

Lowell **H**igh **S**chool

The Board of Education of the City and County of San Francisco,
on the Recommendation of the Faculty, hereby Confers upon

Leland J. Sparks

This

Diploma of **G**raduation

in Evidence of Moral Character and Satisfactory Completion of the
Prescribed Course of Study.

Dated at San Francisco, California, this
Nineteenth Day of June, in the Year
A. D. Nineteen Hundred and Eight.

Thos F. Boyle

President Board of Education

Alfred Roncovieri

Superintendent of Schools

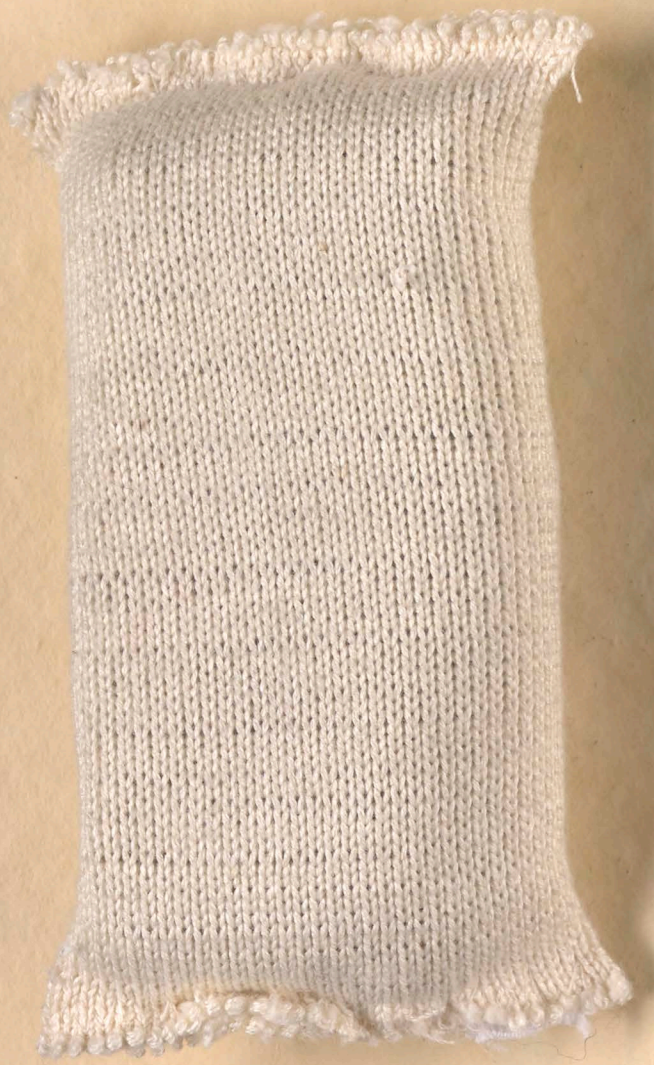
Frank Morton

Principal High School



17





*Just
As
Much
The
Friends
Of the
Boys
and
Girls
As the
Friends
of the
Men
and
Women*



*Just
As
Much
The
Friends
Of the
Boys
and
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As the
Friends
of the
Men
and
Women*

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Photos*

AVREVOIR

Dedication

Out of regard for his ability as a teacher; in recollection of his help and encouragement through difficult places; and with consideration of his geniality, both in the school room and out, this paper, issued by the graduating class of the Reno High School, 1907, is dedicated to Mr. B. T. Tartarian.

'07 AU REVOIR

PUBLISHED BY GRADUATING CLASS OF R. H. S., JUNE, 1907.

LESTER D. SUMMERFIELD, Editor-in-Chief.

JAKE STEFFAN, Business Manager.

1907 GRADUATES.

CLASS MOTTO: "Launched; Not Anchored."

CLASS FLOWER: Carnation.

LATIN COURSE:

Harriett Howell White.
Elda Marion Barber.
Vera Ellen Hash.
Ruby Louise Chandler.
Agnes Claire Meade.
Lester Douglas Summerfield.
Amy Jessie Thompson (Special).

ENGLISH COURSE:

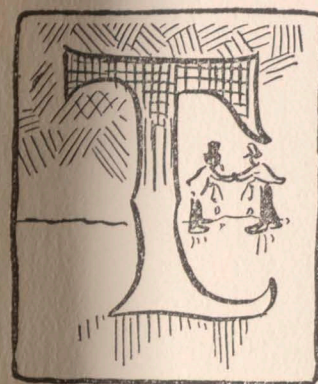
Mabel Lillian Larcombe.
Blanche Frederica Hilp.
Henry Scott Hanson.
Mary Agnes Snare.
Harvey Marvin Payne.
Marguerite Havelind Gosse.
Vesta Rosenthal.

GENERAL COURSE:

Blanche Venus Gregory.
Emma N. Higley.
Frederick James Cafferata.
Jake F. Steffan.
Bertha H. Webb.
Ethel Folsom.

VALE, 1907

By Miss Goodwin Doten



THE Class of 1907 have reached the goal of their ambition and are now standing on the threshold of the future. Graduation time, dear to the hearts of boys and girls alike, has come to them with its honors, its pleasures and its inspirations for the future just opening to them in a bright vista of years. For many happy years the members of this class have journeyed on their daily pathway to and from the old school house—for many years they have worked and played, toiled and sung within its walls; and for many years the teachers have watched the growth of the class from happy, careless children to equally happy, though perhaps somewhat less careless young men and women. In the course of the years these boys and girls have endeared themselves to principal and teachers alike, and while the instructors rejoice with the class in the attainment of their goal—the reward of their labors—they naturally feel a tinge of regret that these pupils who have become friends and companions are to return no more to the doors of the old High School building. *Virginibus puerisque*, to the maidens and the youths we give our best wishes, our best hopes and our best prayers for success. There is not a single one of you who has not some ambition in life, though perhaps it is not fully developed. There is not one of you who has not formed a high ideal of manhood or womanhood. The last word we, your teachers, can give you is: Work hard to attain your ambition, live up to your ideal and keep it unspotted by your contact with the conditions of the new life upon which you are entering. The best precept we can give you, the best lesson we can offer you to take from us in parting is the old adage: "Hitch your wagon to a star." Aim high, then even though you fail of your aim, your attainments can not be of a low order, because you have striven to attain a lofty ambition. And now, Class of 1907, farewell. May life be kind to you, and even though time may add responsibility and gravity with passing years; may your hearts always be as light and your hopes as high as now, when you are passing "out of school life into life's school."

LATIN COURSE

RUBY LOUISE CHANDLER
Class Treasurer

LESTER DOUGLAS SUMMERFIELD

AGNES CLAIRE MEAD

AMY JESSIE THOMPSON

HARRIETT HOWELL WHITE
Class Secretary

VERA ELLEN HASH

ELDA MARION BARBER

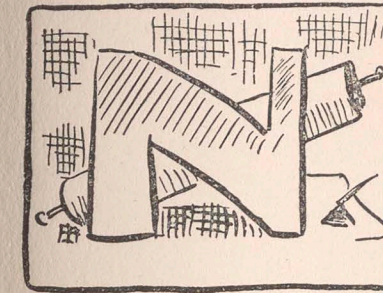
LATIN COURSE

AMY JESSIE THOMPSON HARRIETT HOWELL WHITE YERA ELLEY HASH EIDA MARION BARBER
RUBY LOUISE CHANDLER LESTER DOUGLAS SUMMERRIED AGNES CLAIRE MEAD



CLASS HISTORY

BY EMMA N. HIGLEY



NINE years ago when I entered the Reno High School there were about forty members of what is now the graduating class of 1907. Of this number only seven remain: Elda Barber, Mabel Larcombe, Harvey Payne, Ruby Chandler, Blanche Gregory, Marguerite Gosse and myself. Father Time has wrought many changes during these years and now we meet to say farewell to our High School life. After we seven original members finished the third grade we were joined in the fourth grade by Freddie Hilp of Ely, Nevada, and in the fifth grade by Hatta White of Glendale. Later by Henry Hanson of Anderson's, and Ethel Folsom of Carson. Lester Summerfield who was then a member of the Reno Schools joined us in the sixth grade. Lester has proven himself the orator of the class, having for two successive years won first honors for our school in the Declamation Contest of the Academic League. He has also been a leader as a debater and editor, and tried hard to make our High School paper, "The Comet," a success. Ethel Folsom has proven herself the star among the girl declaimers of the class. From the sixth grade Blanche Gregory, on account of the excellence of her work, was promoted to the A seventh grade and remained a half grade ahead of the remainder of the class until her middle year in the High School, then serious illness prevented her attendance for a time and caused her to rejoin our class in 1905. In the eighth grade Agnes Meade, from Eureka, California, entered the class.

We owe much to Mrs. Booth who was ever untiring in her efforts to advance and to prepare us for the three years of High School life which followed our year in the eighth grade. In June 1904 we were graduated from the Grammar school and the following September the class, with the exception of Marguerite Gosse who left to attend the Lowell High School in San Francisco, entered the Reno High School.

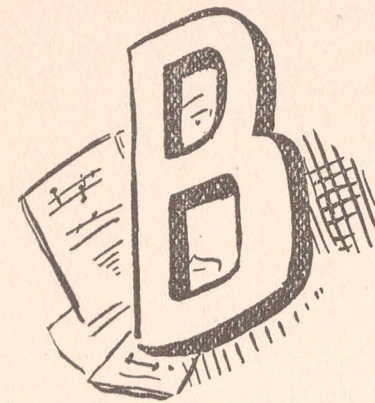
To our constantly growing number were now added, Bertha Webb of Fallon, who took up the general course, and Vera Hash of Huffaker's who entered the Latin Course. In our middle year, Marguerite Gosse, after a year's absence again joined us. Vesta Rosenthal also became a member of the class at this time. No more changes were made until our Senior year, when in September, 1906, Jake Steffan and Fred Cafferata, both of Virginia City, Nevada, entered the General Course of the Reno High School. Mary Snare, a member of the class of '06 1/2, but who had lost several months, on account of illness, also joined us in September, 1906, making a total of nineteen members. Although new members were constantly being added to our number, and new friendships formed, the links which bound the first members together have not been weakened but added to.

Our hearts are filled with joy for the battle has been bravely fought and we are the victors. Yet while we rejoice over our victory it is with sorrow that we sever our connections with the old High School and its pleasant associations. We hope, even though we choose different paths and drift far apart that we may not lose sight of each other in our career through life. We are sure that the friendships formed in our school days will never be forgotten. "Farewell," to our High School, we leave, some of us to enter a Business College, others to enter still higher educational institutions such as the University of Nevada, and a few, "With their fate contented will plod on, and hope for higher raptures, when Life's day is done."

GRADUATION SONG

By LESTER DOUGLAS SUMMERFIELD

Tune: "Annie Laurie."



Y golden links of Memory
Bound to our hearts for aye,
Are the scenes of our Alma Mater
Which pass from our lives today.
They pass, but the thoughts remaining,
As through changing years we go,
Shall recall to our minds, "Fair Reno,"
And friends of the long ago.

Noughty Seven we are leaving,
Fare thee well to Red and Blue,
Fare thee well to friends and schoolmates,
But to you we'll e'er be true.
To you we'll e'er be true
At Home or on foreign soil,
And thoughts of the Reno High School
Shall brighten the path of toil.

The sweetest flower will fade,
The mightiest oak must die,
The night must follow the daylight,
The Great in the dust shall lie;
But as long as Love shall rule us
As long as our hearts beat true,
To thee, Our Alma Mater,
Alone, we sing to you.

GENERAL COURSE

EMMA N. HIGLEY E. E. WINFREY BLANCHE VENUS GREGORY
Principal

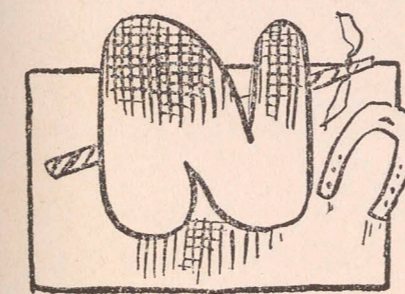
BERTHA H. WEBB JAKE F. STEFFAN FREDERICK JAMES CAFFERATA ETHEL FOLSOM

GENERAL COURSE
EMMA N. HOLEY, B.A. WINNERY & BRANCH VINCIG GREGORY
BERTHA H. WEBB, JARR. F. STEPHAN, FREDERICK JAMES CAPPERATA, ETHEL FOLSON



CLASS PROPHECY

BY VESTA ROSENTHAL



OW who would believe that one could be so excited over the contemplation of a journey. I am so confused that it is difficult to confine my thoughts to any other subject. I am certainly excusable, for the journey for which I am preparing is so remarkable in its character, as to appeal to persons of more even temperament than myself. There is that element of danger attached which adds spice to an anticipated pleasure. As the time draws near the hours seem to drag themselves into days and the days into weeks. What with the many annoyances to overcome in preparation for the journey I wonder if it had not been better had I not received that quaint invitation. That invitation, quaintly written, and bro't to me in even a quainter manner. 'Twas engraved upon the back of a large crab who came ambling toward me, as I lay upon the sand. If your life depended upon it you could not guess the character of that invitation: "Vesta Rosenthal, of the world above;" so it was addressed. "Thou art commanded to be present at the court of King Neptune, on the second day of June, 1907, his highness having arranged all for your descent. On pain of not again receiving a like invitation refuse it not." "King Neptune." Thus read the invitation. At last my anticipation is to be realized. The longed-for day has arrived. In all haste I wend my way to the seashore, and there, bobbing up and down, upon the surface of the rippled waves is a strange shape which resembles a large oyster shell. In the bottom of the shell is a bottle labeled "Drink my contents." I am just a wee bit afraid but Neptune is a kind god to those he favors. I drink—and wait—. As there is no result I decide that the potion is only to test my courage. As I step into my strange boat a revelation comes to me that the potion was to enable me to exist under water.

How comfortable I am in my new nest lined with pearls. At my back are cushions of soft, green sea-weed.

I am just nicely settled when I feel myself moving, not forward but downward. Slowly at first then faster and faster. First I pass through long vistas of coral groves. The trees stretch forth their gaunt arms through which swim many little fishes. Then I am in a maze of gracefully bending sea grasses. As I move on the branches sweetly brush my face. The scenes are constantly changing, and with each change the beauties are enhanced. Suddenly the chimes of a bell reach my ears and on turning into another coral way the sweetest musical notes burst full upon the waves. Dimly, in the distance, I can see the outline of a majestic building rising before me and as I swiftly near the object I can see that it is a mansion studded with precious stones. From its doors bursts a troop of singing mermaids and behind them, drawn in a chariot of gold, is Neptune. Following are myriads of mermen, also singing a welcoming song.

Suddenly I find myself in the midst of the gaiety and being welcomed by the Great God, who leads me to his palace. What a marvelous place it is and how happy all seem to be. I am given a wish and what shall it be? Shall I wish for gold, for happiness or for health? No, it shall be none of these, but to see my classmates as they will be some few years from now.

My wish is made and granted. From my seat near the throne I see a desert. A great, dry, sandy alkaline desert. Slowly over its scorching face comes a figure on horseback. As it nears me I see that it is a woman. What can a woman be doing on a desert? I am answered, for she dismounts, takes her ever handy pick and gives a vicious dig at some rocks. Her search is rewarded by gold—this strange woman turns toward me and I recognize Ethel Folsom.

The scene changes. I am in a large opera house. The place is crowded to its doors. Evidently something good is billed for tonight. The wait has been long but at last all are rewarded by the appearance, upon the stage, of a tall lady. I am too far from the stage to discern her features. She raises the violin which she carries

and brings forth weird, strange tones. Now sweet, now sad, now gay, the notes rise and swell. I know not how long I remain but all too soon the last note dies away. I am aroused to my surroundings by a peculiar, whistling sound. A codfish is sniffing and drying his eyes. I look at the program in my hand and find that the wonderful violinist was Mary Snare.

What can be the cause of all this pushing crowd, these tents, that lively music? It must be a circus for there goes a small boy with a large bucket and, over by a stand children and grown-ups are drinking pink lemonade. The crowd has changed its direction and is pushing its way to the large tent and I, as one of them, shove too. At last I have gained the interior where already the gaiety has begun. The acrobats and jugglers are pleasing the small boys. Ah, here comes the ringmaster. He is announcing the next act; I hear him plainly. "Ladies and gents. Let me call your attention to our most wonderful act. A magnificent tight-rope walk, one hundred feet above your head, by Madam Janet." There before my astonished gaze is no other than Agnes Meade.

How cool and shady this lane is and what a charming little farm house that is, all covered with climbing roses. Over in a field someone is hoeing potatoes. He comes toward me and I see that it is Lester. I follow him to the house and am introduced to Lester's wife. In answer to my question asking how long he had been married, Lester replies. "One year, eleven months and three days. Marie and I are very happy. Our crop was not good last year. There was a war about forty miles from here and the soldiers walked all over my fields. You can't guess who was with the troops. Henry and Elda but not yet married. Elda was telling me about it. It seems that Henry is too bashful. He is an army surgeon and, to give him more opportunities to propose, Elda goes as a Red Cross nurse."

Now I find myself on another ranch, but not a potato ranch. I am surrounded by corrals full of wild horses. My guide indicates a large corral where there is great commotion. Repeatedly the men have tried to throw a rearing horse but have been unsuccessful. Finally a lariat is thrown which reaches its goal and the horse is down. All of the cowboys gather around the experienced thrower and as they separate I recognize Marguerite.

The day is over, the tropical sun is set. Homeward come the missionaries and among them is Harvey. He is not a missionary, but for the sake of humanity Harvey is endeavoring to paint the negroes white. He tells me that his attempt is not perfectly successful because the sun dries the paint too quickly and causes it to peel off.

In a moment Harvey, the paint and the missionaries fade away, and in their place is a small room, poorly furnished, and with but one small window near the low ceiling. At first it is so dark that I cannot see. Becoming accustomed to the dim light, I see beneath the window someone industriously plying a brush on a large canvas stretched across the whole side of the room. This busy person is a tall, graceful woman with light brown hair. Hearing a noise she turns around, and I see that it is Bertha. Bertha tells me that she has lived in sunny Italy ever since leaving H. S., and that fortune has at last smiled upon her.

Well, here I am in Reno. The streets are crowded with people, and all seem to be going in the same direction. I am carried along and deposited in front of a large, rudely erected stage. Standing boldly upon the platform is a woman with round, red cheeks and hair combed straight back from her high forehead. She is wildly gesticulating, throwing her plump arms on high and shouting: "Freedom for women!" After listening for about ten minutes I begin to comprehend that she is speaking on woman's suffrage. Stooping, I pick up a poster on which is written in great black letters: "Ruby Chandier, the greatest woman politician of the age."

I am now in a large assembly room and the "club for manicuring cat's paws" is in session. On a platform stands a woman elegantly attired and with a perfect head crowned with masses of shining brown hair. She is president of the club and shows her authority by hammering the desk with a dainty gavel. I lean over and ask my neighbor who this charming person is. "O," replies she, "the lady is Mrs. Steffan, she used to be Emma Higley. Jake is an orator. He is to lecture here today on 'Dancing; its fascinations and sins.'"

Something seems familiar in my informant's voice and manner so I beg her to tell me her name. She is Blanche Gregory. Blanche has a very fashionable school for society girls where she teaches them to be economical.

"Board and rooms" is the sign which confronts me as I go up the stairs of a large white house. I ring, and in answer to my summons a large, red-faced person appears. Her sleeves are rolled up to her elbows and she is completely enveloped in a large, checked gingham apron. "Well, what can I do for you," are the words uttered as my welcome and in no very kindly tones I assure you. I have by this time become used to surprises, so I complacently answer: "A little of that good dinner I smell cooking, Vera." "Vesta can it be you? Come right in." Now, my welcome is a little different from her former manner. "Do excuse my appearance. My cook and parlor maid left this morning. Therefore, I am chief cook and bottle washer. Q. E. D. O! isn't this just like old High School days? That reminds me that another classmate came to see me today. You can't guess who it was so I'll tell you. She was Freddie Hilp or rather Doctor Hilp. Yes, Freddie has just earned her degree and tomorrow will hang out her shingle here in New York.

This is Tonopah, I am sure for above the station door, written in blazing letters of red is T-O-N-O-P-A-H. Following my invisible guide I go up a narrow flight of stairs and at the end of the hall read these words: "White & Becker, attorneys-at-law." I go in and there sits Hatta, tall and angular, a pair of silver-rimmed glasses on her nose and a copy of Blackstone in her lap. I will not make myself known but silently creep away.

I am still in Tonopah but in quite different surroundings. All is gay, the air is heavy with music, laughter and the odor of flowers. It is a ball room full of laughing, be-ribboned girls and boys bravely attired in tuxedos and high, stiff collars. Looking up I see a placard bearing these words: "Prof. Frederick Cafferata, teacher of plain and fancy dancing." At last Fred has achieved his greatest desire, to be a good dancer.

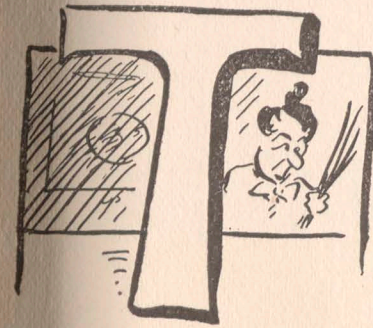
Another merry gathering but this time in a theatre. The curtain rises on the first scene of Romeo and Juliet. Juliet is fascinating but I do not begin to appreciate her until the balcony scene. Then it comes to my mind that this is not mere acting but that the words come as echoes from the heart. The curtain falls on the last act and I hear many exclaim: "Wasn't Mademoiselle Larcombe exquisite tonight? And Monsieur Bebee! Wasn't he splendid?" Now I understand why Mabel played her part so well.

The curtain is dropped on the prophetic view of my class-mates but out of the mist before me a further vision is taking place. I can feel myself wending my way thro' the narrow streets of a small village and on the outskirts as I approach a small edifice I can hear the words of the speaker within. The voice sounds familiar but I do not seem to recognize the features of the minister who is a woman. A tall, slender, bent figure with features drawn and worn. Little ringlets of hair hang on each side of her wrinkled forehead. The fervor of her appeal to the congregation, the earnestness with which she expounds the gospel, rivet the attention of her listeners and when the closing hymn is sung I hear someone say: "What a pity that Sister Rosenthal should live such a lonely life, without the companionship of a devoted husband in her declining years. Yet she is such an earnest Christian that doubtless her undivided efforts are reserved in behalf of wicked humanity."

My wish has been fully gratified. I am again surrounded by sea people who slowly fade away and I find myself once more in the present, with my class-mates surrounding me.

OUR TEACHERS

MABEL L. LARCOMBE



THE teachers of the High School! Here's to them! It has been the custom from the time—oh well from the time they first began to have graduations for the orators of the day to stand up in front of the graduating class; stiff and uncomfortable in new commencement clothes and make them more so by telling all those assembled how hard and how well the whole class has worked to graduate. But who tells how hard or how well the teachers have worked to graduate the class? Who tells of the endless piles of examination papers carefully gone over; of the theses, note books and the like? Perhaps our orators think these things too prosaic and humdrum to be heard with the music, the entrancing rustle and swish of the "sweet girl graduate's flounces and frills, and the thumps or the boy graduates' hearts on their starched shirt bosoms. But here in the pages of "Au Revoir" let us record a word of thanks to the teachers who have helped us—who have toiled with us—who have rejoiced with us and who have borne with us in our shortcomings.

ENGLISH COURSE

HENRY SCOTT HANSON
Class President

MABEL LILLIAN LARCOMBE

BLANCHE FREDERICA HILP

VESTA ROSENTHAL

HARVEY MARVIN PAYNE

MARGUERITE HAVELIND GOSSE

MARY AGNES SNARE



ENGLISH COURSE

VESTA ROSENTHAL HARRY MARKIN FAYNE MARGUERITE HARVIND GOSSE MARY AGNES SNARE
HENRY SCOTT HANSON WABAL ILLMAN LARCOMBE BEATRICE FREDERICA HILL



R. H. S., Dr.—'07, Cr.

Compiled by ELDA M. BARBER, '07.

HENRY S. HANSON:

Vice-President Boys' Athletic Association, '07.
Member Track Team '07.

EMMA HIGLEY:

Manager Girls' Athletic Association, '05.
Captain Basket Ball Team, '06.
Member Basket Ball Team, '05-'06.
Member Student Body Executive Committee, '06.

FRED CAFFERATA:

Member R. H. S. Baseball Nine, '07.
Member Football Eleven, '06.

BERTHA WEBB:

Member Basket Ball Team, '05-'06-'07.
Manager Girls' Athletic Association, '07.
Comet Artist, '05.

JAKE STEFFAN:

Member Track Team, '07.
Member Baseball Nine, '07.
Member Football Eleven, '06.

MARY SNARE:

Member R. H. S. Orchestra, '06-'07.

ETHEL FOLSOM:

President Student Body, '07.
Member Basketball Team, '05-'06-'07.

Captain Basketball Team, '07.

Vice-President Girls' Athletic Association, '05.
President Girls' Athletic Association, '06.
Substitute of Declamation Contest, '05.
Won second place in Declamation Contest, '02.
Josh Editor Comet, '07.

MARGUERITE GOSSE:

Member R. H. S. Orchestra, '06-'07.

LESTER D. SUMMERFIELD:

President Boys' Athletic Association, '05-'06-'07.
Vice-President Student Body, '06.
Member Comet Staff, '05-'06-'07.
R. H. S. Debating Team, '05-'06-'07.
President Board of Comet Directors, '06-'07.
Editor-in-Chief of Comet, '07.
Member Executive Committee of Student Body, '06.
Won State Declamation Contest, '04-'05.

VESTA ROSENTHAL:

Member Basket Ball Team, '05.
Secretary Girls' Athletic Association, '06.
Josh Editor Comet, '05.
Vice-President Comet Directors, '07.
Won State Declamation Contest, '07.
Member R. H. S. Orchestra.

JOSHES

THESIS DAY PROGRAM

The Senior boys will donate their services as follows:

Vocal Solo: (Two pathetic little ballads composed by A. Thompson.)

a—"When the Whiskey in the Glass is Running Low." b—"Only a Dime and Cigars Cost Fifteen Cents Apiece."—L. D. Summerfield.

Recitation—"Baby fair, baby fair, with sunny eyes and golden hair" (pathetic)

Piano Solo—"When the Turnip Leaves are Turned into the Soup" (Ragtime)—H. Hanson.

Mandolin Solo—Hope, hope, There's No Hope Left" (extremo pathetic)

Thesis—"Girls From an Impartial Standpoint."—H. Payne.

Recitation—"When mosquitos Present their Bills." Vocal Spasm—"Why Should I sigh and Fret."—F. Cafferata.

Cornet Solo—"The Whippoorwill is Whipping Cream." "Impersonation Act—Imitating George Washington, Jim Jeffries, E. E. Winfrey and General Ethan Allen.—J. Steffan.

Admission 15c. Ice cream and cake served to those who stay through the whole performance. Saving stamps accepted.

Who asked F. H. to go to the R. H. S. Dance? Harvey, we thought you would be more considerate of E. F.'s feelings.

Jake, after passing and re-passing the house many times, finally screwed up courage enough to stop. Saw Jake and Ethel Allen at the masquerade. Keep on, you'll be brave, some day.

Marguerite has decided to spend her vacation at Byron Springs this year.

Amy has advertised for a chauffeur for her new automobile. Going to apply for the job, Laurence?

A FABLE

Once upon a time there was given a masquerade ball and among those who attended was a Colonial Dame attended by an ogre. Now, little ones, the Ogre was quiet and unassuming, being content to simply look after his own interests. But, alas! The sweet, little dame began to let her eye roam over the assemblage with a scrutiny which nothing escaped. All for a time seemed serene when—O, horrors! One of the girls masquerading in a basketball suit of blue and creamy white hosiery showed signs of distress! Ignorance was bliss and the poor dear did not know that her blouse had become divorced—or maybe it was only a separation—from her bloomers! With three and one-sixth leaps the colonial dame was by her side and with arms entwined about her neck secretly whispered the dreadful information! But, dear me! Goodness, gracious! The basket ballist was a University boy!!

MORAL—Help one another, but be sure who the other is first.

—Extract from "Life of Ethel Folsom," written by Herself.

An up-to-date Jack and Jill,
Ruby and Harvey, down the hill.
The sled he broke,
It was no joke—
Each by each, an awful spill.

A well-worn footpath up at Whittaker's speaks well for Samuel Goldstein's "five or six trips a week." For further information see Emma H.

We hear that Ben Butler is very busy these days, making a hive to keep his Honey in. Well, from the buzzing and humming that issued from Hilp's swing that dark night we are ourselves of the opinion that such things may be!

Elda Barber - - - - - Henry Hanson

Tra la-la.

An opinion by an expert: "Fred C. is the nicest boy in the class."—
Mabel L.

In spite of Vesta's opinion that she will be an old maid we don't believe that appearances are as deceitful as all that.

Blanche intends to move to Sparks in the near future. Wish you every success.

Mr. P.—I wonder if they would let us examine the dynamos at the electric light plant?

Mary S. (hastily)—O, yes, there's an awfully nice man in charge there.

Fashion note—Bertha Webb was seen in her new robes the other evening. As is usual at such ceremonies Rice was plentiful.

We are surprised that Agnes and Honey remain such good friends even after Mrs. B. remarked to Agnes that she hadn't conquered Ben yet.

And Vera helped out the swing, too. Rock-a-by baby.



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