

## Mount Marty Annual, 1914, Rosedale, Kansas

### Section 1, Pages 1 - 30

Volume seven of the Mount Marty Annual, the 1914 yearbook of Rosedale High School in Rosedale, Kansas. Funded by the National Historical Publications and Records Commission through the Kansas State Historical Records Advisory Board.

Creator: Rosedale High School (Rosedale, Kan.). Senior Class

Date: 1914

Callnumber: Rosedale Development Association Archives

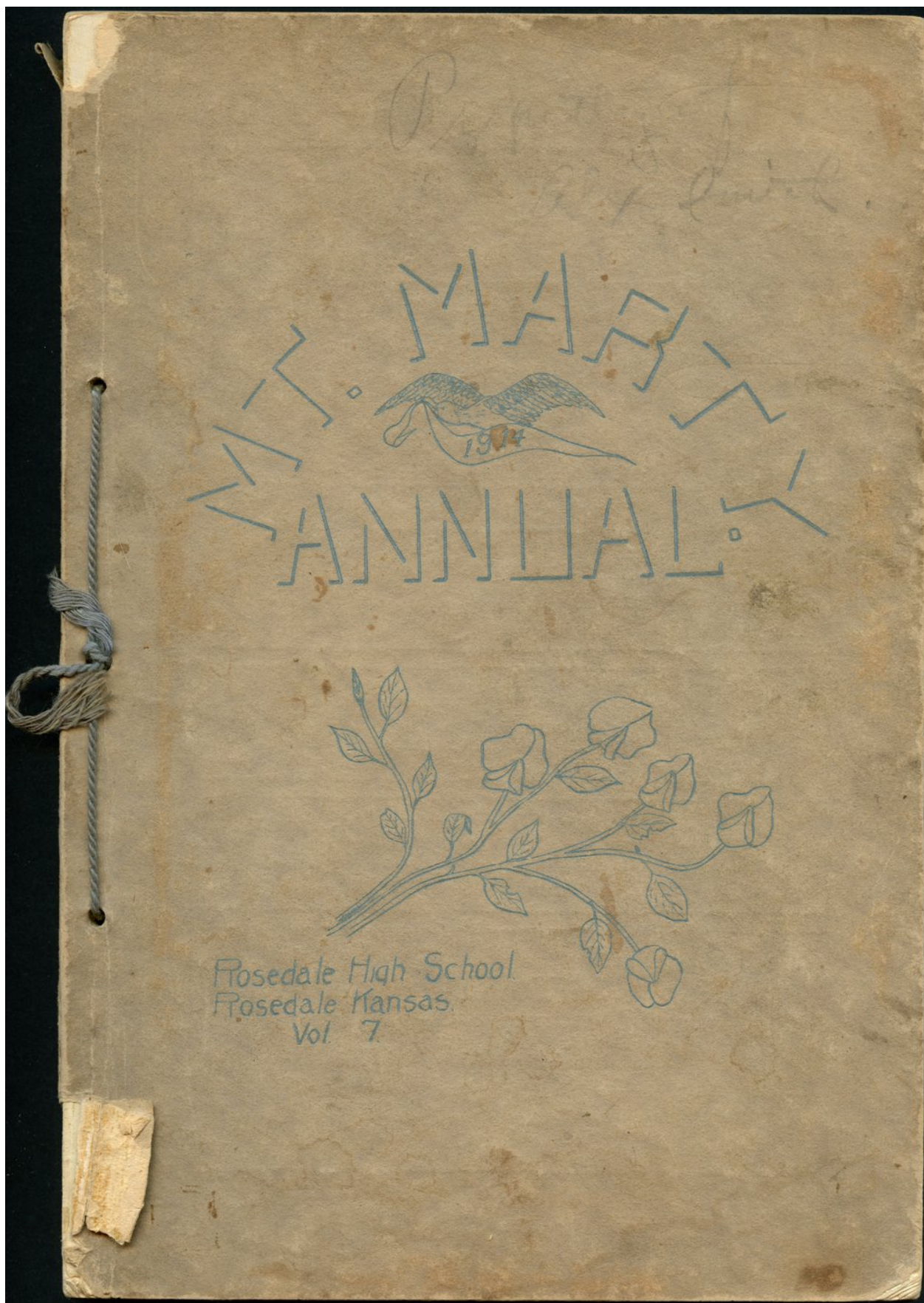
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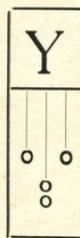
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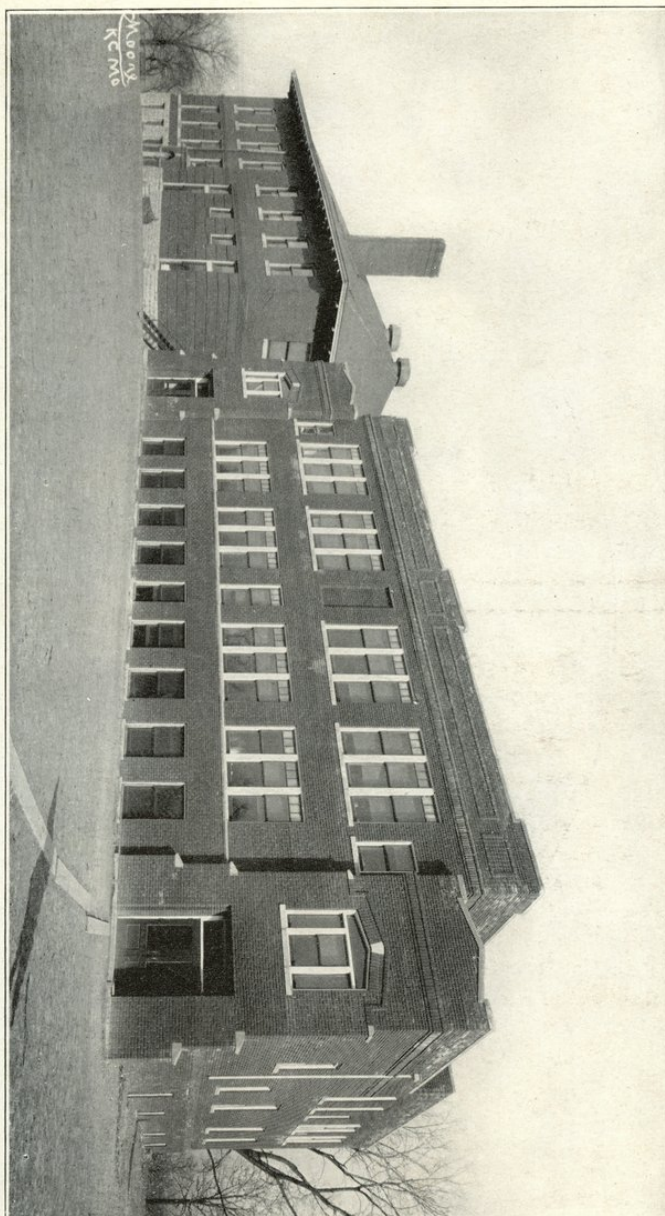
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ROSEDALE HIGH SCHOOL.



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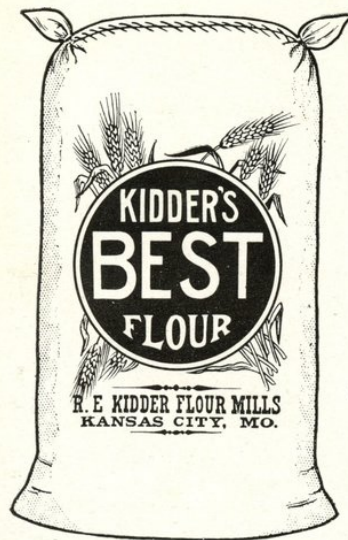
A. P. VAUGHN

## Dedication

To Supt. A. P. Vaughn, who as  
Principal and Superintendent has been  
our friend and counsellor, we affection-  
ately dedicate this volume of the Mt.  
Marty Annual.



Mount Marty Annual, 1914, Rosedale, Kansas



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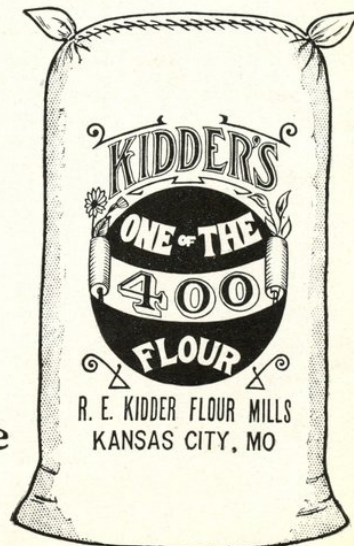
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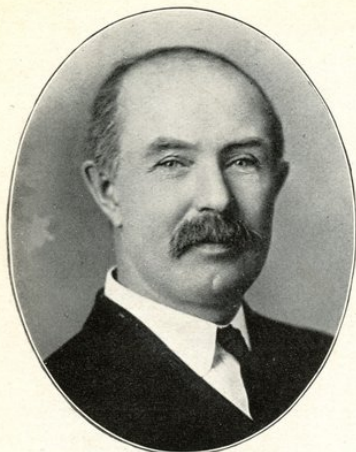
## TABLE OF CONTENTS

HIGH SCHOOL.  
DEDICATION.  
FACULTY.

	Page
Editorials. . . . .	11
Literature—	
Municipal Ownership . . . . .	14
Kidnapped. . . . .	20
Betty's Long Gloves. . . . .	25
Life in Rosedale. . . . .	27
The Announcement . . . . .	28
The Woodsman . . . . .	29
Betty. . . . .	33
Call of Home. . . . .	34
A Nickel Show Ballad. . . . .	37
Dreams. . . . .	38
To a Banana Peel. . . . .	38
Ballad of the Pie. . . . .	38
Summer's Gone a 'Visiting. . . . .	39
Advice. . . . .	39
Debating Teams . . . . .	40
Language. . . . .	47
Science. . . . .	51
Art. . . . .	62
Athletics. . . . .	70
Societies—	
Rosedale Society of Debate. . . . .	90
Beta Beta . . . . .	92
Seniors. . . . .	92
Juniors. . . . .	93
Sophomores. . . . .	93
Freshmen. . . . .	94
Post-Graduates. . . . .	96
Alumni. . . . .	113
Business. . . . .	117
Exchange. . . . .	119
Locals. . . . .	121
Advertisements. . . . .	



## Mount Marty Annual, 1914, Rosedale, Kansas



A. P. VAUGHN,  
Superintendent



JOHN W. HARBESON,  
Principal



CHAS. K. HARRIS  
Manual Training



LAURA MILLER, Domestic Science



RUTH KENNEY, Mathematics

## Mount Marty Annual, 1914, Rosedale, Kansas



BERTHA FINCKE, Latin



GRACE MINICH, Commercial



FLORENCE DUNCAN, Music



BESSA DAVID, Gymnasium



EDNA HOLSINGER, Normal



JUDITH CONNELLEY, English

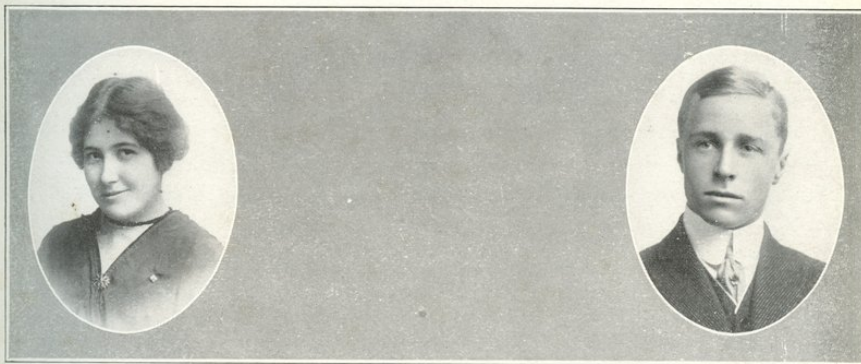


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## *Editorials*



GRACE WALLACE,  
Editor-in-Chief

IRWIN RUSSELL,  
Assistant Editor

VOL. 7.

ROSEDALE, KANSAS

1914

## EDITORIALS

A visitor at Rosedale High School would scarcely believe that less than ten years ago the high school occupied part of a grade building. Nor would he believe that then, history, language, mathematics, English and one or two of the sciences composed the course of study and that our faculty was composed of three teachers. Today Rosedale can proudly say that her high school is up-to-date. To the original course of study has been added, domestic science, Normal training, mechanical drawing, a complete business course, Manual training and an opportunity for gymnasium work. Our faculty numbers ten, our enrollment is 120. The day is not far distant when Rosedale will have an ultra modern high school. With the addition of another science or so, a full course in the languages, French added to the course and a few minor improvements there will be no reason at all for Rosedale girls and boys to cross the state line for a broader course of study. However, as far as that goes, we can speak from experience, that their four years will be full of work if they study any one of the several courses now offered at Rosedale High School.

### **Retrospect and Prospect**



A striking proof of the fallacy of the proposition that anticipation is greater than realization in our new gymnasium. For several years we have tasted of the sweets (?) of anticipation and now the Annex having been in

use for several months, we speak with authority when we say that

**The** it is better far, to have and to hold than not to have at all.

**Gym.** Undoubtedly the four mile trips out of town in order to play basket ball in a frigid skating rink will furnish good reminiscence, but it is far more convenient and about thirty degrees Fahrenheit more comfortable to develop the physical within the confines of our city and in one of the finest gymnasiums in the state.

It is unnecessary to review the agitation which culminated in that edifice most inappropriately called the Annex. We can only express our gratitude to the voters for having placed at our disposal the means wherewith the body can be developed with the mind.

In order that the students of Rosedale High School and the friends of the school may know something of the amount of money spent this year, by the school on the gymnasium, we publish this tabulated list.

Receipts from the operetta, \$99.60 purchased from this fund.

Parallel Bars .....	\$65.30
Volley Ball and Net.....	3.80
New Basket Ball Goals.....	4.50
Curtain for Shower Bath.....	1.72

Total . . . . . \$79.32

From the High School Fund:

Mats ( $\frac{1}{2}$ of the price).....	\$34.50
Lockers (rest by the Board).....	50.00

Total . . . . . \$84.50

Rosedale High School is very fortunate in having the location which she has when it comes time for the annual May Fete. The cliff provides as fine an amphitheater as could be desired.

The Fete last year was very beautiful. The feature of the morning was the crowning of the May Queen. Before the coronation, twelve hundred school children paraded around the top of Mt. Marty, and then down to the throne. The throne was a bower of white and green. Here the queen was crowned with a wreath of pink roses. The



## Mount Marty Annual, 1914, Rosedale, Kansas

MT. MARTY ANNUAL

13

May Queen, Miss Elsie Helmerich and the Lord of the May, Warren Clements, were elected by the Senior class. Miss Elsie, dressed in the colors of spring made a very beautiful queen, and Warren, a stately consort. After the crowning of the queen, various folk dances were performed before the throne. Pupils of the High School gave a Morris dance and a May Pole dance. They were followed by grade pupils in Danish and Sweedish folk dances.

The whole Fete was a beautiful spectacle and was much appreciated by the two thousand people who climbed Mt. Marty to see this final entertainment of Rosedale High School.

The first May Fete in Rosedale was given two years ago. It was such a success, and met with so much approval from patrons that last year the second Fete was given. It of course surpassed the preceding one as the first one was somewhat of an experiment.

Already arrangements are being made for the Fete this year. It promises to be even better, bigger and more elaborate than last year. We hope this year to have a play acted on the green before the throne. Of course there will be numerous folk dances and drills. All the students in the Rosedale schools will take part in this Fete. And we expect even more of our friends to come up to Mt. Marty and enjoy this one gala day with us.

---

Why not have organized cheering in high school? A chaotic mass of sound vibrations consisting of whistling, shrieking and ordinary yelling do no good whatever. The faculty would undoubtedly be willing to set aside ten or fifteen minutes every chapel for yell practice. And on the day of a game why not the entire period to rally? Let the faculty and members of the student body speak. We have the gymnasium and we have the athletics, why not strive a little harder to get the "pep" which is an all important article? And while we are propounding these "why not's," why not sing some new songs or at least revive the old ones at our games? Our High School song is not so very inappropriate as a starter to a game.

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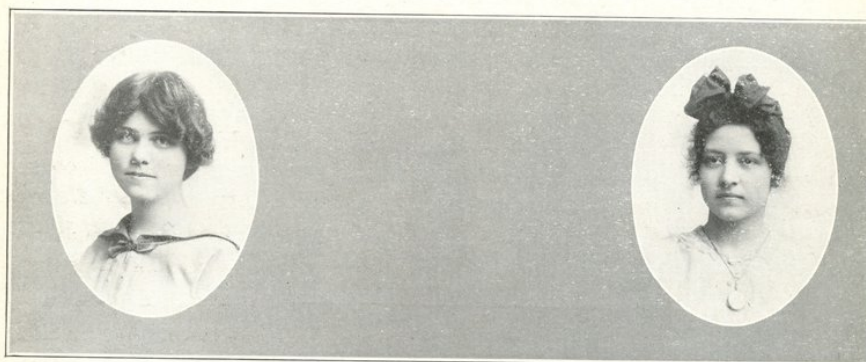
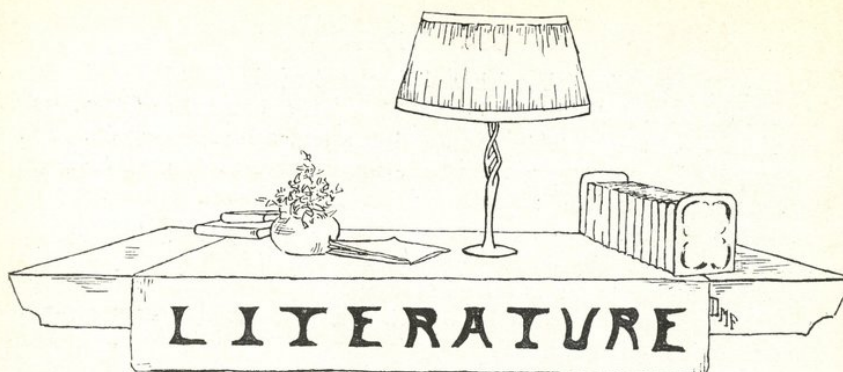
It is very much to be regretted that the Alumni of Rosedale High School are not more bound to the school. Nothing would be more of a benefit to the present under graduates nor to the Alumni themselves than to get together at least once a year and become acquainted. Here's hoping that some one will take it upon himself to see that a committee composed of students and Alumni be appointed to devise some means of greater unity. Why not a great spread on the last day of school. Surely none can be harmed if a hundred students should sit down to a dinner with a hundred Alumni. Here is an opportunity for some one to bring our school in closer touch with the citizens of Rosedale.

### Reunion Alumni

ing that some one will take it upon himself to see that a committee composed of students and Alumni be appointed to devise some means of greater unity. Why not a great spread on the last day

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RUBY NELSON, Editor

LELIA RICE, Assistant Editor

The material for the Literary Department is largely taken from the work done in the different English classes up to the time the annual is published.

It would be impossible to publish all of the good work handed in to this department, but we feel that the literature given here is a fair ex-

ample of the literary standing of our school.

Inasmuch as we have been able we have tried to represent all of the classes.

Believing that variety is the spice of life, we have tried to vary the material in this department.

## MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

Resolved: That municipal ownership of the gas and electric services should be adopted in the state of Kansas.

The question of municipal ownership of the gas and electric services

is not an isolated question, but a part of the great system of industrial revolution that is now going on. The people through their government, whether national, state, or municipal, have a right to embark



## Mount Marty Annual, 1914, Rosedale, Kansas

MT. MARTY ANNUAL

15

in any business public in its nature on which the common welfare of the community is depending, provided that they can do it better and cheaper for themselves than they can hire a private corporation to do it. The very fact that electricity and gas are capable of being classified as a natural monopoly is enough to deny the rights of individual profits accruing from them.

There are six reasons why we uphold municipal ownership. First, municipal ownership is only a natural and logical outgrowth of present day conditions. Second, municipal ownership under an adequate system of civil service would not be interfered with by politics. Fourth, it secures for the people a higher quality of service and lower rates than do the private companies. Fifth, municipal ownership develops a civic pride and conscience. Sixth, it is the only solution of the public utilities problem of today.

Let us consider our first point that municipal ownership is only a natural and logical outgrowth of present day conditions. Nothing so contributes to the growth, prosperity and enhancement of wealth of those cities as the liberal conduct or advantages of good gas and electricity furnished at low rates by a plant owned by the people themselves. The gas and electric fuel have replaced the coal; the oil lamp has

been done away with and electricity and gas have taken its place. In every home where the income permits gas or electricity have been installed, so that now our gas and electric plants are common storehouses used by the great mass of the people. The question presents itself here: Shall a corporation of four or five persons reap immense profits from a natural monopoly belonging to the people? We emphatically say they should not. The very fact that every year a surprising number of private plants are put out of business, while the people set up their own plant demonstrates this. It is a common fact that these corporations are operating their plants only for the profits they realize. Now as a great majority of our Kansas towns have a population around one thousand the inducement for a private plant to operate is not very great. What other can this community do if the citizens are demanding gas and electricity but construct a municipal plant. We must necessarily conclude that municipal ownership is the only means of service in small cities and therefore is especially desirable for Kansas.

The political machine in the past has played an undesirable part in civic affairs and so opponents to municipal ownership said it would in this enterprise but we believe that an adequate preventive is found in civil service examinations. We





## Mount Marty Annual, 1914, Rosedale, Kansas

16

### MT. MARTY ANNUAL

realize that it would be an act of folly to advocate municipal ownership with no restrictions whatever and furthermore we realize that it must be run on a business like basis just as other businesses are operated. A fair examination for officials would enable competent men to obtain office. Why then, could not the public plants secure officials just as competent as private companies. They have and they will because every city has done it where municipal ownership has been run on a businesslike basis. By a businesslike basis we mean a system of public accounts and municipal accounting with a fair examination for officials. The city can hire the same men with the same ability to operate its plant without political interference.

If a person seeks to deal with a grocer, baker, doctor, a lawyer or any other similar purveyor of a needed object, he may transact business with some independence. If the character of his goods is unsatisfactory, he may go elsewhere. If the price his grocer, butcher, etc., asks is unreasonable, he may go to another. He is not bound by circumstances to deal with any one person or company in the purchase of such necessities of life. But if this same person wishes to buy gas or electricity he must tolerate any kind of service and any price that this private corporation wishes to impose. It is only reasonable that prices of

the municipal plant should be lower than those of a private plant for the simple reason that a private corporation must pay a large amount of taxes, thousands of dollars for a franchise including money for grafts, because a company cannot obtain a franchise without graft, then in addition to this are the enormous profits which the company must realize. Proof for this point is found in the very fact that in every city where municipal ownership has been run on a business like basis the prices have been lower. Compare, for instance, the two Kansas Cities, sister cities. Now, Kansas City, Missouri pays sixty-five dollars for street lights while Kansas City, Kansas pays forty dollars. Electricity is furnished to the consumer at ten cents in Kansas City, Missouri, while it is only six cents in Kansas City, Kansas. On the whole the homes of Kansas City, Kansas are lighted forty per cent cheaper than those of Missouri. Furthermore, the people have been more pleased with their service under public ownership.

Municipal ownership tends to develop a civic pride and conscience. The people within Great Britain, Germany and other European countries, where municipal ownership is prevalent are aware of their material interest in the community, they feel that the city is an important thing in their life, so important in fact, that



## Mount Marty Annual, 1914, Rosedale, Kansas

### MT. MARTY ANNUAL

17

they should concern themselves about it and make it and their city government a good government. People are interested in the city because the city is interested in them, and that only through making the city an important thing will it awaken interest and enthusiasm for a better government.

C. W. Koiner, general manager of the municipal plant in Pasadena, California, says: "Municipal ownership has tended to develop a civic pride and conscience in our city; we have aroused considerable feeling with the result that five thousand, seven hundred consumers are using electricity from their own plant today;" He goes on to say that, "municipal ownership ought to be a good thing for Kansas for the reason that your state is far in advance of other states as relates to civic affairs and your citizenship is far above the average."

L. L. Bell, superintendent of the plant at Perry, Kansas, says: "Municipal ownership has tended to develop a civic pride and conscience in our city to a very noticeable extent." Opponents to municipal ownership reverse the natural order of things when they say that municipal ownership must wait on honesty and efficiency; rather they should say that honesty and efficiency will be brought about with municipal ownership. History has proven to us that development can only come

through freedom, human progress, through experiment.

Last, but not least, municipal ownership is the only solution for the public utilities problem of today. Our opponents may suggest a commission regulating private corporations or some other pet scheme of theirs, but a scheme or commission regulating private companies would be ineffective for it causes endless delays and court litigations; it would result in a municipal expense and it has not, where tried, resulted in improved service. This commission plan has been a failure in your own state. You people of Kansas pay high rates for gas. Why? Simply because your Kansas commission has failed to regulate prices. This commission tried to regulate prices some years ago as you will remember, and after two years of court litigation an appeal to the federal judge, gave the decision to the corporation. What did this mean? It meant that thousands of dollars of the people's money was spent and not one penny's worth of good has come of it. A commission may do one of two things: either it may regulate and reduce the prices to the consumer so that the private corporation may cease to operate, or on the other hand, it may be powerless, as the Kansas commission is.

Another failure of the commission plan is Missouri. The people asked for more gas in order that



they might supply the needs of the people and they made this reply: "The law allows us a certain amount of profit and if we increase the supply it will decrease our dividends. A commission may secure honesty, it may secure efficiency, but it can never take from the capitalists the profit on their investment. Municipal ownership not only secures honesty and efficiency, but it takes these enormous profits and places them in the hands of the people. Why not adopt municipal ownership in the cities of Kansas and make our state a good state to live in?"

HESTER KAUFMAN, '14.

In writing the negative of this question, I shall try to prove first, that under the present low state of civic pride and lax civic conscience, it would be absurd for the cities of Kansas to attempt to own their gas and electric plants.

The first reason for this is, that the people would demand an immediate dividend on their investment, in the form of an abnormal reduction in rates. We find an extreme example of this in San Francisco. On the morning of the first day after San Francisco voted for municipal ownership of street railways, some foreign laborers boarded a car and refused to pay their fare, saying that they voted for the system, it was

theirs, and they did not need to pay a fare on their own car.

In the second place, there is a sentiment generally prevalent, that it is all right to rob the government, and waste her resources. People who would not dream of stealing land from an individual, would, without compunction, take homesteads from the government for the purpose of selling. This is expressly forbidden in the Homesteaders' Law. They have no qualms about stealing from the government.

Moreover, the employees would loaf on the job, and when the motive of self interest was removed from the manager, he would allow an undue amount of such conduct. This soldiering on a job is common, in Australia, where the government employs great numbers of men. Indeed, a man who does not "soldier" is a rare sight. This would become the case in Kansas, under municipal ownership and operation.

Hitherto, we have considered municipal ownership only in its relations to the citizen. Let us now look at the relations existing between the municipal plant and the consumer. In short, municipal ownership would result in less efficient and more costly service than can be secured from properly regulated private ownership.

In the first place, frequent political changes keep inexperienced



## Mount Marty Annual, 1914, Rosedale, Kansas

### MT. MARTY ANNUAL

19

men in charge of municipal plants. The term of office in municipal plants rarely exceeds three years, and it takes three years for a new man to learn the duties and responsibilities of his position. Moreover, since the manager is elected from the city at large, any man may be thrust into an office requiring technical skill and ability, and not all men have the technical skill necessary to run a gas or electric plant.

Besides this, the staff of a municipal plant is inefficient because it is composed of incapable "ward heelers." It is true that political appointments are made in private plants. But political influence retains the incapable man in the municipal plant, but does not in the private plant.

Again, antiquated machinery is not replaced readily in municipal plants. Do taxpayers habitually buy new or improved machinery, as long as the old hangs together and does the work?

As to high rates, their main cause is the carelessness, the inefficiency and the extravagance of the managers of municipal plants. As has once been said, "What does the city's hired man care whether or not the lights are burning only at the time needed? He does not foot the bills.

Then, too, municipal plants are not conducted on a business like

basis. Political friends must be cared for in contracts. The manager of a municipal plant is more apt to give a contract to a friend of his, even if he is the highest bidder, than he is to the lowest bidder. Again this is the reason—he does not foot the bills.

Moreover, is municipal ownership the success that its advocates would have us believe? Or is municipal ownership a miserable failure? The negative has found two kinds of municipal failures. There are apparently successful plants, where an expert accountant has not yet been called in. Then there are the flat failures of municipal ownership. There are about three hundred of this latter class in the United States and eight in Kansas.

Our last point is that all the good results of municipal ownership and none of its attendant evils can be secured through private ownership with proper regulation. The state of Kansas already has a Public Utilities Commission with powers to fix rates and standards of service. But what is best of all, in this commission, is the fact that its rulings are valid until set aside by the Kansas Supreme Court. It has been proved that our Public Utilities Commission can give us low rates and good service. Therefore, what is the purpose of municipal ownership in Kansas?





## Mount Marty Annual, 1914, Rosedale, Kansas

20

### MT. MARTY ANNUAL

All the argument on the negative can be summed up in these words: "Municipal ownership benefits no one." One of three things is the result of municipal ownership. If the plant is run at a profit, and this profit is used to lighten taxes, the light users are paying for the benefit of the tax payers. If the plant is run at a loss, the deficit must be made up by the taxpayers for the benefit of the light users. If the plant is run at neither profit nor loss, the city is losing the taxes a private plant would pay. Moreover, municipal ownership excludes capital

from a field promising to be of the greatest benefit to humanity—electricity. Not only this, but at the same time, statistics can be quoted proving that laborers work harder and for less pay, under municipal, than under private ownership.

Since municipal ownership benefits neither taxpayers nor consumer, labor nor capital, what is its use? The state of Kansas may be well compared to an individual. Does a sensible individual usually enter into an enterprise of no use to him?

MARVIN ALLEN, '16.

### KIDNAPPED.

Sitting at the breakfast table, which, in accordance with one of his requests, had been moved so that he could command the view of his whole beautiful rose garden, through the long French window, Montgomery Holeroid looked long and thoughtfully out.

Ever since his father died, which had been about three years back, he had been left to do his own will. Everyone in the small country town in which he lived, looked up to him and regarded him as an upright and honorable young man. He had always shown out in the younger set. He always had plenty of money at his elbow and now he had all the vast wealth of woolen mills at the head of which his father had been for

many years. Now that his father had left to him these mills and the large home place, Montgomery had nothing to wish for in the line of luxuries.

He was tall, straight and smooth-shaven. His face, under the shock of brown hair was so tanned by wind and sun that you had the impression that he lived outdoors, which he did as much as the weather permitted. Think of a strong, healthy, good-looking, young man and you have a good idea of the way Montgomery Holeroid looked.

The men liked him because he was jolly, upright and a good sportsman. The older women, because he was so much of a boy that he reminded them of their sons;



## Mount Marty Annual, 1914, Rosedale, Kansas

### MT. MARTY ANNUAL

21

middle aged women liked him because he had a financial and social position in the world. But the younger women liked him because he was "Monty."

In spite of his always having things his own way, this young man was always considerate of others, and was especially considerate of a certain young lady who had brown curls, which were very rebellious around her face, eyes which were shaded by the long, dark lashes, and an impudent, tip-tilted little nose. This same nose and these same eyes were the cause of Montgomery's long, absent-minded gaze out of the open window.

In just three days Marjorie and he were to be married. Just the previous evening they had quarreled, because Montgomery had wanted to invite to their wedding one old Jenkins, the janitor who had for years been a fixture of the establishment of H. H. Holeroid and Son, and who, when Montgomery as a child, had gone to the office, had always entertained him. Molly Jenkins, as good, if not the better half of Jenkins, had always made ginger bread for Montgomery. Now that Montgomery wanted this old man and woman at his wedding, Marjorie had refused. But she had finally agreed, only on the condition that they remain with the servants. This Montgomery had absolutely refused

to do and Miss Marjorie had declined the honor of becoming Mrs. Holeroid.

It would be difficult to describe Montgomery's state of mind, but it was something to this effect: The invitations were out; it would be impossible to call it off. He did wish that Marjorie would not be so set in her ways. Marjorie's mother should know of this and endeavor to make her see that his plan was better, to invite these old people as guests, thus giving them the privilege of partaking in the merriment of the evening, which of course, they would not do. Marjorie's mother could get old Mrs. Jenkins a new dress and send it as Montgomery's gift. They would be so pleased to see "Monty" get married.

The maid brought in the morning paper and as was his custom he opened it to see the news and the market. There was nothing particularly interesting this morning, but in one column was a little request from an anonymous writer asking that the authorities should see what they could do to eliminate a band of gypsies who had encamped about a mile out from the edge of town. These gypsies were in the habit of going from house to house every morning to beg something to eat and were a great nuisance.

After eating a light breakfast, Montgomery went to the telephone





## Mount Marty Annual, 1914, Rosedale, Kansas

22

### MT. MARTY ANNUAL

to call Marjorie. Her mother informed him that Marjorie had taken an early train to the city, about twenty miles away. She had gone to get some addition to her already elaborate trousseau, and had said that she would probably not return until the following day.

He threw the paper on the floor. So Marjorie had evidently thought better of her little tirade of the previous evening. Gone to the city to complete her trousseau! Well! He was going down to the office to see how things were getting along.

Walking in the fresh June morning had its effect upon Montgomery. By the time he had reached the office his spirits were high and he greeted his friends with a jovial "Hello."

Holeroid was looking over the morning mail when Craig, a young man of about his own age, great friend of Holeroid's, and his best man, came in saying that an old gypsy woman had come to pay him a visit. Holeroid laughed and said for Craig to usher her in, thinking she had come to tell fortunes or beg.

The old woman had on an elaborately beaded gown, not a velvet or satin gown embroidered with pearls, but common, every-day calico over which had been draped beads of sundry shapes, sizes and colors.

Holeroid spoke twice and still the old woman did not realize that he

was speaking to her. Then he politely held out his hand, expecting her to proceed with his fortune, but instead she raised her dirty, grey head and informed him that if he paid her the sum of five thousand dollars he could have his wife, who was held in her camp at the edge of town.

Holeroid insisted that she was mistaken for he had no wife. She then informed him that the young woman who was being kept had said her name as Mrs. Holeroid. Montgomery decided that this was just an attempt at blackmail and abruptly dismissed the old woman.

Passing through the outer office, she turned on him and in a loud voice made it known to Montgomery as well as the clerks in the office that he would be sorry.

The door slammed and Montgomery saw no more of the old woman, for that time at least.

"I say, Craig," came Monty's clear voice across the room, "want to go for a turn at golf? We'll stop at the house and get Jimmie the caddie and something to eat."

Nothing could have been more pleasing to Craig and he immediately agreed. On the way out Craig asked, "Monty, what made your ears turn so red when the old dame was in?"

Holeroid explained the cause for the healthy looking condition of



## Mount Marty Annual, 1914, Rosedale, Kansas

### MT. MARTY ANNUAL

23

his ears, telling Craig everything that was said between him and the old woman and they both laughed heartily over it.

Coming back from the links that evening, Craig and Holeroid passed not more than a quarter of a mile from the gypsy camp. Holeroid saw the light from the camp-fire and turned to Craig:

"Look Craig those heathens are having a regular Apachee War Dance" (this was in reality a tambourine dance) "I'll bet they've boiled Mrs. Holeroid in that pot. Let's go over and see."

It sounded interesting and for curiosity's sake they went over and lay down in a clump of low shrubbery so that they might see everything that went on without being seen.

The camp-fire had been built in among a clump of trees. Over this hung a pot out of which was coming the savory odor of boiled beans. Judging from the frequent trips of the party to the bean pot, they had not yet had their supper. Two old women and a man sat around the fire. A young man and woman sat close together and a little out of the fire light. These were attentively watching the dancer who was a graceful, dusky-skinned and very handsome young man. At one side sat the small figure of a girl. She was not watching the dancer, but

was sitting with her head in her arms.

Suddenly Holeroid gave Craig a kick that all but made him cry out.

"Oh, I s—m" muttered Craig; through Holeroid's hand which had immediately been thrust over Craig's mouth.

"Look!" whispered Holeroid as he pointed with a shaky finger to the girl huddled off by herself, "that's Marjorie's dress."

"How on earth did she get there?" whispered Craig.

"I don't know unless it was that she missed the train and walked over across the river to catch the other one and got picked up by these Barbarians."

After their astonishment was over the men settled down to talk sense and see what could be done. Looking up they saw that the dance was ended and the dancer had gone over to Marjorie, thrown himself in front of her and half sat looking up into her face.

Holeroid started angrily forward and would have gone storming over there if had he not been restrained by Craig. Although she took no notice of him, whatever, it was evident from Marjorie's attitude that the gypsie's attentions were exasperating her beyond her endurance.

After vain attempts to attract her notice the young fellow went to the old woman (the one who had vis-



ited Holeroid that morning, and began to talk. Even though they sat quite close to where Holeroid and Craig lay hidden, they talked so low that only a word now and then came to their straining ears.

They gathered that the young gypsy boy, whose name was Jacob, was begging her to take up bag and baggage and leave the next morning. But the old woman was storming about the five thousand dollars. The boy finally agreed that girls might be kidnapped any day but that it was not so easy to get the five thousand dollars.

Holeroid took out his note book, tore out a sheet and by the faint light from the fire, scribbled a note. It is difficult to say whether it was Fate or Craig that played a good turn in this, but anyway Craig was Fate's agent. He found a long, forked stick and handed it to Holeroid. On the end of this stick Holeroid stuck the note. He then crawled around the camp to where Marjorie was seated. He touched her lightly on the arm so as not to frighten her. She turned and saw Holeroid. Her lips parted but a motion from him restrained her cry. He then poked the note out to her. She carefully concealed this in her dress and strolled over to the fire. Picking up a stick under the pretense of stirring the fire she (to all appearances accidentally) upset the pot of beans and spilled them out

onto the fire and over the ground. This naturally caused a great commotion in camp. During the commotion Marjorie read the note which ran:

"Keep up your spirit; Craig is here with me and we are going to get you. Make that Figi think you are in love with him and go for a walk."

Acting on this suggestion Marjorie strolled over to the fire and tried to make herself agreeable to the gypsies. She tried to make them see that she was sorry she had spilled the beans. But she got only glowering looks from all save her would-be lover. A young gypsy woman made several remarks but these were cut short by some remark from the old woman who was evidently her mother. The grey-haired old man was the most vicious—in his looks, but he didn't dare say anything for fear of the old woman.

When Marjorie could endure this no longer she went back to her place by the fire and cried. Jacob came to her and tried to comfort her, which was just what she wanted. With a most winsome smile she said:

"They all look as if they would like to eat me and I never meant to spill their old beans. I wish you would take me away from here; can't we go for a walk? Just a little way, please."

The moon shone down so white on the trees. The balmy air bore



## Mount Marty Annual, 1914, Rosedale, Kansas

### MT. MARTY ANNUAL

25

the fragrance of the woods. The stillness of the night was broken only by the barking of a dog or by the neighing of the horses which were grazing near the wagons. It was certainly an evening to tempt anyone, especially the young and ardent Jacob. He went over to the old woman and began to talk. At first she shook her head emphatically, but after much pleading on the part of the boy she finally gave in. Though she evidently felt some concern at letting her hostage out of her sight. The old man sensed something and came over to see about it. The old woman, however, told him in a loud voice to shut up and to remember that he was once young himself. The old gypsy pattered back to his place by the fire as is the custom of the hen-pecked husbands, and resumed his seat.

Marjorie and Jacob had walked for a long time when suddenly a dark figure loomed up before them in the white moonlight. The man was staggering and cried, "water, water," in a most distressed voice. As they drew nearer, the man fell forward on his face. Marjorie cried out and ran toward him, followed closely by the gypsy who was eager to shine as a hero in her eyes. They picked up the poor man and Marjorie held his head in her lap, while the gypsy went for water.

Oh, gypsy, why did you go for water and leave the young man with Marjorie to take care of him (which she undoubtedly did).

But then young gypsies in love, on balmy June evenings, are sometimes apt to do rather foolish things.

DORIS REEDS, '15.

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### BETTY'S LONG GLOVES.

It was Saturday night. Betty, tired but enthusiastic at the end of her first week at the department store, climbed onto the hot, crowded street car. "Why, hello, Betty!" said a friendly voice. It was her chum, Marie, wedged in among the other passengers. The two girls were soon deep in the discussion of the approaching dance.

Marie, whose parents were more fortunate than Betty's, spoke up,

"You ought to see my new dress. It's just grand."

Betty said nothing for a while, she could only think of her old dress two years old. "Well," continued Marie, "I guess it won't look so much better than anyone else's, but to me it is great."

Betty could hardly swallow the big lump in her throat. "Mother has promised to let me have some new gloves," she said.





## Mount Marty Annual, 1914, Rosedale, Kansas

26

MT. MARTY ANNUAL

The two girls chatted on of the merry time ahead of them until the car came to the place for Marie to get off. She left Betty in a better mood than she had had at first.

Betty worked on for the first part of the next week in a discontented frame of mind and she felt no better when the evening came to purchase the gloves. Her mother had allowed her the price of a pair of short gloves. But those beautiful long ones which cost two dollars more simply could not be forgotten! What if she should take the money from her pay? Her mother would probably be angry. Just to think of the money she had handled during the day and then to want for two dollars! Why not take a few dollars? Of course she wouldn't steal it; she'd manage to pay it back some time and no one would know. She did want those gloves so badly, and she knew that lots of girls took things from the store and never were caught. Why shouldn't she? It did seem dishonest, but then—That evening she purchased the beautiful long gloves.

Upon arriving home she showed her purchase rather nervously to her mother. "Surely these gloves," said her mother, "cost more than a dollar and fifty cents. Betty with flushed face answered, "There was just a sale of a few odd pairs."

"How lucky," said her mother, pleased that Betty should have found such a bargain.

When Betty went to the party she thought that she looked as pretty as any girl there. The gloves were just the thing she needed. She admired them so, but the horrible thought of the stolen money would not leave her mind. It worried her all evening, so that she was glad when the time came for her to go home.

All next week Betty's problem of replacing the money confronted her. Her imagination tortured her with a thousand fears. What if the store owners found out that she had taken the money? She could not replace it from her pay as her mother would discover the shortage. She saved as much as she could from her lunch money and car fare, but two dollars was a big sum. Several times during the week the floorwalker made his way up toward Betty. Each time she shuddered, only to see him pass.

One day he really stopped to talk with her. Betty knew this was her final day. "How are the girls getting along up this way?" he inquired. "Very well, sir," answered Betty, trembling with fear.

The floorwalker slowly walked away, but it was a long time before Betty recovered from her fright. The week passed slowly but the horrible thought would not vanish. She lived with it, ate with it, slept with it. By the time Saturday night came, she was desparate. She hated the



## Mount Marty Annual, 1914, Rosedale, Kansas

### MT. MARTY ANNUAL

27

sight of the gloves, of any gloves.

She felt that she could not endure another week. Rather than be so miserable she would pay back the money out of her week's pay and then tell her mother why the two dollars were missing. When she got her pay envelope she tore it hastily open and there to her surprise she found that her pay had

been raised two dollars a week.

Her first thought was to put the extra money in the drawer. Her mother should not know anything about her raise for a week. Her next thought was that her own conscience would never be clear unless she told her mother the truth. And this she did.

DOROTHY MARTIN, '15.

### LIFE IN ROSEDALE.

Life in Rosedale presents a variety of scenes.

As you walk down the Southwest Boulevard you can see many things. A dirty little boy runs past you, holding out a stolen apple or cookie in his grimy little hand. A little girl walks past you. Her hair tightly braided, her coat brushed until it shines, stealing a look now and then at her shiny, new boots.

If you walk down a side street after school is out you will see a group of boys playing baseball in the street. Three or four small girls have wild games of tag or hide and seek in the front yards. A clatter of tin cans and shiny clubs is heard in the alley.

Mothers are seen sitting on front porches paring potatoes for the next meal. Sometimes you see them hurrying across the street to a grocery store for some forgotten article.

As it grows dusk tired farmers rumble past in their wagons from

market. Their horses are tired and know they are going home, and the very thought makes them hasten. Milk men drive by in their wagons, milk cans rattling as they go. Hucksters rumble by calling their usual, "apples, potatoes—."

Mothers are now heard calling their children to supper. Weary men come straggling home, hot and tired from a long day's work.

Lounging on street corners or in front of a pool hall are dirty men, swearing and swaggering at their companions. Been to State Line? Maybe.

Then the moon comes up and the stars shine out above the wooded hills. The chirp of birds dies away. An owl hoots, and occasionally a dog barks. Then you walk up the hill. The wind gently stirs the leaves. The whole world seems to be sleeping sweetly, and as you saunter up the hill you think that Rosedale is not such a bad place after all.

ANNABETH VAUGHN, '17.



### THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

"Yes sir-e-e!" Billy said firmly.

"Well! but—" protested Marjorie.

"But! But what? Shoot!! Say Marjorie do you think I've lived all of twelve years and don't even know how to do that?" sneered Billy.

"But brother—I'm eleven and I don't know."

"Well, eleven ain't twelve by any means; and anyhow boys always know more than girls."

"They don't!" cried Marjorie.

"They do!!" Billy roared. "And I know how to do it! The man says 'Honey, will you marry me?' Then, the girl says 'Uh huh.' Then they kiss; then they are engaged; and pretty soon they get married. And that's all!"

"Are all of 'em done like that?" inquired Marjorie.

"I said so, didn't I?"

"Yes, but I wanted to be sure."

"Well, Silly! that's the way. But listen here. Just because Sam Brown has been bringin' candy and apples to school for you, all week, you don't need to think he is going to pro—"

"Oh! shut up!"

"Well, don't think he's goin' to propose. Because he ain't!"

"Who said he was going to propose? I didn't!!!"

Billy laughed. Marjorie went over to the big fire place and stood, —apparently lost in thought.

Billy went over to a book case and stood with his hands in his pockets; looking over the books and whistling softly.

Suddenly Marjorie burst out, "I'll tell you," she exclaimed, "I heard mamma and papa talking this morning and mamma said 'she thought Mr. Frank Emerson was a fine match for sister Grace,' and then papa said 'he wished Frank would hurry up with his proposing ther'—"

"What's that got to do with it?" interrupted Billy.

"Well, this is what. Let's go down in the hall and listen to him propose to Sis. Then, we'll know just how to do it."

"Fine!" exclaimed Billy, giving Marjorie a pinch to show his enthusiasm.

"How'd you ever think of that?"

"Say, Sis, you're a pretty good scout, after all."

"Oh! shut up and come on. He might get through before we get there."

As quickly and quietly as possible the two little figures stole out of the library, down the stairs and down the dimly lighted hall; and stood on guard outside the parlor door.

They heard voices within.

"Listen," whispered Marjorie.

"Aw! listen yourself," growled Billy.