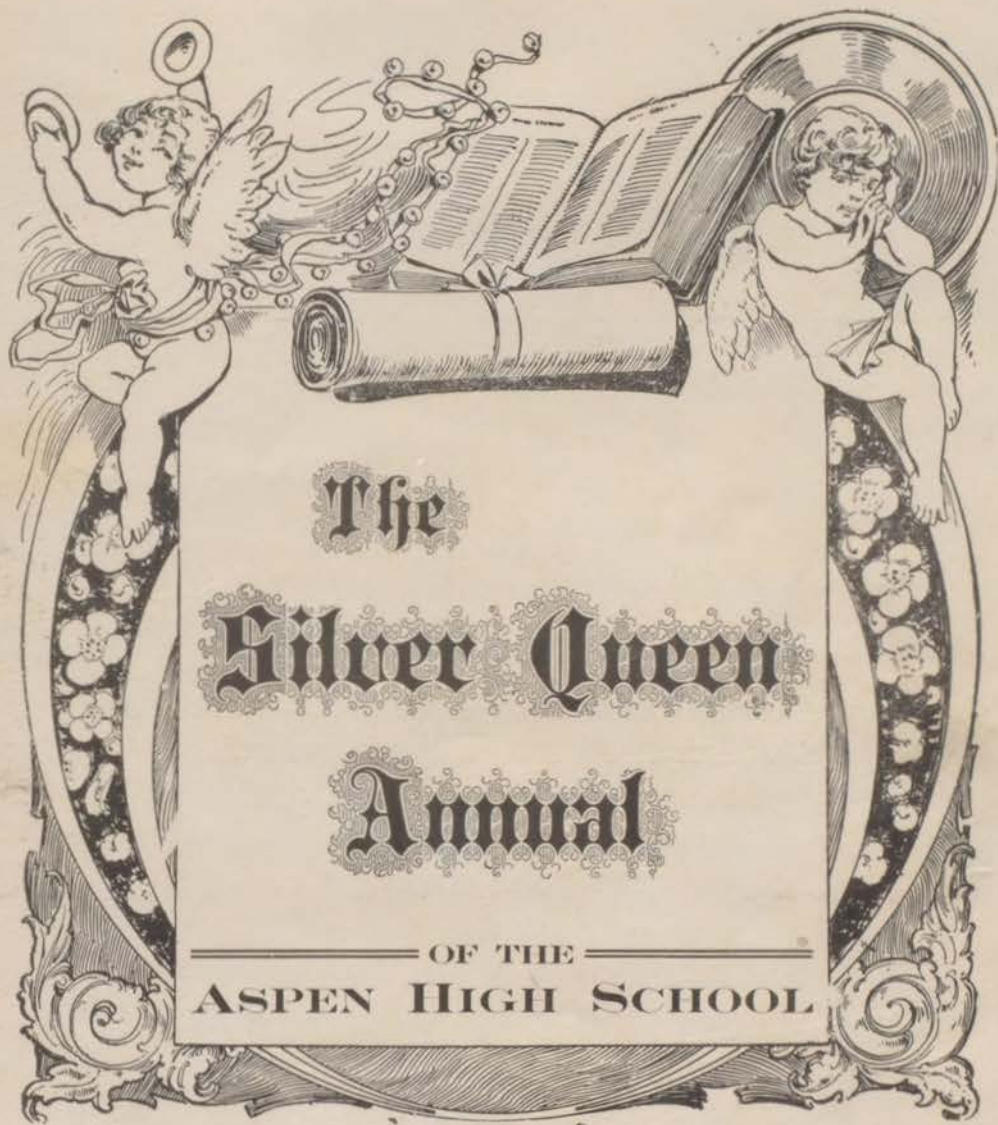




The
Silver
Queen

1935

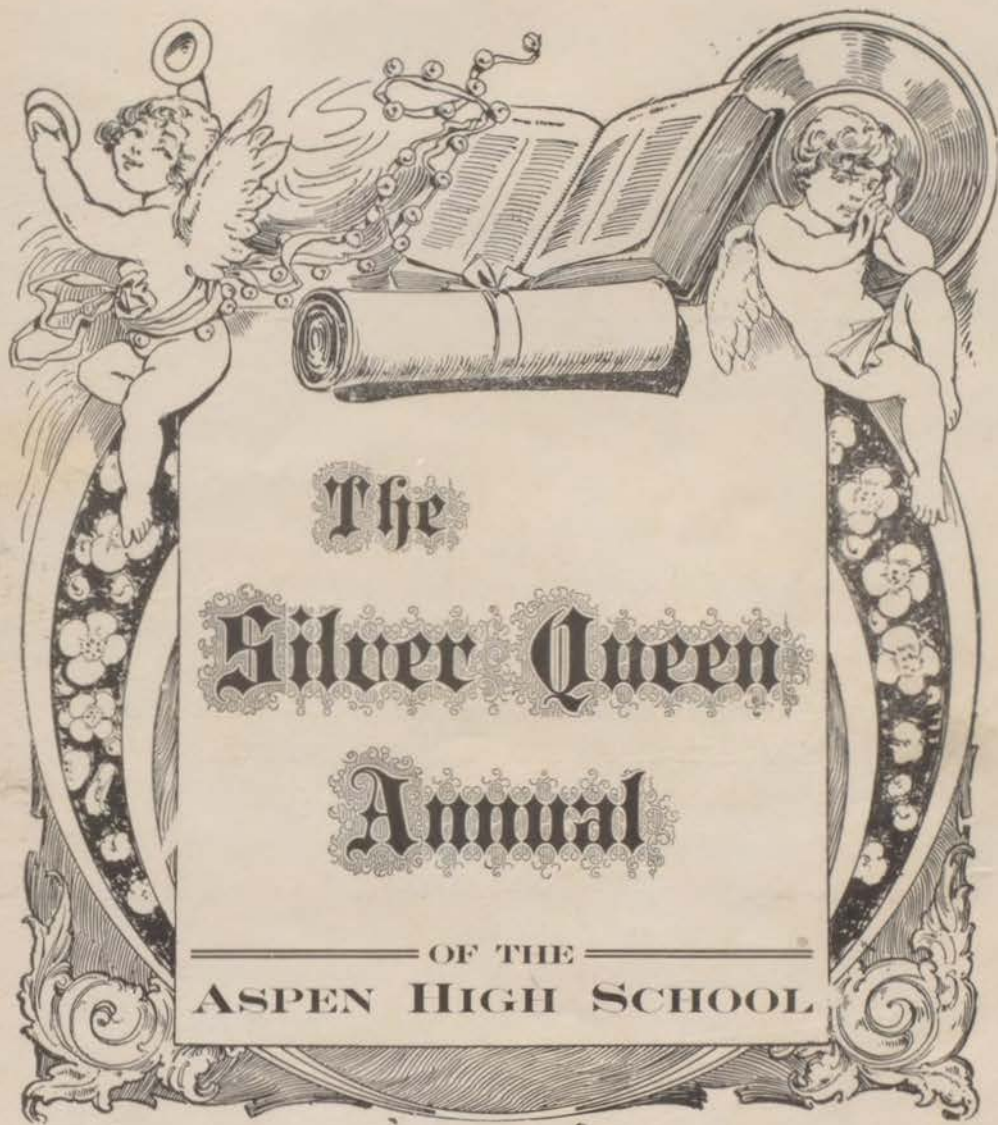
BEM



The
Silver Queen
Annual

— OF THE —
ASPEN HIGH SCHOOL

PUBLISHED BY THE
CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN
ASPEN, COLORADO



The
Silver Queen
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— OF THE —
ASPEN HIGH SCHOOL

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CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN
ASPEN, COLORADO

DEDICATION

TO THE CITIZENS OF ASPEN, WHO HAVE SO KINDLY AND
GENEROUSLY SUPPORTED US IN OUR UNDERTAK-
INGS, WE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE
THIS OUR FIRST ANNUAL,
"THE SILVER QUEEN."

GREETING

This our first effort at publishing an annual, we hope will not be looked upon with too critical an eye, as we have but endeavored to give a glimpse of our High School life.

Our thanks are due the kind friends who have in any way contributed to the annual.

We have tried to place herein those things which are of most interest to us now and which will in future years remind us of the happiest days of our lives,—our school days,

With this object in view and for the purpose of enlightening others as to how our school days are spent, we have published this our first annual, "The Silver Queen."



ASPEN SILVER QUEEN

The Silver Queen

WE have given the name, "The Silver Queen," to our first High School Annual, because Aspen is known as the Silver Queen Mining Camp.

At the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, the chief figure from Colorado was a colossal statue of unique design. It was made of silver which was taken from the Mollie Gibson Mine, of Aspen, in one piece. This nugget was the largest single mass of silver in the world.

The figure was made to represent a seventeen year old Colorado girl, called Mollie Gibson, who was born the year the State was admitted to the Union.

The statue is ten by twelve feet at the base, and eighteen feet high from the base to the top of the American eagle which is perched upon the canopy.

The face, bust, and arms of the Queen are finished in silver. Her hair is of white glass. The drapery which falls in graceful folds, is adorned by dark brilliants and minerals, except in the case of the scarf of blue crystals, which is draped over her left shoulder and falls into her lap. The large star which surmounts the twelve inch silver dollar on her sceptre, is worthy of note; since behind its rich jewelled center-piece, and at each of its points, there are minature electric lights which display its brilliancy with the greatest possible effect.

The Queen is seated in a chariot, the front of which is peculiar in this, that it somewhat resembles a prow. The exterior of the chariot is finished in alternate stripes of dark mineral and crystals. Its wheels are four feet in diameter, having heavy silver tires which are six inches broad and two inches thick. Each wheel contains seven glass panels bordered with crystals. Each spoke of the wheel is made of silver donated by Aspen mines and each bears inscribed the name of the mine from which it came.

The conveyance is supposed to be drawn by two winged Pluti (mythical gods of riches). The poise of wings and body gives them an air of life and motion. The god at the Queen's right carries a cornucopia out of which silver flows, while the one on her left carries a cornucopia from which gold coins are dropping. This suggests the parity of silver and gold.

A few words should be said about the gorgeous canopy of rich minerals and crystals above the Queen. It is octagonal in shape, having a border of stars on its lower edge. It is surmounted by a solid silver American eagle with wide spread wings.

In the pedestral there are also many valuable ores and minerals. Besides its many rich jewels, the statue, is adorned by two hundred electric lights. The entire cost was ten thousand dollars, four thousand of which was furnished by the Aspen people, James T. Stewart being solicitor.

The statue was designed and built by Hiram L. Johnson, of Pueblo, Colorado, who was also the originator and builder of King Coal, of Trinidad. This free coinage advertising statue is now beside that of King Coal in the Mineral Palace, of Pueblo, Colorado, where it is on exhibition.

EVELYN WOON.



Aspen 1879-1909

THE first residents came to Aspen in the summer of 1879. The old California gulch forty miles to the east, after going through the usual ups and downs of a gold mining camp, had just astonished the world by blossoming out as a bonanza silver producer and re-naming herself Leadville. Fortunes large and small had been parceled out to multitudes of Leadville's prospectors, miners and investors; but tens of thousands had drifted there, until there were not enough fortunes to go around. The surplus population optimistically packed its gunny sack, shovel and pick, spat on its hands, and struck out to find a "Second Leadville." On the banks of the Roaring Fork, near the mouth of Hunter Creek, some experienced prospectors found pieces of "float" and later a mineral outcropping. That find meant more than its discoverers dared dream; for it grew into the now famous Smuggler mine. It led, of course, to further great mineral discoveries on Smuggler and Aspen mountains; and the total of such discoveries enabled the town of Aspen, built up in the immediate neighborhood, to wrest easily from a score of competitors throughout the State the coveted title of the "Second Leadville."

Neither Rome nor Aspen was built in a day. First-class passengers in the early days used to walk over the range from Leadville and hire some one else to carry their packs; second-class passengers carried their own packs; third-class passengers carried their own packs and also the packs of the first-class passengers. No drowsy or faint-hearted pilgrims made the journey in those days; consequently all persons who arrived during the first few years were brimful of energy. They were the kind of people who build empires; and their impress is strongly limned upon the community which they founded. The pioneer period strongly taxed their perseverance. The reluctant rocks were not quick to yield up their treasures. Barely enough ores were wrenched from their grasp in the first few years to keep heart in the prospectors and miners.

In 1887 occurred the marvelous discovery of silver almost pure and of unparalleled abundance in the famous Aspen mine. Being in the heart of a perfect network of mineral-bearing veins, leads, pockets, or what you will, its neighboring claims were at once prospected with great energy; capitalists were willing to pay handsome prices for any claims in the neighborhood; so that as the "Aspen's" owners were becoming millionaires while you wait, holders of other claims were making smaller mines of their own or selling their holdings for comfortable fortunes. It was during the time from 1887 to 1888 that Aspen began to be called the City of Homes; because the proceeds of the first sales of bonanza ores and of mining interests were almost invariably invested in the neatest and most sightly houses which money could build or buy. No resident in those days wanted a home anywhere else than in Aspen. New mines were all the time being opened and new discoveries made in those already operated. But after two or three years of shipping ores across the range in wagons, the producers suddenly paused and held their breath; freight rates looked bad to them; railroads were dreamed of, talked of, expected; "let there be railroads," said our energetic mining men, and there were railroads.

The Colorado Midland was built for the prime purpose of hauling Aspen ores; and its construction from Colorado Springs was a marvel of quick and difficult railroad building. The Rio Grande Company already had a narrow guage track from Leadville to Red Cliff; it could build an additional one hundred and fifty miles to Aspen sooner than the Midland Company could build two hundred miles of broad guage; and it did. In October, 1887,

the first Rio Grande train, with Henry B. Gillespie, an old railroad man but a new millionaire, at the throttle, pulled noisily up to the platform at the foot of Mill Street. A few weeks later Thomas B. McNeill, a former owner of million dollar mines at the base of Smuggler Mountain, piloted a Midland train as far as Maroon Flats on his regular shift at a few dollars "per."

There had been a lull in mining activities pending the advent of the railroads. Ores were left in the bins and in the stopes in order to get the better rates of transportation; so that in the main the years of 1886 and 1887 were rather dull and to many of the inhabitants severely trying. Beginning, however, with the year 1888, and lasting at least until 1892, came the palmy days of this Crystal City of the Rockies. Many mines were shipping ores which sometimes yielded half their weight in silver. The Aspen went on enriching the owners, the Mollie Gibson financed several millionaires, so did the Della S., the Park Regent and several other mines whose names were then household words throughout the mining world; while the Smuggler and Percy-LaSalle had already settled down to their humdrum task of saying little but doing wonders in the way of supplying the constant employment which sustains communities.

During that period of time, material prosperity, the spirit of improvement, mutual good feeling and hope of civic advancement reached high water mark. Twelve thousand people at least had homes in this sheltered nook in the mountains; and to all of them were present the seeming assurance of today's abundance and tomorrow's competence.

Suddenly came the panic of 1893. People everywhere were stunned by the sudden stoppage of all enterprise; no products could find a market; and our first thought was that we and all mankind were alike unfortunate. Then a happy? thought occurred to our Chief National Executive: If only the product of the silver mines at Aspen could be rendered perfectly valueless, so that our people must leave the place and be scattered to the four corners of the earth, maybe the rest of the country would so benefit thereby as to insure its own continued existence. A special session of congress was called; the purchase of silver for coinage was discontinued; the price naturally fell to less than half its former value; miners and prospectors concluded that gold was the only metal worth while; the strong, vigorous half of our population again shouldered shovel and pick, spat on its hands, "hit the trail" and in the shadow of Pike's Peak, uncovered the yellow treasures which the Argonauts of early days had not the skill to find.

Aspen has a greater population than ever before. Not all of her people are at home; they are found wherever a door has been opened for energy, intelligence and manhood. They are sojourning everywhere, from Pasadena to Pasadumkeag, from Cape Nome to Cape Yes'm; Greenland's icy mountains are no barrier to them; while golden sands of Africa tempt many. But they never take out naturalization papers elsewhere, never renounce their allegiance to Aspen, never admit that the waters of the Abana and Pharpar compare with those of the Roaring Fork. Whether here or elsewhere, living or dead, they and their children are still Aspenites; the spirit of friendship enkindled years ago in this peaceful valley home, where all learned long ago that fortune is fleeting but that humanity is eternal, is a spirit immortal; so that we of Aspen expect upon the bright shores of the world to come, a cordial greeting from those who have preceded us, and a friendly inquiry of "How's Aspen?"

HENRY C. ROGERS.

At Board Meeting

JOHN (rushing into empty office) — Now I am ready to talk business. What have
— — — Well, where are they? This meeting was called for 3:30 sharp. Now
if they aren't going to take any more interest than this, I—

Roy (strolling in) Hello there, did you read that roast from Leadville?

John (impatiently) Hang Leadville! Where is the annual board? How in the
deuce do you expect—

Roy—There is Shaw out in the hall fussing Olive. He's a great business manager.
(Getting up and running to the window) Hello Mary, wait a minute and I'll be out.

John—The deuce you will (putting Roy in a chair)! Now you stay there!

Ruth (outside the door)—Isn't that the dearest hat up at Mrs. Bastian's? The
one with the roses, I am crazy about it.

Beulah—I don't like it nearly as well as the little brown one. It looks dandy on me!

John (rushing frantically out) — If you girls don't come in here and get busy, there
is going to be something doing! There is no sense in this nonsense.

Ruth—The editorial burdens are getting just a little too heavy for your little
shoulders. Poor John!

John (paying no heed to their sympathy)—Shaw, come here! Olive, for heaven's
sake go home! Ye Gods and little fishes what are you coming to?

Carl (as the four enter office) Well, where's Robinson and Wood?

John—I suppose it is up to me to go and find them.

Ruth—Not to change the subject, Beulah, what did you get in Physics? Really I think—

Carl—Forget Physics and lets talk business, because I have to go. The ads have to be—
Raymond (whom John is pushing into office) Ah, cut it out, Herron, you're
getting a little too heavy!

John—Well if I have to hog-tie everyone of you, I am going to have a meeting
tonight! Isn't Wood here yet?

Beulah—Harry was out in the back yard throwing the hammer a while ago.

John—Richmond, you go and get him, I'm tired of running around.

Roy (stubbornly) I won't move an inch. You wouldn't let me off a minute ago
when it wouldn't have hurt a thing! (To himself) And it might have done a vast amount
of good.

John—I guess you had better go and warm your feet a while! (Exit angrily)

Raymond—Biff! Bang! Listen to it talk! It has made quite an impression!

Harry—(Entering with John) I didn't know there was a meeting—

John—It is your business to find out when there is a meeting. Go and sit down!
I suppose you know there is a meeting, now! What have you Ruth?

Ruth—I have a few fine poems and a couple of good stories. I will read them.

Harry—Ha! Ha! That reminds me of a good joke. Once there was a—

John—Ah, shut up, Wood! We never will get anything done!

Carl—Say, Board, I have to go, so I move we postpone this meeting.

Beulah and Ruth—(eagerly) I second the motion.

John—(sinking into a chair) Well, noble stars! What do you think of that!!!

RUTH JOHNSON.

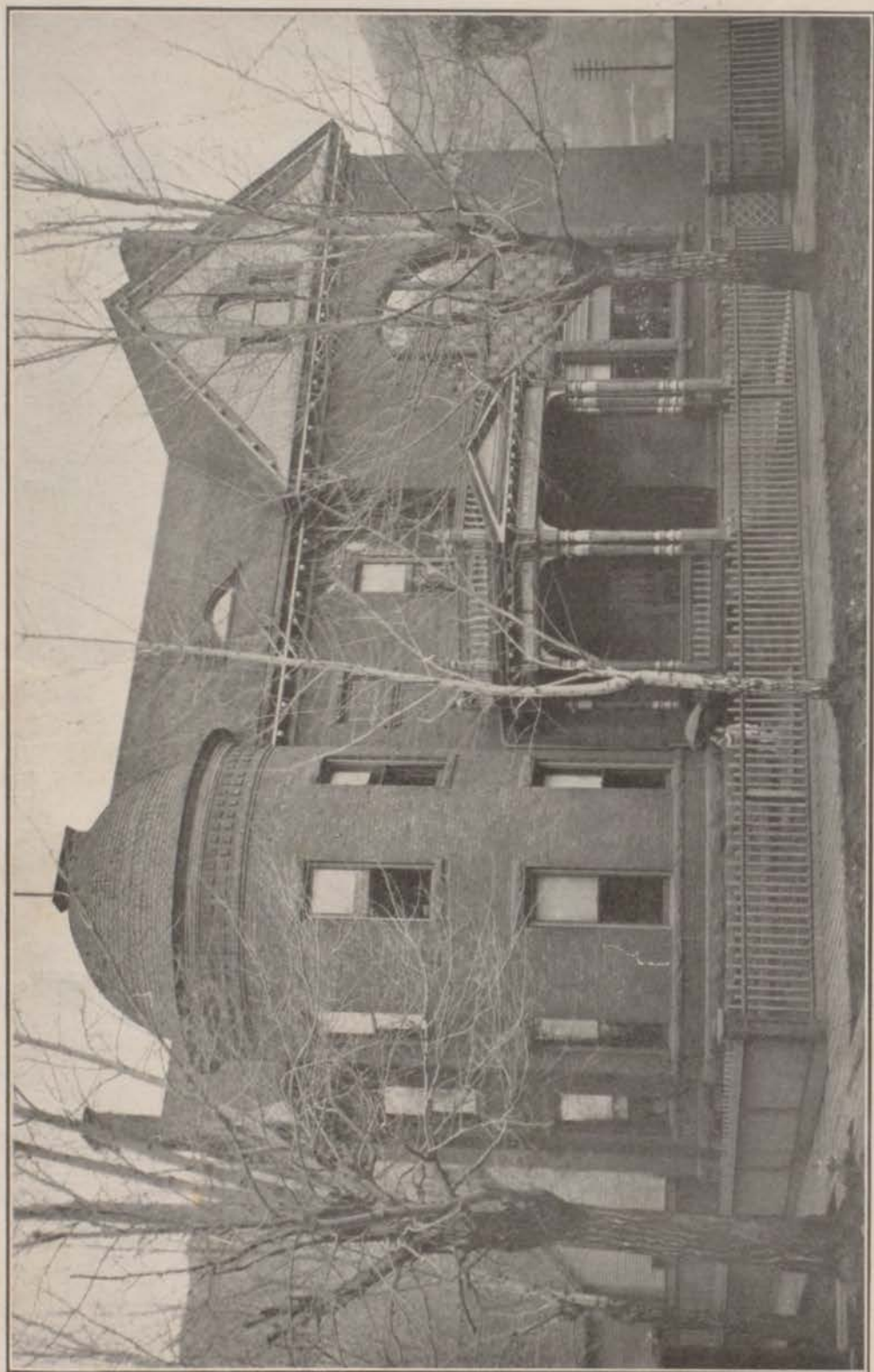


Photo by Lecron

HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

Dear Old A. H. S.

*O, school of the Crystal City,
O, pride of the rocky hills,
In the land of the quaking aspens,
On the banks of the mountain rills.*

*I love you, grand old mansion,
With your old and stately walls,
The mysterious winding stairway,
The strange romantic halls.*

*Crimson the signum for valor,
Appearing at first battle call,
Black is the sign that the vanquished
On the terra before us must fall.*

*Soon will I have to leave you,
And drift in the wide world alone:
But the name of the Aspen High School
Forever will be my own.*

*When our days in the high school are over,
When teachers and friends are at rest,
Three things in my memory will linger,
An A, an H, and an S.*

J. S. P.

Aspen Schools

ASPEN was no exception to the general rule of Colorado mining camps struck during the latter 70's and early 80's. The population was made up principally of venturesome young unmarried men who had come west to make their fortunes. Owing to the poor railroad facilities in the west and poor accommodations in these new towns, the few married men who were here had left their families in the far east where they might have the opportunities of an older school organization. It is therefore not unusual that from Aspen's inception in 1879 until 1881 it was without schools.

August 15th, 1881, Judge D. H. Waite assumed the office of County Superintendent of Schools. Immediate steps were taken to organize School District No. 1 and this work was completed August 6th, with the following officers of the district: Chas. Jacobs, President, J. C. Connors, Secretary, and T. A. Rucker, Treasurer.

During September, 1881 it was decided to open a school for six months and accordingly Miss Hattie Whitman was employed to teach the term. The following is a partial list of those attending school: William Lesher, Harry Lesher, William O'Reilly, Kate O'Reilly, Agnes O'Reilly, Peter O'Reilly, John Williams, Mary Williams, William Williams, Frank Smith, Della Smith (Yates), Ida Mackey, Lilly Tudor, Albert Plum, Hyde Plum, Albert Gillespie, Kendrick Gillespie, Willis Rucker and Pemberton T. Rucker. The old building now standing at No. 214 East Hopkins is the one in which the first school was opened.

While this school was in session a few more families ventured to the young mining camp, so this building proved inadequate both from a standpoint of size and accommodation. H. L. Harding having succeeded Miss Whitman completed the first term.

Early in 1882 the energetic school board secured a bond issue amounting to \$5,400 with which a new building, known as the Central School, at the corner of Bleeker and Center Streets was erected. This building composed the four south rooms of what is now the Lincoln Building. It was completed in time to open school in September.

Mrs. E. H. Grubb was employed as principal and Miss Nellie Muir as assistant. The enrollment at this time had reached eighty pupils. School was carried on for eight months.

The schools were again opened in September, 1883, with C. H. Hinchey principal and one assistant. Incident to the opening of some of the mines, in the latter part of '83 and the beginning of '84, the school population began to grow rapidly. The enrollment having reached 175 pupils, it was necessary to employ another teacher, H. C. Rogers now became principal with two assistants, W. R. Callicotte and Miss Carrie Kantner. The already rapid growth still increased, so another teacher had to be added to the force before the end of the year.

Beginning the school year of 1885, W. R. Callicotte took charge and began the work of grading the schools. During this year 273 pupils were enrolled and a session of nine months was held.

In 1885 a bonded debt of \$10,000 was voted to meet the demands of the school population and during the vacation, between June and September a new building was constructed in East Aspen and an addition of four rooms made to the Central Building; this completed the building as it now stands.

This year, 1886, began with a principal and seven assistants. It was at this time

that the grading of the schools was completed and also the year that marked the first graduation to be held in the Aspen Schools. It was that of the nine girls and four boys who graduated from the Grammar Department into the High School. In this year was also the dawn of a library in our schools. There were 91 volumes and this was the foundation of the present library.

During the years which intervened between 1887 and 1889 the regular yearly graduation from the Eighth Grade to the High School took place. In June, 1889, the first class was graduated from the Aspen High School. It was composed of five young women and one young man. The following is the honored class: The Misses Elizabeth Girard, Julia Pearce, Stella Pearce, Cornelia Maltby, Carrie Bailey and Mr. Harry Maltby.

At the end of December, 1889, the enrollment was so great that two buildings were not sufficient to hold all the pupils. On opening the schools in January, 1890, The West Aspen School, which had been under construction since the previous summer, was dedicated and opened with classes in the first, second, third and fourth grades. It was at this time that the Aspen Schools received their names. The Central Building became the Lincoln Building, the East Aspen, the Garfield, and the West Aspen, the Washington.

A history of the Aspen Schools, however brief, could scarcely be told without mention of an incident, which through one of the pupils, brought them the highest distinction.

In 1890, the Youth's Companion offered a prize, a beautiful silk flag, for each state to be given to the school whose pupil wrote the best essay on the subject, "The Patriotic Influence of the American Flag when placed over the Public Schools". The essay of Frank Kinder was selected as the best from the Aspen schools and sent to the office of the Youth's Companion, where it was decided the best of all the Colorado essays, and accordingly the Aspen schools were presented with the flag. An additional prize of \$25.00 was offered by the Times to the pupil who would win the flag for the Aspen schools. The essay was beautifully worded and was a glowing tribute to American Patriotism. Lack of space prevents its being published here. It will perhaps, be of interest for some to know that Mr. Kinder worked his way through this High School and also that he was the first pupil from Aspen to enter the State University through which institution he likewise worked his way. He is now a prominent consulting attorney.

The Arbor Day exercises in 1891, were partly devoted to the selection of a state flower by the school children. The vote in Aspen resulted in the selection of the columbine which proved to be the choice of nearly all the towns in the state, accordingly, the columbine became our state flower.

This same year saw another class leave the High School. In 1894, the next class was graduated. And each year since, the Aspen High School has sent out a class.

We must not forget to mention our present High School Building. It is a structure that any town would be proud to own. In 1900, it was given to us by five public spirited men, D. R. C. Brown, F. M. Taylor, D. H. Brunton and E. T. Butler.

Just a word now that we may all know how high our Aspen schools stand. We are on the Colorado accredited list of High Schools and also on the accredited list of the North Central Association. Pupils have gone from this school to all the higher educational institutions of this state and also to many in the east with world wide reputation. Let Aspen schools be always as they are now, the highest standard.

NANNIE B. CANNING.



HARRY G. KOCH



JOSEPH PAXTON



ELIAS COHN



W. PORTER NELSON

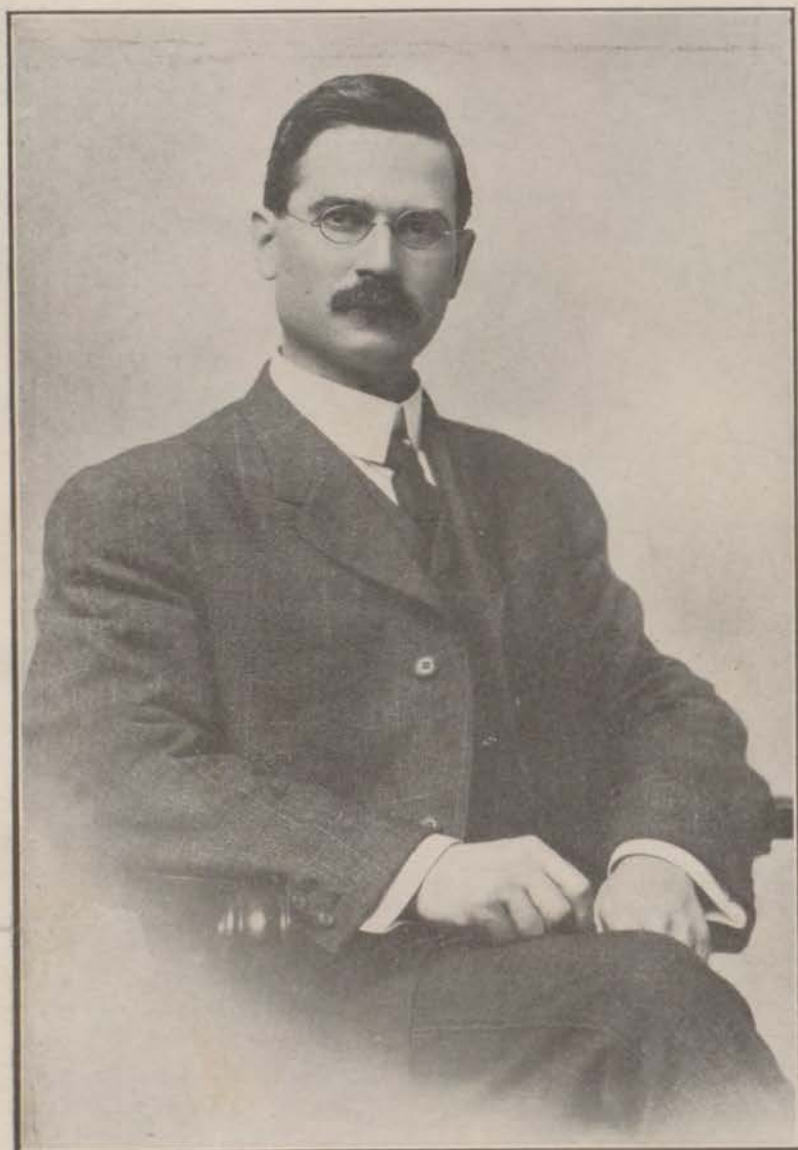


C. F. BROWN

ASPEN SCHOOL BOARD

Faculty





JAS. H. ADAMS, Superintendent



MARY L. HARTIG
German and Latin



MARY L. LEPPER
Math. and Latin



H. P. SHEPHERD, PRIN.
History



CHAS. A. FRY
Science



LEO JOSEPHINE MORGAN
English

The Faculty

J. H. ADAMS, Superintendent, University of Ottawa, University of Chicago.	
H. P. SHEPHERD, B. S.	Baker University.
MARY L. LEPPER, A. B., A. M.	Butler College.
	Master's degree, University of Michigan.
MARY L. HARTIG, A. B.	Colorado College.
LEO JOSEPHINE MORGAN, A. B.	University of Colorado.
CHAS. A. FRY, A. B.	Lebanon Valley College

MR. ADAMS as superintendent and teacher instantly won the highest respect of pupils and patrons. He has proven himself a thorough school man and has worked diligently for the betterment of the Aspen schools.

Mr. Shepherd, our principal, at first gave us the impression of being rather stern and uncompromising; but our opinion changed, as he has won the favor and good will of the entire student body. His classes are a pleasure to attend as the work in them is made interesting. Naturally the results accomplished are commendable.

We are indebted to Mr. Shepherd for suggesting and for assisting in the publication of this, our first Annual; for this new department of school activity, we are doubly thankful to him.

Miss Lepper has been with us two years; in which time she has woven herself into the affections of the pupils. She has always worked for the betterment of school conditions and deserves special mention for her unatiring efforts in directing the music and special entertainment work. Miss Lepper is very thorough in her classes and it is seldom that any one passes out of her class rooms without a thorough understanding of the subject.

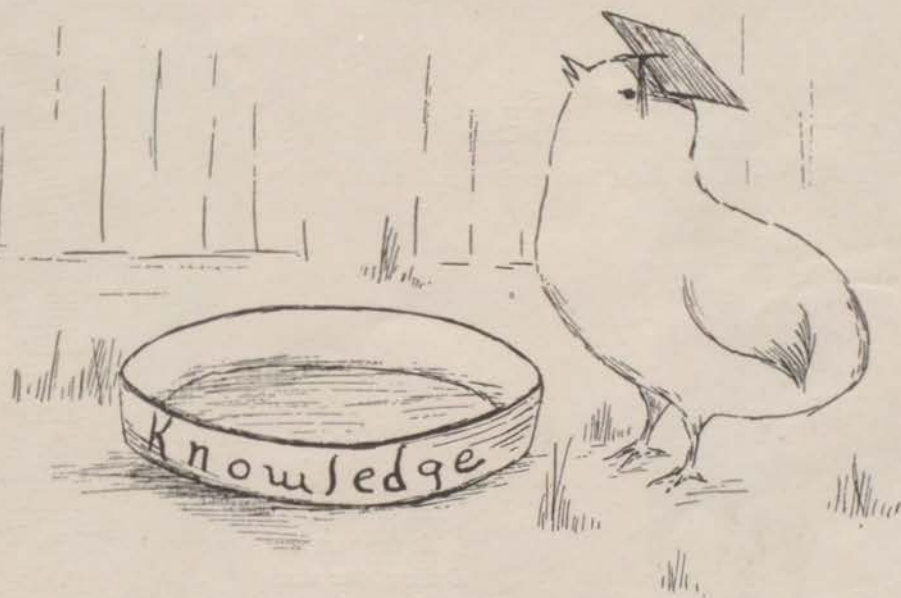
Miss Hartig has been with us a year and a half: during which time she has willingly cooperated with the pupils in all their enterprises. She is well liked by the students and her department is progressing rapidly.

Miss Morgan has taken a keen interest in all school activities and has worked hard to make high school life attractive. Special thanks is due Miss Morgan for her assistance and interest in the editing of the Annual. Miss Morgan is thoroughly familiar with her department and her class work is good.

Mr. Fry has handled his department well. He believes in the good old rule "work while you work and play while you play." We greatly appreciate the interest and assistance Mr. Fry has given the boys in athletics. His aim has been constantly to maintain the enviable reputation of the Aspen High School in Western Slope Athletics and has ever been on the alert to help our boys procure for themselves what they always aim to give others,—the square deal.

The faculty have proven to be very efficient in every department. The school year has been exceptionally good, both in the work accomplished and the interest aroused in other lines. The teachers are well liked and a feeling of good will has existed since the beginning of the school year.

Seniors





WILL SHEEHAN

Class President.

Football '05, '06, '07, '08.

Track '06, '07, '08, '09.

Baseball '07, '09.

"For doth the man all other men excel
Who from his wisdom speaks in all things well!"

LUCILLE BURNS.

Vice-President of the Class

"Charm strikes the sight, but merit wins the soul."
She has both.



ROSE CONLIN.

Class Treasurer

"Full of smiles and laughter
Is the part she plays,
Dulling ever after
Cares of yesterdays."



EDITH BECK.

A Student true,
And popular too,

For she has done many things and done them well.





ALMA CALEY.

"Take, then, these thanks of our hearts' fondest hoarding,
Deeper than laughter, more true than applauding—
Thanks, richest thanks, for the joy you have made for us,
You who have sung to us, danced for us, played for us!"



GRACE KAIRNS.

"O queen, with dimpled cheeks and bright black eyes,
Brow bound with burning gold."



EDITH MAGARY.

"She is the greatest artist then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows nature."



ELSIE PAXTON.

"A maiden simple in her mien,
Yet rosy as a poppy 'mid the corn."



HOWARD DEMARAIS.

Mathematician, musician, gentleman;
What more do you wish?

JEWEL GREENER.

"Here's to the girl who has a smile for every joy, a tear for every sorrow, an excuse for every fault, an encouragement for every hope."



GRACE HART.

"Grace was in her steps, dignity in every gesture."

JOHN PAXTON

Football, 1905, '06, '07, '08.
Track, 1905, '06, '07, '08.
"The man who never loses."

The world loves a good loser;
The world also chooses
To love better the man
Who never loses.





IDA SMITH

Bright western girl, with charms designed
For athletic field, if so inclined.



MAE SULLIVAN

"Line upon line, the rhythmic pace
Is e'er what Myrtelle makes it.
The song is hers whose perfect grace
To melody awakes it."



OPHA TIDWELL

"Beholding her, how could there be
A surer inspiration?
Are not Pegasus and she
The proper combination?"

Senior Class History

MOTTO: "We have reached the summit of the foothills."

CLASS FLOWER -----*Snowball*

CLASS COLORS -----*Green and White*

THE class of 1909 had suffered much in the grades up to the eighth, although no authentic records have been kept. A goodly number had dropped out so that we amounted to about forty-five that second day of June, when scribe Palmer opened the gates and we rushed forth to enjoy the much needed vacation that was at hand.

We grew quite a bit that summer and in September we were quite a formidable looking crowd of thirty-eight, when we knocked for admittance at the palace of higher learning. The door opened and we had scampered in as a flock before a storm, when lo and behold our progress was checked by a strange looking man of fast fading magnificence. He frowned on us and announced the fact that we were very noisy. After this rebuff we gradually regained courage and gazing about us, saw the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. How great to be a Sophomore!

Soon the chapel bell rang and we drifted gracefully through the long passageways. (Ah, I can still see that magnificent sight!), and assembled in the forum. Mr. Bowers climbed up in his high chair and loudly proclaimed. His talk was chiefly on the duties of the Freshmen and the privileges of the Seniors. In his talk he conceded that all men were not created equal; that one was superior to all others; and furthermore and lastly he said:

"Thou shalt not make cartoons of me, nor my helpers.

Thou shalt not take my name in vain, nor my actions for granted.

Five days in each week shalt thou labor, and the remaining two days shalt thou labor some more.

Thou shalt not kill thy fellow-man in foot-ball-battle, nor puzzle the teacher with the density of thy cranium.

Thou shalt not steal thy neighbor's pony, nor my answer book, thy neighbor's mittens, nor likewise his rubbers.

And lastly I say unto thee, use all the opportunities that drift in thy way, for it is a light wind that blows no one good.

Let every occasion be a great occasion, for thou knowest not when fate is taking thy measure for a higher calling."

This over, the bell sounded and we drifted out on the campus to get what was coming. We were bent over barrels and spatted with kindlings. This to my mind is the saddest thing in Freshmen life, to cry unto the Sophomores for mercy and receive it not.

Soon we gathered in room two and elected a leader to take the blame and responsibilities of this unlucky crowd. Elsie Paxton was chosen. The first year rolled on, varied occasionally with a Dutch lunch during morning hours. These lunches used to be held on the Freshmen side of the lower assembly, John and Lincoln bringing them. How good they tasted! I can smell that bologna yet!

Spring came at last. We got the fever and once in a while some one deserted, but on the whole we did not pass a very bad year.

The second year drew nigh and we now numbered twenty-eight. We were growing larger and less controllable. The leader could no longer keep us in order so another was elected. Paul R. Caley took the throne and ruled us with a hand of iron. Soon after school was begun this year, some limburger cheese got behind the radiator in every room. Gee! What a smell! Of course we got the blame, and, having no way to prove our innocence, suffered punishment.

At the end of the year, Paul sought a private life and William Sheehan was elected president. He was the largest in the class which now numbered eighteen. This year passed nicely and near the close we won distinction in a new field by playing "The Merchant of Venice Up to Date." This we never will forget.

Our president loudly clamored for a chance to resign at the close of this year, but we heard him not, so he was doomed forever to assume the responsibilities.

Directly after the harvest in 1908, he led his little band into the palace of learning for the last time. The head scribe was a "goodly Shepherd" and helped him count and mark his flock. They were counted forward and backward, cornerwise and forward again; but to no avail. There were only fifteen, no more, no less. But such a fifteen! Such a crowd of winsome, charming girls, such a trio of lads, such specimens of womanhood and manhood. Look at Sheehan, DeMarais and Paxton! How well they illustrate the phrase, "Survival of the fittest." Indeed they gladden the eyes of the Superintendent but sadden the heart of the Janitor. Yet even as these notes are being made, the light of a greater glory is beginning to dawn on us. The Juniors are planning a magnificent feast to take place soon. We are planning a grand play in their honor, and last of all commencement provisions are under way. Though it cannot be recorded here, future Annuals will probably say: "The class of 1909! Ah, there was a class. Nothing equals it, ever did, or ever will. Freshmen, follow in their footsteps if you wish to be wise."

Thus the last year of High School life is quickly passing, and I an unlucky member of the class have been appointed to take these notes and fit them into some obscure corner of "The Silver Queen."

J. D. P.



Remembrance

*When time o'er our lives a cruel hand lays,
And steals away the golden days;
When fade Youth's flowers with fragrance gone,
When from our lives flows life's sweet song;
Then oft' shall we look back with longing regret,
To the dear old days we cannot forget.*

James Magee.

Senior Play

DURING the past eight years it has been a custom at each Commencement for the Senior class to give a play. The success of these plays has been so marked, that they are now a special feature of the Commencement week.

The Senior class, having successfully put on the "Merchant of Venice Up-to-Date" during their Junior year, have selected for this year a more difficult play, "The College Widow."

The play is under the direction of Mrs. Benjamin Kobey. The cast of the play is as follows:

"The College Widow."

CAST.

BILLY BOLTON.....	A half back.....	Ray Robinson
PETER WITHERSPOON.....	A. M., PH D., President Atwater College.....	Howard DeMarais
HIRAM BOLTON.....	President of the K. & H. Road.....	Will Sheehan
MATTY MCGOWAN.....	A trainer.....	John Herron
HON. ELAM HICKS.....	Of Squantamville.....	John McLaughlin
"BUB" HICKS.....	A Freshman.....	Carl Shaw
"JACK" LARABEE.....	The Football Coach.....	John Paxton
"COPERNICUS" TALBOT.....	A post graduate tutor.....	Albert DeMarais
SILENT MURPHY.....	Centre Rush.....	Edward Koch
STUB TALMAGE.....	A busy under graduate.....	Edmore Daley
TOM PEARSON.....	Right tackle.....	Roy Richmond
DANIEL TIBBETS.....	Town Marshal.....	Homer Van Loon
OLLIE MITCHELL.....	} Students	Ed Grover
DICK MCALLISTER.....		Earl Bolam
JIMSEY HOPPER.....		Harry Wood
JANE WITHERSPOON.....	The College Widow.....	Alma Caley
BESSIE TANNER.....	An Athletic Girl.....	Ida Smith
FLORA WIGGINS.....	A prominent waitress.....	Rose Conlin
MRS. PRIMSEY DALZELLE.....	A professional chaperon.....	Grace Hart
BERTHA TYSON.....	} Tom girls	Jewl Geener
LUELLA CHUBS.....		Edith Magary
SALLY CAMERON.....		Mae Sullivan
JOSEPHINE BARCLEY.....		Lucille Burns
CORA JINKS.....		Grace Kairns
RUTH AIKEN.....		Edith Beck
MRS. BOLTON.....		Opha Tidwell
MRS. HICKS.....		Elsie Paxton

Juniors





Photo by Lecron

JUNIOR CLASS

Editorial Staff

JOHN HERRON.....	<i>Editor in Chief</i>
ROY RICHMOND.....	<i>Associate Editor</i>
RUTH JOHNSON.....	<i>Literary Editor</i>
HARRY WOOD.....	<i>Humorous Editor</i>
RAYMOND ROBINSON.....	<i>Athletic Editor</i>
BEULAH MCBRIDE.....	<i>Artistic Editor</i>
CARL SHAW.....	<i>Business Manager</i>
CHAS. CHAPMAN.....	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>

Junior Class Officers

ROY RICHMOND.....	<i>President</i>
OLIVE MCBRIDE.....	<i>Secretary</i>
FRANCES RYAN.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Junior Class Roll

CLASS FLOWER.....	<i>Pansy</i>
CLASS COLORS.....	<i>Silver and Gold</i>

Augustine, Mabel	Herron, John	Powell, Ethel
Bolam, Earl	Johnson, Ruth	Robinson, Raymond
Chitwood, Opal	Koch, Edward	Ryan, Frances
Chitwood, Lena	Leonard, Helen	Richmond, Roy
Chapman, Charles	Layton, Eura	Stevens, Edwina
Daley, Edmore	McBride, Olive	Shaw, Carl
DeMarais, Albert	McBride, Beulah	Tarbell, Pearl
Fruit, Edna	Magee, James	Van Loon, Homer
Ferris, Zella	McLaughlin, John	Van Horn, Charles
Fiest, Charlotte	O'Connell, Margaret	Wood, Harry
	Woon, Evelyn	

Words to the Wise

MABEL AUGUSTINE—Mabel you are a bonny lass and should never whisper in English class.

Earl Bolam—Forget the song, "Gee I wish that I had a girl!" "Faint heart." — — — you know. It will not bring about the realization of your dreams.

Charles Chapman—We admire your taste in selecting a Greener Jew(e)l.

Lena Chitwood—Wait(e) Wait(e) at the garden gate. Is that Frank enough? Or, if you prefer the classics, we should recommend Homer.

Opal Chitwood—It is very hard to choose from such an assortment we know. You might draw straws.

Edmore Daley—There is "just one girl" for you if you do love them all.

Albert DeMarais—Even if you were not born in October, you need not be superstitious about the luck an Opal brings.

Charlotte Fiest—"Standing with reluctant feet, where the brook and the river meet," it seems hard for you to decide upon your course in life, but "hitch your wagon to a star and drive for it."

Zella Ferris—Zella you are a maiden rare,
With laughing eyes, and golden hair
And in your heart so gay and bright
You should cherish every Ray of Light.

Edna Fruit—The best remedy for low grades is closer application to your studies. You should endeavor to raise your standings.

John Herron—Every "Rose" has its thorn.

Ruth Johnson—"Be good, sweet maid, and, let who will, be clever. Do noble things, not dream them all day long, and thus make life, death and that vast forever, one grand sweet song."

Edward Koch—"Rome was not built in a day." With this thought in mind, continue your good work and sometime you may be able to soar, and soar, and soar, till you get so sore, you can't soar any more.

Eura Layton—"How(w)ard off the attentions of a young man whom you think to be peddling "hot air?" We suggest that you Lay(a)ton of cold shoulder against his fertile brain.

Helen Leonard—Your hogdenish propensities are apt to make you enemies. A more quiet manner of conduct would become you much better.

James McGee—If you fail, you fail, but "screw your courage to the sticking point and you'll not fail."

Beulah McBride—From your statement, we think that he must be bashful or is he waiting for a good opportunity.? Give it to him.

Olive McBride—O, (p)Shaw! Don't worry about a little thing like that. We feel positive he is in earnest.

John McLaughlin—Oratory and "fussing" never did work well together. We advise you to drop one or the other.

Margaret O'Connell—"Red" is a shade becoming to you, and since you admire it, it may be well for you to secure as much Red as possible.

Ethel Powell—Cannons are generally used in the most serious conflicts, but if you know how to handle them, you need fear no danger.

Roy Richmond—You seem lonesome, but L(e)isten! She enters High School next year.

Raymond Robinson—"Oh! the world is full o' Roses,
An' the Roses full o' dew,
An' the dew is full of heavenly love
That drips for me an' you."

Frances Ryan—Since you are so fond of titles, we would advise that you choose an Earl.

Carl Shaw—We are sure you showed good taste when you chose an Olive. If you hadn't, Harry Wood.

Edwina Stevens—"With hosts of admirers at your feet
You shouldn't spend all your time with Pete."
(It should be "Jim," but "Pete" rhymes with feet.)

Pearl Tarbell—Cheer up, Pearl. Kalamazoo is still on the map.

Charles Van Horn—Scientific expeditions are very interesting and profitable, but require great courage. Brace up and put on your best armor.

Homer Van Loon—You are all right as a dictionary. Just a little long and thin, perhaps.

Harry Wood—You could have her, if you would;
She would have you, if she could;
If you would and could,
And she could and would,
Could you resist her if you would?

Evelyn Woon—It is not necessary to have a Butler in the home, but since you show partiality to such a household luxury, it is all right to keep one.



Halloween Gossip

MISS RIGHT-THERE—Do you realize the fact that it is 5:45 and I just this minute got out of school and came right over here. I haven't a minute to stop, but I just simply must tell you the news.

Miss Absent—You don't mean to tell me—

Miss R.—Yes, I do mean to tell you that the Juniors had their Halloween party and it was great.

Miss A.—Oh! do hurry and tell me all about it.

Miss R.—Well, I will as soon as you ask me to take off my coat, ditch these books and have a piece of that fudge. I'm nearly starved.

Miss A.—Don't talk about the fudge, but talk.

Miss R.—Now here goes: About ten minutes before time for the last bell one of the Junior boys hurried up to me and told me to go up into the gym at once and stay there.

That was the first I knew of anything being up; but being as you know, of an extremely docile disposition, up I went. When the bell rang there was a great rush on the stairs. Here came all the Junior boys up to the gym. The girls, you understand, were already up there. And you should have seen those Freshie girls skiddoo, when the boys appeared. Two of the Senior girls were with us, so we locked them in with the rest.

Miss A.—For goodness sake! didn't they want out?

Miss R.—Well it wasn't a question of what they wanted, was it? Anyway—my! that fudge is good. Where did I leave off? The Senior girls, Oh yes; well next thing we knew, Mr. Fry was up looking through the glass in the door, taking names and trying to get in but the boys kept him out. We decided that something must be done; so the boys put the piano over against the door, and we girls put benches against the piano. Then we occupied the benches while the boys pushed against the piano.

By this time most of the faculty and the janitor were without making great but vain efforts to get in.

We had a lot of candy and nuts with us so we had a feast.

But at last seeing the fruitlessness of their work the faculty abandoned the door, and went into the store room where the window leads to the gym. To our great dismay, they took the window out.

Ha! ha! you should have seen Mr. Fry boost Supt. Adams through the window.

But alas! from here on instead of being leaders we were led. We had to report to classes, and after school we had a Grand Junior Assembly.

Say! Mr. Adams is simply dandy. I don't care if he did keep us until after five. We deserved it. He gave us one of the squarest talks I ever listened to. You know what a nice, kind voice he has anyway. Well, this is the way he started out—

"Now, young people, I appreciate your position, for I was once young myself, and have been right where you are now, etc." Oh, it was great.

But Mr. Shepherd wasn't so—but let that pass. Who can blame any teacher for being provoked?

Now I'm going home. No, don't ask me another question for I won't answer it. Goodbye, dear. I will run home and proceed to tell my innocent and unsuspecting parent about our model Junior class of 1909.

LENA CHITWOOD.

Sophomores





Photo by Lecron

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class

Class Officers

HAROLD BURCH.....*President*
MILDRED BURCH.....*Vice President*
CHARLES WILCOX.....*Treasurer*
ALMA HARRIS.....*Secretary*

CLASS FLOWER.....*Violets*
CLASS COLORS.....*White and Lavender*

Class Roll

Akers, Amy
Ammerman, Marie
Anson, John
Burch, Mildred
Burch, Harold
Clark, Vincent
Cole, Edna
Dustin, Anna
Harris, Alma
Gerstle, Jake
Harrington, Cornelius
Grover, Edward
Hayhurst, Normal
Gilbert, Ben
Hoagland, Rose
Kearns, Mary
Moore, Helen
Ogden, Dorothy
Prindle, Grace
Shields, Russel
Stoker, Alex
Walsh, Mary
Wilcox, Charles
Woods, Sophie

A Sophomore's Dream

GOODNESS! Wasn't our geometry lesson hard? This is what happened to me while I was studying it. It was almost twelve o'clock, I had my figure drawn, and was trying to work out the proof, but when I got to where angle P I G and angle H O G are complementary, and angle C A T equals angle D O G, I could go no farther. Five minutes of twelve and still I was struggling with the proposition. A very drowsy feeling crept over me. I closed my eyes, thinking that I would rest just a minute. But once closed, my eyes refused to open, and in a few moments I was off to dreamland. The geometrical figure was still before my eyes and angle P I G and angle H O G are complementary and angle D O G equals angle C A T, still ran through my mind. The figure soon grew dim; then brighter, and just as the clock struck twelve, it appeared in glowing colors, a calendar for January, 1909. On the top of the page was written in gilt letters, "Sophomores are Wonders." These faces grew dim and faded away, and I saw in their place a huge book, entitled "Fate" and written by Mother Nature. An old man with a scythe over his shoulder, leaned on the massive volume. He removed the scythe from his shoulder, rested it against the wall, and opened the book. He turned the pages slowly, until he came to Part 1909, Chapter One. It was headed the "Sophomore Class of 1909."

The page gradually took the form of a curtain, and the curtain rose slowly, revealing to my view, a stage. This appeared to be the office room of a doctor. Presently, a man entered. His hair was white, and he wore a long, white beard and a pair of glasses. As he came in he threw the door wide open, and I read on it, "E. Grover, M. D." He sat down to his desk and removed his spectacles. I thought that I had seen him before, but I could not tell where. It seemed that I had heard the name before, too. At last I supplied "Edward" for the "E." Then I had it. Edward Grover our old Sophomore ex-president! He worked industriously for some time. Presently, a short, fat, little woman entered, with a small boy, who was screaming, "Och! mamma, you are hurting my arm." Hush! "John Alexander Cornelius Benjamin Edward Johnson!" said the mother, in whom I recognized my former classmate, Anna Dustin. Then she added in a milder tone, "Dr. Grover, the paragoric didn't do the baby any good, and he just squalls all the time. I think you must have made a mistake in what ails him." "No mistake madam there is something wrong with his stomach." Then, after a short pause, "You say he cries all the time? Very strange indeed. Suppose you try giving him castoria for awhile. Half a spoonful three times a day." Just then the telephone bell rang. "Well, goodbye, doctor," said Anna. "If the castoria doesn't work, I'll bring him in and have you see him again."

The scene changed, I saw a little shop in the heart of a crowded city. A brilliant sign proclaimed that it was the barber shop of J. Gerstle. Two very stylishly dressed men were just taking leave of Jake's little shop. They walked a short distance from the shop and paused. One of them said, "I say, Clarkie, will you keep me out of this." How much is there "in it," said Clarkie. "Five thousand" was the reply. "I can clear you for that," said Clarkie. Both men were silent for some time, then Clarkie said, "I say, Wilcox, why didn't you learn to be a lawyer? You see there is practically no difference between you and me. We're both after the money. I am always sure of mine, because I'm a lawyer and have to be paid. You're always taking chances because you trust to luck. You see, I can practice my profession anywhere I want to, and nothing is said, but if you get caught where you ought not to be, then you have to come to me, and give me all

there is in it to get you out of it. But you come up to my office tomorrow at 5 o'clock and we'll talk it over." They shook hands and parted.

Again, the scene was changed. This time I saw a great opera house full of people. The stage was beautifully decorated. A woman and two men entered, and came to the front of the stage. All was quiet. One of the men began to speak. "Ladies and gentlemen, tonight, I have the pleasure of introducing to you the greatest singer in the world. Benjamin Harrison Gilbert and his wife, the greatest pianist. They make their first appearance in New York tonight, and I feel quite honored that they come to my playhouse. They are old schoolmates of mine, too, and I think that I have reason to be proud of the fact." Upon this, he retired, leaving the stage to Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert. They held the audience spellbound for an hour, during which time I was trying to make out where I had seen Mrs. Gilbert before. Just as the last song was finished, it came to me suddenly. It was Marie Ammerman! When the musical program was over, Ben addressed the audience. He thanked the people for their attendance and attention to his work, and especially thanked manager Hayhurst for kindnesses shown by him. Hayhurst! that name sounded familiar. Could it be——? Yes, it was——our old classmate, Normal Hayhurst. I remembered now, it looked like Normal.

But lo! The theatre and its crowd were gone, and instead, I beheld a fair, young bride, whom I recognized at once to be Mary Walsh tripping lightly up the aisle of a church. At the altar she met Mr. Nausenbocker, who was to be her husband. I hoped sincerely, that they would both be happy. But who was that minister? He reminded me of someone. He approached Mr. Nausenbocker and extended his hand. "Thanks, Rev. Burch," said Mr. Nausenbocker. Burch! That was half of it. But the question was, what Burch? I thought of all the Burches that I had ever known. At last Harold Burch came to my mind. Yes, it was Harold Burch.

Just as I came to this conclusion, the beautiful church was changed to a beautiful kitchen in which a beautiful woman stood at the door, calling "Ed-na-a, Al-ex-an-dri--a-al!" In a short time two little girls entered. You could see at a glance that they were twins. They looked just exactly alike, except for their hair. The one had the most beautiful, golden brown curls, and the other had curls of a fiery red. "Come to dinner, dears," said the mother, "but first, go tell papa to come." Both little girls bounded off and soon returned with their father, whom I recognized at once. Anyone would have known that he was Alex Stoker, by taking a glance at his hair. "I've finished it! It's all done now!" he cried in great excitement. "What?" said his wife. "The new airship," was the answer. "Edna, my dear, when I get it patented, you and I will take a ride in it, won't we? You see, its perfectly safe." And he explained its workings to her while they ate dinner.

The scene faded. Two women each carressing a French poodle, next appeared. They were reclining in a hammock, which hung under a large maple tree in a garden of roses. "How shall we have our new dresses made?" said one. "Oh, Dorothy," said the other, "let us just wear our blue satins that we wore to the last ball. Don't you think they will do? The last wasn't such a great affair, and this won't be either." "Yes, I think they will do——— but what are you thinking of, Helen?" "Oh, I was thinking of the time we were chums at school, when you were just Dorothy Ogden and I was just Helen Moore. Say, I'll bet you that Mr. Jones won't come to the reception!" "Oh-o-o sweet little teddy bear," said Dorothy, as she gave her little poodle a tight squeeze, and a kiss on the end of his nose. "Well," sighed Helen, "I'm glad we married rich men anyway."

The ladies, the hammock, and the beautiful garden were gone, and in their stead, the scene was a rolling prairie. A shrill whistle, a loud yell and a pistol shot! A cowboy galloped up on a little blue pony. He called, "Whoa, Blue!" threw himself from the saddle, drew an envelope and some dry biscuits from his pocket, sat down on the ground, and began to eat a biscuit and examine the contents of the envelope, at the same time. "Seems too good to be true," said he. "And yet it is true. Guess I'll read it over again." He read as follows:

Mr. John Anson,

Dear Sir:

I write to offer you a position at the Brown and Smith cattle ranch. I will pay you any price you ask, providing it is within the bounds of reason. Please call at headquarters before the end of the week.

Yours Truly,

F. J. BROWN, Secretary.

He folded the letter, put it carefully away in his pocket, and went on munching his biscuit. Just then a bunch of horses rushed past. He sprang into the saddle exclaiming, "By Jingo!, that's them there strays! I bet I ketch 'em this time!" And he galloped away.

The prairie was gone. The scene was a large room, in one end of which there was a large platform, on which a dialogue was being acted. On the door was written, "Mary Kearns, Elocutionist." In the other end of the room sat the audience, trying to find something to criticise about the dialogue. Finally a little boy raised his hand. "What's your criticism, Jack?" said a tall woman who stood near the door. "Well — — er — —, stammered Jack, " — — this ain't xactly a criticism — — but I'd jist like to know why you changed yer name to Miss Kearns, after you got a divorce from Duke Glendennon."

My ear caught the roll of a drum. I looked more closely. The room had disappeared. I saw a fierce battle raging. At first the sound was faint, and the sight, dim, but they grew more and more distinct. The battle was over, the American flag floated over the conquerors, and the troops withdrew from the field. But alas! many brave soldiers had fallen. A line of red cross nurses appeared on the scene. One of them bent over a dying man. He opened his eyes, but when he caught sight of her face, he gave a sudden start. His lips moved. The nurse bent her head. She heard him say, very faintly, her own name, "Helen Bourquin!" His lips moved again. She bent to hear what he was saying. "Tell my mother not to grieve, for I died for my country," and gave her this. He was dead. Helen took a letter from his hand. She read on the back of it, "Mr. R. Shields."

Suddenly and without warning the battle field changed to a theatre. Here, one of the world's greatest plays was being reproduced. The leading lady acted her part to perfection, but in spite of the paint, the powder, the stage costume, and the affected style of talking, I could see that this star was my old school friend, Alma Harris.

Once more the scene changed. This time, it was a street scene. I heard a great shout, a carriage rolled past, and a host of people followed it. Two women of the crowd turned back. "Well Rose," said one, "what do you think of the new Margaret Frey?" "I think she is even more beautiful than the real one. By the way, Grace, do you know what her real name is?" "Why! She's our old classmate, Sophie Wood." "It seems strange that I haven't heard that before!" Then after a short pause, "Does your husband really own a bank, Grace?" "Sure, he does." "I'm glad you are so fortunate — — —"

but this is where I must leave you, and go to my household duties." "Goodbye."

I saw a man sitting by a table in a luxurious parlor. The Holy Bible lay open before him, but he was not reading. He gazed straight before him, and as he gazed, he mused, "Father Harrington, Father Harrington — that sounds great, but I think that I was happier, or, at least as happy as I am now, when I was a Sophomore in High School; when I was plain 'Con,' with the fellows, and 'Cornelius,' with the girls — and yet, I like to be called Father Harrington."

The next scene was a ship's cabin, in which were seated the captain and his wife. They were talking over the past. "Mildred," said the captain, "Do you remember the time when we first met?" "Yes," said Mildred, "You bowed so stiffly, and said, 'I'm pleased to meet you, Miss Burch' and then, after that — — — "Goodness! How time flies!" said the captain. "I must be going on deck."

This scene was ended. I now saw, in a little room, an old woman, sitting before a fireplace. She rose stiffly, and drawing a little black diary from a dresser drawer, she threw it into the open grate. She then drew her chair near to the table, seated herself, and leaning her elbows on the table, gazed at the burning book. It burned slowly. She said in a low and trembling voice, — — "Twenty years have passed since Vincent Clark was the greatest lawyer in America, since Marie and Ben Gilbert travelled in Europe as the greatest musicians in the world; it has been just twenty years since Alex Stoker patented his great safety airship, since Alma Harris was the greatest actress east of the Mississippi, since Sophie Wood rode in the streets of New York as the second Margaret Frey; just twenty years ago tonight since the death of the great Bishop Harrington. Alas! They're all dead. All of our old class. I am all that is left. I, Amy Abi Elizabeth Akers, am the only girl of that class, who never changed or wished to change her name. Hark! we used to sing that song in High School!" The song, "Isle of Beauty," floated soothingly in. The old woman rested her head on her hands, and it sank lower and lower, as the song proceeded. Just as the last line, "Isle of Beauty, Fare Thee Well," was heard faintly, and as the last spark of the diary died out, her head rested on the table. She was quite motionless, in fact, dead. The last of the Sophomore Class of 1909!

The curtain dropped. It faded, and gradually took the form of a book. Father Time closed the book, shouldered his scythe, and vanished in a clap of thunder. I sprang to my feet, shouting at the top of my voice, "Angle P I G and angle H O G are complementary, and angle D O G equals angle C A T!" The clock had just struck one, and my geometry had fallen to the floor.

AMY AKERS.

The Legend of Red Butte

MANY, many years ago two powerful tribes of Indians, the Annemeekee and the Ishkoodah became bitter enemies over the possession of a small valley in the Rocky Mountains. This valley was named Aspen by the Pale Faces who came there about four centuries afterwards in search of gold. The Indians called it the Valley of Three Streams and went there to fish and hunt. They camped on a flat mesa between the three streams which gave the valley its name. It was their custom to hold their feasts on the bank of the creek on the north midway between the other two, which is now called the Roaring Fork.

The Indians went to this valley early in the summer and left just before winter set in. Tradition tells us that in the summer of 1500 the tribe of the Annemeekee reached the Valley of Three Streams before the Ishkoodah. The Annemeekee Indians held a great feast to celebrate this. Their scouts reported that the Ishkoodah Indians led by their young chief, Soangetaha, had not yet reached the vicinity of the valley. This emboldened the Annemeekees and they called the scouts in to enjoy the feast. A great campfire lit up the scene. The squaws were preparing the meat over smaller fires. Stolid faced Indians who had already gorged themselves sat around on the ground; others were eating. A number of their young men hideously decorated with paint and feathers were executing a war dance.

Upon this scene the Ishkoodak Indians burst, flourishing their tomahawks and giving their war cries. The tribe of Annemeekees was much the stronger, but it was taken at a disadvantage. The battle raged fiercely. The two tribes blended into one writhing, seething, mass and the cries of the dying were mingled with blood curdling war-whoops. At dawn that mass was still and the ground dyed red with blood. Very few of the Indians survived that terrible battle.

Some months later a butte of red color rose above the place where the battle had been fought. The Indians thought it a sign sent by the Great Spirit to show his children that he did not wish the Valley of Three Streams occupied. They named it Red Butte. After that the Indians did not go near the Valley unless driven to camp there for a night or two by necessity, for a sign by the Gitche Manitou must not be ignored. It still bears the name of Red Butte and even today some claim that on dark summer nights the shadowy forms of Indians may be seen moving over it.

HELEN BOURQUIN.

Freshmen





Photo by Lecron

FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshmen Class

Class Officers

GEORGE PAXTON.....*President*
LUCILE YATES.....*Vice President*
ELMER PETERSON.....*Treasurer*
GEORGIA THOMAS.....*Secretary*

CLASS FLOWERS.....*Pink and White Roses*
CLASS COLORS.....*Pink and White*

Class Roll

Anson, Nellie	Beck, Verner
Beall, Hazel	Blackwell, Lillian
Borgeson, Anna	Brown, Newell
Copeland, Maude	Chelley, Willard
Chapman, Joe	Crosby, Beebe
Ebler, Phillipene	Fisher, Walter
Frost, Albert	Farrell, Bessie
Grover, Willard	Gerstle, Regina
Glase, Raymond	Locke, Louise
Layton, Ruth	Light, Ray
Light, Fred	Light, Helen
Mogan, James	Masters, Horace
McHugh, Florence	Olson, Hulda
Opie, Harold	Pearce, Mabel
Parks, Alberta	Paxton, George
Peterson, Elmer	Pflum, Odelia
Ramsey, Lillian	Sweeney, Mamie
Sellinghausen, Alva	
Sarles, Frederick	Spratt, Della
Scanlan, William	Schwarzel, Corinne
Shields, May	Smith, Della
Thomas, Georgia	Tully, Mamie
Thorine, Ada	Todhunter, Rodger
Wheeler, Ruth	Williams, Horace
Yates, Lucile	Zupancis, John

A Freshman's First Impressions

*We now leave the grades and slate
for the High School up-to-date.*

AS WE STAND upon the threshold of High School we pause; while through our minds run fanciful and ideal impressions of that which is to make up our new life. What are our first impressions?

We are very conscious of our own smallness as we come near to the High School, and especially so when we see, approaching the same place, others who do not come with a like fluttering in their hearts. They bear the dignified names of Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. Did we ever feel so small? No, we think not.

Then we hear the Sophs conversing. "Who is that?" asks one. "Oh," replies another, "its only a Freshman." We wonder if they were ever Freshmen.

Stepping over the threshold, we are greeted by a good looking gentleman, and we enquire if he is the Superintendent. He replies, "No," very pleasantly, and explains that he is the janitor of dear old A. H. S.

Among the queries that had flitted through our minds were those concerning our teachers. What would they look like?

For a Superintendent we had expected to see a rather cross, strict man, with hair of a strawberry tint. We pictured to ourselves a handsome, light-haired Principal; a large, brawny-armed, worldly-wise Physiography teacher; a tall, slender, somewhat angular Latin and German teacher—the very name fills us with horror! For an Algebra teacher we imagined a tall, light-complected school-girl with a cross voice and with ruler in hand; and we thought that a sawed-off, frowning-faced English teacher awaited us.

But instead of our imaginary teachers, we see the real instructors. Our Superintendent is a fatherly, dark-haired man. Our Principal (the only member of the faculty in regard to whom our vision did not mislead us) is a very intelligent looking man. But what a surprise to find, instead of our large Physiography teacher, a very small man, judged from his looks, who has seen about twenty summers; a rather short, light-haired teacher of Latin and German; a short, sweet-voiced Algebra teacher; and to have appear before our eyes a delicate, slender, smiling English teacher. As we enter they are all standing in the hall with a pleasant welcome for us. Are they always like this? We are to find out too soon.

We now go to our classes, and, after getting the assignments for the morrow's lessons, retire from the High School with gayer spirits and lighter hearts than were ours when we entered. Next day we feel still better toward the great institution, and go to our classes looking rather dignified. Then our lessons!

How big we feel when we can say "Physiography" in one breath, or can recite the Latin verb "amo"! In English we learn to write long, dignified compositions; and in Algebra, that "x" equals the unknown number. What a seat of learning we are in!

But we hear of the horrors of these lessons—the translating of long stories in Latin; the reading of "dry books"; the solving of complex fractions; and the memorizing of all the elements that make up the rocks of this great earth. Then our faces grow sad and our hearts are fearful.

However, we like High School anyway, with all its ups and downs. The troubles combined with the joys just help to make up the routine of every-day life. Our most prominent feeling is, that we are honored in being enrolled as members of Aspen High School.

—L. R. AND C. S.



Literary

Evening Along Old Castle Creek



'Tis evening along old
Castle Creek, and
gently the shades of
night
Are settling down as does
a bird from a long
and tiresome flight.
The snow-crowned moun-
tains are tinted pink
from the sunset's
crimson sky,
And the birds are sing-
ing their twilight
songs 'mong the
Aspen trees nearby.

* * *

Mingled with the evening
breeze, is a
fragrance of wild
flowers.
That peaceful quietude
prevails, which
invades the twilight
hours.
Old Castle Creek croons
a lullaby,
flowing on in the
fading light.
'Tis evening along old
Castle Creek, and the
day wanes into night.

James Magee.

Starlight

STARLIGHT had first opened her eyes, sixteen years before, in a large Indian village, and, during all these years she had never come into direct contact with the white people. The tribe had gone to and fro on expeditions, and Starlight had always been with them, and the tang of the crisp air, as they started early in the morning, thrilled her strangely, as did the great stars in the soft, black sky at night, when she lay under them in her blanket.

There was music to her in the pounding of the hoofs of the ponies, in the crackle of the fires, and even in the far-off howling of the coyote, as he pointed his nose to the moon. She had grown skilled in the lore of hunting, till, she could shoot an arrow almost as swiftly and surely as the best chief among them, and could ride her little pony straight toward the horizon, like the wind, with never a thought of fear in her heart.

Could a chief's daughter fear aught under the sky? And such did Starlight's head-dress proclaim her to be. Her father was a tall, silent Indian, who said little, yet loved his family and his tribe beyond all other things. And Starlight, his oldest daughter, was the pride of his heart. How well he remembered the day, years and years ago, when he first brought Laughing Eyes to his wigwam. She had been tall, slender and straight as the young pinion that grew by the river, and how he had loved her. She was tall and straight now, but the youthful elasticity has gone from her step, and her eyes were now grave and sober, no longer full of dancing lights. For she could feel and realize the steady pressure of the white settlements, as inch by inch, they pressed closer, and her heart was full of forebodings for her children.

But of this, Starlight felt nothing, as she danced down the forest path to meet her father, who would soon be coming from a conference of the chiefs at Big Cyclone's wigwam. Suddenly she stood still, for her quick ear detected an unusual sound. Yes, there it was again, the sound of a sharp blow. Again and again it was repeated, seeming quite a distance off, and then there was a crash which Starlight knew to be that of a falling tree. With a wondering look in her still fearless eyes, she skipped toward the sound; but when near, stopped in amazement. For here in the center of the forest, her forest, a little clearing had been made, and three white tents were pitched. There, talking and expostulating with her father and two other Indians was a pale-faced man in strange clothes.

At the sight of her father, she ran forward and put her hand in his with confidence, and, with a sigh, he turned from the man to whom he had been talking, saying, "It may be well, as you say. We will see. No like-see big trees come down. We will see, we will see. Ugh! white man friend, but not Indian's kind. One moon only, you stay, you say? It is well. Come!"

He spoke to his companions, and they moved on, but not before Starlight had caught a glimpse of a beautiful young white woman, who smiled at her and spoke to her in the language of her tribe.

For this young woman, in company with her father and brother, who were fur traders, had spent much time on the prairie among the Indians, and was greatly interested in them. Her pet hobby was a large Indian school in the East, where she had sent many pupils to be clothed in ill-fitting white man's clothes and just as ill-fitting white man's customs. For the Indian is not a white-man, and in his heart and nature can never

be. Beth Lewis did not recognize this fact, and in her mind a white man's education was the only salvation for the Indian. When she saw the beautiful face and straight figure of Starlight, she was attracted to her, and made up her mind to have this most promising pupil in her school.

Next day, when Starlight, her own merry self again, went down to the mossy spring for water, she found Beth sitting on a log nearby. Beth greeted her in the Indian tongue, and talked to her, questioning her about her family, her mother and the baby brother who played about the wigwam with his tiny bow and arrow. Starlight was attracted by her, yet half afraid. There was something in Lady, as she called Beth, that cast a gloom over her spirits, and gave her a restless feeling, a foreboding of evil, hitherto unknown. She went back to the wigwam silently.

That afternoon Lady came to Starlight's wigwam, and talked with her mother and played with baby until it was time for father to come. She told of the wonderful cities from which she had come, and always watching Starlight, she told of the school where the Indian boys and girls learned the white man's lore, that they might become wise and help their tribes to be again great. And ever as she talked, Starlight's heart sank lower and lower, till it was like a leaden weight in her breast.

It was a silent household that gathered for the meal that evening. Even the baby lapsed into grim Indian stoicism. It seemed almost that an evil spell had been cast over the family.

The next day Lady came again, and the next, and the next, always telling of the wonderful school, and of the good which would come to Starlight if she might only go there. And heavier and heavier grew Starlight's heart and slower and slower her step. Her mother was willing to consent to her going away, far, far away to this school. For Laughing Eyes knew much of the trials which came to the Indians under the system in which she lived, and if a white man's education would make these burdens lighter for her daughter she was minded to try it.

So Lady's daily visits continued until finally the chief, too, gave his consent, and it was arranged. Lady was going to leave early one morning, and Starlight was to go with her. They would ride the fleet Indian ponies to the nearest station, and then travel on strange cars, which would stop at the very doors of the great school.

With a sick feeling Starlight watched Lady bring some of her own garments over, which Starlight was to wear, for the journey. Lady insisted that she was to try on the queer garments and it seemed as though she would stifle before being allowed to take them off.

Once free, Starlight ran far, far into the forest, and stayed till the big silver stars peeped out of the sky at her. She did not weep, none of the blood of an Indian chief can do that, but she walked on and on, on and on, among the trees that she loved, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, and conscious only of that terrible pain in her breast. For she must leave it all. And when night fell, and the dark shadows enfolded her tenderly, and seemed to bring some sort of comfort to her, she walked home strengthened, ready to obey her parents' will, even to death.

Her mother did not question her. She knew only too well the conflict that was going on in the young breast. Did not Laughing Eyes, herself, feel as though the parting would tear her very heart out? Her little Starlight, far, far away, among strange people, and strange customs, and herself alone in the big, lonely wigwam? For the other children, though dearly loved, could never take the place of the absent one. But she had thought it best for Starlight to go, and she would bear the pain as an Indian chief's wife must.

So when the deep black of an August night was fading dimly, Starlight, with tightly compressed lips and wild eyes, bid a cold goodbye to all her household, cold, because she did not dare trust herself, because of the iron grip of her will upon herself. The baby, her mother, Oh! how could she leave them. The trees, the water, but what one must do, one can do. So, bothered with the cumbersome dress Lady had given her, she mounted her pony for the last time.

It seemed as though that ride to the station would never end, yet, all too soon did the village come into sight, just as the after glow from the sun dyed everything a marvelous blood red. One farewell glance at the trail they had just left; one farewell pat on her pony's head, and before she had time to think, Starlight was bundled onto the train, which was to take her far from all that was dear to her, from all that was life to her.

The rest of the journey was almost a blank, a void, from which she only knew that she wanted to go back. The train sang a monotonous song to her, "I want to go back, I want to go back." But there was no going back for Starlight.

Still dazed and hardly conscious of what was happening, she followed Lady from the train, which seemed to have been going for a thousand life times. On and on they walked, through streets crowded with houses, which seemed to press in, and crush Starlight's soul. Up the steps of a large stone building, on, on, on down a stifling corridor, to a small room, suffocating because of its heat. Here she was asked innumerable questions in her own tongue, to which she replied dumbly and uncomprehendingly.

Then she was shown to a small, stuffy room already occupied by a girl of a strange tribe and tongue, but who spoke the white man's language fluently.

Starlight was too tired and sick to make or meet advances of friendship, and she tried to sleep.

In the night she awoke from a troubled dream. She felt as though a heavy hand was pressing, pressing on her chest, as though she were smothering. She flung the window open and stood looking out. How could people live so, cramped in, shut out from the wideness of everything. How was she, who had known the sweep of all out-doors to exist, shut in like this? Oh, for air, for room to breathe in. And when dawn broke she was still standing by the open window.

The teachers were used to the dumbness of homesickness and pain, but Starlight puzzled them. Most of the Indians had soon forgotten the old life, and gladly taken up with the new, entering into the white man's sports and pleasures with zest. Not so, Starlight. A month went by, then another and another, and still she went with that dumb ache in her breast, and the sadness of ages on her face, so that the little teacher, Starlight's favorite of them all, because she understood her best, wept for sympathy, at the sight of the girl's anguished eyes, although her features were held in an iron bond of passiveness.

So the days went by, on and on, each one seeming an age, and Starlight became thin and wan. While her great hungry eyes seemed to grow larger hour after hour, large with wistful longing and homesickness. Winter's slow days passed, one by one, and with the first faint signs of spring. Starlight's burden grew heavier, for of all the seasons, this was her favorite. She could see her baby brother running to meet her father as he returned with a great fish, caught in the lake. She could hear the music of the stream as it danced away, no one knows where. And all was freedom, freedom. The birds flew through the air unrestrained. All nature was free, and here was she, child of nature, imprisoned, with no freedom. Oh, for a breath of fresh morning air as it blew off the wide prairies. So on and on, went her thoughts in an unending circle, with ever a center of freedom, as she

went up one of the small, dirty streets of the town, she turned a corner, and — — — who was that, coming down the street? What! Could it be? With a heart wildly beating, she went slowly toward the approaching figure, slowly, because she was too weak to run, as she felt she was doing. The figure wore the costume of her own people! Yes, it was! She rushed forward, but fell prone, fainting for the first time in all her strong, young life. Then the lad lifted her head in his arms and dashed water from a small ditch, into her face, until Starlight gained consciousness. A great load seemed to have been lifted from her heart, for she knew that the boy, a lad about her own age, had come directly from her tribe. When she had gained a little strength, they walked slowly up the street, talking in their own tongue.

"Why did you come?" asked Starlight, with a feeling of deep calm.

"Because," answered the boy, "They needed you. We all did, and you needed us. I knew it. I was one winter with a white man myself. I have come to take you home."

"Did my father and Laughing eyes know?" asked Starlight.

"No," said the boy. "I knew and I came."

"But I have promised to stay two years."

"But they need you, and you need them."

"Oh, but I promised—"

Ah! that was it. She had promised. What was right for her to do? Should she stay and bear the pain? But she had Little Wolf's word, and a feeling of her own heart, that those at home were suffering, too. Was it right to cause so much pain for a promise? And yet, to break her word.—

All night the battle raged in her heart. What was right? But with the break of morning she had decided. It might be wrong, but she could not give so many people pain, when it was needless. She would go home. So she and Little Wolf stealthily laid their plans.


The next morning Starlight was missing from her classes. Her room-mate could give no clew. She was gone. And while the search went on for her, the westbound train was joyfully pushing its way home, singing, "going back, going back, going back," over and over again.

At the final station Starlight's arms flew around her own little pony, which she had never hoped to see again. In a few minutes she and Little Wolf were speeding over the broad prairies, while she breathed deep breaths of the free air she had longed for so long.

How long, oh how long seemed the way to the little Indian village. It seemed as though the swift ponies barely crept along: so fast did her eager heart fly forward.

They clattered through the Indian village, never slackening speed till they reached the great chief's wigwam. At the hoof beats, Laughing Eyes, aged much, rushed out, and it was into her welcomsng arms that Starlight fell, and at her incredulous, wholly joyful cry, Starlight knew she had decided well.

EDITH MAGARY.



To A Sweet Pea

By John Paxton.

I behold thee, thou sweet little
blossom,
So airily dainty and slim.
Some cruel, heartless being has
wronged you,

Has lightly committed this sin.
The dainty small stem has
been broken,

The blossom is faded and torn,
But the lustre of beauty is ever
On the petals so nobly borne.
Of pink, of purple, of crimson,
Never was blossom more fair—
Bright as the mists of the
heavens

That float on the still autumn
air.

You bring to my mind a faint
vision

Of fairyland, far, far away.
O sweet pea, the fairest of
flowers,

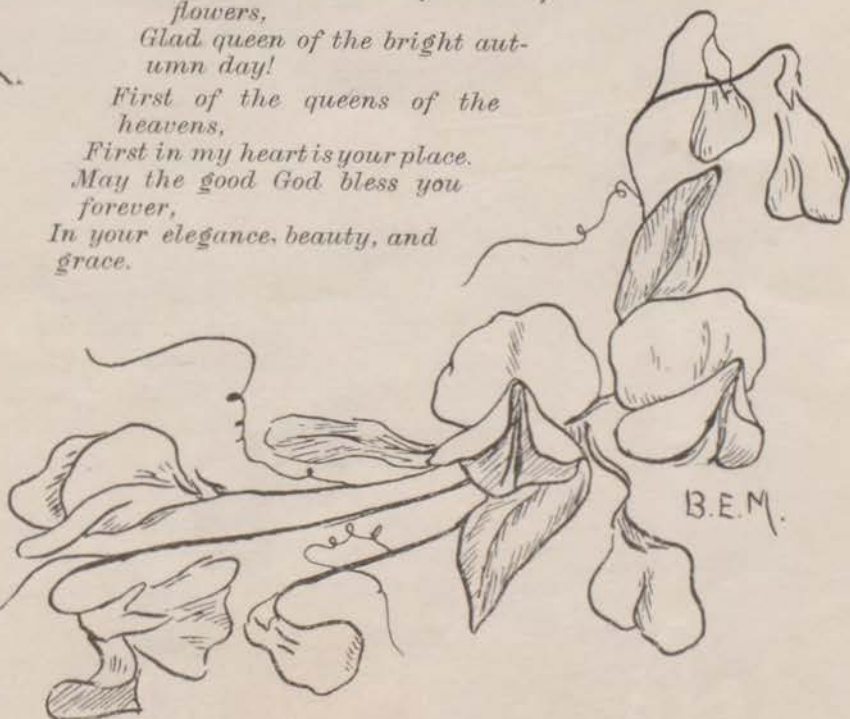
Glad queen of the bright aut-
umn day!

First of the queens of the
heavens,

First in my heart is your place.

May the good God bless you
forever,

In your elegance, beauty, and
grace.



The Mystery of the Millions

ONE DAY after a worse failure than usual in his Cæsar lesson, Harold was told by Miss Lepper to come to her room at 3:30 and remain until he could recite his lesson without a mistake. This was as near to an impossibility as anything he had ever tried.

It had been snowing all afternoon and was growing dusk when the clock announced 3:30, and as Harold had been out late the night before, he felt more like going to sleep than studying Latin. As he went upstairs, he was mumbling to himself remarks about Latin that would not do for publication.

After he had been studying about fifteen minutes, Miss Lepper announced that she was going down stairs to Miss Hartig's room, and that when he thought he knew his lesson, if she was not back, he might come down there and recite. When she had gone he stopped studying, and absently gazed out of the window at the snow, wishing he was a Senior and could translate this "infernal" Cæsar.

"I don't understand why anybody wants to study this, anyway. It is only a lot of "hot air" about a general that lived some time between the age of Adam and the present day. I never could remember the date." These were some of the thoughts that ran through his head.

As he looked out of the window he saw it stop snowing, the sun came out, melting all the snow and drying up the roads. The leaves came out on the trees and everything was warm and beautiful.

It was August in 1930, but he was still a school boy. He and four companions were preparing their outfit for a camping trip. Finally everything was ready and they started off joyously, thinking of the fun that the next two weeks would bring them. Late that evening they reached their destination, an open place in the timber far up in the mountains, close to a fine trout stream not many miles from Aspen.

The first week went by very quickly and no one could have found fault with the fishing or hunting; but the second week, Harold thought he would like to go for a long tramp by himself, and see if he could stir up any excitement. He tramped all morning, but it was decidedly a day of "nothing doing" for him, until he began to look around for a place to eat his lunch.

Across a little gulch ahead of him was an opening to a cave, and he headed for this, not for any particular reason, as he usually ate out under the trees on occasions like this; but something drew him toward the cave, where, to his surprise, when he entered, he found quite a large room, in one corner of which were the remains of what had once been a bed, and on the opposite side was an old table. He went outside and ate his lunch, but something drew him again to the cave. He went back and while aimlessly scraping around, he discovered the end of a tin box sticking up out of the ground. He unearthed it and brought it to the light to inspect the contents. When he removed the cover he had a real surprise; for there before his eyes was about five hundred dollars' worth of gold dust and nuggets. He put the cover on and, taking the box under his arm, started for camp, to show his companions his find.

When he reached camp, no one was there, so he put his gold away and got supper. About five o'clock the boys came in with their afternoon's catch, and after some fish had been fried, they ate supper. While they were all sitting around the campfire, telling their

day's adventures to each other, Harold suddenly disappeared, but in another minute returned with a rubber coat and the tin box. Without a word he turned the contents of the box out on the coat, and waited for the questions of his friends.

He had not long to wait, for in an instant they were coming so fast that he could not begin to answer them; but as soon as things had quieted down, he gave the boys a detailed account of how he had found the box. When he had finished his story, he picked up the box to replace the gold, and noticed for the first time a piece of parchment stuck in the bottom, on which was written something in Latin. Harold puzzled over it awhile, but could make nothing of it, nor could his companions; for in those days Latin was not taught, and only a very few old and learned men could read the ancient language. Harold remembered among some Latin words he had seen in an old book, the word *aurum*, meaning "gold," and this word occurred twice on the parchment. He told his friends, and simultaneously the same thought struck the five,—that this writing told about the gold, and might tell where it came from, and whether there was any more there.

As none of them could make out any more words, they turned in for the night, so as to get an early start to town the next morning.

It was late the following night when they arrived in town, and as they were tired from the day's travel, instead of trying to find any one to read the parchment, they went to bed. In the morning the question arose as to where they should take the parchment to be read. Two school teachers, a retired lawyer and a doctor, were tried, but none of them could read it. That afternoon the five boys met at Harold's home and decided that Harold should take one hundred dollars and the parchment and see if he could find anyone to read it, while the other boys kept the four hundred dollars to procure an outfit for going back to the hills to look for more gold. Accordingly Harold took the train for New York City that night.

His journey was uneventful until he arrived at his destination; then things began to happen. First he went to the theater. Here he met Mr. Wells, an old acquaintance of his, who was attending school at Harvard. To him he explained that he was in New York looking for a man who could read Latin. Mr. Wells told him that Mr. Thompson, a language teacher at Harvard, was the only man he knew of, that could read the document, and that at present, he was touring the world; but if Harold started right away, he might catch him before he got through the Panama Canal.

The next morning, Harold secured passage on a steamer running between New York and Colon, and sailed the same day. When he arrived in Colon, he had only five dollars, and in trying to locate Mr. Thompson, he spent three and a half dollars of this before he obtained the information that the gentleman he wished to see, had sailed to Japan a week before. This left him a dollar and a half with which to get to Japan.

After tramping about for several days, living the best he could on that meager sum, he finally shipped as a deck hand on a freighter bound for Tokio. The work was not hard, the wages were satisfactory, and the weather was fine; so on the whole, he enjoyed the trip.

On landing, he proceeded to spend most of his earnings for some decent clothing; for he thought Mr. Thompson would be more likely to see him and believe his story if he were dressed well, than if he came in his working clothes. After fitting himself out, he went to the steamship office to see if they had any information about Mr. Thompson. They had had news for him, but very little about him. The steamer on which he had sailed, had encountered a typhoon, and in some manner Mr. Thompson had been washed

overboard. Beyond this they knew nothing.

When Harold learned this he gave up all hope of ever having his latin translated; but nevertheless he always carried the sheepskin with him. He also gave up returning to America for the present, and decided to see more of Japan and the surrounding region before going home.

One day about a week after he had arrived at Tokio, as he was walking along the water front, he overheard two men talking about going on a trading cruise among the small islands to the south. As one appeared to be the captain of the boat that was going to make the trip, Harold went up to him and asked if he needed a man. The captain was a man short, and engaged Harold as a deck hand. The "Ergo," the trading cruiser bound for the islands mentioned, left Tokio the next morning with enough merchandise for trading purposes to last for a three months' cruise.

One afternoon when they had been out fourteen days, they came to anchor near a small island on which they had heard a white man was staying. Harold was in the boat that took the captain ashore. After the captain had gone up the beach, Harold learned through one of the sailors who knew a little of the native language, that the white man lived about a quarter of a mile inland, and that he had been picked up by a southbound fishing boat during a storm a little over a month before, and was left on the island until some boat should come along that could land him in Tokio. The captain had also heard about the man, and when he came back to the boat, he sent Harold to inform the man that a ship was in port that could land him where he could get passage to Tokio much sooner than by waiting on the island.

Harold found the hut of the white man without much trouble. When he knocked, a native let him in and led him to a back room where the man lay raving in delirium with a severe attack of malaria. Harold always carried quinine with him, and while looking around for a piece of paper in which to give him a dose, he found a letter addressed to Mr. Thompson. The thought flashed through his mind, "Could this be the Mr. Thompson he was looking for?" Then he remembered the story he had heard on the beach, and was convinced. He now had a personal interest in saving the man, and ran back to the beach for more medicine. He found Captain Stevens bartering with the natives. When Harold had explained to him the condition of the white man, the captain gave him permission to get some drugs from the ship and doctor his patient until the Ergo left port. Harold borrowed one of the canoes lying on the beach, paddled out to the ship, procured the drugs he needed, and returned to the shore in about an hour.

When he reached Thompson's hut, it was after dark, and he was hungry; but, seeing his patient was a great deal worse, he set to work at once, and after two hours, had succeeded in bringing him to consciousness. In a little while he seemed much better. Then Harold asked him if he was the Mr. Thompson that taught at Harvard, and receiving an affirmative answer, inquired whether he felt strong enough to translate some Latin for him. Mr. Thompson said he did, and receiving the parchment from Harold, read as follows:

"In case the Indians should capture us, I bury this box of nuggets, and the directions to the place where there is over five million dollars' worth of the same kind of gold, hoping that some white man may be lucky enough to find this box, and that our work may not be all in vain.

Follow the creek that runs past this cave, east, three miles. At this point is a branch coming in from the north. Follow this until it disappears in a crevice in the rocks. A person can crawl into this crevice on his hands

and knees. About twenty feet in, the ceiling gets high enough to stand up under; fifty yards further in, the ceiling slopes down below the water nearly two feet. If a person dives into this pool and swims about twelve feet, he can come up into a large cavern, on the right hand wall of which is a niche; in this niche is the gold."

It was not signed, but Mr. Thompson said it was probably written by some old Jesuit Priest a long time ago.

After he had finished the reading, Harold gave him some milk, the first food he had had in two days, and left him to sleep, while he went out to smoke and make plans for getting home as soon as possible. In an hour he returned, but in the meantime Mr. Thompson had died of heart-failure. Harold was now the only one who knew where the gold was, and he felt sure that his companions would never find it alone.

He awoke the native in the next room, who had let him in the night before, and together they made a grave and laid to rest all that was mortal of Mr. Thompson. Afterward they returned to the hut and ate breakfast, before Harold went back to the ship. When he left the hut it was daylight, and as he approached the beach, he saw a ship coming into the harbor.

A few minutes later he reached the beach, and in a little while a boat came ashore from the strange vessel, which proved to be the "Seal," a freighter with a cargo of rice and tea, bound for Frisco. She had stopped at the island for water.

When Captain Brooks of the Seal came to land, Harold asked him for a berth to Frisco. Captain Brooks promised to take him if Captain Stevens was willing, and as he was going aboard the Ergo on the way back to his ship, he took Harold with him. Captain Stevens gave Harold permission to sail with the Seal, and the next morning when she left the harbor, Harold was aboard as a stoker.

Landing in Frisco five weeks later, he drew his pay, wrote a letter to Mr. Wells, informing him of Mr. Thompson's death, and boarded a train for Aspen. He was in the best of spirits and health, and would soon be with his friends, besides having enough money to live in ease and luxury the rest of his life.

He arrived in Aspen at 1:00 p. m., Christmas Day, and coming from the depot, he met two of his friends, Norm and John. They went home with him, then went after Con and Red. In half an hour the four came back together. Harold showed them the translation and spent the rest of the day telling them of his adventures during his absence.

The boys had searched all fall for some trace of more treasure, but with no results, and had given up all hope of ever finding it, even if there was any more to be found.

There was no use going into the mountains at this time of year, for all the streams would be frozen and the snow would be too deep for travel. So Harold started to school with his companions; but when June came and school closed, they packed an outfit as they had done the preceding summer, and went in search of the hidden treasure.

They camped at the old camping-place the first night out, and the next morning they went on foot in search of this crevice. The water was so high that they found the opening, where the stream left the mountain, nearly filled with water; but after several attempts, Harold got safely inside to where the ceiling became higher, and the other boys soon followed him. Harold turned on his electric flash-light and they made their way to what seemed to be the end of the cave. Here a council was held, and it was decided that as Harold had found the gold in the first place, he should have the first chance to find the rest of it. So he tied a light rope around his waist, gave Norm a hold of the other end,

and taking a deep breath, dived into the pool.

It was a hard fight against the current, and twice when he tried to come up, he bumped his head on the roof; but when he was almost out of breath and ready to turn back, he came up for the last time and his head came above the surface. He was almost exhausted, but managed to drag himself to the floor of the cavern, before he was washed back under the rock. He lay there panting for breath several minutes before he could get up to investigate his landing place.

When he had recovered his strength, he got up, turned on his flashlight, and looked about him. Ten feet ahead and about as high as his shoulders, was a niche. So far everything had turned out as Mr. Thompson had said, and in another minute he would be a millionaire or know that all his trouble had been for nothing. He climbed over to the niche and turned on his light. There before him lay a pile of nuggets and gold-dust! When he saw this, he pulled three times on the line around his waist, which was the signal for the other boys to swim in after him. Presently they were all together, admiring the gold which had caused them all so much anxiety for nearly a year.

The question arose, how were they to get it out of the cave and to town? John suggested that they pack it in water-proof bags and load them on a sled which they could haul out along the bottom of the stream. This suggestion was followed, and going back to camp, they cut up their oil-skin coats to make bags. The next day they set out for the cave with the sacks, and upon their arrival they made a sort of stone-boat out of small trees they cut down. This they used in place of a sled. They worked late that night and got all the gold out of the cave, Harold and John loading the stone-boat on the inside of the cavern and Con, Norm and Red getting it out. They piled the bags near the opening, leaving Red and Con to guard them until the next morning, when the rest came back with all the pack-horses and carried the sacks to camp. The next day being Sunday, they spent it in fishing and hunting, for they had not had any fresh meat since their arrival.

Early Monday morning, they packed their treasure and started for town. This was cutting their trip rather short, but they had something more important to attend to. They arrived in town late, so they waited until the next day to deposit their gold. It created quite a sensation when people saw them leading their horses to the bank and unloading them, and the questions came in so fast that the best way to answer them seemed to be to keep still. When all their expenses were paid, they had over one million dollars apiece.

The boys decided to take a trip, but could not agree upon the same objective point; so they all went in different directions. Harold wanted to see more of Japan, so he bought a ticket for Frisco. They left Aspen on the D. & R. G. Ry., for they were going as far as Glenwood Springs together. Harold was telling his story to a man in the seat with him, when he was suddenly thrown forward, the other passengers were piled on top of him, and the coach rolled over the bank.

He awoke with a start. The janitor was punching him in the ribs with the broom-handle to make him move, so he could clean under the seat. The clock pointed to 4:15 and he did not have his Latin studied. Just then Miss Lepper came in to hear him recite, but as he did not have his lesson, she told him to come up next evening. After a dream like the one Harold had experienced, it was unnecessary to keep him after school, but Miss Lepper is still of the opinion that the extra session for him that day, brought about the improvement in his grades in Cæsar.

CHAS. H. WILCOX.



SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE

Memories of High School Days

To the Class of 1909

*I am seated by the fireside,
And my day's work is o'er,
So I'll take a few spare moments
To go back to days of yore.*

*A vision floats before me,
And in it I behold
The place where I spent my childhood,
In the happy days of old.*

*'Tis a little western mining town;
And my heart with sorrow fills
As I long to see that place once more,
And climb those dear old hills.*



MAIN HALLWAY

*The little town called Aspen—
That's where I want to go
And see the dear old High School
As it was long years ago.*

*For of all the memories that come to me,
The ones I love the best
Are the ones of my old western home,
And the dear old A. H. S.*

*There was the lawn with its stately trees,
And the fountain in the shade,
And the well trodden old back court,
Where many a game was played.*

Then there's the main assembly room ;
 Ah, I can see it well,
And the boys as they come marching in
 At the ringing of the bell.

There is class-room number two,
 As natural as can be,
Where the Juniors locked Freed out one day,
 And had a jubilee.

And then there is the Chemistry lab,
 With its test tubes and its glasses,
Where we would go most every day
 To study solutions and gases.

Then the two-by-four Physics lab
 Comes next into my view,
With apparatus strewn about,
 And all the chairs askew.

Room one, across from the study room,
 I find on the lower floor;
And I see the fine old fire place,
 Through a large half open door.

And on the third floor is the gym,
 Where the High School girls would dance;
And often to get there at recess
 The boys took many a chance.

It seems as though 'twere yesterday
 Instead of years gone by,
When I sat in that old building
 And let precious mementos fly.

There were the boys of the football team,
 The girls' most noble knights,
Who defended the old school honor
 In many an athletic fight.

*And all these thoughts remind me
Of a song that once I knew,
Which with a few words altered
I will here repeat to you:*

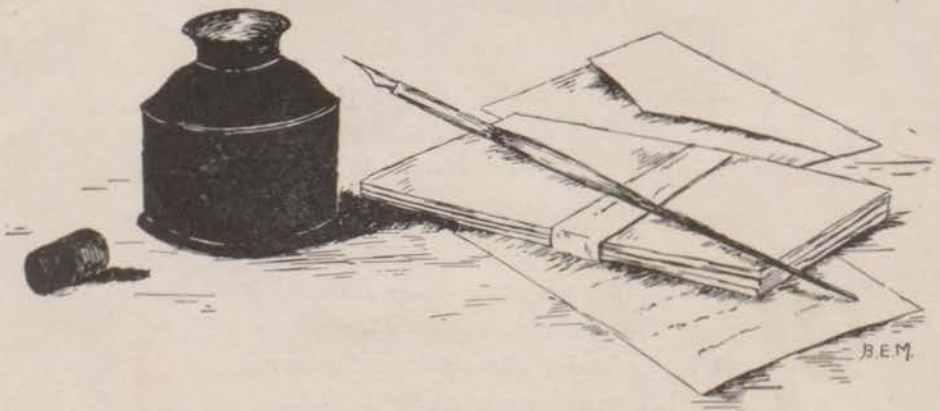
*"Where are now the merry classmates,
I remember long ago,
Seated in the old assembly,
Brightened by the sunlight's glow?"*

*Some across the lands have wandered,
Some across the ocean gray,
Some now sleep in distant countries
Far away, far, far away."*

*Now I wonder if any student
Of the class of Nineteen Nine,
In after years will ponder
And bring these thoughts to mind:*

*"That of all the dear old memories,
The ones that are loved the best,
Are those of life's golden Spring-time,
In Aspen and A. H. S."*

E. G. T.



B.E.M.



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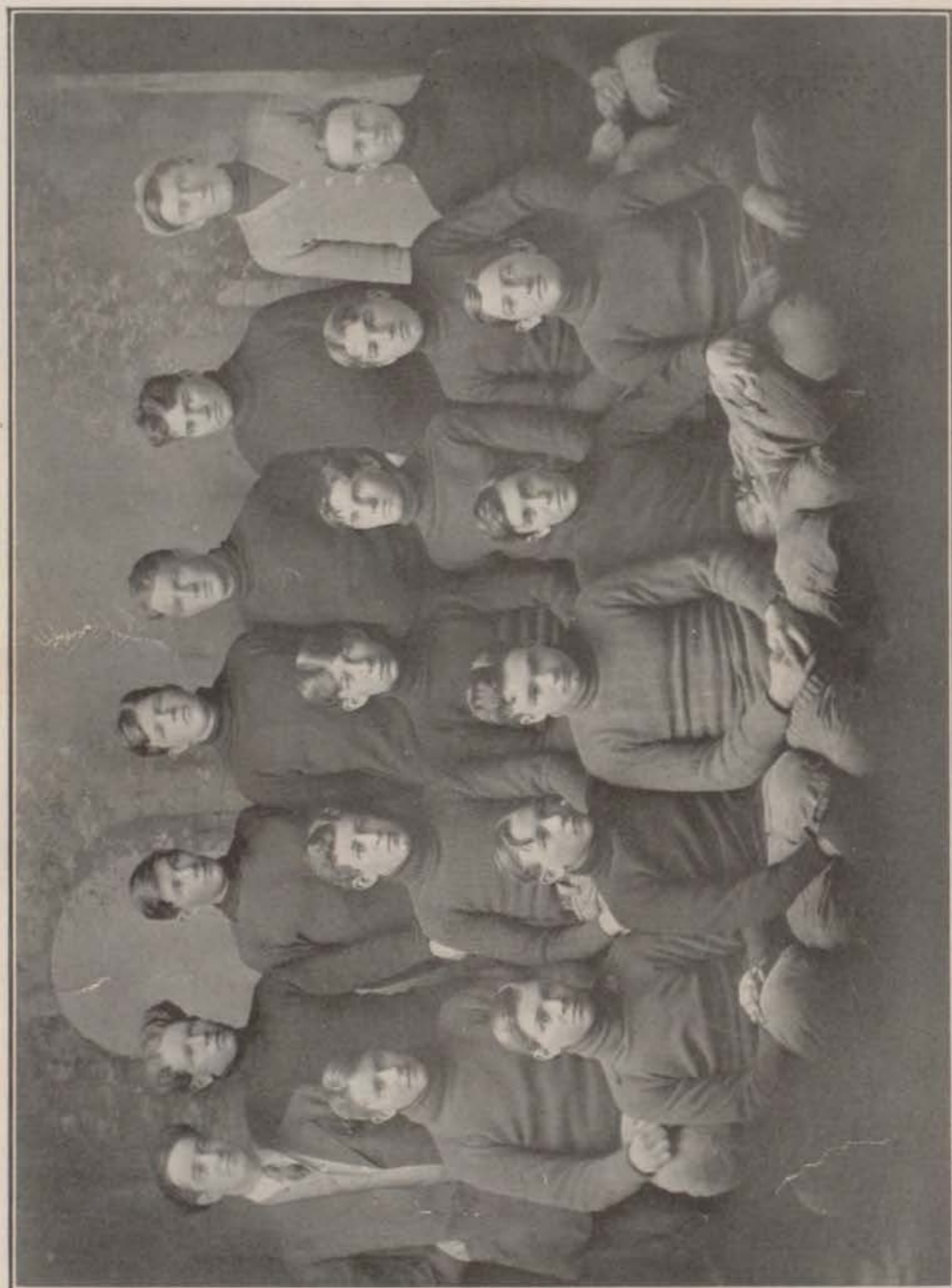


Photo by Lecron

FOOTBALL TEAM '09

1908 Football

SCHOOL DUTIES having been resumed early in September, the athletic attention of the students at once became manifest in that greatest High School and College game,—Football. In previous years Aspen's various teams had clearly demonstrated their superiority, and having gained an exceptionally creditable record any declination was not to be accredited to the 1908 team if hard work and diligent practice could produce results.

At the opening of the season Aspen chose as her captain, John Herron, '10, and a wiser selection could not have been made, for to him a great deal of credit is due for the success of the team. Practice immediately began under the capable supervision of Coach East. Freshman material was strongly in evidence and was greatly appreciated, more especially, since two of Aspen's reputable stars steadfastly refused to render their services. The material at hand was far from promising. Ignorance of the game was shown in all quarters. Coach East's services were invaluable, but on account of his professional duties he could not be with the team as often as was really necessary. Positions were self appointed and in some cases probably not to the best advantage.

Manager Fry arranged with Glenwood for a game during the Roaring Fork and Crystal River Fair, and upon the last day the Glenwood team arrived with a good crowd of rooters, not to defeat Aspen, but merely to demonstrate their improvement over former years. The team Aspen sent onto the gridiron was not the best available in the school. Aspen went into the contest with confidence that would hardly have been sufficient to overcome a more sturdy foe. The game was practically featureless except in the case of half-back Koch, who was repeatedly called upon and always responded for large gains. The game plainly showed our lack of knowledge of even rudimentary football. The result was a 6 to 0 score, favoring Aspen. Glenwood was much elated over its showing and was considerably encouraged.

The next aspirants that were scheduled to dishevel Aspen's heroes were Leadville. After the Glenwood game Aspen resumed practice diligently, and literally tore up the campus for a great game that was not considered a walk-a-way on account of previous experience. Coach Townsend at this time assumed charge of the team and his under-studies gradually improved until the team that trotted upon the field to face Leadville, November 7th, was as sturdy and reliable a bunch of energy and aggressiveness as ever represented our school. The game presented a marked contrast to the previous one. It was full of brilliant plays and the team work of both machines was top notch. Aspen was clearly shown to be superior and when the substitutions were made in the second half, they ripped through and tore up the Leadvillites until when finally stopped by the whistle their ambitions had been shattered to the tune of 21 to 6. In the evening a reception was tendered the visiting team, by the girls of the High School, at the Hotel Jerome, and the following morning the Cloud City aggregation left for home deeply regretting their defeat.

While the Leadville manager was in the city, Mr. Fry made arrangements for a game to be played on their home grounds one week later. Toward this end our team put in a severe week's practice only to be put off a week when the time arrived. Slightly vexed by this act the team was inclined to drop Leadville, but on the advice of the faculty we agreed for one more week to intervene before the serious conflict, aroused now, to give Leadville

a trouncing not to be forgotten. Finishing touches now put the team in the best of condition. Leadville, however, seemed to have a premonition of impending fate, and again refused us the return game, saying that they would be glad to have us Thanksgiving. Their kind invitation was not accepted by our management.

On arranging our schedule at the opening of the season, Grand Junction was slated for Thanksgiving, but through some misfortune they were not able to give us a game. This fact was much to be regretted, for Aspen felt that she had a grand chance to regain lost laurels from Junction.

Sadly disappointed by these misunderstandings, but bound to play one more game, our wants were gratified, when the Alumni consented to organize a team and play a Thanksgiving game. The weather was far from pleasing for football, and when we assembled for the contest we were greeted by about six inches of snow. The Alumni had a very weighty aggregation, averaging 170 lbs., and composed mostly of former High School stars. The High School team was exceedingly light in comparison. Against odds we went into the game in a half-hearted manner, but before long the snow and cold necessitated vigorous exercise, and the game waxed warm. It was rather humorous to see twenty-two snow-men scrambling and slipping after a football, covered with a quarter-inch of nature's own pure icing. The score resulted in a tie—11 to 11. The game, while not very fast, was characterized by the incessant use of the on-side kick, which proved the greatest ground gainer.

This game ended the season. While only a few games were played, this was more than evened up by the turning out of a team, that any school could be proud of. The material, which composed the team, made this fact improbable at the beginning of the season. Since most of the squad remain in the High School, the 1909 team, with proper handling, can make a record for itself.

Taken as a whole, 1908 Football enjoyed a prosperous season: leaving only one thing to be regretted, and that was our inability to arrange a game with Grand Junction. Grand Junction now holds a defeat over us, and if we could have defeated them, we could justly have laid claim to the Western Slope Championship. The 1909 team will endeavor to arrange a game with Grand Junction, and exert all of Aspen's characteristic power and ability to wipe off the only stain on an otherwise clean record.

Following is the line-up:

Ends—Richmond, Shaw, DeMarais, Chapman; Tackles—Koch, G. Paxton, Peterson; Guards—F. Light, Daley; Center—Masters; Half-Backs—J. Paxton, Sheehan, Robinson; Full-Back—Anson; Quarter-Back—Herron (Captain); Substitutes—Mogan, R. Light, Coaches—Townsend, East; Manager—Fry.

ROY RICHMOND.

History of Football

AS THIS is the first Annual published by our school, we deem it necessary to add a little history of our past records in athletics, so that the reader may know how we stand, and be able to determine the rank of schools in this section.

In determining how much history we should publish, we think it best to begin with the fall of 1905, as this will include the records of the students now enrolled. This year is also important, as it marks a new period in athletics. It was then that the football schedule was so broadened as to include enough schools to determine the championship of western Colorado.

The practice for the 1905 foot-ball season began the first day of school. The outlook was not bright, but Captain Townsend, determined to make a good showing, opened hard practice. Denor, of the University of Illinois, was appointed coach, and things began to look brighter for a championship team. The results of the games were as follows:

October 28, at Aspen	Aspen H. S. 39	Leadville H. S. 0
November 10, at Glenwood	Aspen H. S. 0	Glenwood - 0
Thanksgiving Day at Grand Junction	Aspen H. S. 16	Grand Junction H. S. 0

It looked like an even break with Leadville, as the two teams averaged up about equal. After their defeat in Aspen, they seemed thoroughly satisfied that they had no chance of doing anything creditable, and failed to give us a return game. The game with Glenwood was against their town team. We made a good showing, especially in advancing the ball, but could not overcome their one-hundred and eighty pounds. The Grand Junction team had won all the games they had played on the Western Slope, so we met them and decided the championship of western Colorado.

The team of 1905 was the best that Aspen has had during the past four years. Throughout the whole season, including practice games, no score was made against them. Success was due largely to Coach Denor.

For the season 1906, Sheehan, '09, was elected captain. We initiated the new rules in a game with Glenwood High School, and, by the use of the forward pass, defeated them by a score of 72 to 0. Leadville did not meet us. Our next game was with Grand Junction on Thanksgiving Day. We were very much handicapped by the poor condition of the team and a muddy field. Sheehan scored early in the game by a forty yard drop kick. We put up a strong defensive game, as Grand Junction did not cross our goal line until the last three minutes of play. The final score was, Aspen 4, Grand Junction 5.

Galloway, '09, was chosen captain for 1907, and Hoskins was appointed coach. He did more with the forward pass than any other coach in this section. The management accepted an early date with Leadville whose team had been laying for us and was in good shape. Neither side scored in this game. We worked for a return game, but were unable to get it. Delta had defeated Grand Junction, so we met the latter early in order to establish our right to meet Delta for the championship. We failed to make good, being defeated by Grand Junction with a score of 11 to 6.

The Foot-ball season of 1908, having a special write-up, is purposely omitted here. Our record for the past four years has been a creditable one. It is hoped that the future teams of the Aspen High School will strive to maintain the good records made by the teams of the past.

WILL SHEEHAN.

Cloud City Grows Cloudier

IN ANY sort of athletic contest, principally football, a square deal between man and man, and school and school, is without doubt the essential point. Excepting one case our dealings with neighboring towns in athletics have been clean and honorable. But this one exception has caused us enough trouble to fully make up the rest.

For many years past Aspen and Leadville have contested for honors in football, generally with very little hard feeling existing between them. But not until recently has the feeling of rivalry between the two schools become so intense that Leadville resorted to questionable means to gain the end. Our first hard deal was administered in 1906. Arrangements had been made between the managers of the two teams for a game which was to be played at Leadville, October 28th. The arrangements were reported to our captain who immediately set about to make the team as strong as possible. All necessary preparations were made for the trip, and on Friday evening, October 27th, we assembled at the station. On inquiring of the agent, our manager was informed that no tickets had been telegraphed by Leadville. This news somewhat disappointed us, but we still had faith in Leadville's word and believed there was some mistake, so we immediately called up Leadville over the phone. We were very politely informed that owing to the bad weather, they had been unable to raise the necessary funds for the game and could not bring us over. Our coach, Mr. Hoskins, offered to pay twenty dollars toward the expenses, but even at that they refused to have us. We believe that the "bad weather" was only a ruse on their part for not having push enough to raise the money. The preceding year they had been defeated by Aspen, by a score of 69 to 0, and they probably had no desire to receive a similar "drubbing" in 1906. This ended our negotiations with them for that year, for, had we tried to schedule another game, they would probably have manufactured another excuse.

We, however, were determined to have a game with them the next year, 1907. Arrangements were accordingly made for a game to be played on their field, September 28th. Someone must have aroused a little enthusiasm in them and inspired them with a small degree of confidence, for to our surprise the tickets were sent and we made the trip. Our chief objection this time was the treatment we received while in Leadville. We were put up at a cheap rooming house, which did not provide heat nor bath facilities, such as football men need, coming from a dusty battling ground. Although we made one touchdown during the game, the score was 0 to 0. Our full-back made a line plunge, stepping over one of Leadville's line men and making a brilliant forty yard run for a touchdown, which to our great surprise was ruled out by the officials. They claimed that he hurdled the line. The officials seriously misinterpreted the word hurdling, although we showed them a clause in the rules which read that "hurdling is jumping over a man in the line." Both officials were Leadville men, so we were compelled to accept their decision. This occasion revealed another trait in the character of Leadville that if they could not defeat us honorably, they would resort to any other questionable means. Through the remainder of that year we were unable to get a return game with them on our home field, which disappointed us very much, as we had an ardent desire to test their ability on a gridiron away from home.

The next year, 1908, brought matters with Leadville to a climax. They began by revealing their color at the Spring meet at Glenwood. Robinson and Galloway, two very

prominent men of our track team, are members of a hose team of this city, and on July 4, 1907, contested in a hose tournament at Leadville, receiving money as a prize for their run. We thought perhaps the other schools composing the "Western Slope Athletic Association" would accuse the above named parties of being professionals. As a safe-guard against the accusation our manager corresponded with several of the leading sporting authorities of the State, who upheld our assertion that a hose tournament is not a true athletic feat. At the official meeting of the representatives of the association before the meet, our supposition was verified by the Leadville representative protesting these two men. We submitted our proof which was acceptable to Glenwood, so our men were allowed to enter. Instead of accepting this decision like gentlemen, Leadville refused to enter the meet.

From all observations the Leadville boys were somewhat disappointed with the result of their attempt to "drub" us last Spring and continued to nurse a grudge against us, which they intended to satisfy during the 1908 football season. Early in the season arrangements were made between the managers of the respective teams for two football games to be played the 7th and 14th of November. Knowing that the snows come earlier in Leadville than in Aspen our manager requested that the first game be played on their field. In answer to this request their manager stated that he wished the first game played here and asked that we arrange expenses for fifteen men and that he would "live up to any contract we wished him to sign." We very willingly granted this request and covered expenses for fifteen men on November 7th. While the Leadville team was in Aspen a contract was signed by the respective managers for the return game at Leadville, November 14th. Believing the contract to be genuine we prepared for the trip and on Friday, November 13th, assembled at the station but learned that no tickets had arrived. We immediately telephoned Leadville and not being able to get the manager, the Principal informed us that early in the week he had instructed their manager to notify us of the postponement to the 21st, giving for a reason that "a week was too short a time for a return game." We did not receive a communication from them until the 20th. This letter was postmarked Leadville, November 19th, 8 a. m., dated November 14th, and signed "Manager." This was a feeble attempt on the part of the manager to square himself with Aspen, for not having followed the instructions of the Principal. The same day we received another letter stating that they had made arrangements for the game on the 21st, but again no transportation was sent us. A few days previous to this our Principal, Mr. Shepherd, wrote the Principal at Leadville asking him for positive assurance of the game the 21st. In answer to this letter the manager wrote to both Mr. Fry and Mr. Shepherd. We will not quote these letters suffice it to say that the contents were discourteous coming from a representative of one school to the officials of another.

Some weeks later the Principal at Leadville answered Mr. Shepherd's letter direct, admitting their inefficient management but intimated that Aspen was guilty of similar conduct in former years. In reply our Principal asked him to state specific cases. He also asked him to investigate conditions during the years of '05, '06 and '07. This letter contained a statement of our grievances and a request to help us adjust matters. Up to date we have received no acknowledgment of the letter.

When Leadville asked for a Thanksgiving game, we demanded that all arrangements be made with the faculty direct, but none were made.

We regret that such conditions exist between the schools as such relations are certainly not conducive to good athletics.

R. ROBINSON.

Western Slope Athletics

IT IS, and probably should be, the aim of every notable High School to attain some appreciable position in amateur athletics. There is probably nothing more outwardly or more generally significant of the life and rank of any High School, than the standard it maintains in its school athletics. A school is brought into prominence to the major portion of the populace, outside its own locality more easily by its athletic accomplishments, than by any other means.

It at once becomes evident that, if a school thrives athletically, it must have proper connections with outside institutions. Then following directly, if the combine is to advance, it must be agreeably and strongly united. On the Western Slope, creditable High School athletics are corrupted to such an extent that very undesirable enmity is being aroused. Common eligibility rules are disregarded, schedule arrangements are contemptibly overlooked, and numerous other defects are far from unnoticeable.

In defense of the above assertions, and in order that they may not be looked upon as merely unfounded statements, given solely for the sake of explanation, we might cite a few occurrences. Recently, it came to the notice of the athletic board of the Aspen High School that one of Glenwood's most valuable track men, who took a prominent part in the track and field meet, held in that city last Spring, was entirely ineligible to compete on account of unsatisfactory grades in his studies. This might not only be said of Glenwood, but of other schools, and is, to say the least, not reputable.

Another incident, one which is deplorable for its lack of judgment, and which is unworthy of a self-respecting High School, and one which has caused very much hard feeling, not only between the schools, but also individually, is the attitude Leadville has assumed in former years, and which reached a climax during the football season of 1908. The reference is undoubtedly well known to every follower of our school athletics. If for nothing more than the general principle of the very thing itself, it reflects discredit upon the Leadville School. It is, and always has been, Aspen's aim to keep our reputation up to the highest standard. Through all the victories, which have been numerous, she has attempted to gain each strictly through her merits, and we believe can show a very clean and reputable record. If we did not sincerely believe this, we should not attempt to show the defects of others. We do not mean to boastingly imply that Aspen is a model, and one which could not be improved, but simply to use her respectable record for the sake of illustration.

Such imperfections as above noted are obstructions to harmonious organization, and if these deficiencies are allowed to progress, nothing but evils can ever possibly survive. As a means of improving these conditions, let our representatives, who meet at Glenwood come to a mutual and better understanding of each other. Draw up a set of rules and regulations, to be referred to, as authority, and then our athletics will assume a higher standing. We will, thus, be obviously benefitted, and all ill feeling will be eliminated.

ROY RICHMOND.

Heard on the Football Field

NAME.	NICKNAME.	BAD HABITS.	FAVORITE SAYING.	FAVORITE SONG.
Fry.	Sport.	Giving quizzes.	Get down fellows, get down.	"Can't you see I'm lonely?"
Anson.	Curley.	Singing.	Get in the game fellows, get in the game.	"I'm on the water wagon now."
Koch.	Sonny.	Bluffing.	I've got my man buffaloed.	"If a girl like you loved a boy like me."
Robinson.	Sagnac.	Sleeping.	Get out of the way Koch.	"L-a-z-y spells lazy and you can't get out of that."
Sheehan.	Bill.	Kicking.	Pretty work fellows, pretty work.	"Coax me."
Light, F.	Fritz.	Fussing.	Dig in fellows put 'em on the hog.	"Bull-frog and the coon."
Townsend.	Dick.	Smoking.	Little faster there you linemen.	"Just because I'm from Missouri."
Peterson.	Pete.	Blushing.	What's the signal?	"Wait till the sun shines Nellie."
Chapman.	Chapie.	Arguing.	Now what's the use of doing that?	"Songs I heard in my dreams."
Masters.	Ching.	Getting tired.	Let's quit for tonight, I'm getting tired.	"Don't know where I'm going."
Daley.	Pat.	Butting in.	I didn't know you were coming through this side.	"Everybody works but father."
Paxton, G.	Stuffy.	Laying down.	Why don't you "holler" louder?	"Every little bit helps."
Richmond.	Kido.	(Has none)	Say Robinson where are you throwing that ball?	"Cheer up Mary."
Light, R.	Dimples.	Heart breaking.	Did you practice last night?	"Down on the farm."
Shaw.	Stumpie.	Grafting.	Let me get a hold of that guy.	"Mother pin a rose on me."
Paxton, J.	Butch.	Quitting early.	I've got to go.	"45 minutes from Aspen."
Herron.	Mugsy.	Swearing.	Say Ching, wake up and pass the ball.	"Why don't you try, little girl?"
DeMarais.	Al.	Gambling.	Where's all the kids?	"Somebody's waiting for me."
Shepherd.	Shep.	Mind reading.	You boys will have to stop bothering the Janitor.	"My heart's tonight in Kansas."



Photo by Lecron

BASEBALL TEAM '09

1909 Baseball

BASEBALL, as a High School sport, has never been considered in the Aspen High School until the present year. The years previous to this have been devoted to football, and track and field sports. One of the chief reasons for organizing a baseball team this year is because there was an unusual amount of material afforded.

The '09 team is composed of the following boys:

- A. DEMARAIS, Catcher.
- J. HERRON, Pitcher.
- A. FROST, First Base.
- W. SHEEHAN, Short Stop.
- R. RICHMOND, Second Base.
- N. HAYHURST, Third Base.
- C. CHAPMAN, Left Field.
- C. SHAW, Center Field.
- E. GROVER, Right Field.
- C. VAN HORN, Substitute.
- R. ROBINSON, Second Substitute.

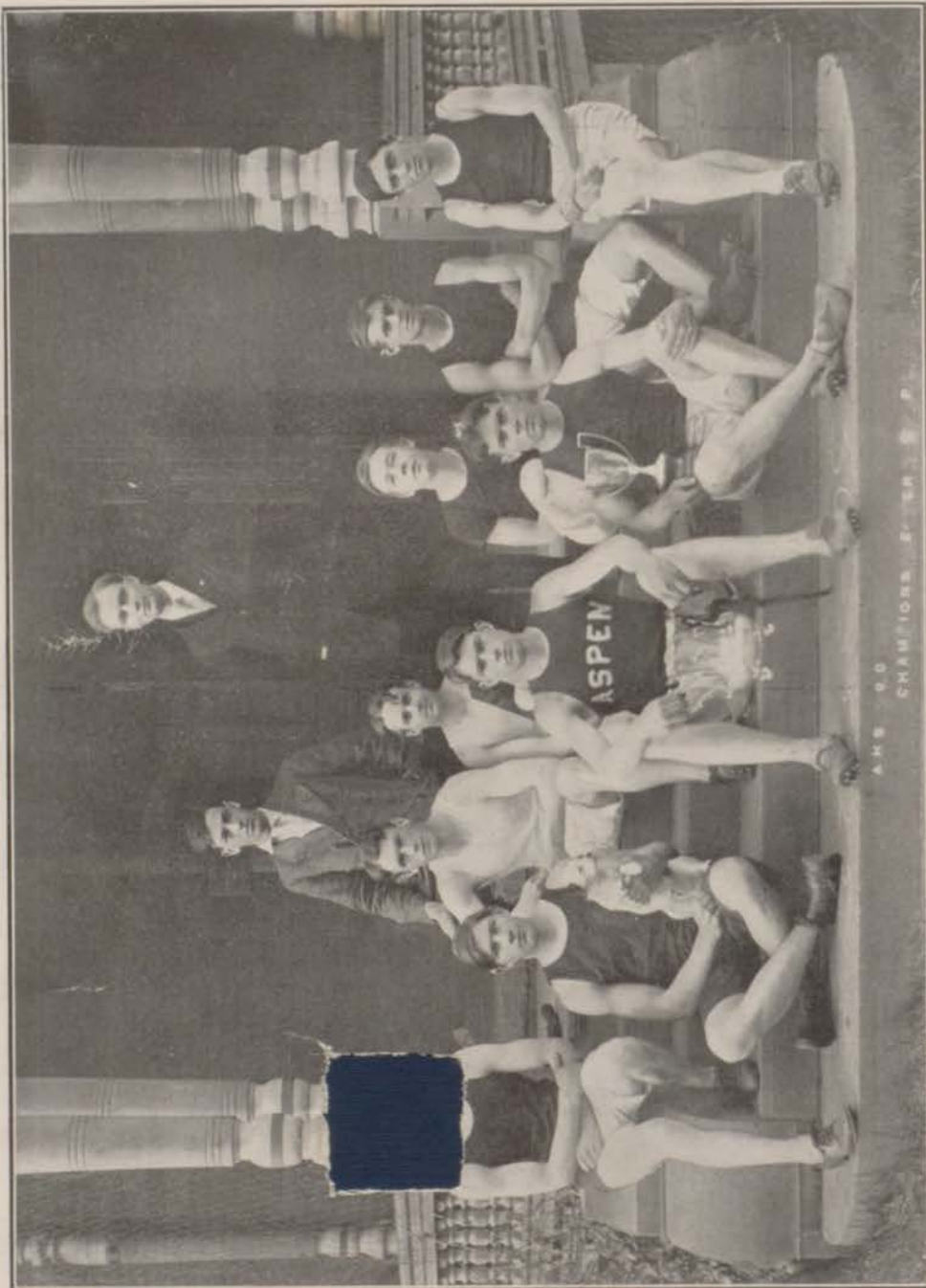
Two games were scheduled with Glenwood, one for April 17, and the other May 1. The first game was played at Glenwood. Our boys had had very little practice, on account of unfavorable weather, but were confident of winning. The Glenwood boys had been practicing for at least three weeks, and were in good condition to play. The game was called at 2:30, with a fair-sized crowd.

The first inning resulted in a tie score of 2-2. No score was made on either side during the next four innings. In the first half of the fifth, Aspen scored another run, but Glenwood tied the score in the sixth. The score was now 3-3. In the seventh, Aspen scored 2 runs, making the score 5-3, but in the eighth, Glenwood again tied the score. The ninth was a shut out for both sides. Great excitement and enthusiasm prevailed. In the tenth, Aspen failed to score in their half. In the last half, with Glenwood at the bat and two men out, the man on second stole third. The batter hit a fast grounder to third base. Our man being unable to field it properly, Glenwood scored the winning run. The final result was a score of 6-5, in favor of Glenwood.

The return game was played in Aspen two weeks afterwards, and was called at 2:30. In the first inning, Glenwood made one score, while Aspen was shut out. During the next six innings, Glenwood added two more runs, while Aspen was still unable to score. In the eighth Richmond, of Aspen, led off with a three base hit; Sheehan followed with a single, scoring Richmond. Herron, next, led off with a two base hit, scoring Sheehan. DeMarais followed next with another two base hit, scoring Herron. The score was now tied, 3-3. In the ninth inning, Glenwood added two runs. The first two men struck out; the third reached first on an error and stole second. Then followed a hit to Sheehan who fielded the ball but threw low to first, allowing the base runner to steal third. The runner seeing our first baseman fumble the ball, started for home, and scored the winning run on an error by our catcher.

We still have one more game to play at Glenwood May 29, and hope to make the score decisive in Aspen's favor.

J. H.



TRACK TEAM '09

Photo by Lecron

Calley →

Track and Field Sports

THE ADVANCEMENT of track and field athletics on the Western Slope, in the last four years, has been remarkable. Each successive year the interest has been more intense and the contests more keen.

Previous to the year 1905, this department of athletics had received little attention, and then only in a local way. At the beginning of the school year in 1905, Mr. John Green, science teacher in the High School, was elected manager of athletics. Through his efforts several of the important schools on the Western Slope met in a conference at Glenwood Springs, in April, 1906. This conference drew up a constitution which provided, that each year an inter-scholastic track and field meet should be held at Glenwood in the latter part of May, and that all High Schools on the Western Slope were eligible.

The "Western Slope Athletic Association" held its first meet on the 26th of May, 1906, and only three schools attended, namely: Aspen, Glenwood, and Leadville. It was an easy victory for Aspen, as they scored 76 points; more than double the sum of points scored by their opponents. The individual honors were awarded to Dick Townsend, of Aspen, who made four firsts and one third. The oratorical contest held in connection with the meet, was one of the principal features of the day. The prize was awarded to George Sides, of Aspen, through his excellent delivery. Although this meet was not well managed, it was sufficient to assure a larger and better one for the following year.

The meet of 1907 was held on the 25th day of May, and was full of surprises. The management was more efficient; the interest displayed, more lively. The results of the meet were less striking than before, but Aspen again won with an overwhelming majority. Glenwood was second, and Leadville third. James Kenney, of Aspen, won the individual honor with 16 1-2 points. Glenwood was awarded the oratorical contest.

As the time for the 1908 meet drew near, there was much discussion as to whether Aspen could again carry off the honors. A great deal of sentiment favored Glenwood.

The 23d of May was certainly the gala day of the year for the four schools which assembled at Glenwood, to determine which had the superior team. Each school displayed its characteristic smile or frown. Glenwood wore the vain smile of confidence, which was sure to be rubbed off. Leadville was plainly seen, looking for a place to lie down. Grand Junction, a new member was still on the outside. Aspen wore an indifferent look, not of contempt, but of respect and confidence.

Soon the contest was on, and we were pressed hard for everything except the weights. We succeeded by a good majority, however, winning the firsts in all but five of the events. The resulting score was: Aspen, 67; Glenwood, 53; Grand Junction, 21; Leadville, 0. Robinson of Aspen won the individual honor by a score of 19 1-2 points. The oratorical honor was awarded to Leadville. Thus ended a glorious day; a big "ambition" had been crushed, and a broad smile of "ours once more" was upon Aspen's countenance.

A brief summary will show that we have been victorious each year, winning with a good majority. Each year the records have been lowered, and the attendance and interest have increased remarkably. The secondary honor has always been won by an Aspen man. With such a record behind us, we will venture a word on the coming meet. Our team will be as strong as in previous years, and all indications point to a greater success than ever before. Several new schools are expected to enter, and it is probable that the "Western Slope Athletic Association" will have one of the best meets in Colorado. W. S.



Photo by Lecron

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA



A. H. S. Mandolin Club, '09

WNE, two, three, let her go! With this stern and startling command, the Mandolin Club, of 1909, embarked on its musical voyage, under the able direction of Roy Richmond, '10.

For the past three years, the club has been under the direction of A. Glenn Hoskins, former science teacher in the High School. He was a first class mandolin and guitar player, and also an excellent leader. With his departure the club lost an esteemed and valuable member.

Roy Richmond, the present leader, is a musical genius. Under his direction and care the club has developed wonderfully, and is now considered one of the best orchestras in our city. Roy has displayed great patience and perseverance throughout the year, and the music by the orchestra shows good results, brought about by his training.

The club has at the present time, three violins, seven mandolins, and the piano. The players belong to the various classes. If the club continues, as it has this year, the High School, and also the city, will not want for excellent music during the coming school year of 1909 and '10. Let us hope it will continue to flourish.

“Then here's to the club, with its gold and its gray,
And here's to its music fine;
May each member always be happy and gay
As he was during 1909.”

ALMA CALEY.

Old Aspen High School

*In dear old Aspen High School,
Where students love to go,
Where no one goes against the rule,
And each one has a show.
To be among the noted ones,
And there secure a name,
And by and by in later years,
To slowly gain great fame.*

*Among the elder people
Far off in some great town,
The Aspen boys do mingle
As citizens of great renown.
No matter if you are near him,
No matter if you are far,
When you are in need of a noble friend,
The Aspen boy is a star.*

*He is leader among his companions.
Their advisor? well, I guess,
And no matter if in joy or in sorrow,
He remembers old A. H. S.
He remembers his dear old sweetheart,
He remembers the bygone days,
And old Aspen, in all her glory,
In his memory forever stays.*

*The student may become gray-haired,
But will never forget the story,
And thoughts of Aspen High School,
In her fame and in her glory.
He may become old and feeble,
But deep in his memory there stays
That place in dear old Aspen,
Where he spent his youthful days.*

Walter Fisher.

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Gas

CARL (to Freshman)—“The first hundred copies cost the most, because the setting of the type and the cuts come in that expense.”

Freshman—“Well, why not skip the first hundred, and begin on the second hundred. Then they will not cost so much.”

Our King Col(y)e(r) is a very prompt soul,
And a very prompt soul is he.
He calls for the Lab and he calls for the rooms,
At exactly half-past three.

Z. F. considers Light a dark but interesting subject.

Miss L.—“Howard, I am discouraged with you. I don't think there is any music in you.”

John H. (sotto voice)—“Well, there ought to be. None has ever gotten out, that I know of.”

Earl thinks that—

The Aspen girls are pretty,
The Aspen girls are nice;
But when it comes to ranch girls,
Why, Frances cuts the ice.

Prof. Adams—“Can you tell me what a smile is, Lillian?”

Lillian—“Yes, Sir. It is the whisper of a laugh.”

Edward G., your aspirations are high. If you keep up to your standard, we predict for you a successful career.

Alma—“I don't see how the class of '07 kept their little caps on their heads.”

John—“Vacuum pressure, probably.”

At the time of the Junior Lock-Out, one of the parents wrote the following note to the Superintendent: “Dear Sir:” “Don't hit our son. We never do it at home, except in self defense.”

“The two jokes,—Miss Lepper and Harry Wood,” announced the H. S. Principal.

Mother—“What are you looking for?”

Student (turning the pages of an encyclopedia viciously)—“Shakespeare.”

Mother—“What do you want with him?”

Student—“His life.”

Edmore—“Howard, you are a regular heart-breaker.”

Howard—“Well, I guess they do like me pretty well.”

Carl says, “Oily to bed and oily to rise,
Is the fate of a man, when an auto he tries.”

Peddler—"Do you want to buy any horse-radish today?"

Normal—"No, Sir. We only feed our horses oats and hay. That's all we can afford."

Query—"Why does a blush creep up on a woman's cheek?"

Answer—"Because, if it went any faster, it might kick up a dust."

There was a member of the English class,
One of the Sophomore guys,
Who always flirted with the Junior girls,
No matter what their size.
Once with a Junior he tried to go,
With whom he was quite smitten;
She merely said, "It's winter now,"
And then gave him the "mitten."

Knowledge is like pepper; it makes one smart.

Earl (to Lena)—"Well, if there were less of you and more of me, the world would be better off."

Several of our bonny maidens are cutting their wisdom teeth this year.

The year 1909 ought to be a good baseball year, since it has two nines of its own.

Smart Freshman—"Say, do you know that I saw a stone step, when I came to school today?"

Smarter Sophomore—"Oh, that's nothing. I saw a board walk and a brick building."

It is of no use for—

DeMarais to try to sing,
Rose to try to run,
Paxton to study German,
Zupancis to try to dance,
Bill to try to spell,
Any one to try to get a good grade in science,
Any one to argue with the Janitor,
Dorothy to take anti-fat,
Zella to "fuss" the Lights,
Frances to try to whistle,
Robinson to try to wear No. 6's,
Any one to abuse the Freshmen.

Edward's favorite quotation: "Life is a feast (Feist)."

Edna's favorite type of people: "Normal."

It is hardly proper to wear jewelry to school, but Albert DeMarais may be seen any day with an Opal almost as large as himself.

Seen in the High School Museum

A bird—Her(r)on.
A flower—Rose.
A fruit—Olive.
A mineral—Cole (Coal).
A specimen from the forest—Wood.
A periodical—Daley (Dailey).
A banquet—Feist (Feast).
A musical instrument—(Van) Horn.
A peel—Ryan (Rind).
An edible—Fruit.
Means of illumination—(The) Lights.
Places of amusements—Parks.
Something necessary in the house—Dustin(').
Protection for warriors—Shields.

In the time of Adam, the Shepherd sent the Lepper over to Morgan county to Fry Hartig.

A maiden named Rose,
Was a damsel most darin',
Didn't care much for birds,
But was fond of her Her(r)on.

Lost

All the screws belonging to the seats in Room 2. Finder please return to the Principal's office.

All confidence in the Freshmen division of the Artistic Board. Return to Box 43, Annual Board.

The art of bluffing required in geometry. Return to Ed. Koch.

A set of false teeth belonging to the faculty dog. Return to the Bungalow.

A shoe resembling a box-car. Return to "Ching."

All hope of becoming a student.—R. Richmond.

A pull with the faculty.—W. Sheehan.

A gallon of soothing syrup. Return to the Annual Board.

A fine brass ring with the initials, "E. M. L." Return to the owner, "H. A. D.," and receive a reward.

The ability to express themselves in good Orthodox English.—A score or more of H. S. students.

The art of "spelling" and "pronunciation."—H. M. V. L.

All the patience we ever possessed.—Annual Board.

Can you imagine—

Mabel Augustine whispering in English ?
Earl Bolam taking a joke ?
Charles Chapman dissatisfied with himself ?
Lena Chitwood not Wait(e)ing ?
Opal Chitwood blushing ?
Edmore Daley sincere ?
Albert DeMarais not admiring rings (Opal)?
Charlotte Feist without Eddie ?
Zella Ferris without a Light ?
Edna Fruit without her lessons ?
John Herron a bachelor ?
Ruth Johnson without pen and tablet ?
Edward Koch not knocking ?
Eura Layton as a baseball fan ?
Helen Leonard "tripping the light fantastic" ?
James Magee "fussing" ?
Beulah McBride without a beau ?
Olive McBride not using "p(Shaw)" ?
John McLaughlin with a girl ?
Margaret O'Connell at a football game ?
Ethel Powell at the head of a Cannon ?
Roy Richmond not L(e)isten(ing) ?
Raymond Robinson without a bouquet ?
Frances with a Roman nose ?
Carl Shaw grown up ?
Edwina Stephens as an old maid ?
Pearl Tarbell out of sorts ?
Evelyn Woon as "Belle of the ball" ?

Overheard at 4:30 p. m., as two Freshman girls were leaving the H. S. building,
"Just look at he a orderin' we around when us don't belong to he at all!"

Horace Masters (one evening about 5 p. m.)—"I am putting in eight hours a day
now. I have joined the Shakespeare Club."

Horace, again, one evening quite late in the Principal's office, trying to commit
the Speech of Polonius, suddenly exclaimed: "I wish this fool man had died before he
ever wrote this stuff!"

Ted Cooper and Carl went out in their "auto." It blew up, and Ted came down
a Russian and Carl came down a Pole.

No matter how late you stay up at night,
And puzzle your brain till it's sore ;
There is always someone who is sure to say,
"Humph! I've heard that joke before!"

Nuggets

IF anything in school work is hard, make it easy; and if anything is easy, make it easier.
In getting an education, "get all you can, and can all you get."

One may try without conquering, but one never conquers without trying.

Don't be merely a good member of society. Be a member of good society.

Show due respect to others, if you wish to be respected.

It is always safe to be more practical than theoretical, for many theories are not practical.

All things depend upon the individual, but the individual does not depend upon all things—only one—character.

A word to the wise is worth two in the dictionary.

Do as you please, when you please to do right.

Jokes are little nuts,—the drier they are, the better they crack.

Art Editor—"I wish to be square; if you'll let me advise:

In art, as all else, you must work to be wise."

The prizes worth having in life must be paid for, and the life worth living must be a life of work for a worthy end.—Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt.

Don't be altogether an optimist; don't be all a pessimist. Be a naturalist.

Honesty is the best policy, but "graft" is the easiest.

All great men are great in the eyes of others, not in their own eyes.

Conquer yourself, or someone else will.

Don't be a "know it all," but try to be a "know it well."

This would be a better world if everyone knew more about himself and less about others.

Failure is that which is not success, and success is that which is not failure. Now, why not get on the perpendicular bisector of the line joining success and failure? For everyone knows that the perpendicular bisector of a line is the locus of all points equidistant from the extremities.

Franklin says that fortune knocks at least once at every man's door. This may have been true in Franklin's time, but today every man must knock at fortune's door, and sometimes he has to knock hard to gain admittance.

Everybody used to say, "Give me the boy or girl who reaches the goal." A more recent saying is, "Give me the boy or girl who knows what to do after he reaches the goal."

Tabled Ore

PROF. SHEPHERD—"Why don't you talk louder when you recite?"
Cornelius—"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

Miss Lepper (in Algebra)—"What do you expect to do with your x , Ray?"

Prof. Fry—"What plain does the Illinois flood east of the U. S.?"

Alma (in bookkeeping)—"Mr. Adams, if your credit side of your Cash Book proved larger than your debit, what would you do?"

Edmore (aside)—"Skip the country."

Prof. Fry—"Ethel, if you had two pieces of ice and wanted to make one longer, what would you do?"

Ethel—"Well — — —."

Howard (assisting Ethel)—"Stretch it."

Miss Morgan—"Harry, will you explain more fully about the Greek heaven?"

Harry—"Can't do it! Never was there."

Freddie—"Mr. Shepherd, how do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?"

Prof. Shepherd—"It depends whether it applies to a man or a bee."

Prof. Fry—"Horace, what is the highest form of animal life?"

Horace—"The giraffe."

Carl—"There is only one thing that I don't know."

Miss Hartig—"What is that?"

Carl—"Subjunctions."

A former Cæsar student must have believed with Miles Standish that, "Truly a wonderful man was Caius Cæsar," for according to her translation of the clause "Cæsar carried the woman across the stream," she insisted that "Cæsar carried the mules across the stream."

Koch (in Geometry)—"If that is the case, you will never reach zero."

Miss Lepper—"I don't care to reach zero, Mr. Koch."

Mr. Fry—"John Herron, define the word vacuum."

John H.—"I can't think of it for the moment, but I've got it in my head."

Carl (giving quotation from Skakespeare)—"Madam do you think you have fools to deal with?"

Mrs. East—"I am sometimes convinced of the fact."

Student in Physics—"How can you get an electrified man from off a track?"

Prof. Fry—"Pull him by the coat-tail."

Miss Hartig—"Horace, give the principal parts of the verb "to know."
Horace (in a whisper)—"What's the word, Freddie?"
Freddie (scratching his head)—"Dang 'f I know."
Horace—"Dangfæno, dangfænafe, dangfænavi, dangfænatuf."

Ed. Koch (explaining a proposition in Geometry)—"Now if you increase the number of sides of your prism, they approach, — — —."

Miss Lepper—"Don't make it so personal. Tell what "you" can do."

Prof. Shepherd (in History)—"It takes two years to obtain naturalization papers. How many of you have ever seen any?"

Edith—"I have."

Prof. Shepherd—"Well, for the benefit of those who have not seen any, I will bring the one I have over at the house."

Rose—"Are naturalization papers necessary for one to come from Kansas to Colorado?"

Prof. Adams—"Roy, give me the general rules of book-keeping."

Roy—"Never lend them, don't lose them, and avoid giving them away."

Miss L. (who is evidently smitten with the Kansas fever) translating in Cæsar, the clause, "They made sails out of canvas," made the author say, "they made sails out of Kansas."

Prof. S. (in History)—"What auxiliary lodge do you know of?"

Ever-ready Senior—"Elks."

Prof. F. (in Chemistry)—"Now, students, what shall we put into this solution to show affinity?"

Howard (quickly)—"Alimony."

Miss H. (in German)—"Can any of you decline "to eat?"

Voice from the back seat—"Yes, ma'am, but we don't like to."

Teacher (in spelling)—"Rastus, give me a sentence using the words "defeat" and "debasement."

Rastus—"De teacher was goin' down de stairs and de feet slipped, and he fell into de basement."

All the girls of the Senior class, except three, decided to celebrate October 15, (Virgil's birthday anniversary) by "cutting class." Not so, these three maidens, who very dutifully came to class. The maiden from the ranch, however, celebrated the event in her own unique way, by making the passage, "He was sacrificing the oxen," read, "He was branding the steers."

Prof. Adams (in Geometry)—"Russel, how much greater than angle C O A is angle B O A?"

Russel—"It is once again as great."

Prof. Adams—"That reminds me of an Irish story. Pat and Jamie walking along the road saw a very small pony. Pat says, 'Ah Jamie, see the small horse!' Jamie says, 'Nay, Pat, that's nothin'. 'I saw one as small as two of it.'"

Miss Morgan (in Freshman English)—“What is a loose statement?”

Ray L. (boy from the ranch)—“One that has not been caught.”

Prof. S. (in Ancient History, after discussing Roman marriage customs in which the father gave the bride away)—“Is it not customary in this country today?”

Student—“No, sir! They elope here.”

Miss Hartig—“What is there in a German *zu*?”

Slow Student—“Animals, I guess, the same as in any zoo.”

Miss H.—“Oh, no, you are mistaken. I meant the German word, *zu*.”

Miss M. (in Junior English)—“Charles, give a quotation.”

Charles—“If music be the food of love, play on.”

Carl—“Let thy love be younger than thyself.”

Miss H.—“Alva, decline the German word meaning question.”

Alva—“Die Froggy, der Froggy, der Froggy, — — —.”

Miss H.—“Alva, the word is not *Froggy* but *Frage*,—the accent not coming with any force on the final *e*. Try it again.”

Alva (with the best of intentions)—“Die Froggie, der Froggie, der — — —.”

Miss. H.—“That will do. Carl, finish the word.”

Miss Morgan (in Sophomore English)—“Is there anything pathetic in the story, ‘Silas Marner’?”

John H.—“I think it is pathetic that his girl should go back on him.”

Miss M.—“Explain the context of the following sentence: ‘First I was a Frenchman, then I was a Dutchman, now I am an Englishman.’”

Student—“First I was a Freshman, then — — —.”

Miss M. (after the merriment had somewhat subsided)—“O, that is excusable. We all know that her thoughts run, at present, more upon a Freshman than any particular Frenchman.”

Miss Hartig—“Edward, what is the difference in the meaning of the two transitive verbs *schicken* and *schenken*?”

Edward—“The verb *schicken* means “chicken” and the verb *schenken* means “ham” or “bacon.”

Miss M. (in English)—“Will, write on the board the meaning of *Cherubims*.”

Will S. (writes on board)—“Cherubims are little angles.”

A roguish student in Physiography put a piece of brick among the minerals that the Science teacher asked the class to bring as specimens from the Rocky Mountains. Prof. Fry began naming them and he said: “This is a piece of lignite; this is a piece of pyrites; and this (picking up the piece of brick) is a piece of impudence.”

The ones who think our jokes are poor,
Would straightway change their views,
Could they compare the jokes we print
With those that we refuse.



Wire Silver

The Mystery

*Our books had scampered away in the night,
In some way unknown, they had taken their flight.
Next morn' to our classes, with heads hung down,
We all trooped in, each wearing a frown.
The teacher then asked the reason thereof;
We looked at the floor and the blackboard above;
Gone were our note books, our pencils and pens,
And some freak of nature had gobbled our Chems.*

*Day after day we searched high and low,
When one day a student did happen to go,
Into the office with a story of blunders;
When lo! and behold! oh, wonder of wonders!
The Janitor was there in a chair that swings,
And was sorting over our missing things.*

*There was our Virgil, sought so long ;
There was our History, thought quite gone ;
There was a hat, and a rubber new ;
There were the nails and screws, not a few,—
Said to be missing from the legs of the desks,—
All safely hoarded in a magpie's nest.*

*Here, gone so long and missed so much,
Was a well worn "pony" which served as a crutch.
Who would have thought it hidden there?
No one was "wise" but the Janitor dear ;
He knew the place to hide such things—
This wise young "king," oh, "king of Kings"!—
All safely hidden, our choicest and best,
All safely stored in a magpie's nest.*

Elsie Paxton.



The Difference

*I go to school, and study, and "plug,"—
But what profit is in these?
I sit at my desk and gaze around
And try to look at ease.
The teacher sits there quite sedate,
To correct me if I'm mean ;
But that's because she's forty-eight
And I am sweet sixteen.*

*I cannot help, when I smile at Ray,
The blush that comes and goes.
I really get "fussed" to my finger-tips,
And sometimes to my nose.
But the teacher is white, where white should be,
And pretty,—O, sweet fate !
For the blush that flies at sweet sixteen
Is fixed at forty-eight.*

*I wish I had her dainty cheek,
I wish that I could sing
All sorts of roguish little songs
Not quite the proper thing.
I'm very modest and very shy;
My styles aren't up to date;
But that's because I'm sweet sixteen
And she is forty-eight.*

*The term goes by and school is o'er;
My books and pleasures fade;
And now—I think of bygone days,
And how in school I played,
I can never forget my teacher dear,
Or how she used to scold;
For, now 'tis I that's forty-eight,
While she is growing old.*

Z. E. Ferris.



Day-Dream

*In the basement dark and dim,
Sat Art Colyer, tall and slim.
He dozed away in an easy chair,
And dreamed a dream of students fair.*

*His dream went on just this way:
He saw a school house far away,
Where students were, for all he saw,
As good as gold, and obeyed the law.*

*And Art thought he was working there,
A sweeping out, and taking care.
The students came just right on time,
And never broke the rules so fine.*

*And Art was in Paradise,
And had his way, and got his price.
But lo! he woke, and O! too bad!
He found it all a dream! So sad!*

Earl Bolam.

Our Ex-President

*When first we entered High School,
A president we named.
Of all the loyal fellows,
He was by far most famed.*

*Of course we wanted him to do
All that was in his power,
To make "our" class "the" one in school;
O'er all we wished to tower.*

*For a year all things went well,
And our president did his duty,
But then,—ah! something happened!
He was captured by a beauty.*

*Of course, no name I'll mention,
For that would not be fair.
Suffice to say, she's a Junior girl,
And his affection is there.*

(Now comes the sad part of the story)

*Not now had the gentleman any time
To devote to "our" affairs;
And feeling thus, he called a meet.
Oh! My! but "he put on airs."*

*He tendered his resignation,
As president of the class.
But we considered him a "dub,"
And wouldn't let it pass.*

*But now we have a president,
Who'll stay by us till the last.
Three cheers for our friend's successor!
We'll let the past be past.*

Unknown.

A Deer Hunt

Prologue.

One morn, when the leaves were beginning to fall,
 Prof. Shepherd and Fry
 Started out to try
Their luck at shooting the "ball."

The morning was fine and the sun was on high,
 As they trotted and galloped along;
Each whistling, or singing, and thinking the sky
 Was as clear as a warbler's song.

"I think we will find a deer up there,"
 Quoth Fry, in tones quite mild.
"Oh, no! the deer are farther up
 Where the woods are thick and wild."

So they parted on top of a hill so high,
 Each going a different way.
And what they did, and what they found,
 To you I now will say.

Prof. Shepherd galloped over the hill,
 Down into a grassy spot;
And there he saw by a big tall tree
 A deer. O! What a fine shot!

He waited and watched and crept along,
 In order to get quite near.
But when he had aimed a careful shot,
 Behold! There was no deer!

"What! Am I dreaming?" the poor man cried,
 As he lowered his gun to look.
"I thought he was there by the tree," he sighed;
 " But I see he's skidooed to the brook."

"O, I wish I had got him!" he cried in despair,
 " For he was so big and fine;
But I guess I can't catch that sort of deer,
 And must look for the other kind."

*Poor Mr. Fry! He wandered around,
Looking for berries red.
And, when it began to snow, he found
He had lost his way. How sad!*

*It was getting chilly and the wind did howl,
And poor Mr. Fry could not see the road.
But after a time he found the camp,
And thawed out by the fire. So cold!*

*Thus ended the hunt of the deer for them,
And since this sort of game they can't find,
They think it best to leave that deer alone
And try the other kind.*

Z. E. F.



(H) Slam 23.—(Revised Edition)

HE (Prof. Shepherd) is my Shepherd; I shall not want.
He teacheth me of the Greek Heroes.

He maketh me to learn of the Romans.

He leadeth me by the paths of knowledge for my sake.

And when I walk through the halls of the High School, I will fear evil; for he
watcheth me.

His Rod and his Rule, they chastise me.

He prepareth a "quiz" for me in the presence of the students.

He adorneth my papers with blue marks.

My eyes leaketh over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me after all this torture, and I shall not
remain in the A. H. S. forever.

D. O.

Song

*The Seniors gave a party,
The guests by dozens came!
The Freshmen and the Sophomores,
And the Junior class so game.
The Seniors came in purple,
The Sophs in crimson dressed,
And the lovely little Freshmen,
In emerald looked their best.*

Chorus—

*The Seniors gave a party
And everything was grand!
Miss Lepper led the dancing,
Professor Fry, the band!*

*The grand march was a daisy,
The lunch, in courses served,
Near sat the Sophomores crazy,
And the Freshmen quite unnerved.
M. Le Shepherd was toast master,
And when he left his stand,
Miss Morgan began praising him
For his English. It was grand!*

*At last the party ended,
The students left in two's.
Prof. Fry walked off with Miss Morgan,
Miss Lepper had the blues.
Since Fry was too fickle,
And Shepherd was too slow,
The good and lovely Mary
Alone toward home did go.*

Chas. Van H.

In Memoriam

Sacred to the Memory of

The Catastrophe Gazette

Late Ancestor of the Silver Queen

The Gazette first saw the beginning of its career in December, and continued and prospered until the middle of February, when it met its tragic end.

The last sad rites were performed by Professors Adams and Shepherd. It leaves behind eight would-be editors to mourn its untimely end and effects.

Its flight, though meteor-like in splendor, attracted yet the notice of our little world, and, "remembered, will some day give pleasure."



Alumni

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CLASS OF 08

CLASS OF 07

03

CLASS OF 06

CLASS OF 05

CLASS OF 04

CLASS OF 03

CLASS OF 02

CLASS OF 01

H.M.V.I.

Aspen High School Alumni

(REVISED TO DATE)

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Harry Maltby.....Cripple Creek, Colo.
Cornelia Maltby (Mrs. D. L. Bruce).....Reno, Nevada
Carrie Bailey (Mrs. W. E. Kelly).....Lynedock, Ontario, Canada
Elizabeth Gerard (Mrs. Raymond Rule).....Vernon, Nevada
Stella E. Pearce, Colorado Normal, '93, 1733 Belmont Ave.....Seattle, Wash.
Julia Pearce (Mrs. F. H. Ronecke) 126 Florissant St.....Seattle, Wash.

Class of '90

(No Graduates)

Class of '91

Tempie W. Browne (Mrs. C. E. Doolittle).....Aspen, Colo.
Nella Coombs (Mrs. H. A. Brown).....Aspen, Colo.
Annetta B. Canning, Colorado Normal, '95, Vassar (two years), University of France
(two years), County Superintendent, Pitkin County, Aspen, Colo.
Jennie Parsons (Mrs. Walter Menzies).....Bingham, Utah
Minnie Frantz (Mrs. J. H. Lay) 36th and E. Union St.....Seattle, Wash.
Rosalie Yaples (Mrs. Chas. F. Saunders).....Reno, Nevada
Dudley W. Strickland, Williams College, '05, Kittredge Building.....Denver, Colo.
Albert Plum, Mill Manager.....Billings, Mont.

Class of '92

(No Graduates)

Class of '93

(No Graduates)

Class of '94

Mary P. Clay, Teacher, 411 South 12th East St.....Salt Lake City, Utah
Maud Merritt, Teacher, 115 South Holt St.....Ottumwa, Iowa

Class of '95

Lela E. Pearce, Teacher, 116 W. Carr St., or Box 653.....Cripple Creek, Colo.
Corrine Cole (Mrs. P. F. McKenna).....Aspen, Colo.

Class of '96

Neva Willey (Mrs. Lawson)	Seattle, Wash.
Wm. J. Meehan	Marble, Colo.
Nellie Fink (Mrs. E. E. Warner), 207 South Milton St.	Whittier, Calif.

Class of '97

Agnes Saunders, Teacher Public Schools	Aspen, Colo.
Daisy Herrick, Clerk in Post Office	Aspen, Colo.
Bernice Markle (Mrs. Prof. Grant Ruland)	Paonia, Colo.
Anna Browne (Mrs. Thomas Woodbridge), care of W. O. P. Co.	Hazen, Nevada
Roberta Dwyer (Mrs. Edmund Linbaugh)	Spokane, Wash.

Class of '98

Ethel Higinbotham, Colo. State Normal, '07, Teacher Public Schools	Aspen, Colo.
Maud Cole (Mrs. Wm. Robertson), 127 West 4th South	Salt Lake City, Utah
Gertrude Farley, Colo. State Normal (one year), Clerk	Victor, Colo.
W. Henry Wright, School of Mines, '99	Cripple Creek, Colo.
Robert H. Browne, Columbia (one year), Freiberg, Germany, School of Mines (one year), Amargosa, Nye County, Nevada	
Mabel Barnett, care of Kelly & Clark, or 1022 N. 31st Ave.	Seattle, Wash.

Class of '99

Nixie Willey, Art Store	San Francisco, Calif.
Maude Meehan, Colo. State Normal, '08, Teacher	Jerome, Arizona
Joe. Watters, Book-keeper	Silverton, Colo.
Chapp E. Wood	Telluride, Colo.
Mabel F. Pratt (Mrs. Dr. E. F. Dodds)	Missoula, Mont.
Austin Bradshaw, Book-keeper	Albuquerque, New Mexico
Louise H. Hallet (Mrs. Dr. W. D. Vain)	Champaigne, Illinois.
Margaret L. Rice (Mrs. William Cornwall)	Aspen, Colo.
Annie Neiper (Mrs. A. A. McPherson)	Jerome, Arizona
Berenice Youngson, 2225 W. 15th St.	Los Angeles, Calif.

Class of '00

Belle C. Shields	Encampment, Wyoming
Nellie Y. Connaughton	Weiser, Idaho
George B. Thatcher	Tonopah, Nevada
Frank O. Kuntz } University of Missouri '05, A. B. { Res. Physician Wabash Railroad	
} M. D. Degree from same institution. { Hospital, Moberly, Mo.	
Bertha M. Silver (Mrs. Warren Geiger)	DeLagua, Colo.
Margaret E. Beck (Mrs. Wm. Baldwin)	Victor, Colo.
Laura M. White (Mrs. Rose Evans), 512 W. 5th St.	Pueblo, Colo.
Madeline Florin (Mrs. Fred Herwick)	Salt Lake City, Utah
Carrie M. Baldwin (Mrs. Chas. Wernicke)	Denver, Colo.
Cora G. Saunders (Mrs. Chas. Rhodes)	Sultan, Wash.

Class of '01

Mae Eddy (Mrs. Dr. Wm. Setzler), University of Colorado, '05	Fort Collins, Colo.
Margaret Hallett, Miss Wolcott's School, Denver, '03, Studying for Librarian, Urbana, Ill.	
Alice Pflum, Clerk of District Court, Pitkin County	Aspen, Colo.
Margaret Clement (Mrs. Benj. Brown)	New Castle, Colo.
Harriet Rawlins (Mrs. John E. Elrick)	Glenwood Springs, Colo.
Stella Bennett (Mrs. Wm. Pings)	Carbondale, Colo.
Irene Bennett, Bank Clerk	Carbondale, Colo.
Margaret Wheeler, 190 Seabright Ave.	Santa Cruz, Calif.
Thomas L. Chapman, School of Mines, '06	Rico, Colo.
Annie Bailey (Mrs. Chas. Yerkes), 731 Kip St.	Los Angeles, Calif.
Michael Mack	Address Unknown
Oscar Willey, Denver University, '06, Lawyer	Boston, Mass.
Carl R. Tarbell, Stamp Mills	Millers, Nevada
Sadye McEvoy, Stenographer	Denver, Colo.

Class of '02

Pearl E. James (Mrs. Dr. N. E. Graf)	Los Angeles, Calif.
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Lulu M. Warner (Mrs. Jack Bowler)	Leadville, Colo.
Ella Colby (Mrs. Fred Hart)	Snow Mass, Colo.
Cecelia Lawler, State Normal '08, Teacher	Leadville, Colo.
Henrietta Beck	Aspen, Colo.
Berta Hicks	Aspen, Colo.
Julia Frost (Mrs. Geo. Ennis)	Aspen, Colo.
Grace E. Baker, State Normal, '07, Teacher at South Canon	Carbondale, Colo.
Mollie Sunnicht (Mrs. Thos. Arbuckle), State Normal, '08	Fruita, Colo.
Laura Moore	Glenwood Springs, Colo.
Effie Anderson, 1216 10th Ave., South	Seattle, Wash.
Eulalia Bourg, Calif. State Normal, '08	San Diego, Calif.

Class of '03

Lillie Silver (Mrs. M. Bloch), 49 Ogone Ave.	Ocean Park, Calif.
Essie M. Smith	Aspen, Colo.
M. Ethel Mellor, Teacher at Redstone	Aspen, Colo.
Fannie A. Park (Mrs. Ed. Powell)	Emma, Colo.
Jennie R. Arbuckle, State Normal (one and one-half years), Teacher in County, Aspen, Colo.	Aspen, Colo.
Dora E. Hart, Four years music under Dr. Whiteman, Denver, Colo.	Aspen, Colo.
Harriet L. Cole (Mrs. Claude Connor), President Ladies G. A. R.	Aspen, Colo.
Mina Todhunter (Mrs. R. J. Ennis)	Aspen, Colo.
M. Pearl McLavy, State Normal, '05, Teacher Public Schools	Aspen, Colo.
W. Floyd Callahan	Carbondale, Colo.
Bessie M. Callahan	Aspen, Colo.
Pansy C. Callahan (Mrs. Geo. Hotz)	Carbondale, Colo.
Roy Johnson, Clerk	Grand Junction, Colo.
Mae H. Robinson	Aspen, Colo.
Walter Jenkinson, D. U. (two years)	Marble, Colo.
Grace Moore	Glenwood Springs, Colo.
Frankie L. Boyer (Mrs. Archie Lawler)	Glenwood Springs, Colo.
Frank H. Waite, Highland Park College, Iowa, '09, Pharmacist	Denver, Colo.
Nellie C. Hammer (Mrs. Arthur Pearson)	Cardiff, Colo.

Mamie L. Walsh (Mrs. James Doyle), 329 South Fifth St.	Victor, Colo.
Ella P. Walsh, State Normal, '06, Teacher	Residence in Ireland
Mary F. Bullock (Mrs. Geo. Reeves)	Portland, Oregon
Pansy L. Silver, Telegraph Operator	Raton, New Mexico
Ina B. Wheeler, Teacher, Box 294	Goldfield, Nevada

Class of '04

Florence Mellor, State Normal (one year), Teacher Public Schools	Aspen, Colo.
Edith M. Light, State Normal, '06, Teacher Public Schools	Aspen, Colo.
Ralph Stitzer, University of Colorado, '08, Electrician	St. Louis, Mo.
Alice Bourg, Student at California State Normal	San Diego, Calif.
Don C. Lewers, Assayer	Columbia, Nevada
Bernard Barry	Goldfield, Nevada
Mae Foster, California State Normal, '06, Teacher, 579 Seventh St.	San Diego, Calif.
Zilphia Sutphen, University of Colorado, '08	Steamboat Springs, Colo.
Julius C. Smith, Student at University of Colorado (fourth year)	Salida, Colo.
Emma Williams (Mrs. W. A. Bradshaw)	Albuquerque, New Mexico

Class of '05

Turner L. Sproule, University of Colorado (three years)	Eagle, Colo.
Nellie Byron, State Normal, '07, Teacher in La Junta Schools	Aspen, Colo.
Cecelia Mulqueen, Hoboken Training School, '08, Teacher in County	Aspen, Colo.
Mamie Bourg	Watson, Colo.
Louise Berg, Student at University of Colorado (second year)	Aspen, Colo.
Leopold Silver, Student at School of Mines (third year)	Aspen, Colo.
Harry Farris, School of Mines (three years)	Theodore, Utah
Earl McPhee, City Treasurer	Aspen, Colo.
Helen Callahan, Student at University of Colorado (third year)	Aspen, Colo.
Helen Coombs, St. Paul St.	Denver, Colo.
Lucile Fisher (Mrs. Frank H. Dowell)	Allison, Colo.
Bessie Bradley	Spokane, Wash.

Class of '06

Nellie M. Epperson, Student at University of Colorado (third year)	Aspen, Colo.
John P. Flynn, Student at University of Colorado (third year)	Aspen, Colo.
May B. Helmer, University of Colo. (one year), Pratt Inst., Wis. (two years)	Aspen, Colo.
Lulu M. Thompson (Mrs. Claude Crawley)	Ruedi, Colo.
Leroy Short	Aspen, Colo.
George Side, Denver University (one year), Public Reader	Aspen, Colo.
Nellie M. Witter, Music Teacher	Aspen, Colo.
Richard H. Townsend, S. of M., Rolla, Mo. (two years), Civil Engineering, Dragon, Utah	
Ruth M. Shelledy, Student at University of Colorado (third year)	Spokane, Wash.
Jessie E. Sumnicht, Nurse in training at Hearne Sanitarium, Fourth and Ash Streets, San Diego, Calif.	
Zella C. Gifford, Book-keeper	Denver, Colo.

Class of '07

Hazel Buchanan, University of Colorado (one year)	Aspen, Colo.
Emma Brown	Aspen, Colo.
James Kenna, U. S. S. Charleston, Manilla, P. I., care of P. M.	Manilla, P. I.
Normal Sullivan, Student at University of Ill. Medical College (second year)	Aspen, Colo.

Henrietta Holthower, Book-keeper	Aspen, Colo.
Clara Mellor, Assistant in County Treasurer's Office	Aspen, Colo.
Fleeta Lamb, Student at University of Michigan (second year)	Aspen, Colo.
Chas. MaGee, With Jeweler McKee	Aspen, Colo.
Maurice M. Madden, Student at University of Colorado (second year)	Denver, Colo.
Ralph Shaw, School of Mines (second year)	Aspen, Colo.
Fred Copeland, State Agricultural College (one year), Student at Colorado College (first year), Aspen, Colo.	
Olive V. Carr, Student at University of Colorado (first year)	Aspen, Colo.
Michael McKenna, Student at University of Michigan (second year)	Aspen, Colo.

Class of '08

Roberta Ryan, Nurse in Training, St Luke's Hospital	Denver, Colo.
Ruth Burns, Book-keeper	Aspen, Colo.
Mary Epperson, Teacher at Norrie	Aspen, Colo.
Kate Nelson, Student at University of Colorado (first year)	Aspen, Colo.
Gladys Hough, University of Colorado (one year)	Basalt, Colo.
Milly Sproule, Student at University of Colorado (first year)	Eagle, Colo.
Chas. Copeland, Student at Colorado College (first year)	Aspen, Colo.
J. Carmer Nelson, Student at University of Colorado (first year)	Aspen, Colo.
Wilfred Jenkinson, Student at Denver University (first year)	Aspen, Colo.
Edith M. Stewart	Aspen, Colo.
Ralph Robinson	Aspen, Colo.
James Galloway	Shoshone, Colo.
Robert Stewart	Cripple Creek, Colo.
Harry Perry	Aspen, Colo.
Eva Smith	Aspen, Colo.
Helen Toomy	Aspen, Colo.
Goldie Christy	Aspen, Colo.
Julia Stapelton	Aspen, Colo.
Julia Berg, Teacher at Snow Mass	Aspen, Colo.
Ella Scanlan	Aspen, Colo.
Agnes Bardwell	Salt Lake City, Utah

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Maggie McIntosh	Class, '96
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Anna Hotter (Mrs. H. W. Connor)	Class, '03
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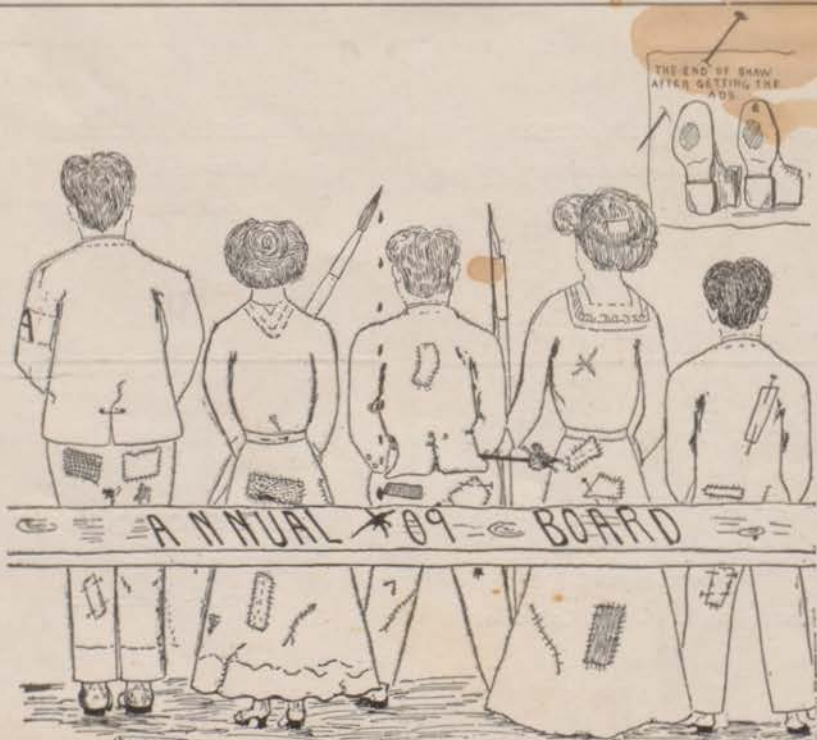
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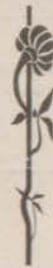
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