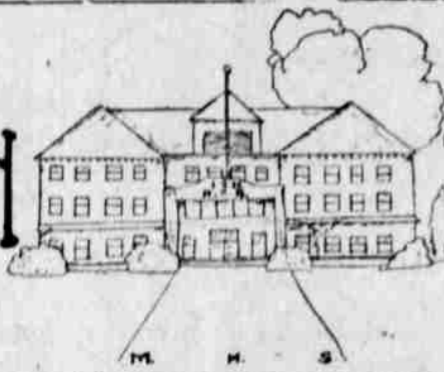


HIGH SCHOOL TIMES



Basketball Practice Time Has To Be Readjusted

Some trouble has been found to provide a workable basketball practice schedule that would be most satisfactory to both boys and girls. They started out with the boys practicing from 3:15 to 4:30 in the afternoon after their gym period on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; the girls practicing the same hour after their gym classes.

After thinking matters over, the boys decided to change the schedule so they could practice on Tuesday and Thursdays, getting some practice each day. The schedule did not suit some of those concerned, mainly the girls, with the result that the schedule was finally changed back (last Friday) to the way it was at first.

Senior Meeting

The Seniors held a meeting last week and with some difficulty adopted their announcements and diplomas.

Junior Notes

The Junior class held a meeting on Wednesday, November 3 in Miss Huckleberry's room to look over the assortment of class jewelry offered by a Portland concern.

Two other agents representing other companies have visited the class but the Portland company was given the contract.

Leora Barnes has quit school.

A Moonlight Scene

From behind Cupid's knoll
The moon was shining bright,
From the field below
It made a lovely sight.

The sheep were grazing in the field;
The field all green with grain—
For there had been no frost,
But just a warm, fall rain.

A car came speeding down the road,
The road that ran near by,
Of future days the lovers talked,
When they could live on pie.

—Verda Hamar

The Senior English class was reading in the classic of Abraham Lincoln. One of the members of the class had been appointed one of the parts to read. Suddenly he paused and Miss Huckleberry asked: "Fred, why don't you go ahead with your part?"

Fred: Well, I was just pausing.

Mr. Santee (in bookkeeping) Has anyone got the trial balance yet? Wayne, have you?"

Wayne H.: Yes, I've got one side of it.

As was the custom in previous years, the high school boys collected the food donations for the veterans' banquet yesterday in the domestic science rooms of the training school building. The town was divided into four sections with two boys with cars to each division. The section divisions were the railroad track and Main street.

Putting in Wood

The high school boys worked very hard on Friday, Nov. 4 putting in wood. For this work they have received \$8 which is to go for high school finances. Besides getting this money the boys were treated by Dad to a box of apples.

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Sports Jeanette Hinkle
Literary Corner Fred Calef
Joke Editor Elise Stewart
Class Reporters Cora Light

Sophomores Norman Roth
Junior Nada Johnson
Seniors Evangeline Davidson
Typing Verda Hamar
Florence Bierce.

EDITORIAL

The high school has just recently carried on a very successful contest which gave everyone a chance to show the real school spirit. As a result of this contest we have received valuable information in salesmanship. We have not only helped ourselves, but it also enables us to carry on our various sports.

The prospects at the present time are that we will have a very good team. When the yell leader and the student body back our players we are sure to have good results.

Besides athletics, a girls' league has been organized. This will prove very helpful. All of these school activities make it possible for the school to show forth the enthusiasm that we have.

Why Billy Boy Was A Naught Little Boy

Billy boy did not want to go to school. That was how it all started. Can you guess why Billy boy did not want to go to school? Well, it was just because he had to take an examination. He had never taken an examination before and he was afraid it would be a very dreadful thing, so he begged his mother dear to let him stay home, but of course mother could not do this, so Billy boy took his books and his dinner pail and started sulkily off to school.

"Hurry, Billy boy," called mother, "it's a quarter of nine."

But Billy boy did not hurry. It was warm already, bees hummed in the air about him, the flowers bloomed by the wayside and jolly little birds twittered at him from the bushes. Billy boy felt very tempted to play hookey. This was very naughty of course, and he knew it, for mother had told him to go straight to school and Miss Grace had often said that it made her feel very sad to have any of the boys or girls stay away from school if they were not ill.

"I don't see why I have to take old exams. I just wish the old school house would burn up. Oh, dear! Here goes the bell! I'll be late and Miss Grace will keep me in too."

Just at this time a white, soft little baby rabbit scuttled across the road right in front of Billy boy and before he knew it he was running through the cool woods after it as fast as his chubby legs would let him. The baby rabbit led him on till he reached a rippling, dancing little brooklet which laughed and danced merrily over its mossy stones.

The rabbit disappeared in a small hole which was under the roots of a big wild maple tree, but Billy boy didn't care. Oh, dear no! He forgot all about school and just wandered on and on till the baby brook led him to a tiny clearing.

Girls' League Organizes By Choosing Officers

The Girls' League of the high school met at 2:30 last Friday afternoon. Florence Bond, the president, read the League constitution and put the business of electing new officers before the girls.

Florence Bierce was elected president for the coming year; Zella Gilliam, vice president; Nada Johnson, secretary and treasurer.

A motion was made and carried that a committee be appointed to plan an initiation for the new members of the Girls' League. The league is composed of all the girls of the student body. It aims to bring them into closer relationship and to help others. We expect to do many interesting things this year both in the school and out.

The grass was soft as velvet and thickly dotted with wood violets and the broad flat rocks bordering the stream were so thickly covered with moss that Billy boy didn't know they were rocks at all at first.

The baby brooklet laughed and gurgled for pure joy and got in such a hurry that it tumbled down in a darling little waterfall to reach and lose itself in a lovely little emerald lake which reflected the blue sky and the fleecy clouds on its bosom.

Billy boy picked flowers for a little while but grew tired of this and decided to fish. He cut a hazel rod from a near by bush, drew a string from his pocket and fastened it to the rod. Then he hooked and baited it and sat down on a rock to fish.

Billy boy had never fished before and now when he felt a nibble he jerked the line quickly from the water, but what he saw made him drop it back in surprise for the fish he had caught was of gleaming gold and silver.

Suddenly the air was filled with a sad, strange and wonderfully beautiful music which quickly lulled Billy boy to sleep. Then a pair of lovely sea maidens came up slowly in a rainbow colored mist from the lake. A silver star glistened in their hair, which was fair as a moonbeam. Their eyes were deep and blue and were full of tears as they took the unconscious boy in their soft arms and bore him down with them to the bowers of their fairy queen, Emeralda.

"Where am I—who are you?" he asked at last.

"You are in the court of Queen Emeralda" she said sadly in a voice which sounded like the tinkling of silver bells, "and you are charged with playing hookey and for attempting to kill my niece, Corala."

"I—I—didn't, I wouldn't—kill anybody," stammered the frightened Billy boy.

"But you did, Billy boy. Her mouth in torn cruelly and she is quite ill from the shock."

"But how—I'm sure I never saw her, and I want to go home. Please, Oh, please—dear Queen, let me go home."

"No, you cannot go yet. I will tell you if you do not know. Corala has certain duties to perform each morning, which she shirked, just as a certain little boy did. In Fairyland this is a very bad sin, so for a thousand years she must take the form of a fish during the morning hours."

"This morning she was swimming about in the lake and you caught her on your ugly hook and would have slain her, I have no doubt, if it had not been for her sisters who played the slumberland song and put you to sleep. Now my council shall determine what to do with you."

Billy boy burst into tears. "Let me go—I didn't know, I am sorry, I never will again—please—"

Queen Emeralda waved her wand and Billy boy was unable to say another word. Then she turned to her council of queer little grey elves, clad in green.

"Retire, sirens and decide the case." They were gone for a very long time, and when they returned the oldest came and announced the decision.

"The council has decided, Oh, beloved Queen, that since the dreadful Billy boy has played hookey, because he dislikes examinations and has attempted to intentionally slay poor little princess Corala. He shall be sent to a place where there is no school, no lovely Miss Grace, and no mother to worry him about being late for school.

"Before he goes we will tear his mouth as he did Princess Corala's. With these words he proceeded to draw an immense hook from somewhere and Billy boy, who had suddenly found his voice, screamed with terror.

He sat up, and what do you think! He was sitting up in his very own little bed at home and mother and daddy were running down the hall with candles to see whatever had happened to Billy boy. And Billy boy cried and cried with his arms about his mother's neck and promised he would never play hookey again, and then daddy laughed.

"Ho, Ho, Billy boy, you have been dreaming, see it isn't morning yet. You have not played hookey, sonny."

And you may be sure Billy boy was glad it was all a dream and do you know when he took his examinations at school next day, it wasn't hard at all, and he saw how foolish he had been to cross his bridge before he came to it.—Helen Stanbrough.

This Week



By Arthur Brisbane

WIRELESS POWER. BIG BUSINESS IS BIG. DON'T PUSH LABOR. BIGGEST JAIL IN WORLD.

It has been suggested here occasionally during several years past that a solution of the flying problem would eventually include wireless transmission of power. What men can imagine, they can do when imaginations run on same lines.

Electric waves are power and can be sent without wires. It is not too much to hope that power generated at one place on the earth will be sent without wires to another place, or sent to machines flying in the air.

Latest, most important news is that Marconi, speaking cautiously as usual, suggests the possibilities of power transmission without wires as a scientific possibility, not a mere hope. There could be no greater practical scientific achievement.

Reports from our big business proves that it really is big. No wonder Europe envies us. While doubting Thomases ask, "What do you think of the business outlook?" reports of great companies answer the question.

In the first nine months of this year General Motors earned more than \$149,000,000, and the big United States Steel Company more than \$145,000,000.

It is interesting to see one of the automobile organizations making bigger profits than United States Steel, biggest industrial organization in the world.

In nine months United States Steel earned more than \$13 a share on five hundred millions of common

stock. That was once called "thin air," it wasn't even "water." Now, with earnings "put back" it represents no one knows how much real wealth.

The important thing, according to Stalin, Russian boss, is for Russia to get control of "reactionary labor unions." He means especially the American Federation of Labor.

American capitalists should realize that the American Federation of Labor is a great bulwark of conservatism, and not try to push it in the direction of Bolshevism by any gloating over the fact that organized labor power is not what it once was.

Chicago attacks one big problem in a big way, building the "largest, best jail in the world." The cost, with a court house in front to help fill the jail, will be seven and a half millions. Rooms for fourteen criminal courts will be built with high ceilings, and back of the court the big jail for the modern crime army.

In view of jail breaking and the unusual energy of criminals, wouldn't it be a good idea to let jailers wear gas masks, and install in corridors and in the main office valves that, when opened, would flood the jail with some convincing gas of the mustard type? Nothing to kill or permanently injure the convicts, of course, but strong enough to take their minds off any jail breaking plan.

Forty odd years ago, Edison, now eighty-four, was personally superintending the installation of a small electric lighting plant in "Harry Hill's," on Houston Street, New York, where John L. Sullivan used to box.

He probably did not think that he would live to see electric light and power develop into a business of seven thousand five hundred millions of dollars.

And that is only the beginning. Insult in Chicago, Williams in New York, and the great electric companies on the Pacific coast are constructing power plants of hundreds of thousands of horsepower.

All the gobblins in the world seemed to be let loose when talk came of gigantic tariff reductions, and Wall Street beat its breast.

But President Coolidge and Secretary Mellon let it be known that they will do all they can to cooperate in tariff reduction, BUT NOT AMERICAN TARIFF REDUCTION.

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