dreams,” the latest song hit, may be heard in the sewing room as Dot Brewer sings it to a skirt she is trying to plait.

“Margaret Blanford and Doris Hadlich are wanted in the office.”
“Muggs”: “For ratting fifth period, I bet!”
Doris: “I know—You got sick, so I went out with you to get some fresh air. How does that sound?”
“Muggs”: “Pretty good. Here we are.”
Miss How: “Girls, the Daily News would like your pictures as leads in the play. Come into the office a minute.”
Secretary— or Stenographer?

In one of our well-known intelligence tests this question is asked:

If you call a calf's tail a leg, how many legs has the calf?

The answer naturally is four, because calling the tail a leg doesn't change the fact. (Calling a stenographer a secretary doesn't alter the fact either. There is a world of difference between the meaning of "stenographer" and "secretary," and this difference in meaning is now clearly understood by the business man; the use of the term "secretary" makes him expect more.

The young person who nowadays sails blithely into the prospective employer's office under the colors of "secretary" is expected to live up to the title—and must, or make room for the trained secretary.

A stenographer—

takes dictation and transcribes it. In fact, a stenographer is merely a beginning. A stenographer is one who has learned the foundational subjects, shorthand and typewriting, and needs only the superstructure of secretarial technique to become a secretary. The difference in earning power, the opportunity for interesting, creative work and the greater chances for promotion, all make secretarial work more desirable. A stenographer works under direction. It is distinctly different with a secretary in all that the term implies.

A secretary—

also takes dictation and transcribes it; but this is only the starting point. Shorthand and typewriting are the tools of his trade; what he has above the neck and the training he has received in secretarial technique determine very largely his value beyond that point. Definite training for secretarial service puts him into the upper reaches of distinctive achievement. A real secretary comes very close to being in the executive class. The secretary runs largely on his own motive power.

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SAINT PAUL
Prep School Honor
Continued from page five

Bowler,” go a little more slowly, please. What is it you wish to tell me?”

“I did it,” almost sobbed the boy, and Billy—oh, I couldn’t stand any more of it!”

“Now please,” begged the professor, “you evidently have something to tell that I want to hear. Won’t you try to make it a little more clear?”

Then came the story of an overdrawn allowance; of parents who were having a struggle to educate their boy: of boyish determination to make it all right, with a disregard of scruples; of a boy’s sly plans to secure the much needed money: of his hopes of getting help from his room-mate; of his room-mate’s refusal; and of the boy’s promise, which was never intended to be kept, to give up his plans.

“We had sneaked out for an evening’s fun, and it was during that time that the question of money came up, and the discussion of my plans took place,” continued Ted in a tremulous voice. “Billy, refusing to take part in such a plan, finally left me, saying that he was going to get a good night’s rest. I said I was going to stay out awhile and think things over. The rest was easy. I broke into the store, got the money, and was making my get-away when the owner appeared. I got away and hid myself in some shrubs. I didn’t come back to school until almost dawn.

“Billy was seen sneaking in, and the rest followed. We are pretty much the same build, and accidentally were dressed almost alike that night.”

The boy stopped and looked around the room. “Billy has been a marvel,” he continued. “I heard the news before he did and told him about it as soon as I could get hold of him. I begged him not to tell—I hadn’t any idea it would be blamed onto him. Well, Billy’s the best pal that ever lived. I probably would never have had the nerve to own up if I hadn’t heard that he was to be kicked out. You won’t make him leave now, will you?”

“This is a serious matter, my boy,” responded the professor gravely. “Of course Billy will not have to leave if he is innocent. Your affair will be taken up by the board, and, of course, I cannot say what their decision will be. I’m very sorry, Ted. I will do my best for you, however,” the professor finished kindly.

Later the school learned the true story and agreed that Billy deserved the praise and popularity he had always enjoyed.

The meanest man we know is the one who invented typewriters. Ask Fran.

---

REEL NEWS

JONES SHOT a duck at the duck hunt yesterday.
PARKER IS MONKEY at masked ball.
DR. HUNSACKER BEATS WIFE in 100 yard dash.
MR. AND MRS. YEAKER QUARREL with neighbor.
HIGH SCHOOL GIRL CAUGHT DRINKING a cup of tea.
GEIGER LOST a ball game Saturday.
HAGNEYLOSES HEAD gear in game.
HUMBOLDT HIGH BURNING coke in furnace.
TWO HUMBOLDT GIRLS FIGHT smallpox germs.
3 PLOWELS EXTERMINATED the mice in his collar.
GAUTHIER LIES on lawn during second period.
MR. WASHOPE PROMOTED a boy scout at meeting.
HEORINE CRUSHED in last scene of annual play.

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Too Slow

Cook—“The cheese has run out, ma’m.”
Mistress—“Why didn’t you chase it?”
—The Ranger.

Parker—“I put the skid chains on this morning.”
Ruth—“Did you put them on yourself?”
Parker—“No, I put them on the car.”
—Old Hughes.

Swede—“Why are you taking the head phones off, Bill?”
Parker (listening to a sermon over the radio)—“They’re going to take up the collection now.”
—Gleam
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