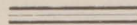
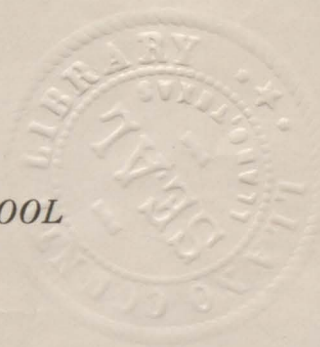


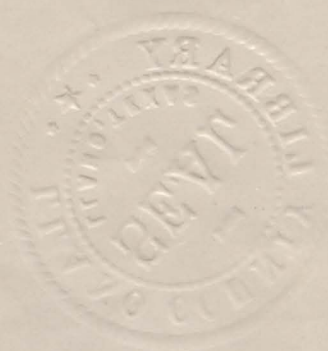
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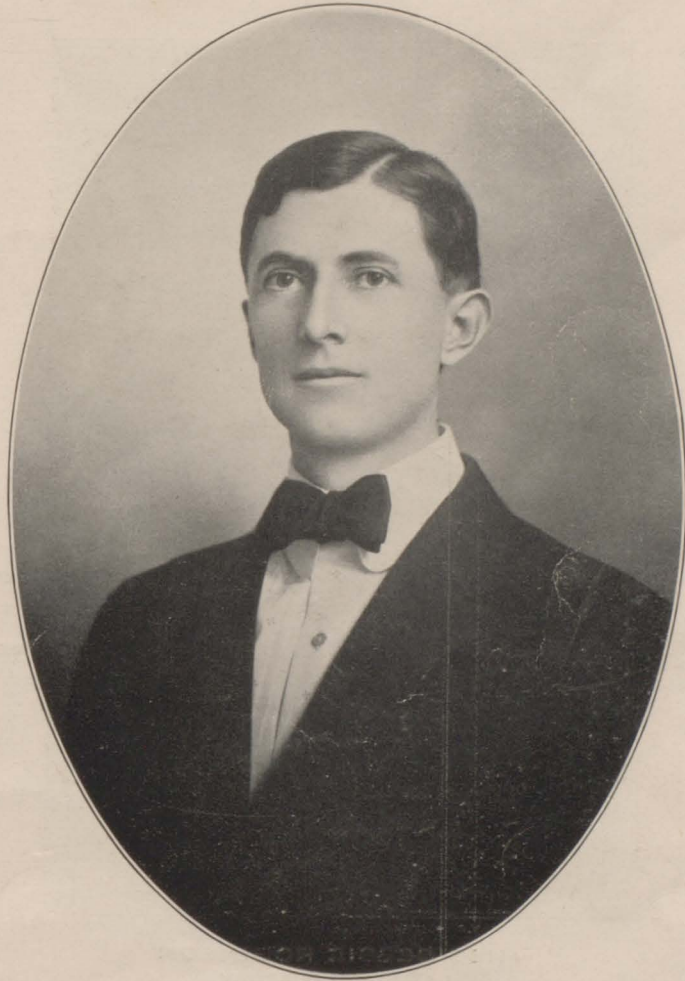


DEDICATION

*To our friends and schoolmates, the
pupils of the High School, we lovingly
dedicate this second volume of our
Annual*



J. G. TOLAND, SUPERINTENDENT



C. H. RUTLEDGE
SCIENCE



MISS BESSIE ROBINSON
LATIN AND HISTORY



MISS BESSIE ATKINS
ASSISTANT IN ENGLISH



MISS BOB EDMONSON
GERMAN AND ENGLISH



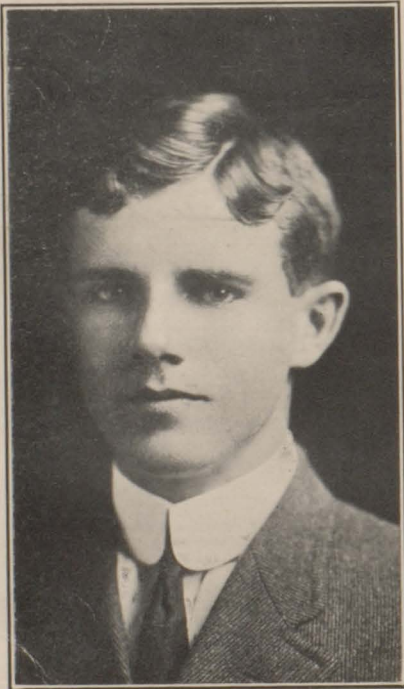
EDITORIALS

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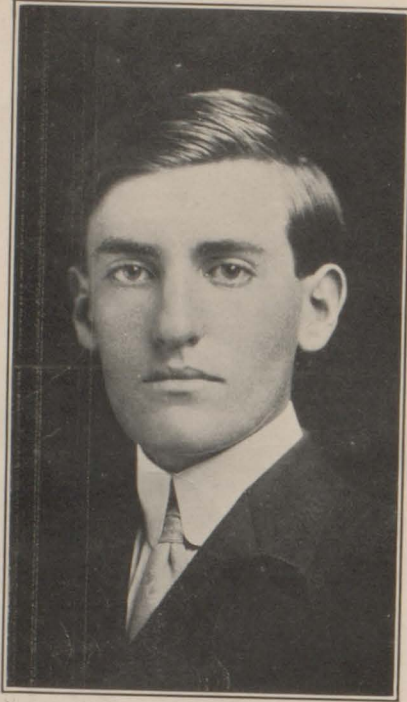
Miss Iris Cone



Miss Sallie Smathers



Miss Anna Lange



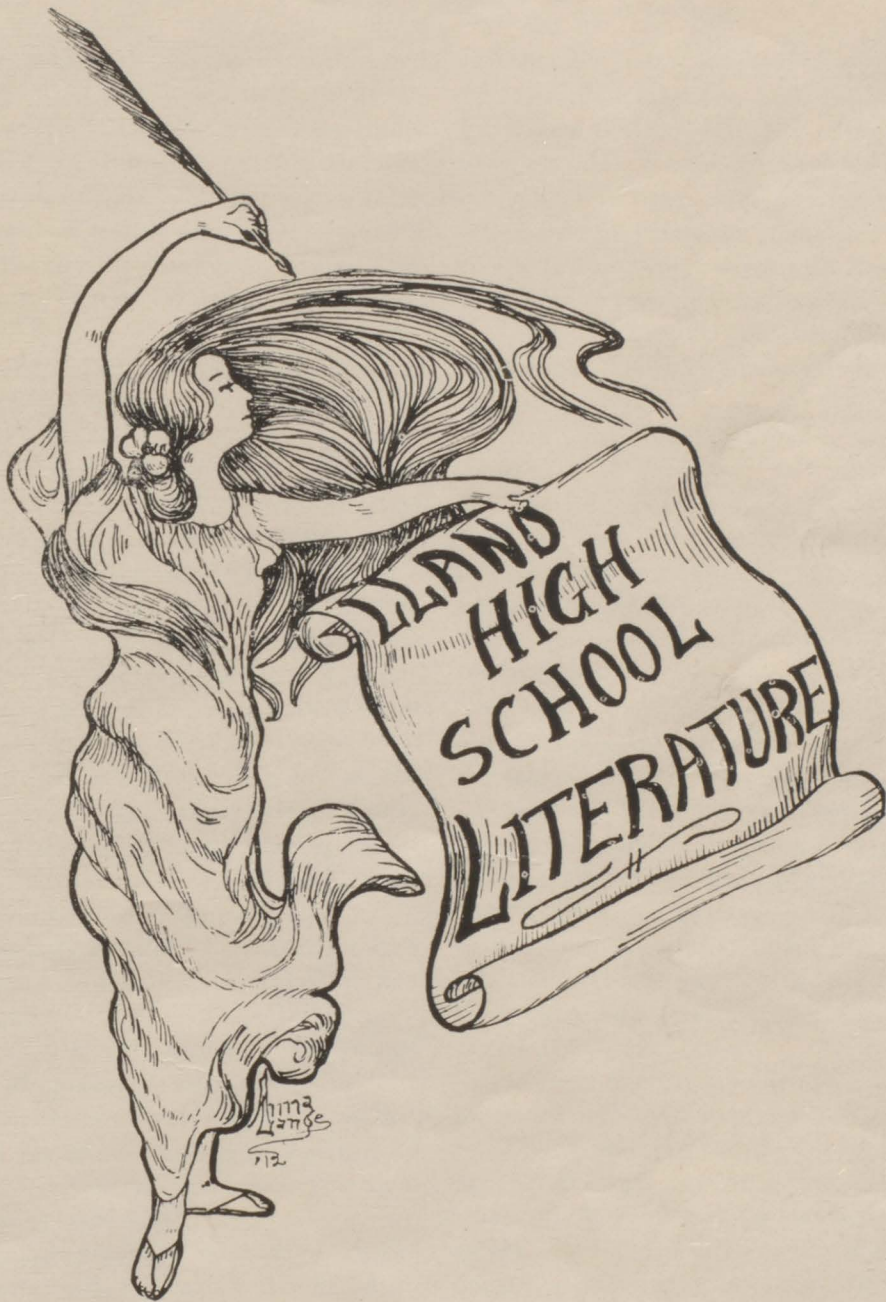
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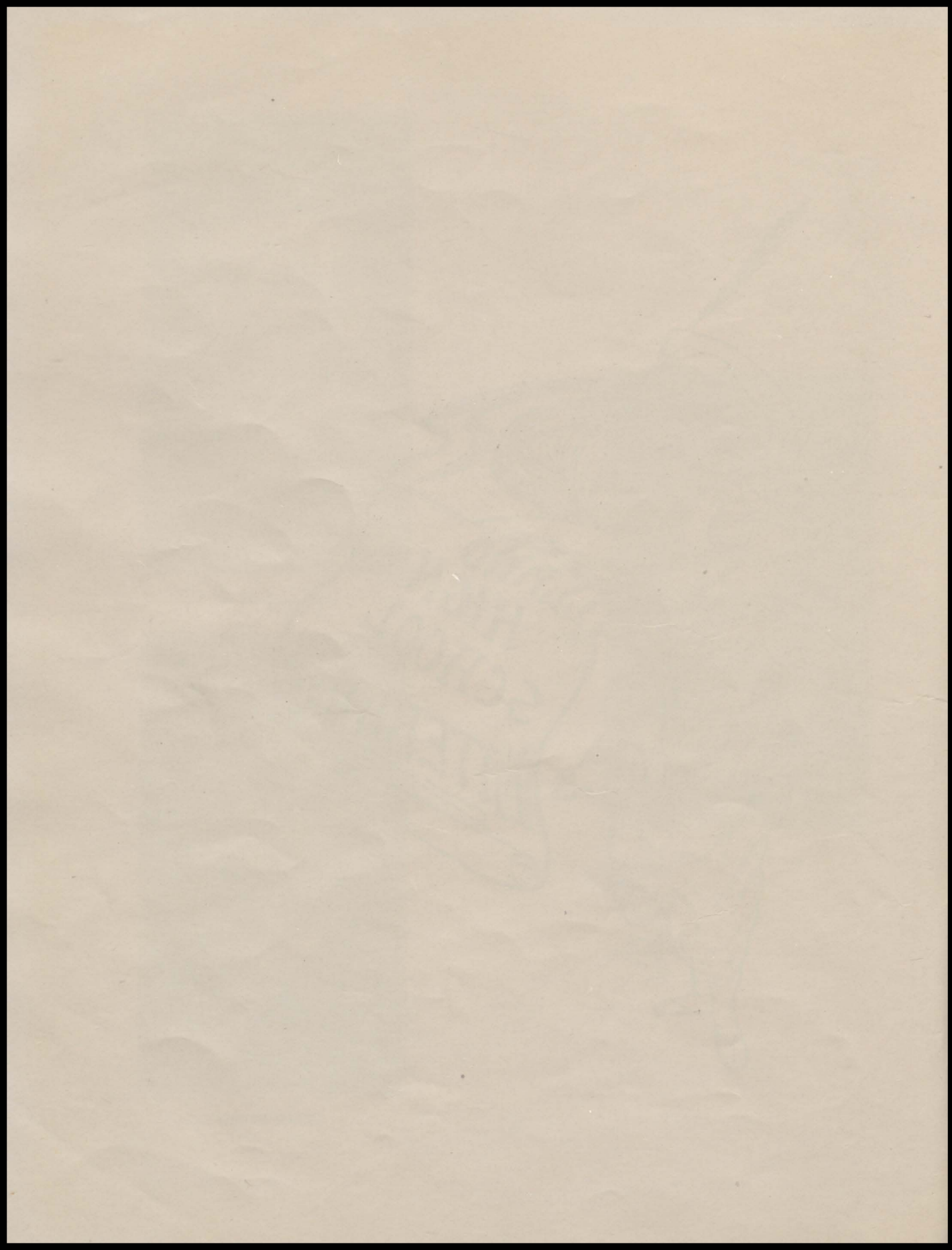


Everett Martin



Miss Floy Hayes





SISTERS AND BROTHERS

A young man, suitcase in hand, dashed hurriedly through the swinging doors of the hotel and walked quickly down the dimly lighted line of waiting cabs, peering anxiously at each through the whirling snow. Finally he paused at the door of one, tossed his suitcase to the driver, climbed in, seated himself, and said, "hurry up or we shall be too late."

The driver cracked his whip and the cab went hurling down the dark street over the rough cabblesstones, tossing its occupants about in their respective corners—for there was a young woman seated opposite him trying to discern objects in the dark street through the snow-blotted window pane.

Suddenly the young man sat up and pulling out his watch he struck a match. He looked at it in the flickering light and groaned. The young woman opposite looked up at the sound and met his gaze as he raised his head. He looked at her, startled, just as the match burned out. He hastily struck another match and stared at the girl facing him—a girl he had never laid eyes on before.

"Where is my sister?" he exclaimed.

The young lady gazed at him steadily with twinkling eyes and said, "you have taken the wrong cab."

"Where is this cab going?" he gasped with a look of consternation.

"To the Grand Central Station," replied the girl and for the first time he noticed by the light of the match, the trim little suitcase on the seat beside her.

"Thank goodness!" he exclaimed as the match flickered out, "Possibly, I will be on time."

"But what are you going to do about your sister?" asked the girl.

"Oh! my sister! she was to go if I was not back in five minutes, and I know it must have been ten any way. She always takes me at my word. I expect she is already on the train by this time. Her cab must have gone on and yours taken its place in the line and so I took the wrong one. in the dark thinking you were my sister," he explained.

"And I thought you were my brother. Isn't that too funny for anything?" laughed the girl in reply.

"Are you going to catch the train to-night?"

"Yes I am going out on the first twenty."

"I am too. That certainly is luck. Possibly I can help you out of this embarrassing position I have put you in."

The cab came to a sudden standstill before the brilliantly lighted doors of the station. The young man glanced at his watch as he piloted his companion out of the snow into the warm building.

"Its only three minutes before the train leaves. Suppose you go on and get a place in the train while I get the tickets. We will have to go in the day coach as I haven't time to buy pullman tickets. Its too bad, but it can't be helped now," he said apologetically as he spied a look of rebellion on the face of the girl at his side.

She went hastily toward the gates, and after a few words of explanation, was allowed to pass by the gatekeeper. The young man ran in the opposite direction and soon returned at a run, waving two suitcases, just as the conductor called, "All aboard." He paused a moment at the gate, then sprinted wildly down the track after the slowly moving train, threw the suitcases on the rear platform, and sprang on himself just as the

train pulled out of the station and quickened its speed.

Inside he found the girl valiantly guarding a place for him, notwithstanding the many admiring glances cast in her direction. When he appeared she obligingly removed her hat and furs from his half of the seat and smiled at his disheveled appearance as he sank into the seat beside her and began to fan his glowing countenance with his hat.

"Whew! But that was a close shave. It's a good thing I knew how to run or you would have been left all alone in this stuffy hole without a suitcase or even a ticket," he remarked as soon as he had recovered his composure.

"But what about your sister?" the girl solicitously inquired. "Where do you suppose she is?"

"Oh! she's all right. I saw her enter the gate when we came in, with a fellow whose picture she has at home—someone she met when she was at school I think. But what do you suppose your brother is doing? I bet he thinks you have been kidnapped and is looking everywhere for you by this time."

"I don't think he is. He was leisurely mounting the steps of the pullman as I started toward this car and the last I saw of him he was leaning out of the window watching you make that exciting dash down the track. He probably saw me get in here and is not

worrying at all."

"It's a beastly shame I had to cause you so much trouble, but you don't know how sorry I am. I am going up to be best man at a friend's wedding and I just had to catch this train or miss the whole show for it is to be at eight o'clock."

"Why! Yonder comes my brother!" suddenly exclaimed the girl as she glanced toward the end of the car.

"And there comes my sister!" echoed the young man.

The two came on down the aisle and after the introductions were over the sister explained it all to her puzzled brother. "Don't you know," she said, "how you fussed about going up to Ruth's and having to stand up by a girl you'd never seen before. Well, when I saw Elsie and Tom drive by me in their cab, I called them and made Elsie get in in my place so you could get acquainted before you reached there—for you know she is the bridesmaid."

"And you knew who I was all the time?" he asked of the girl at his side.

"Well I don't see how I could well help it, for I could hardly keep Sue from plastering my room with your pictures," she replied.

"I wouldn't have complained I know if Sue had been that good to me," he answered as the train slowed down and they prepared to alight.

MARY BOURNE '13.

THE ORIGIN OF THE COMET'S TAIL

When the comet started there were three boys on board. They were going on a trip to see sights, also to see where the comet went. They had known only a month before hand that they could go, but in that month they had worked hard. A large house had

been built on the comet and fitted up with an observatory, containing two large telescopes, sleeping apartments and a good sized kitchen.

They had not intended to start so soon, but one afternoon while they were in the house

adding the finishing touches, the comet broke away from its anchor and started off, twisting and turning like a giant snake. They went out to look around and see where they were. Below them was the Pacific Ocean, and along the shores of North America they saw small streaks of fire. On examination they found it was the Atlantic fleet on its trip around the world. Passing northward they noticed a bright spot of light, which proved to be the electrical display of the Alaska-Youkon-Pacific exposition. Just then the clock in the library struck eleven and the boys decided to "turn in."

The next morning while passing over the great ice fields they saw a man nailing a United States flag to a pole. They were the first to know of the discovery of the North Pole. As they passed out into space and saw the earth gradually receding from view, a feeling of loneliness came over them, for they realized that they would see no one but themselves for seventy-five years.

As they passed Mars they examined it very closely. They found that civilization had reached a very advanced stage. They saw a few horses in a zoo, but that was all. There were only a few automobiles, but airships were as thick as bees in a clover field. The country was cut up by canals and great crops of rice were raised yearly. The streets were paved with silver and houses were roofed with gold brick. They would have stopped and learned the language but they could not get close enough to throw out the anchor.

Just to have some sport they shot the little bear while he was drinking from the Great Dipper. The old bear became very angry at

this and before the comet could go on the boys had a fierce struggle with her, which resulted in her death. They were now well supplied with "bear meat." The comet twisted out of its course and before the boys could get it under control again, they had looped the loop around Saturn and knocked the spots off the sun. The anchor accidentally got caught on the Sun and before they could cast it off the boys were arrested as hoboes, but luckily escaped.

After their escape one of the boys fell and got hung by the coat collar on the anchor. While passing the Moon he tried to free himself by holding onto its edge. The comet was going so fast that it pulled the Moon from its setting and it came along. The bright light caused the other boys to investigate and when they found out what it was, they quickly pulled it and their lost companion on board. It finally became so hot that they had to go to the other end of the comet. They had forgotten about their telescopes, and now went back to get them. While they were gone for the telescopes the comet got beyond control again and they ran into Neptune. The comet hit with such force that it knocked the boys off. To save themselves they grabbed hold of the edge of the moon, even if it were hot; the moon stretched and broke into, and it and the boys fell, leaving a streak of light behind them.

That is the origin of the comet's tail. The latest report in the "Mountaineer" was, that the boys were still falling and were gradually being absorbed in the manufacture of a tail.

C. A. B. '12.

CENTAUREA CYANUS

About the time that the pedagogues reluctantly step down from their thrones and hand

the scepters to their pupils, the blue-bonnet is in full bloom. The plant is thriving well before even the others are out of the ground, but it reserves its blossoms for celebration of that joyous event, vacation.

The plant is small and light green, but the flowers are large and a deep blue. The blue-bonnet bears the formidable scientific name of *centaurea cyanus*. It is called the blue bottle by some, though it generally resembles a miniature blue bonnet; in fact, the shape is almost exactly like one. If you pull the bon-

net back, a small goose is shown. This little figure is almost as like a goose as the covering is like a bonnet. A person of large mental capacity will say that this is a sign that most geese are found in bonnets or other feminine head dress. Late in the summer the large fields of blue bonnets yield a quantity of bean-like seed. After their purpose is fulfilled they die away.

H. McLEAN,
Grammar School.

ALUMNAE REPORTS

We welcome you Alumnae Reporters to the Mountaineer staff. Thank you for giving us a good Alumnae department. We were not able to find reporters for every class so we had to locate the numbers of those particular classes as best we could.

We are indeed proud of our Alumnae. One hundred and one graduates have been sent out from the Llano High School. From these have been followers of almost every profession; from school teacher down to the "Matrimonial Business."

The Class of 1900 consisted of one young lady. The Class of 1901 was composed of six girls and four boys. These young men and women have gone forth into the walks of life and are performing well their duties. We find each and all making due progress.

CLASS OF 1902.

It has been ten years since then, yet the writer can scarcely believe it. The class was composed of nine members, four girls and five boys: Edna Haywood, Lula Moore, Bessie Freeman, Etta Clymer, Hardy Alexander, Henry BATTERY, Glen Greer, Will Biggs, and the writer, O. G. Porter.

At present two of the young ladies are still in Llano county: Edna Haywood, living at her home at Kingsland; Etta Clymer, now Mrs. George Vest, living a few miles south of town. Miss Bessie Freeman is married and resides near Center Point. Lula Moore, now Mrs. Ed Samuel, lives at Algerita, San Saba county. Hardy Alexander, after taking a course in the State University, is now in Mexico actively engaged in engineering and surveying work. Henry BATTERY is one of the managers of the well known local hardware firm of BATTERY Hardware Company. The whereabouts of Glen Greer and Will Biggs are at present unknown to the writer. The last and ninth member of this class is still "smashing pills" at the same old Corner Drug Store of our city.

The graduating class of 1902 did splendid work, and all today, no doubt, find the memory of the old school sweet indeed. All are proud of the diplomas we hold and glad to know that the Llano High School is today one of the foremost of the many high schools of Texas.

O. G. PORTER.

ORA BUCHANAN

CLASS OF 1910

Born December 31, 1889

Died February 1, 1912

She is dead, yet she liveth
Gone, though not forgotten

CLASS OF 1903.

The class of 1903 was composed of five girls and one boy. The numbers have scattered far and wide. Three are teaching: Inez Moss at Big Springs, Texas; Charlotte Thomas in Blanco county, Texas; and Mrs. Fred Phillips, nee Byrde Henry, at Austin, Texas. Dede Mathews is at home in San Antonio, Texas. Milton Wilkes has been circulating manager of several of the prominent newspapers of the south. He is now employed on the staff of the Galveston News. Mrs. W. B. Lewis, nee Lea Hedeman, is living at Hearne, Texas.

WHEREABOUTS AND DOINGS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1904, LLANO HIGH SCHOOL.

Stanley Roscoe Canine is an officer on U. S. Ship, Dixie, now in our navy's winter resort off the coast of Cuba. He has been in the naval service since his graduation at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, in 1909.

Alice Berta Cone is a resident of Brady, Texas, the wife of Mr. Frank Lockhart.

Joe Pinkney Flack, having attended the State University for several years, has passed the bar examinations, is now the junior member of the law firm of Flack & Flack at San Saba, Texas.

Ethel Ione Selman, who is now Mrs. E. C. Ransom, lives on a ranch near Missouri City, Texas.

James Ray Moss of Moss & Co., Llano, is conducting a general store in Llano very successfully. No Ray has never married as yet, nor has any one of the Naughty Four boys.

Mary Hamilton is reported permanently located at Sweet Water, Texas.

Harvey H. Cone graduated at the Medical University at Galveston, in 1907, and is at present with a drug concern in Lometa, Tex.

Florence Elizabeth Newsom studied at the State University at Austin, in 1906 and 1907, after her graduation at Llano, and now resides here.

Albert James Buttery has specialized in pharmacy and is now one of the leading pharmacists of the state. He is at present with the Oak Street Pharmacy at Palestine, Texas.

Mattie Ellerbe Wood is teaching in the San Antonio Schools, this being her fifth consecutive term there.

Clarence Grover Gosch conceived an idea entirely different from any any of the other fellows of the class. He decided that the drug business offered excellent opportunities so he has been "rolling pills" for the past eight years. He is one of the firm of Simmons Drug Co., San Saba, Texas.

Mary Alma Davis moved from Llano to Houston in 1904. About the next thing we have against Alma is that she married Mr. Larry Shell, a hardware dealer of Port Lavaca, Texas.

Edwin Roy Townsend spent two years at Tulane University in New Orleans, and about the same length of time in the Physician's & Surgeon's University in St. Louis, finishing the course and receiving his M. D. in 1909. He is at present with W. O. Taylor, druggist, in Llano, Texas.

With the writer closes a long line from naval officers down to grocery peddlers. Your servant has been with Nelson-Davis & Co., Importers and Wholesale Grocers of Austin, Texas, for the past seven years.

May the prosperity of us all increase, together with that of Prof. J. Graves Toland and the Llano High School.

"Let Ambition Not Depart."

ROY BANFORD INKS.

CLASS OF 1905.

Since the five members who constituted the Senior Class of 1905 bade farewell to the Llano High School in May, seven years ago, their paths have led in various directions and today only one remains within sight of her Alma Mater. This class was composed of five congenial girls, Maggie Davis, Kate

Flack, Kate Brown, Mattie D. Swanson and Marie M. Johnson, and this, their last year in High School was spent in working toward the culmination of the long anticipated "graduating time." Since that memorable occasion many changes have been wrought in their respective lives and today finds them thus:

Mattie D. Swanson has moved with her parents to San Antonio, Texas. She is now in the employ of a large insurance company there and ably fills her position.

Maggie Davis is living in Houston, Texas, with her mother, brother and sister.

Kate Flack is a popular teacher in the San Saba High School.

Mrs. J. A. Laning, nee Kate Brown, the only one of the class who has married, died just one year ago and is buried in Llano. She was especially gifted in music and her sweet voice in song made all glad who heard it. May her little daughter, Marjorie, inherit her mother's talent.

Marie Johnson is living in Llano with her parents, and is in her father's law office, assisting him in his profession.

MARIE M. JOHNSON.

CLASS OF 1906.

Miss Ethel Landrum,

San Antonio, Texas.

Dear Ethel:

How do you like the stenographical profession? It seems strange that you chose that line of work. I was delighted with trimming, but had to give it up. All the other girls of the class of 1906 are teaching or married.

Do you and Charlie Roberts live near each other? I hear she is teaching at Hills Prairie in Bastrop county. Bess Atkins is still one of the teachers in our school. Bess and I are the only two of the class who live in Llano.

Moral—If you want a stayer just name her Bess. It seems just as natural to see Pearl Rogers driving those black horses in from

the ranch, as if she had always been Mrs. Chas. Parkhill.

Madie Holmig is not teaching this year, but going to school at the San Marcos Normal. Ada Jester or rather, Mrs. Emmitt Hill, lives at Saratoga and Mrs. Karl Starr, nee Miss Martha Ward, at San Antonio. I never hear from Kate McInnis since she became Mrs. Thos. Casbeer, and moved to Liberty Hill.

Do not work so hard that you will not have time to write to

Your friend,
BESS TOWNSEND.

CLASS OF 1907.

And next is that record breaking class of 1906-1907—not record breaking as to number only, which was sixteen, but we are sure that never in the history of our grand old High School has another class done more work than this one. We, like all the others, had our mountains of solid geometry to cross Gallic wars to fight, dynamos to construct and numbers of other things equally as hard to do, but we all came out victorious, and we were glad that we tried when we were awarded our diplomas.

Time has wrought changes though, and many of us are separated and living lives we never dreamed of on that beautiful commencement night.

Two of the girls, Helen Tidd and Mae Ratliff are married. How well we other girls remember the vows they made to be "bachelor girls." Julia Russell, Ida Rouse, and David Norris are now imparting some of that knowledge, that they no doubt obtained at their Alma Mater, to others.

Elmer Smith and Vernon Wilson have been true to their lineage and are prosperous ranchmen of Llano county.

Ruby Dunaway holds a splendid position under Uncle Sam.

Roy Frazier continued his education and is now a successful telegraph operator.

Gordon McAdoo is making a name for himself in El Paso county.

We are proud of our musician, Ruth Justus, and feel that she will yet bring greater fame to her class.

John Leë, the last to join us, has in truth wandered from the fold, but we know that wherever he is, he is doing a noble work.

And now there only remains Ethel Hedeman, Minnie Zachariae, Sweet Oatman and myself. Some may wonder how we could be contented to live the common place lives we are living, but we are happy in the thought that we are making others happy—our families—by remaining at home with them.

NINA LINDSEY.

CLASS OF 1908.

The class of 1908 was noted for quality, not quantity. There were only three members. Since the night that they received their well-earned diplomas, they have separated and only one remains near Llano, this one is Elsie Finlay. She is living with her parents.

Josephine Robinson is teaching in the San Antonio High School.

Emil Zachariae holds a position as book-keeper at Fairfax, Oklahoma.

CLASS OF 1909.

As the class of 1909 sat on the rostrum to receive their diplomas, a very wise man in the rear end of the hall predicted this:

“By looking into the faces of this boy and these girls I can predict a successful future for them.” And he was correct, all eight of them are leading honest, busy lives. Four of them—Edith Roberts, Irene Marschall, Florence Anglin and Myrtle Batson are teaching in different parts of the state.

Two, Bess Parkhill and Velma Smathers are pursuing their studies at Baylor University.

Annie Fichtenbaum is assisting her father with his business in our city.

Henry Copeland, the only boy of the class,

holds the position of book-keeper with a firm in Kansas City.

CLASS OF 1910.

It seems only a few months since the class of 1909-1910 was together in the old High School halls. But in the two years that have elapsed since we received our diplomas, many changes have been wrought in the whereabouts of the numbers of the class.

Roy Buttery has a position as pharmacist in Gonzales, Texas.

Regnor Cone is attending the Medical Department of the University at Galveston.

Wayne Bowman is also at the University, now in his sophomore year in the Engineering Department.

Eric Slator is on his father's ranch, the “Granite Cliff,” near Llano.

Will Bourland is attending the Agricultural & Mechanical College at College Station.

Lewis Lauterstein is in his father's store in Llano.

Paul Slator is attending school in Galveston.

Maud Moss is attending school at Georgetown.

It is with deepest regret that we announce the death of a member of our class. God in his infinite wisdom saw fit to remove from our midst, Miss Ora Buchanan.

CLASS OF 1911.

Yes, too true we have already reached the goal of Seniorsdom in our High School and now as the youngest Alumnae, we are earnestly pursuing our course.

The memory of our High School days, so full of happiness as well as work, still lingers with each one, and we dream of the good times spent in and around our Alma Mater.

I am very glad to know that one of our classmates, Anna Hartman, is attending school at S. W. T. S. Normal, she is the only member at present who is continuing her literary work in a higher school.

Mary Moss is at home near Oxford.

Kathryne Cage is teaching school near Creedmoor.

Winnie Justus is teaching at Hye, Texas.

Dalah Hargrove is at home with her grandparents near Wrights Creek.

Hugh Galloway is on his brother's ranch near Round Mountain.

Alice Mayes is at home with her parents at Baby Head, Texas.

The writer is at home in Llano studying art and teaching music.

NORMA BUCHANAN.

DIE STUDENTEN

Hier zu der schule

Sitzen die studenten,

Sie sind grosse Manner

Rend schone Madchen.

Sie halien die aufgahe gelernt

And immer lieben das Recht;

Sie sind die hesten studenten

So die Lehrer spricht.

Die studenten sitzen in dem zimmer

Und studieren lange, lang;

Sie lernen jede stunde

Und lernen auch maucher Gesang.

Sie wollen grosse Menschen werden

Und gelernte Menschen auch,

Sie wollen jede aufgahe lernen

Um sie ein guten Ruf Zufuhren auf.

FORSAKEN FIELDS.

As I awake from my dreams

Ere half the night I sleep,

Everything doth to me seem

To have sunken in the silent deep.

Save that memory so fond

When to school I used to go,

Looking out far beyond

As the shadows were gowing low.

To me it brings sadness;

'Tis a scene of my life.

When everything was gladness,

Free from troubles and strife.

'Tis a picture of my life's faint morning

That came like a bird so gay,

Or like the sun just dawning

When the clouds have passed away.

But it disappeared like a hasty vision

And then the melancholy came,

For I left the fields Elysian

Where once I longed for fame.

—E. F. '12.

THE MOUNTAINEER.

The sun is casting its glistening spell

O'er all the mountins in glory;

On the tiny stream

That catches the beam

And murmurs back its story;

But it fails to gladden the shady dell,

And it fails to brighten the shadows steep,

That rock the mountain violet to rest,

In the welcoming gloom,

By its own perfume,

That issues fom the high born crest

But from the valley, peaceful and deep.

In the glory and splendor of this evening
sun;

With eyes that are earnest and dark,

That never tire

Of the burning fire

That burns from a liberty spark

The Mountaineer rests against his gun.

As he gazes with thots that are holy and pure

On his world, the hills of the West,

He sees in each hill

In each tiny rill

The things that he ever loves best;

And resolves to his God to be truer.

THE D. D. S. OF THE L. H. S.

The Demosthonian Debating is composed of nine enthusiastic and able members. The meetings are held every two weeks, on Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock, in the High School building.

The program generally consists of a recitation and reading or an oration, and a debate on some present day question. As the society has been organized over a year, the members have improved very much as speakers, and the debates are both instructive and interesting. The practicability of the debates may be seen from the following subjects chosen at random: Resolved; that Mexico should be annexed to the U. S. Resolved; That Llano county should have Rural Free Delivery. Resolved; that China would be

benefited by a Republican Form of Government.

Just before the Christmas holidays the Society rendered a program before the High School pupils. The subject for debate was:

Resolved: That Texas should have a Compulsory Educational Law.

Lynn Ward and Sylvan Simpson defended the question, while Owen Barnett and Maxie Fichtenbaum opposed it. The discussion was rendered in favor of the negative side. The debate was enjoyed by everyone and the speakers received the valued training of appearing before the public. (?) It is to be hoped that the society will be as successful during the coming year as it has been in the past.

FACTS SOCIAL AND OTHERWISE

On the nights of February 28, 29 and March 1, the people enjoyed a series of lectures given by Dr. Lumpkin. Dr. Lumpkin has traveled extensively all over the world. He told us of the queer manners and customs of almost every nation; of the great pyramids and colossals of Egypt; of some of the most noted battle fields of the Russian-Japan War; of the most beautiful and wonderful cathedral of the world at St. Petersburg, and some incident or peculiar characteristic of every race. He illustrated his lectures with costumes and curios and made things so plain that even the children could understand them. After Dr. Lumpkin received \$65, the surplus fund, \$46, was given to benefit the public school library.

This sum together with \$15.25 donated by the Ladies of the Home & School Club, has been interested in library books for the public school, and by this means about 100 volumes were added to our library.

Next year the question will come before the Senior Class, "Shall we publish the Mountainer this year?" By all means have a journal. There are many reasons why every High School as large as ours should edit a school magazine. First, the journal is a benefit to the pupils themselves. Not only the staff, but every one who is any way connected with the paper is benefited. He is taught to put into practice the principles he has been learning during the High School English Course—Selection, proportion, ar-

rangement, etc. And again, he is taught how to depend on himself, to feel that he is capable of doing what is set before him to do. Another reason why we should have a school journal is this, it creates school interest and school spirit. It makes every pupil feel that he has something in common with everyone else; that he has other work besides the everyday tasks and that he must perform this work creditably. It teaches co-operation and creates interest among the outsiders. It is one of the most important links of the chain that binds the patrons to the school.

Boys, hold on to your athletic association. If it is successfully built up it will be a great thing for you and the school.

Girls why do you not organize a basketball team? You have good material and you would get a great deal of pleasure from playing.

On Friday evening, April 19, the Seniors of the Llano High School were most royally entertained by the Juniors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mayes in East Llano. The chosen colors of the two classes played important parts in the decoration, and large bouquets of the favorite roses gave additional charm to the scene. The social functions of the evening were greatly enjoyed by all especially those who were lucky enough to call "Bunco" or probably get one more game. Last, but not least, came the refreshments, whose delicacy will long be remembered by both Juniors and Seniors. After several had favored the guests with music, song and other stunts, the merry crowd parted with expressions of gratitude for the pleasant evening, the 1912 Class declaring that they for one time had been treated a Senior.



ATHLETICS

We have not accomplished anything great in Athletics this year, but an effort has been put forth and a beginning has been made, for the work which will shine forth next year. The foot-ball team was organized and practiced with the idea of deriving benefit from it next term. Although no matched games have been played, the boys have practiced hard and made a good showing, and we feel assured that the L. H. S. will yet have a team to be proud of. When the track work was begun a great deal of enthusiasm was mani-

fested, but it soon died out. Our boys need a little more of that "stick-to-it-ive-ness" that puts everything thru that is begun. The baseball team was organized too late to play any games with other schools. However, several games were played with local teams, resulting in victories for the L. H. S. Next year the boys must organize their baseball team early enough to play matched games. We have baseball talent and should be developed, and we feel assured that it will be, for, as has been stated, a beginning has been made.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT

Class Motto: Be Worthy of Trust

Class Colors: Lavender and Gold

Class Flower: Marechal Niel Rose

CLASS OFFICERS

President, Margaret Mae Knowles

Secretary and Treasurer, Maxie Fichtenbaum



Bessie Holmig

Vice-President.....Class 1909-10

"Her smile, her speech, her winning way,
Whiled all the little boys' time away."



Anna Lange

Class Artist.....1910-11

Class Artist.....1911-12

"Short and sweet,
Dainty and neat."



Iris Cone

Secretary.....Class 1909-10
President.....Class 1910-11
Alumni Editor.....1911-12

"So warm with heart,
So rich with mind."



Winnie Simpson

"Angels are painted fair to look like you."



Sallie Smathers

Ex-Editor.....1910-11
Senior Editor.....1911-12

"Love, labor and laugh."



Zula Winkler

Secretary and Treasurer.....Class 1910-11

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."



Margaret Mae Knowles

Class Editor.....1909-10
Assistant Editor.....1910-11
Editor-in-Chief.....1911-12
President.....Class 1911-12

“Every art has its master, ^{and}
Her special care is laughter.”



Arthur Keisman

Vice-President.....Class 1911-12

"Men of few words are the best men."



Carl A. Blodgett

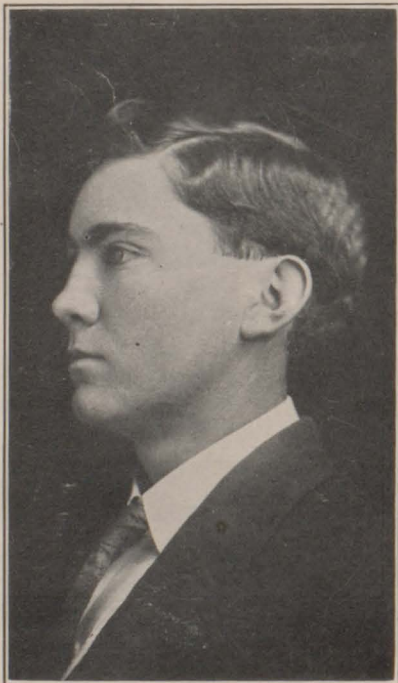
"He reads much, he is a good observer, and he looks quite through the deeds of men."



Maxie Fichtenbaum

Secretary and Treasurer.....Class 1911-12
Business Editor.....1911-12
Critic D. D. S.....1911-12
Class Editor.....1910-11

"For even though vanquished, he would argue still."



Lynn Ward

President D. D. S.....1910-11
Secretary D. D. S.....1911-12

"Long could we seek his likeness, long in vain,
Nature found but one such man and broke the die in moulding
him."

CLASS HISTORY

LYNN WARD.

Lynn Ward joined our class in 1910,
And he's been a bright boy ever since;
On that bright memorable day he couldn't
spell "hen."

But now he's got bushels of sense.
In our class he's up and going
With a will that conquers all;
In athletics he has a showing—
You ought to see him "put the ball."
His hair is black and curly,
And he's always wearing smiles;
In attendance he comes early,
Even tho' he rides three miles.

C. A. B.—'12.

WINNIE SIMPSON

One of the Seniors of 1912,
Winnie by name, is fair
Dark brown hair has this charming maid,
And eyes with a mischievous air.
Never was mischief in class begun,
But first enlisted Winnie,
Never were witten such terrible tales
As those by the hand of Winnie.

F. C.—'12.

ARTHUR REISMAN.

The one who leads the better half,
And knows the Geometry and Physics craft,
And ready keeps his wit and laugh,
It's Arthur.

Who is it knows the automobile,
Tires, cranks, screws and gearing wheel,
And works at it with ardent zeal?
It's Arthur.

B. H.—'12.

IRIS CONE.

This maid blest with plain reason and com-

mon sense

Scrambling for that one highly honored goal
With us in the low-fifth grade did commence,
And ever since has worked with faith untold.
During all these years in math she was ex-
cellent

Until now as a Senior in Physics she fan-
cies—

For there she knows her time is well spent
That to learn more of the lens (Lynns) are
her chances.

A. L.—'12.

BESSIE HOLMIG.

Bessie Holmig with golden hair and eyes so
blue,

Next comes before my mind
For many a year to her class she's been true
And never lagged behind.
In her studies she always did her best
And never did any one say
That Bessie did not do her work before she
did her play.

S. S.—'12

ANNA LANGE.

Next in line is a little German lass,
Who always stands at the head of her class;
Anna Lange, for this is her name,
Is an artist of wide-spread fame.
Her image she paints on the hearts of young
men

Without either using her brush or pen;
Now this is an art we girls all admire,
But strive as we may we seldom acquire.

Z. W.—'12.

MAXIE.

There is a boy in our class
And he is wonderous wise,

He has a head of raven hair
And a pair of coal black eyes.
Now he is good in Physics
And he is good in "Dutch,"
He loves to write love stories,
And is always writing such.
And he has been in our class
For years, and years and years;
And should we lose our Maxie,
Perhaps we'd shed some tears.

M. M. K.—'12

ZULA WINKLER.

Zula joined us in 1908
And now she bids fair honors to take
For she studies hard and very much too,
And sometimes studies the whole night thru.
She, of teachers, conquests doth make,
And they take to her at a rapid rate,
For she is good as well as beautiful,
And to them is very dutiful.
In her studies too she is so bright
That she is oft compared to light
And on her exams better grades she gets
Than many of the teachers pets.

M. F.—'12.

SALLIE SMATHERS.

With my pen in hand
I take my stand
A history to write
Without shudder or rigor
But with utmost vigor
I intend to bring her to light.
Sallie is the studying kind
Never known to be behind,
But always in the lead;
She never worries or shirks
But goes right ahead with her works.
She is sure to succeed.
When exams come around;
And each wears a frown
Upon his sad face,
She merely smiles
For its not worth while

To worry till you're all out of place.
For four long years
She has been a noble peer
Of this fine class.
To her we all go
Some forgotten thing to know,
So smart is this little lass
No doubt some day
In time not far away
We will all see her name
Written not in lines of woe,
Where so many others go,
But in the book of lasting fame.

E. F.—'12.

CARL BLODGETT.

Carl A. Blodgett is the flying machine student
Now Carl is very wise and also very prudent,
His compositions tell of the artificial bird
And they are the best you ever have heard.
No, he has been with us for nearly six years
And never yet has dissolved into tears
He always seems very busy
He has learned the world's lesson—"Take
things easy."

L. W.—'12.

MARGARET KNOWLES.

Now she is short and full of wit
Her eyes are merry and blue and bright,
In Physics she makes quite a hit
And good are the stories she loves to write.
Questions she never hates to ask,
She never is known to shirk a task,
For she is president of the class,
And never does anything rash.

W. S.—'12.

TOAST TO SENIORS

Here's a toast to you, my dears!
Seniors you've been for one whole year
You have crammed and jammed the whole
year thru;
You have done as much as Seniors could do.
You are always here and just on time,
Tho' it snows, rains, or the sun does shine.
In classes you are wondrous bright
Can translate German in half a night.
And then in English you are simply fine!
Can quote the muses, line for line—

Physics you study with all your might,
But some how you can't get that just right.
History! Well—we will pass that by
And fill up the space with a long drawn sigh.
Of course you get into mischief some,
But we bow to your wisdom and wink at
your fun.

So here's to the Seniors! For them we pray,
For them we'll sing, come what may.
Our voices shall be silent never—
The Seniors of 1912—forever.

H. H. '13.

CLASS PROPHECY

What a winter this has been! Really, I think it has been the best part of my life. Sometime I think I must be dreaming, but this is no vain delusion. I am really on the steamer "Toland" on my way to the dear old U. S. and Texas. How many memories does this ship call up. It takes me back twenty years ago, when I was a senior in a large class of ten and Mr. Toland was principal of our L. H. S. How times have changed since then! Our old principal is now president of the U. S.. Sometimes I think I have been the black sheep of my class, for I am simply a crabid school teacher. I am living in blessed singleness as the governess of one of my old schoolmates, Arthur Reisman.

Arthur is the same jolly, mischievous boy of twenty years ago. In school he was always playing some trick or getting off some joke. Remembering his hilarious disposition, I am not surprised at his profession. He is a great actor of world-wide fame, he and his wife too. They spend the winter in

Europe and the summer in the U. S. Thus you see I am never in one place very long as I am their governess.

Last summer we did not return to the U. S., but instead made a tour of the old world. The next morning after we arrived at Florence, Italy, I visited the great art galleries of that city. One painting especially attracted my attention. On inquiring who was the artist, I was told that it was none other than Sallie Smathers. I at once hunted her up and found her sitting at work before an almost finished painting. I was greatly surprised to learn that she too was an old maid, for Sallie had always charmed all the boys who came near her. Nor did she seem to be any older than in the old school days.

From Sallie I learned another one of my old classmates was in Florence. This was Carl. However, I did not get to see him for he was then at his country home some distance from the city. On the death of his uncle in 1919 he had been left a large estate

near Florence. Still greater was my surprise tho when I was told he had come by way of airship from the U. S. to Italy. Now when I knew Carl in H. S. he was bitterly opposed to airships. I did not get to talk any more with Sallie for we left the next morning for Paris, France.

As Mr. and Mrs. Reisman are always interested in plays and actors, we visited many opera houses. One especially pleased Mrs. Reisman. When she inquired the owner, she found it was Bessie Hollmig, who had married a French nobleman and was living happily with her husband in their beautiful villa. We did not remain in Paris long, however, for Mr. Reisman was called to England on business.

When we reached London everything seemed to wear an air of expectancy and excitement. The great Evangelist, the Rev. Lynn Ward, was there holding a meeting. I could scarcely realize that the shy, timid boy of the graduating class of 1912 was now a great Evangelist whom all the world loved and admired. On Sunday night I went out to hear him.

Another pleasant surprise was yet in store for me. Just before the sermon a beautiful lady quietly rose and sang a familiar song. Almost instantly the thought flashed thru my mind that she was my old classmate, Margaret Mae Knowles. As soon as the sermon closed I pressed my way to the front in order to speak to them, but the crowd was so large that I was forced merely to speak and

pass on.

The next day we left for the U. S. and here I am now in sight of New York. When I land I am going to see Iris Cone, who is the only schoolmate I have kept up with all these twenty years. Two years ago in 1930, she begged me to spend the summer with her but I could not, so now I am going to spend a few days with her before we go to our old home. Iris is the wife of a wealthy banker and is envied by many because of her brilliant receptions which she gives so often.

In my last letter from Iris she told me that Winnie Simpson of the Class of 1912, is now in New York, and that she is fast gaining fame as an author. She also said that after many fruitless efforts the great University of New York had at last secured the learned Anna Lange as latin teacher. I am glad to see Anna doing so well for she surely deserves it. Why, when she was in L. H. S. she would hardly take time to eat and sleep so infatuated was she with latin.

I wonder what has become of the other boy of our class. I wonder if twenty years have changed Maxie Fichtenbaum. Two years ago I heard he was in Africa, where his profession as a naturalist had led him. So thus I am brought back to my own self. Like many others, I thought I would soon have a snug little fortune if I became a school teacher, but to my sorrow I have seen my hopes and youthful aspirations blighted until I have given up and settled down to a life of calm resignation as a schoolma'am.

GRADUATION POEM

Graduation has come at last,
For which we have striven so long;
Now in melodious praise of glory,

We can sing our farewell song.
Backward upon our high school days
We look with weary eyes,

But as from the dear old school we go
We breathe many mournful sighs.
We think of the happy hours spent
While grasping for knowledge wide,
Though it brings sadness to our hearts,
We can scarce quell our pride.
For many years we battled here,
Though our efforts were not in vain;
Struggling with the tasks of school,
For the knowledge we might obtain.
Striving! Striving for the greater,
Ever eager for the goal,
Each aspiring to the higher
And a worthy character mold.
Now we make our departure,

Upon the greater field of life;
No longer now will we hear
Each other's cares and strifes.
As classmates now our ties we sever,
That from year to year remained unchanged
Anew will we feel each other's absence,
Astounded each from each estranged.
How we will miss the kind words spoken,
By our classmates held so dear
That so often in our troubles
Never failed to bring us cheer.
Memory's gem will not be broken,
Though on earth no more we meet,
Save the thought of each other,
Constant we our minds repeat.

E. F. '12

STATISTICS

Look! Read! And be wise! Hear of the Class of 1912. The largest class since 1907. The class that is to make the L. H. S. famous throughout the world. The class that is to put Llano on the map. The class that will be famous forever.

Counting the heads, there are eleven, no more, no less. But in those eleven heads, no greatest part of the wisdom of the L. H. S., is concentrated. In order to substantiate this statement it would be well for you to understand that those heads make a grand total of two hundred and forty-three inches in circumference.

We will now proceed to the foundation of the class. Our foundation is the best with which a class has ever been endowed. The size of the pedal extremities of the class varies greatly from the beautiful, shy, young maiden, who trips gracefully along in a number three to the broad chested, stalwart young man, who stands firmly in a ten and a half.

Our erudition is marvelous. When the class voices its sentiments, all the other classes stop to listen, vainly trying to catch the words of wisdom that fall from our lips. Sometimes we even condescend to advise the faculty when serious questions confront them. They listen respectfully to us for they realize the profundity our sayings and our breadth of knowledge. After a recitation, if we feel that we do not know the lesson sufficiently well, we advise the faculty of this and inform them that we will remain after school and recite again. They heartily agree with us on this fact.

There is an old saying to this effect: "The older a person gets, the more he learns." Methuselah, who is supposed to have been the oldest person in the world, was not quite five times as old as we are. The members of this great grade believe they are old enough to accomplish almost anything, from voting at the next election to being the blushing bride.

We are a weighty class, being weighted

with feet, facts and brains, also avoidupois. The weight of the members of the class varies from the maiden who tips the scales at a hundred weight, to the boy who balances them at one hundred and sixty; in all, making an enormous total of twenty-one thousand six hundred and eighty-eight ounces.

We have had to go after our knowledge a long distance. This you will see if you figure correctly a few minutes. If your figures are correct, you will see that we have taken about twenty three million seven hundred and sixty thousands, one hundred and

thirty-one steps in pursuit of our education.

We will only worry you a few seconds longer with these statistics, by giving you an inventory of the class. Then you have my permission to throw this annual in the waste basket. In our class there are: Two suffragettes, one confirmed bachelor, one confirmed old maid (she all ready has her bird cage), one somnambulist, two who will marry as soon as possible, one who will marry a little later, one politician, one ladies' man, and one of whom there is no telling what he will do.

M. F. '12.

FAREWELL

Dear Classmates: The time has come when we must leave High School. The longed for occasion in our lives is now at hand. How proud we will feel as we march up to receive our diplomas—the most valuable document we could possess. But while thus thinking about our graduation, we should think of something beyond that. We are now to separate, and each take his own way in life, perhaps never to meet again. Those days of hard study and uncertainty over the results of exams are to be ours no more as

schoolmates. Out in life's school we will not have the faculty by us to encourage us and give us a lift here and there. They, like us, have their own battles to fight and victories to win. Perhaps we may never see them again or listen to their advice. But before all this happens—while we are all together, just before the seperation, let us say "Good Bye" to our teachers and to each other. "Good Bye"—but not forever; let each one strive to make a happy and glorious reunion beyond the skies. Farewell.

C. A. B. '12.

FRESHMAN CLASS

We entered the "Freshman Class" at the beginning of the 1912 term. Five of the twenty members have been with the class from the first. We will now make you acquainted with us:

Obie—"Always speak before you are called on." Miss Robertson's pet. Never stays after school. Joined us in 1904.

Floyd—"I never glance west without smiling and gazing." Singer and writer. Came to us in 1908.

Daisy—"The fair-faced little maid, is unconscious of her smiles." Always on time. Algebra scholar. First of the original five.

Howard—"My hardest work is eating." Noted for his small feet and great themes. Came from the North side school in 1906.

John—"If you want to see the likeness of a great man look at me." One of our babies. Never sleeps during Latin. Joined us in 1907.

Foley—Our country boy. He can ride a donkey. Leads the class in all things, both great and small. Joined us this term.

Charlie—"I give lessons in etiquette on application." Excellent pupil in Latin. Second of the original five.

Myrtle—"Never study, always play."

Wiley—"Thru all joys and trials, never fails to smile at the girls." Joined us in 1904.

Willie—"Always keep quiet, never argue." Joined us in 1908.

Ida—"I am not as bashful as I look." Our only orator. Speaks very loud and distinct. Came to class in 1910.

Lizzie—"Never fear I am always ready with my algebra." Only one of her kind. Speaks very low. Began here this term.

Lee—"I never lose my temper." Our second baby. Also joined us this term.

Raymond—"I can't hear, but you may call on me." Full of wit and humor, but no one knows it. Joined us in 1909.

Robert—"And still they gazed
And still the wonder grew,
That one small head
Could carry all he knew."

One of the original five. Leads us in history.

Elsie—"I don't know." Third of our German pupils. Leads in Latin. Joined us in 1909.

Cornelia—"I always answer for our grade." She is our ready reference dictionary. Ask her anything, she will know it.

Cecil—"I am all right, also very bright, like girls." Sleeps bravely. Is a Latin scholar. Joined us in 1910.

Everett—"I always was and always will be a ball player." Our writer and editor. One of the original five.

Foster—"I am our last, the sage of the class." Our hunter and trapper. The third of the original five.

MYRTLE HARGON '15.

EVERETT MARTIN '15.

Editor ----- Everett Martin
 President ----- Floyd Crownover
 Flower ----- White Carnation
 Colors ----- Green and White
 Motto ----- "Upward, Not Downward."

SOPHOMORE NOTES

Newcomers in our class this year are, Lizzie Smith, Zuma Edwards, Mable Smith and Jennie Dawn Fowler.

Our losses this year total two, viz: Dee Kuykendall and Levi Cage. Dee is a member of the Sophomore class in the Waco High School.

We are no longer the largest class in the High School. The little Freshies outnumber us. You know—The way we treat those Freshman is a shame! They step around when they hear a Soph speak. Several of the boys of the Junior class tried to treat us as they had been treated the year before. Woe unto the Juniors!

Myrtle Bourland and Homer Lord. What does that signify? Tibbie would like to know if there is any kind of pink face powder she has not tried. If T. J. is merry (Mary), how about Anita? Fay Johnston's new hat came direct from Paris. When we get to be Juniors we will run it over the Seniors. Viva would like to hire some one to guard her tablets and pencils against Elmo, Julian and T. J. The other boy in the Sophs

never touches anyone else's property. Cora Mae is loyal to the north side. She says Elmo is the stingiest boy in school.

In one of his recent orations, the class editor said, "Speaking of delusions, a fine example is where a girl thinks a boy is "dippy" over her, and the boy is only passing the time away." Can any Soph guess what the example means?

"Oh! for some more boys in our class"—9th. Girls.

"Believe us, we wish some new girls would join our class."—9th Boys.

Jeanie Wever's latest novel, "When a Boy is Dippy," or Fredonia and its Inhabitants," is just off the press.

A. D. DALRYMPLE,

Class Editor.

By the grace of the class.

Motto	-----	"Upward and Onward."
Colors	-----	Orange and White
Flower	-----	Daisy
President	-----	A. D. Dalrymple
Secretary	-----	Anita Schuwirth
Disturber	-----	C. E. Bowman

JUNIOR NOTES

In December 1911, the Junior Class of the Llano High School was organized. It consists of ten members. The present officers are, viz:

Sylvan Simpson ----- President

Harry Hedeman	-----	Sec-Treas.
Floy Mayes	-----	Editor
Owen Barnett	-----	Sergeant-at-Arms
Colors	-----	Purple and White
Class Flower	-----	Violet
Motto	-----	Essa quam Videri

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

Just as we have read with great astonishment about the Seven Wonders of the World even so do the other grades and students look upon us as the wonder of the L. H. S. We are like the beautiful hanging gardens of Babylon, in that we have four beauties in our class—and all four are girls—but when viewed from another standpoint, we are like the wonderful light house at Pharos. Let us trace this resemblance from its beginning to the present time.

During the term of 1902-3, we were school babies, this being our first experience in school. We had no cares or sorrows, we did not know the value of hours, minutes and seconds. Our busiest moments were the recess periods, during which time we would join our classmates in a good time. Only a faint spark represented us in the Llano School.

The beginning of the next term found us lined up ready to march in at the tap of the bell, however it was into the second grade room instead of the first. Strange faces took the place of missing ones. Gradually we came to feel an interest in school. The advance of the second year's work over that of the first was shown by the growing brightness of the spark.

So on up year after year we came thru grammar school, gradually decreasing in number as we ascend. But on passing the examinations that promoted us to the High School, a sudden change took place. The little spark burst forth into a shining light. We have not only taken advantage of opportunities as they presented themselves, but have reached out in an effort to grasp those that might otherwise pass by. "Knowledge is power," has been our watch word. Two

successful years in High School brought us to our Junior term.

As Juniors we have had many school experiences. "German" is no longer meaningless to us. We believe that we have discovered a new path thru High School, for though we have occasionally floundered in the mud and mire, we have not found the great obstacles described to us by those who have gone before. You may imagine our easy sailing if you think of a ship, able to ride the roughest sea, sailing upon such peaceful waters. The shining light looms up the distant future. The Sophs follow the fading rays of this light while the Seniors, even in their pride, turn back to us in time of storm.

Yet with our good fortune we have sorrows. Perhaps next year the feeling will be greater, but we regret very much now that it is only one more year until we shall bid farewell to the dear old L. H. S. We realize that at the end of this term, we must part with some of the classmates who have stood faithfully by us in the past. Some of the faculty, who have labored earnestly in our behalf, we shall never meet again. But Thanks to those who in time past and gone, Have righted our footsteps, when they chanced to go wrong,

We'll remember you, as we journey along
Thru life's short pathway, amid the great throng.

We know the word "success" but not the word "fail."

Perhaps some day we'll meet you at the top of the hill,

Then we can better appreciate our training today,

And the value of the foundation you helped us to lay.

D. D. '10.



Fools



ESSAY ON MAN.

Man is a queer animal. He has eyes, ears, mouth and nose. His eyes is to git dust in, his ears is to git the earache in, his mouth is to hatch teeth in and his nose is to git the sniffles in. A man's body is split half way up and he walks on the split end. The female man is called woman.

A teacher had been explaining to her grammar class the meaning of the word "ransom." Then she asked for a sentence. Johnnie rose and said,
"Way out west in the town of Racine,
A tom-cat sat on a sewing machine,
Some one slipped up and turned the wheel
And took ninety-nine stitches in the tom-
cat's tail,
And he ran-some."

Mother—Willie, where are your books?
William—Mamma teacher told us today that there were schools of fish in the river, so on my way home, I threw them my books that they might have something to study.

Jones—What is worse than to bite into an apple and see a worm?
Johns—To bite into an apple and see half of a worm.—Ex.

Maxie Fichtenbaum has about mastered

the "pigeon wing." It has been circulated that he involuntarily got the motion while trying to run in the hurdle races..

Notice—Please do not tie O. Cone and O. Barnett near the school. Their braying disturbs our recitations.—Ninth Grade.

S. S.—I can't help it if the girls looked at me.

Question—Why is it Macbeth seems so queer?

Answer—Because we got drunk on "Shakisbur."

Lynn Ward is at present engaged in manufacturing dress suits for Mexican dogs.

Teacher—John divide these words in a proper sentence and punctuate them correctly—That that is is that is not that that is.

"The glass of fashion, the mold of form."—Dale.

"Care is an enemy to life."—Sylvan.

WANT COLUMN.

Wanted—A standard vocabulary and someone to use it.—Dale Delevan.

Wanted—I am in the market for all kinds of fruit. Prefer “peaches” and “dates”—Owen Watkins.

Wanted—To dispose of several Freshman boys. Good behavior and well versed in Latin. Price below par.—Miss Robertson.

Wanted—To know if everybody can be important.—Zuma Edwards.

Wanted—One carload cheap salt with which to salt down fresh Juniors.—Teacher.

Wanted—Some examination questions in Literature that we can answer.—Senior Class.

Wanted—A girl. Maybe long or short, dark or fair; must like my looks.—Owen W.

Wanted—To know who Harry took to the first party of the “Do It Now Club.”—M. M.

Wanted—To know if I am really “grown-Up.” Am very dignified and never giggle—Sallie S.

Wanted—To know if “Beowulf” and “Cywuef” were brothers.—Dale Delevan.

Wanted—To know if the Daniel cell was the place where the lions nearly got Daniel.—Physics Class.

Wanted—My picture in the Mountaineer.—Owen B.

Wanted—Some one to go to see. I am a good looking fellow and have no girl. No blonds accepted.—Sylvan Simpson.

Wanted—A recipe for getting to school on time.—Mary Bourne.

Wanted—More admirers—Mary McInnis.

Wanted—A new way to fix my hair. Must

be as up-to-now as I am. No bangs or curls taken.—Anita Schuwirth.

Wanted—To sell at a sacrifice, all of my matrimonial experience. Guaranteed under Food and Drug act.—C. E. Bowman.

Wanted—Some way to get pass Miss Robertson after 3:30 p. m.—Watkins & Dalrymple.

Wanted—The finder of my lost religion, caused by a hunting affair. Return and pay interest.—Viva B.

Wanted—A rest—Maggie Mae Knowles.

Wanted—To buy cheap a car load of examination paper that we might pay back what we borrowed.—Editors.

Freshman on the woodpile,
Freshman on the fence,
Freshman get a Mountaineer
For just fifty cents.

Questions, questions everywhere,
And all the teachers drunk,
Questions, questions everywhere
And all the pupils flunk.

Found—In east room, something green. Proved to be Freshman Latin class. Owner please apply to Miss Robertson.

Lost—My good looks.—Sylvan S.

Found—My popularity. Very pleasant. Advise every bashful girl to hunt for hers.—Bessie H.

Lost—My bashfulness. Really don't need it, so no reward offered.—Arthur.

Boyibus kissibus
Sweeti girlorum

Girlibus likibus
Wanti Somorum.
Quibus lapibus
Siti girlorum
Themibus boyibus
Kissi somorum
Popibus hearibus
Soundus somorum
Kickibus boyibus
Anti dororum.—Ex.

Miss Edmondson—I don't know why it is
I'm so fond of these writers unless its be-
cause they are young men.

Lost—A little can of brains. Finder is
welcome to them. I have plenty more to fall
back on.—Zula.

SENIORS.

Twelve little Seniors
Climbing up to heaven,
One quit school
Then there were eleven.
Eleven little Seniors
Each with aclass pin,
One lost his
Then there were ten.
Ten little Seniors
All doing fine
One flunked in Physies,
Then there were nine.
Nine little Seniors,
All had a date
One broke hers,
Then there were eight.
Eight little Seniors
Looked like twenty-'leven,
One fell down the steps
Then there were seven.
Seven little Seniors
In an awful fix,
One crawled out of it
Then there were six.
Six little Seniors

Just are alive,
One threw a fit,
Then there are five.
Five little Seniors
Getting mighty "pore,"
One got fat again,
Then there were four.
Four little Seniors
Were happy and free,
One liked a Junior,
Then there were three.
Three little Seniors
Had so much to do,
That one did nothing
Then there were two.
Two little Seniors
Having lots of fun,
One wrote an essay,
Then there was one.
One little Senior
Failing all alone,
He failed out right
Then there was none.
All the little Seniors
Had evaporated,
In the class of 1912
No one graduated.

LOVE IN A CANOE.

Oncibus inabuslunae luce
Twcabus loverabus true
Rodabus gentli downabus stream
Quabus ligliti canoe.
Sedibus he: "Le anno fidele"
Sedibus she: "The staræ sunt fine,"
Thenabus he repeatabus statement,
Yetabus sheabus paid no mind.
Fullabus love, yet fullabus anger
Withoutus worders to girlabus true,
Sedibus he lifus must eridus
Heabus jumpabus outi canoe.
Howus the water, but higbus the dive
Broughtabus loverabus inabus flood
But bens likabus stickabus straight

Stickabus upabus inabus mind.

B. H. '12.

ESSAY ON PANTS.

Pants are made for men and not men for pants. When a man pants for a woman and a woman pants for a man, they are a pair of pants. Such pants do not cost, but if you want to make your pocket book look like a punctured balloon, just buy a few pants that resemble a two-pronged fork without the handle.

Pants are like molasses; thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold. The man in the moon changes his pants during the eclipse. Don't go to the pantry for pants, you might be mistaken. Men are often mistaken in pants, such mistakes make breeches of promise. Men have to be very careful while putting on their pants especially if they are in the dark, for they might fall over and mash their noses.

There has been much discussion as to

whether pants are singular or plural. It seems to me when a man wears pants they are plural and when he doesn't wear any, it is singular. Men get on a tear in their pants and it is alright, but when the pants get on a tear it is all wrong.

L. W. '12

Miss R.—“Can't you translate that Fay?”
Fay—singing—“Everybody's doing it, doing it, doing it.”

Miss R.—Astonished—“Fay what?”
Fay—“The turkey trot, turkey trot.”

AN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

We were sorry to hear of Mr. O. Barnett's attempt to get away the other day. He jumped out of the window and escaped as far as Bridge street. Here he was caught and brought back to school by fellow prisoners. He had no statement to make, but his actions are that to have been the result of dependency.

GIRLS!

TRY

Dalrymple's
Love Powders

Sprinkle a little on your victim
and he is yours for life

"There's a Reason"

COMING BOWMAN DRAMATIC CO.

Hear Mr. Bowman Sing

"Every time I come to town,
The boys kick Ozrell aroun'.
Makes no difference if he is a
houn',
The boys better quit kicking
my dog aroun'."

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lengths of spaghetti with
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Anything soakable except
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take your measure for
a rejoicing smile at the
end of school. Plenty
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ons--PRUNING
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by such successful men as
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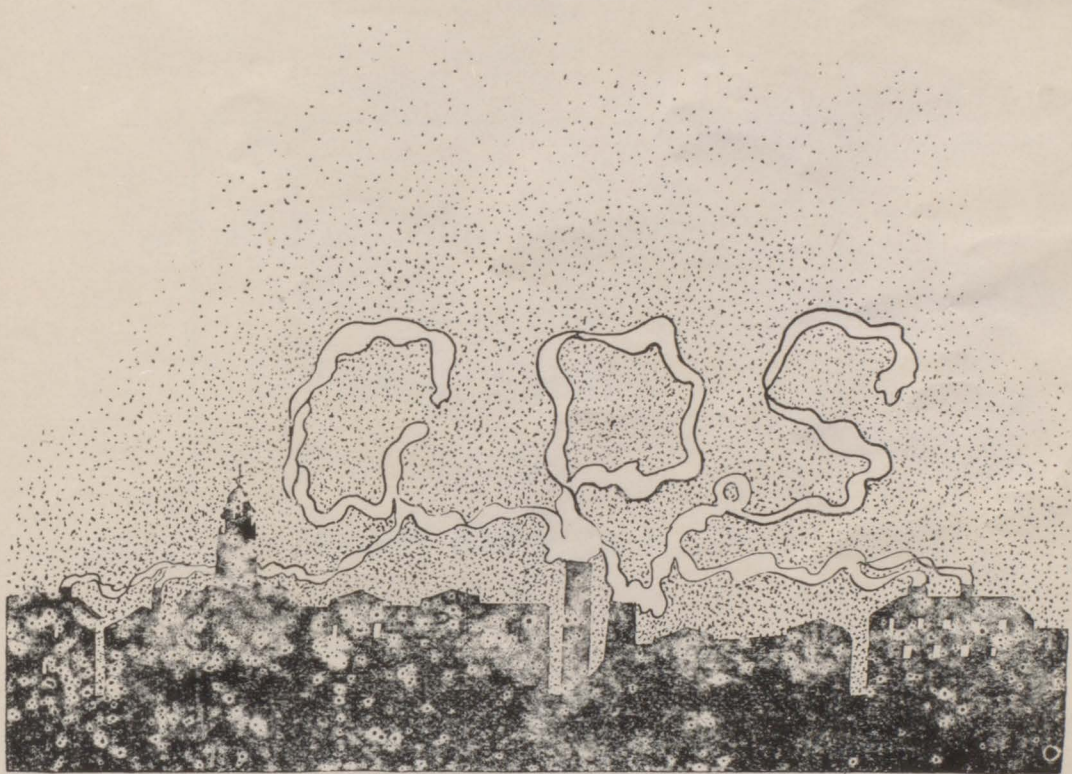
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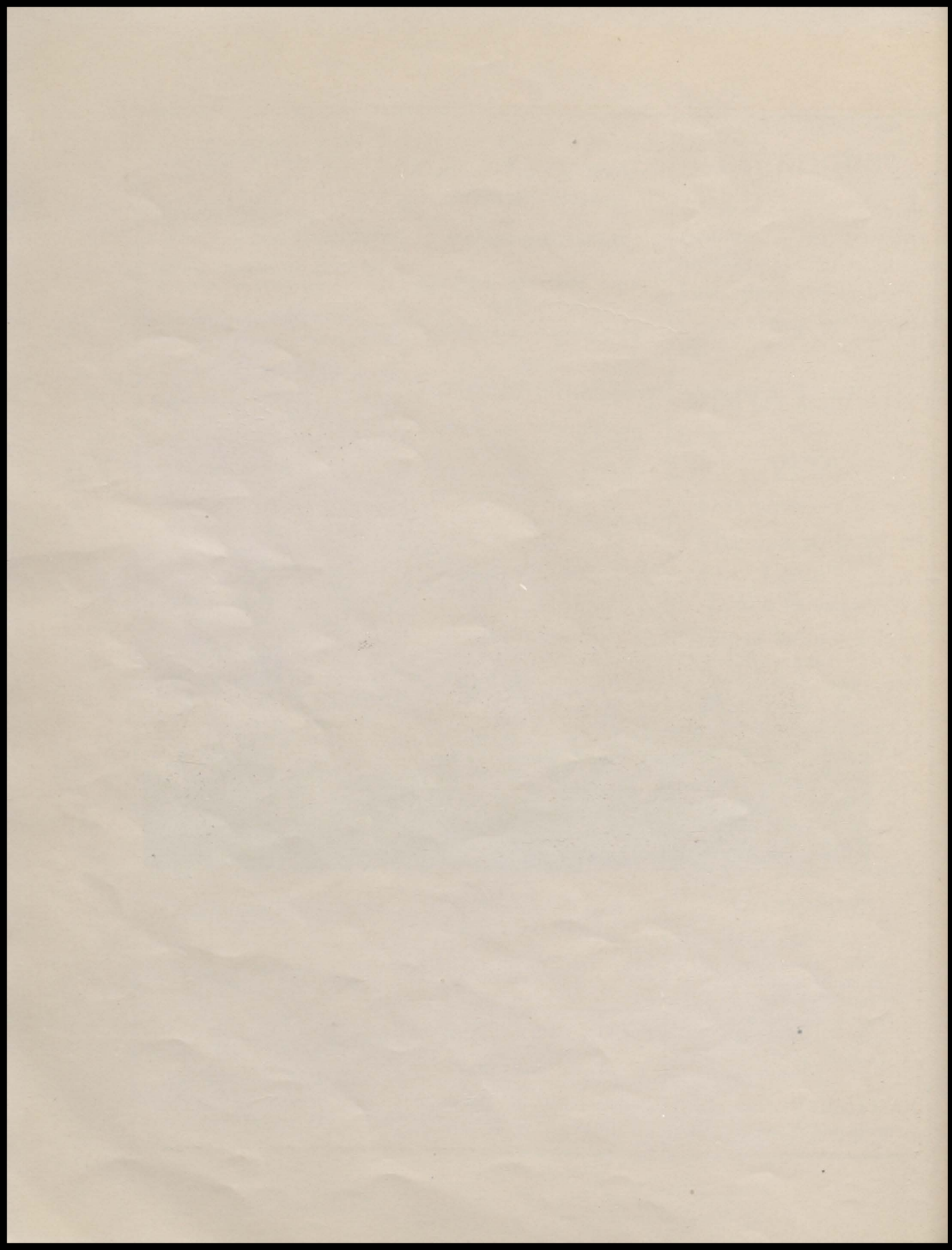
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Asst. Clerk, Mary Bourne



F. 12



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We are authorized to make the following announcements for county officers:

For County Treasurer:

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KELLUS CARTER

For District and County Clerk:

S. E. HARGON

J. B. WINKLER

(Mr. Winkler is a Graduate of Llano High School.)

For County Judge:

J. C. OATMAN

For Sheriff and Tax Collector:

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