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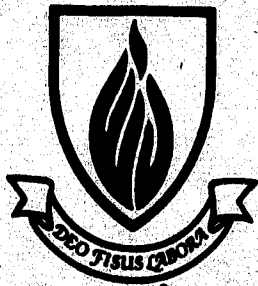
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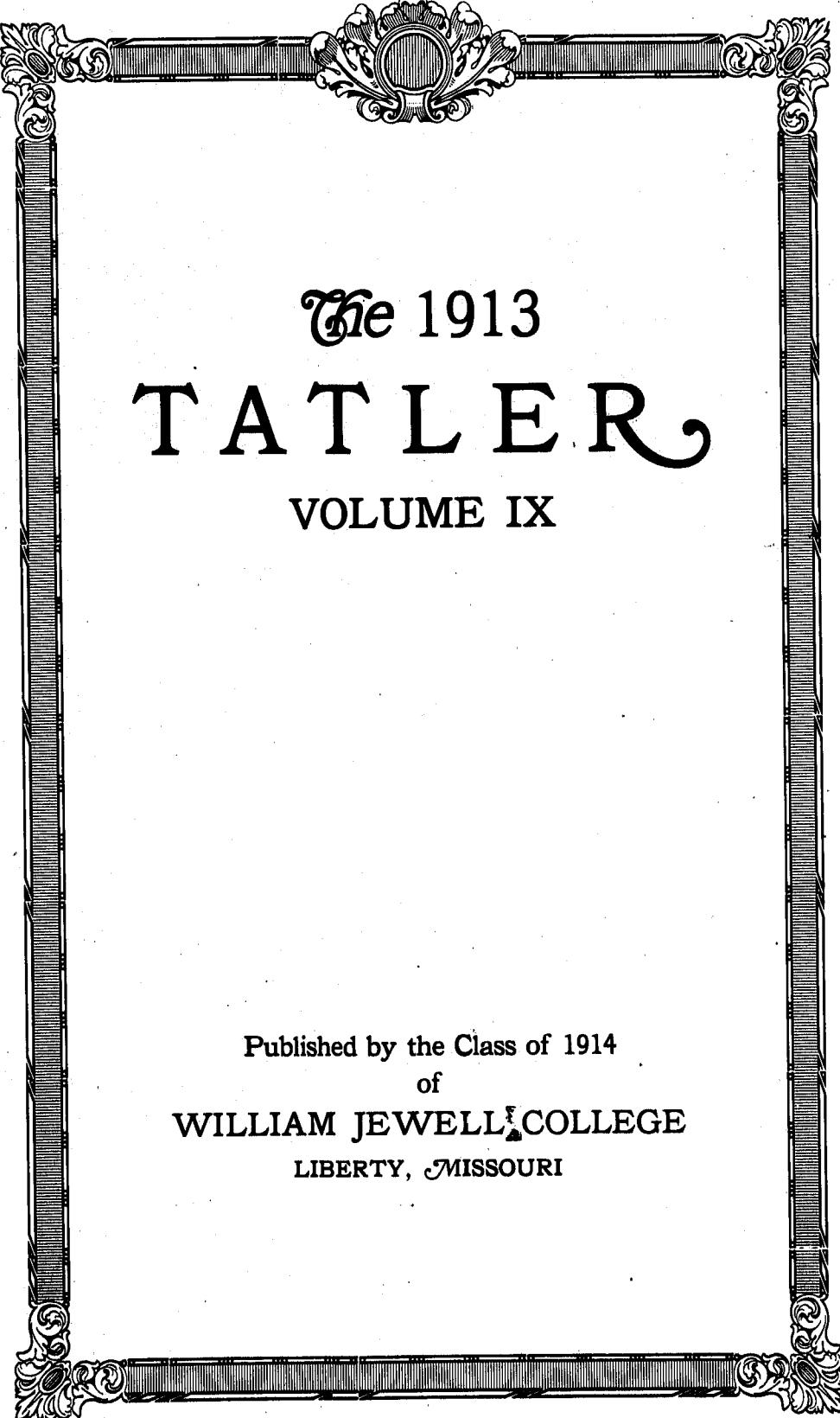
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The 1913
TATLER
VOLUME IX

Published by the Class of 1914
of
WILLIAM JEWELL COLLEGE
LIBERTY, MISSOURI

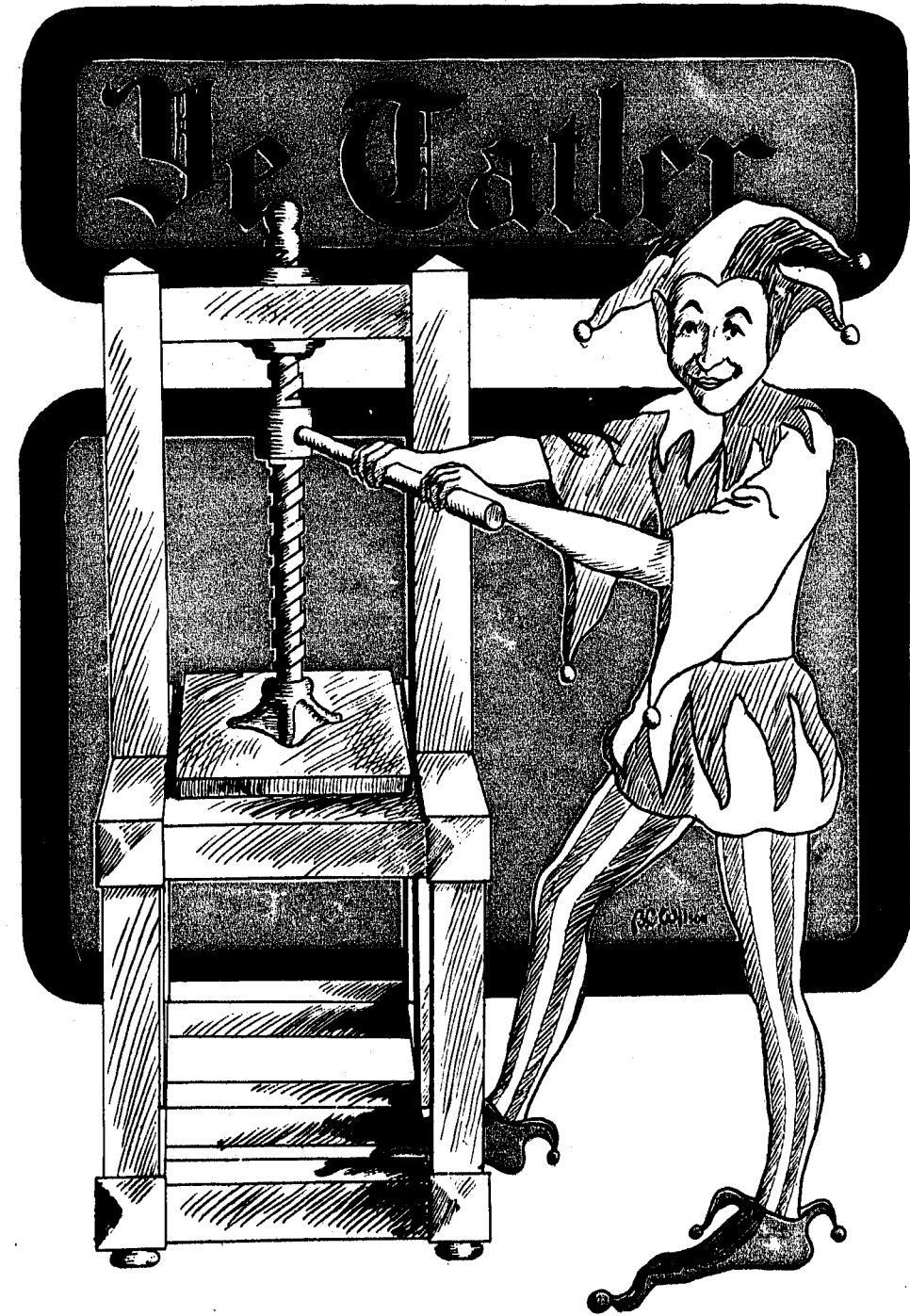
Foreword



Famous men have their biographies. Famous institutions have their histories. The present is history in the making, and The 1913 Catler is stored with events of the "Old Hill" which make for her, history; gain for her fame; and set in vibration those sympathetic strings which are in the heart of every true "Jewell."

When your eyes have scanned these pages; when you have lived with us again the school year of '12-'13, look not with disapproval on the life portrayed herein. Think once—twice, and you will see yourself as others see you. Look beneath the ink on the paper and you will see the harmonious life of Jewell o'er cast with all her mellow radiance.

May your smiles be many, and your frowns be few and quickly faded is the wish of The 1913 Catler Staff.





D E D I C A T I O N

AMONG those who occupy the rostrum in our Chapel and who earnestly endeavor to instill within our minds the desire to learn, there is a man in whose character are summed up the many attributes which William Jewell College has ever upheld and striven to represent.

He is an alumnus of the College, and since he has become a member of the Faculty he has conscientiously worked for the development and moral uplift of this institution.

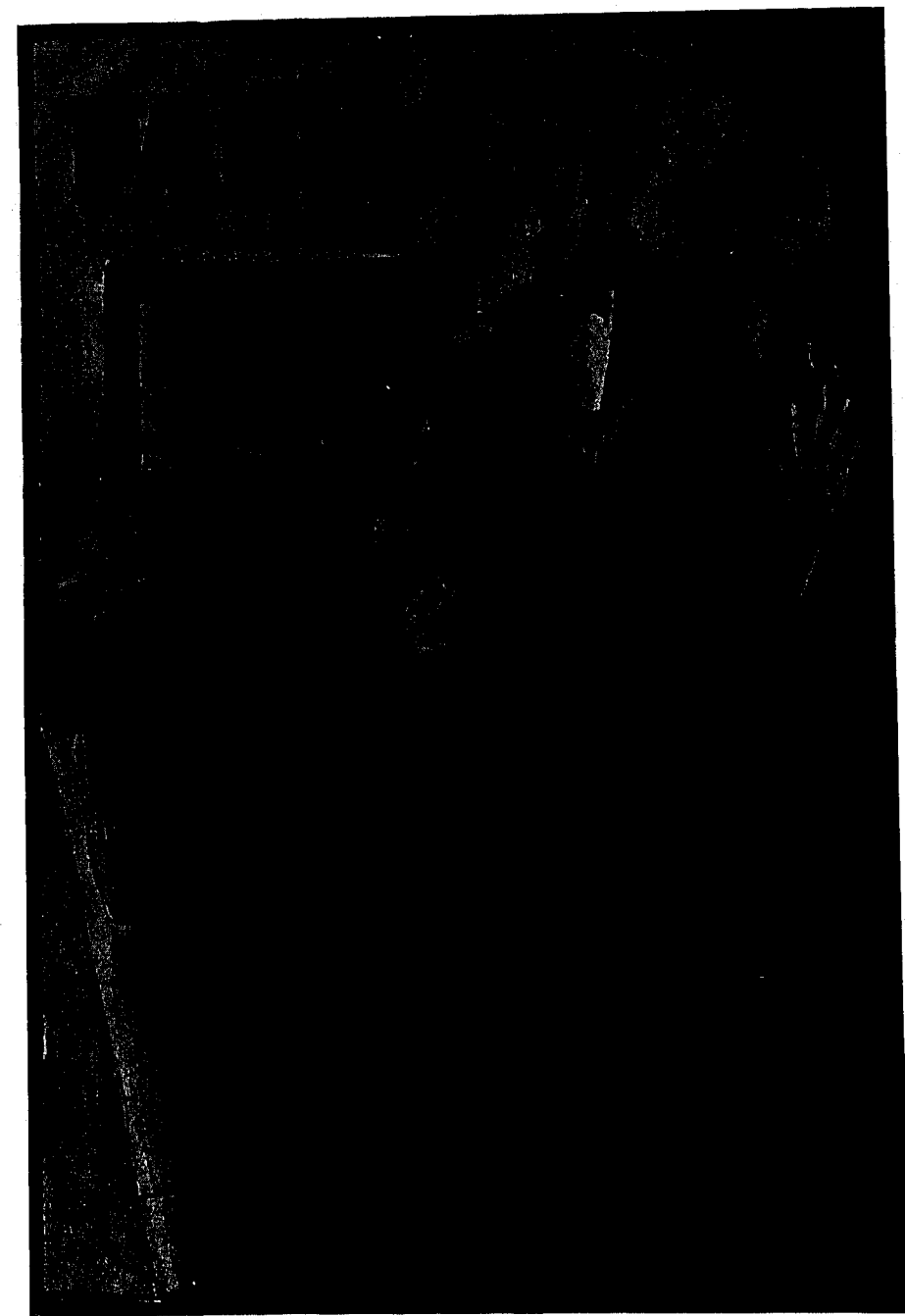
Feeling that no truer representative of William Jewell College exists, and in consideration of his untiring efforts in behalf of the College, we hereby dedicate this, the ninth volume of The Tatler to

Dr. ROBERT RYLAND FLEET.

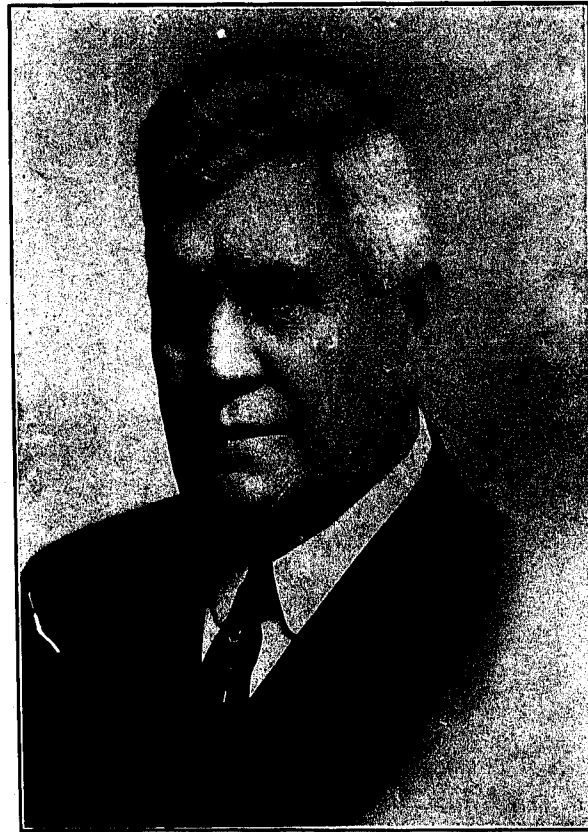
—THE BOARD OF EDITORS



DR. ROBERT RYLAND FLEET.



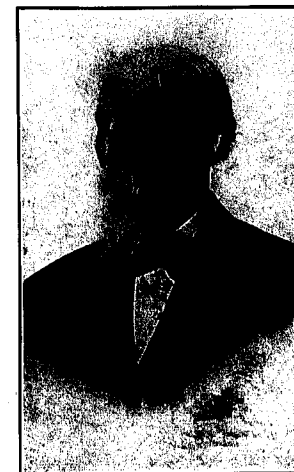
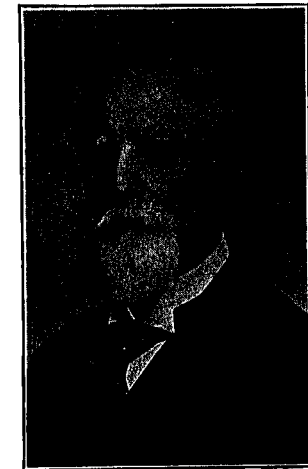
The 1913 Tatlex



JOHN PRIEST GREENE, A. M., D. D., LL. D., 1892.—
President; Professor of Ethics; A. M., La Grange College, 1875; D. D., William
Jewell College, 1886; LL. D., Colgate University, 1893.

JAMES GREGORY CLARK, LL. D., 1873.—
Professor of Mathematics, Emeritus;
LL. D., Baylor University, 1880.

No better example of a life devoted to service can be found than the life of Dr. Clark. Having been connected with the College longer than any of the other members of the Faculty, he has, throughout this long connection, given the best that he has possessed to the College, so that now his life seems to be directly associated with all William Jewell men. He has been a leader in his particular branch of work, and is well known beyond the group of warm friends which he has in all William Jewell and Liberty people.

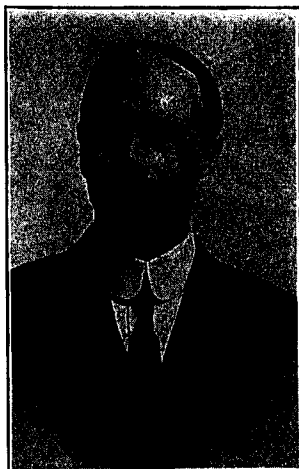


RICHARD PRICE RIDER, A. M., 1884-1909.
Principal of the Academy and Associate
in Latin, Emeritus; A. M., Shurtleff
College, 1893.

Professor Rider is not so well known to the present day students as he is to the alumni. For several years he has taken no active part in the administration of the College, but what little time he has spent in Liberty in the last few years has enabled most of us to know him.

While he was connected with the College, his services were inspirations to those who were then preparing themselves for their life work, and will always be remembered as valuable, to the College and to the students. But even after his active work with the College has ceased, his influence here is still felt and will be felt for many years.

The 1913 Tatlex



HARRY GEORGE PARKER, A. M., Ph. D., 1896.—
Professor of Chemistry; A. M., William Jewell College, 1893; Ph. D., Harvard, 1900.

Chemistry, the bugbear of undergraduates, the pride of Dr. Parker, and a general temptation to all non-swearing men, was started some time during the stone age when some of our ancestors attempted to drive a dinosaur out of his cave by mixing some H_2SO_4 and FeS in front of the cave. Naturally the poor dinosaur saw that he had no chance at all so he gave up the ghost right there. That's why we haven't any more dinosaurs.

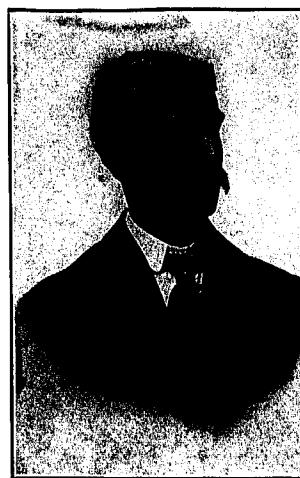
Since then this science has developed and flourished until now the poorest student can produce effects far beyond the dreams of these first Chemists.

HENRY MERRIT RICHMOND, A.M., 1896.—
Professor of Geology; A. M., Colgate, 1888; Phi Beta Kappa.

Here one learns of the internal dynamic forces working on the earth; one sees in the mind's eye the gases pouring out of geysers and volcanoes; and incidentally one hears some very bum jokes (which are always laughed at), emanating from a very rich one (which is never laughed at).

The favorite pastime of Professor Richmond is the vehement denial, whenever interviewed, of a certain whispered rumor that has been circulated on the Hill lately. It seems that a fellow by the name of Darwin started this report, and Professor Richmond takes it as a personal affront against himself and the rest of the great scientists of the world.

This report is of a slanderous nature, and we would rather not print it here.



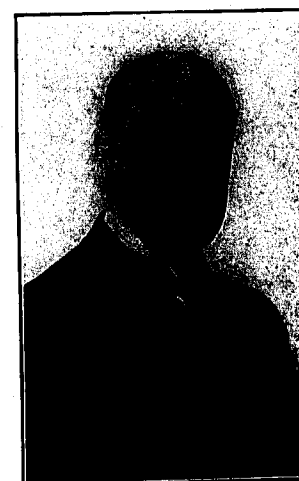
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JOHN PHELPS FRUIT, A. M., Ph. D., 1898.—
Professor of English Language and Literature; A. M., Bethel College, 1881; Ph. D., Leipsic, 1895.

This department is especially commended to those who really want hard work, but have no taste for Mathematics. One course in Shakespeare deals with everything from, "The Value of Time as Reckoned in Eternity," to, "The Relative Positions of Heaven and Hell".

We are told that Dr. Fruit was once the President of a female college, but if that be true we want to know what has become of the supply of jokes he used then.

N.B. WHY TAKE HARD COURSES? If you want a snap and wish to enjoy your college days, take the courses in Shakespeare and Imaginary English offered by Dr. Fruit. A passing grade and a good time guaranteed to all.—Adv.



JOHN ERNEST COOK, A. M., D. D., 1903.—
Treasurer; A. M., La Grange College, 1882; D. D., Bethel College, 1903.

The chief duties of this financier are to handle the college funds and to act as "matron" of the dormitory. To those who noticed the increased worry shown on Dr. Cook's countenance shortly after Christmas, let us explain that this was not caused by the additional responsibility arising from any enlargement of the already enormous college funds, or by any domestic trouble, but was due to the immense amount of energy he had to expend in keeping in touch with those who took advantage of the increased facilities for trips to Kansas City and Excelsior Springs, offered by the new car line.

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ROBERT RYLAND FLEET, A. M., Ph. D., 1903.—
Professor of Mathematics; A. M., Missouri, 1900; Ph. D., Heidelberg, 1903; Phi Beta Kappa.

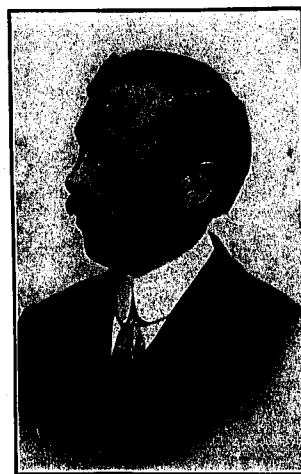
All Gaul was divided into three parts, but mankind now is divided into two parts; those who pass in Mathematics without studying, and those who could not pass an examination in it if they had an open book in front of them and their own grandmother was grading the papers. There isn't any middle class. Some do, and some don't. Most of us don't. The people who can pass never have to study, and the people who have to study never can pass. It sounds like a paradox, but it is a proposition that can be proven.

The only thing we have ever heard of which resembles Mathematics in any way is the Peace of Heaven which passeth all understanding.

ELMER CUMMINGS GRIFFITH, A. M., Ph. D., 1905.—
Professor of History and Political Science; A. M., Beloit College, 1898; Ph. D., University of Chicago, 1902; Phi Beta Kappa.

We had a Pinkerton detective on Dr. Griffith's trail all winter, but were unable to discover one solitary fact about this Mysterious Stranger. We don't know whether he is a Bull Mooser or a Democrat, but we do know that he is not a Socialist, so there is one point in his favor. Anyway his politics have nothing to do with his able assistance when it comes to the Missouri State Oratorical Contest and the orators thereof.

So far as we were able to ascertain, the only physical exercise which he takes consists of the rigorous arm and shoulder movements which he employs in tipping his hat to every one he meets.

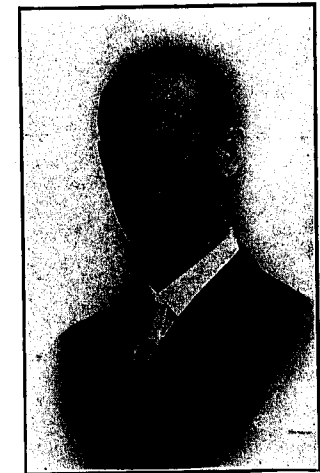


The 1913 Tatlex

DAVID JONES EVANS, A. M., Th. D.,
Professor of English Old Testament;
A. M., William Jewell College, 1901;
Th. D., Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, 1905.

His chief points of vanity are his mellow voice and that wonderful smile. He has a remarkable ability for developing Glee Clubs and Quartets. We have it in the strictest confidence that he still nourishes a secret ambition to be a singer in Grand Opera. He just cannot reconcile himself to be a staid dignified college professor. We imagine it becomes rather irksome at times. Just think of the restraint it imposes on one.

We have just about come to the conclusion that Dr. Evans is Welsh. If not, why did he turn so red one morning last winter in Chapel when someone made mention of "a little sawed-off Welshman"?



SELATIE EDGAR STOUT, Ph. D., 1908.—
Professor of Latin; Ph. D., Princeton University, 1910.

We all know his long suit. It is Latin. If there is anything that Dr. Stout does not know about Latin, it is something that has not yet been discovered. Why he reads it for pleasure, and it is said that he once went to all the news stands in Kansas City trying to find a copy of The Saturday Evening Post which was printed in Latin.

They say that he is not absent-minded, but we have absolute proof that one day while he was on his way to the Hill, he could not remember putting his watch in his pocket that morning, so he stopped, pulled his watch out and looked at it to see if he would have time to go back and get it.



WILLIAM DENNY BASKETT, A. M., 1909.—
Professor of Modern Languages; A. M.,
Central College, 1901.

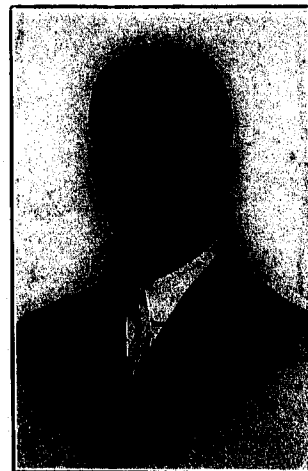
If it had not been for those too ambitious people told about some place in the Old Testament who attempted to build a tower to Heaven, we would not have to study the mysteries of the German noun and the French verb before we can write A. B. after our name. But they would have their tower, and so every time we have to wrestle with a lesson in some foreign lingo, we think of that verse in the Bible which says that the sins of the fathers will be visited on the children.

It is our earnest prayer that the Holy Ghost will some day come down again as a tongue of fire, and light on all of us who have to study a foreign language.

RALPH HERMON TUKEY, A. M., Ph. D.,
1910.—
Professor of Greek; A. M., Harvard,
1901; Ph. D., Yale, 1906.

Of course we were all disappointed. We thought this man was safely aboard the train of bachelorhood which leads to peace and prosperity forever. But the fates had ordained otherwise. Instead of that, at the last moment, he boarded the train of matrimony, which leaves every June, and goes in the opposite direction.

Isn't it a terrible feeling that one has when one sees a man for whom one has always had the greatest respect take the fatal plunge? But the Student Body bore it bravely, and when Dr. Tukey finally got up the courage to appear in Chapel, he was given quite a welcome. It certainly is strange how people can get over a big shock if they only try.



WALTER OLIVER LEWIS, A. M., Ph. D.,
1910.—
Professor of English New Testament and
Philosophy; A. M., William Jewell Col-
lege, 1906; Ph. D., Erlangen University,
1908.

It all started long years ago when some indolent fellow without the energy to work and support his family, and with a grouch against the human race, raised the question as to whether or not mind was superior to matter. If it was not that question it was one which resembled it very closely in its irrelevancy to work.

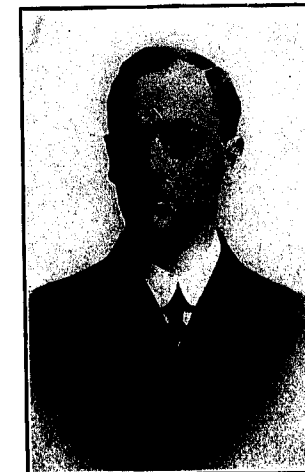
Philosophy has become a very valuable science. It is used in a good many colleges as a sort of high hurdle over which each student must jump before he can get an honorable dismissal.

The only connection this science has with work is represented by the enormous amount of work necessary for the student to do to get what the "stuff is driving at."

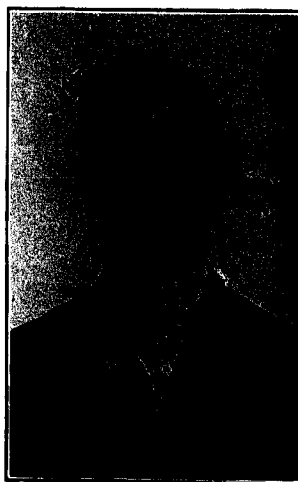


WARD HAMPTON EDWARDS, A. M., 1903.—
Associate in English; A. M., William
Jewell College, 1910.

Shortly after finishing school this man got a position as preacher in an asylum for the partially deaf. That is where he developed his far-reaching voice. To those who have ever walked along the campus while Professor Edwards was lecturing to his Freshman English class, we need say nothing about his voice. We have every reason to suppose that he was getting along very nicely with those afflicted people until for some reason they all became totally deaf. Then he was sent to William Jewell. Fortunately for us, we have the advantage over those poor victims just told about, in so that so far, our hearing is still good. As to how long that will last we are unable to say.



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RAYMOND HUNTINGTON COON, M. A.,
1909.—
Associate in Latin; M. A., University of
Oxford, 1910.

We have often wondered why this man is so quiet, and the only decision which we could reach is that, having suddenly been made famous not long ago, and having duly received his ovation in Chapel, he resolved to rest on his laurels. 'T'was a noble impulse indeed.

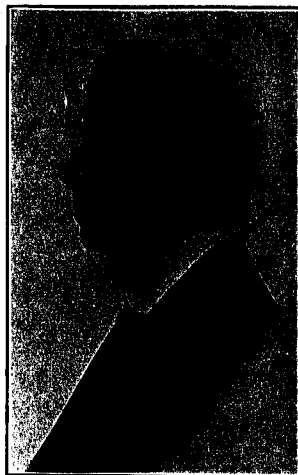
The chief virtue of Professor Coon is his contentedness. To the best of our knowledge, he has never had any wild desire to act the part of the hero in any of Jack London's or George Randolph Chester's novels, nor to emulate the actions of Mr. Roosevelt (that is, in a political way). He is contented to delve into the mysteries and romances offered in the popular works of such men as Caesar and Virgil.

CHARLES WILLIAM MOORE, A. M., D. D.,
1909.—
Non-resident Lecturer on Sociology.

Dr. Moore is a non-resident lecturer, and is here only several times during the year. He is a warm friend of William Jewell College, and has presented the College with several valuable historical souvenirs. His lectures along the lines of History and Political Science are very interesting and valuable.

He has charge of the Institutional Church of Kansas City, and he entertains the William Jewell class in Sociology there once every year, and visits places of interest in the city with the members of the class so they can get a view of the practical side of Sociology.

Dr. Moore is an active social worker in Kansas City and has secured positions in that kind of work for many William Jewell men.



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MAX FRIEDRICH MARTINI, A. M., 1910.—
Associate in History and Mathematics.

Professor Martini says, in his queer sputtering manner, that the only ways to escape from military life in Germany are to travel, or be sick. Being naturally of a hardy constitution, he "traveled". Anyway he is here now, and is so interested in farm life that he has procured for himself a nice little home somewhere between Liberty and the Missouri River where he can have all the cows and chickens that his heart desires. He has to tell his family "Auf wiedersehn" about 6 A. M. every Monday, and then he does not get to see them until Friday evening. Such are the disadvantages of rural life in America.



M. L. CROSSLEY, Sc. M., Ph. D., 1911.—
Professor of Organic Chemistry and
Biology; Ph. B., Brown University,
1909; Sc. M., Brown University, 1910;
Ph. D., Brown University, 1911.

One would rather attempt to capture the elusive "goat" of the Sphinx than to try to fathom all the possibilities of the brain of this meek looking man. There is one case on record of a poor student who tried to keep up with Dr. Crossley and spell correctly every scientific term used in the lectures. Sad to relate the poor fellow is now a blithering idiot. (The student, if you please, not Dr. Crossley). Of course there are days when he is a little off-color, and one can find most of his words in a dictionary. but he always comes back with a vengeance the next day.

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ROY I. JOHNSON, A. B., B. S., 1911.—
Associate in English; A. B., B. S., University of Missouri.

This athletically built young man is noted chiefly for his basket-ball proclivities, and his ability to do stunts in the gymnasium, but he has also achieved some fame along the line of lecturing. His most famous one, "How to Keep Out of A Cigar Store," which was delivered before one of his English classes last fall, was received with much enthusiasm among all the students.

What would become of us, who are so far away from home, if it were not for such fatherly advice as this which is given to us by these men of experience in worldly matters? We shudder to think of it.

JOHN E. DAVIS, A. M., 1912.—
Professor of Physics.

Here we have a living example of that class of high-brows, the name of which we all stumble over, and no one pronounces. Professor Davis is a physicist. The best rule for pronouncing it is to say it to yourself. It is bad enough to have this particular branch of study forced on us, but if there is a Who's Who, and Why column published in the place of eternal punishment, the fellow who applied that name to one proficient in the science deserves at least honorable mention therein.

But be that as it may, even a physicist may be sleepy at times. However that does not imply that this one ever appears sleepy. Far from it; he has such a sprightly air that one would think he had found the Elixir of Life.

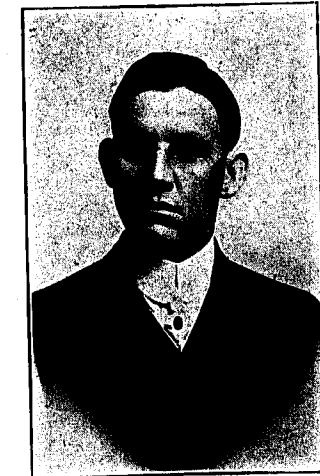


The 1913 Tatlex

W. ANDREW HENDERSON, A. B., 1912.—
Associate in Mathematics.

It would be very much out of place to say anything rash about this quiet, demure example of meekness who expounds to the Academs the theories of Pythagoras and a few of those other well-meaning, but misguided perpetrators of mental gymnastics, who should have spent their time doing something useful instead of wreaking vengeance upon their descendents.

The chief aversion of Professor Henderson is the game called Forty-two. If asked to play it longer than from 7 P. M. to 1 A. M. he pleads that he is sleepy; but being so good natured, he will play later if anyone insists. The only way we can account for it is the fact that the name of the game might appeal to anyone with a mathematically inclined brain.

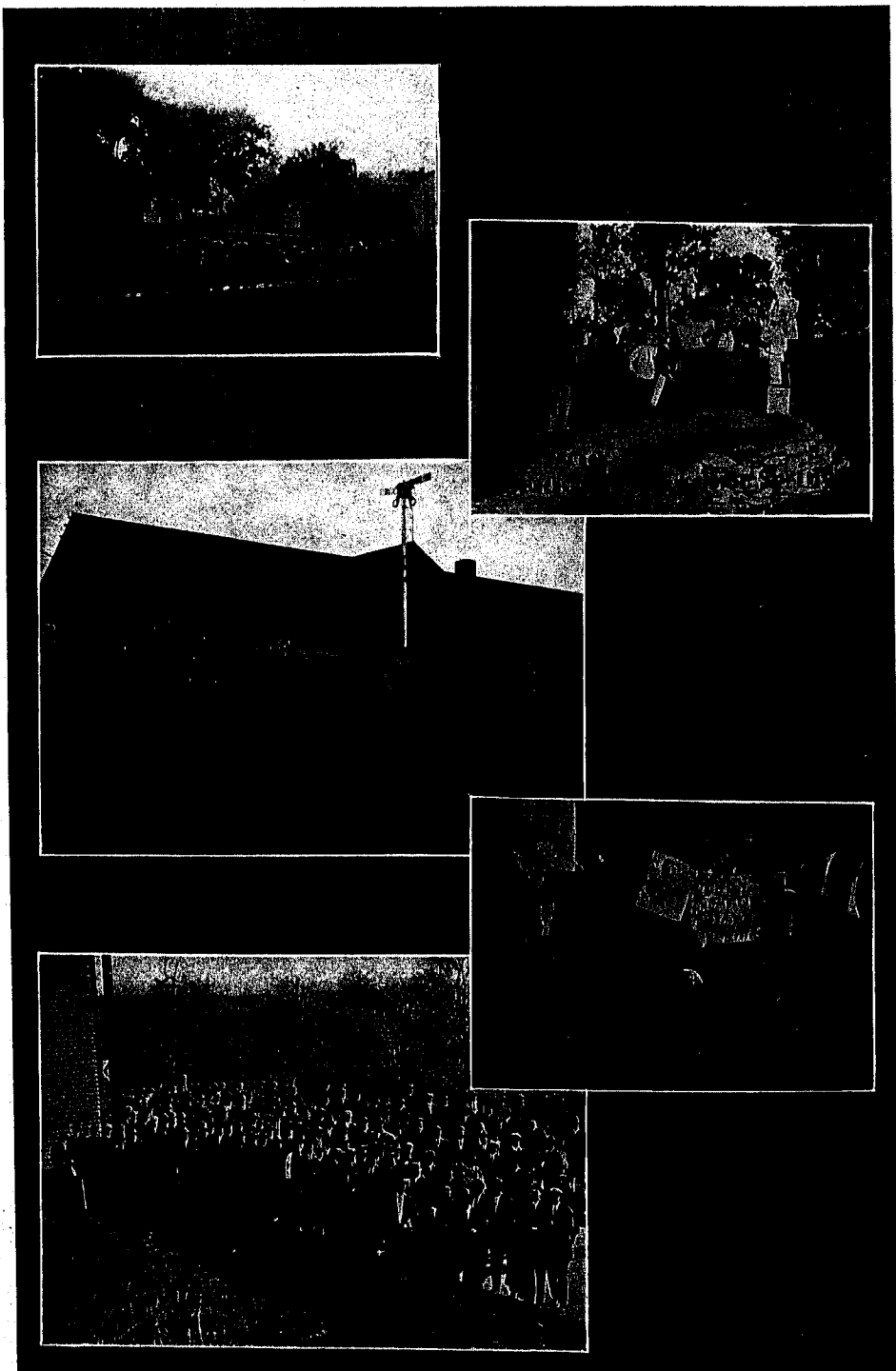


R. EARL BOWLES, A. B., 1912.—
Athletic Director.

Who could guess from this smiling face that this man presides over a Chamber of Horrors which would make a Spanish Inquisition seem a health resort in comparison? Twice a week each poor victim has to go to this modern Bastile and twist himself around on parallel bars, loop the loop on horizontal bars, and distort his body on the other cruel devices too numerous to mention, until he feels that if they do not let him stop pretty soon he will have to walk backwards to see where he is going. A visit to the gymnasium while a class is in progress reminds one of a moving picture show of Dante's Inferno.

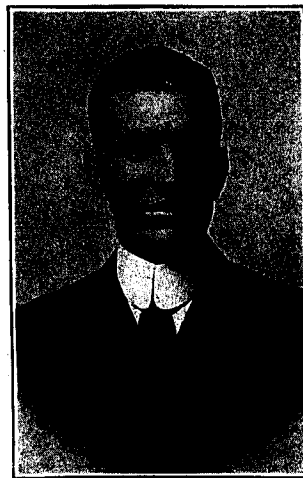
And all this in the name of Education. Oh indeed T'is folly to be wise.





CLASS of 13

SENIOR CLASS



R. L. POLLARD.

OFFICERS.

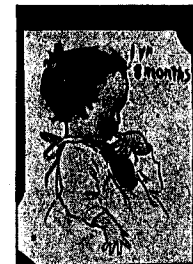
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|-------------------|----------------|
| R. L. POLLARD | President |
| J. O. PARROT | Vice-President |
| J. H. SATTERFIELD | Secretary |
| ROY JOHNSON | Treasurer |

COLORS.

Olive Green and Old Gold.

YELL.

Senior Senior Senior
 Gold and Green
 Gold and Green
 Nineteen-thirteen
 Hi Senior! Hi! O! Hee!
 One Nine One Three!
 Senior!



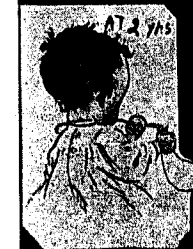
ROGER D. ARNOLD,
 Liberty, Mo.

Philomathian; Business Manager Tatler '12; Debate Committeeman, '12; Oratorical Committeeman, '13; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '10-'11; '11-'12; '12-'13; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '12-'13; President German Club, '11-'12; Track Team, '11; Volunteer Band; President Philomathic Society; Assistant in Chemistry and Physics; Manager Lecture Course, '11-'12; Aeons.



R. B. BAGBY, ΦΓΔ
 New Haven, Mo.

Football Team, '10-'11-'12; Baseball Team, '11-'12; Captain Baseball Team, '13; Vice-President Y. M. C. A.; President Sophomore Class; Emblem Club.



RALPH W. BRANDOM, ΣΝ
 Gallatin, Mo.

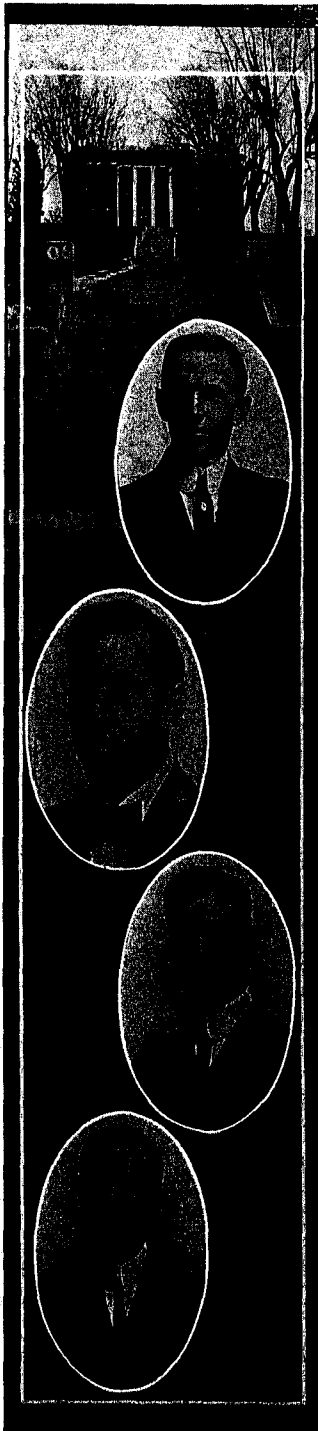
Philomathian; Football Team, '08-'09-'10-'11; Captain Football Team, '12; Vice-President Freshman Class; Tatler Staff, '11-'12; Emblem Club; Aeons.



HOWARD T. BEAVER,
 Rocky Ford, Colo.

Philomathian; Aeons; Son of Rest; Student Staff, '11-'12-'13; Tatler Staff, '12; Inter-Society Debater, '11-'12-'13; Inter-Collegiate Debater, '10-'11-'12-'13; Debate Medal, '13; Oratorical Medal, '13; Winner Missouri State Oratorical Contest, '13; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '11-'12; President Y. M. C. A., '12-'13; Volunteer Band; Track Team, '09-'10-'11; Emblem Club; Glee Club.





MARION E. BRATCHER,
Ekron, Ky.

Philomathian; Minister; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '09-'10; President Junior Philomathians, '09-'10; Lieutenant Colonel Kentucky Club, '12-'13; President Senior Philomathians, Student Senate.

SAMUEL BRISTOW,
Liberty, Mo.

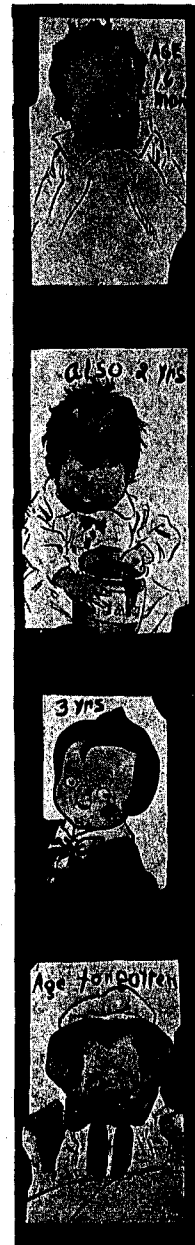
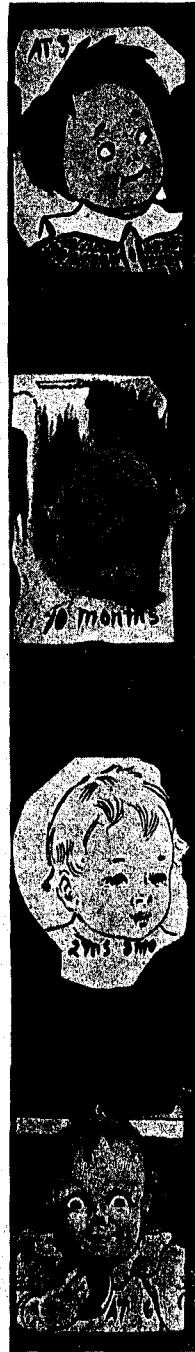
Philomathian; Minister.

CARL CASSINGHAM, KA
Bosworth, Mo.

German Club; Assistant in Physics; Student Representative, O. S. B. '09-'10; '11-'12.

FRANK H. CONNELLY,
Shelbina, Mo.

Minister; Student Volunteer Band; Secretary Sophomore Class; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '11-'12; '12-'13; President Student Volunteer Band, '12-'13; Executive Committee Western Mo. Student Volunteer Union; Class Basketball Team, '10-'11-'12-'13.



WILEY CLYDE CRAWFORD, KΣ
Liberty, Mo.

Excelsior; Glee Club; German Club; Spanish Club; F. L. E. Club.

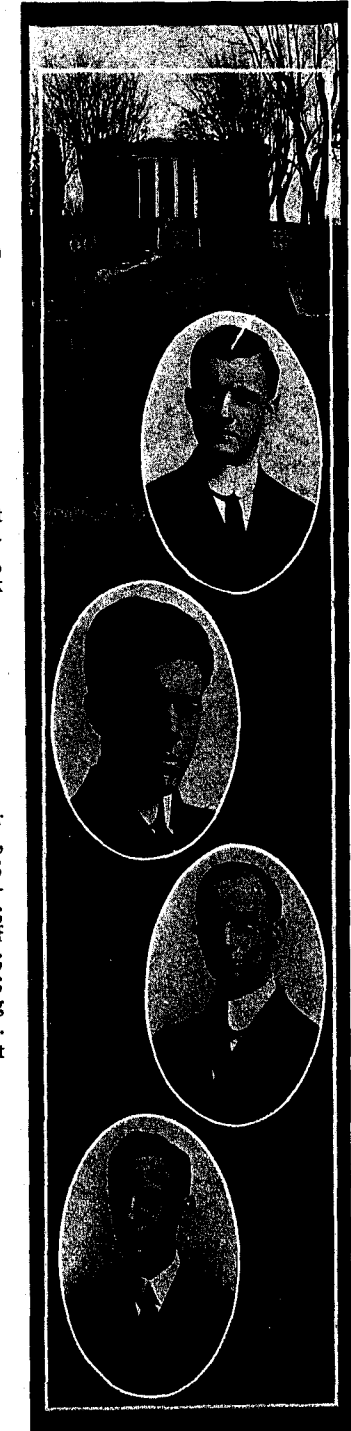
W. EARL DAVIDSON,
Chillicothe, Mo.

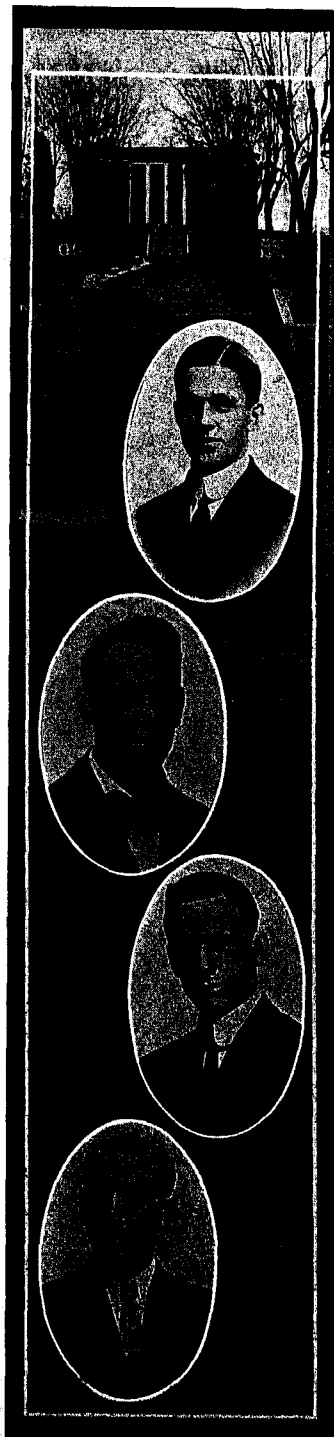
Philomathian; Minister; Student Volunteer Band; Sophomore Scholarship; Tatler Staff, '12; Student Staff, '12-'13; Debate Council, '13; Track Team, '08-'10.

CHARLES DURDEN,
Birmingham, England.

Philomathian; Minister; Senior Class Orator; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '10-'11; Inter-Society Debater, '09-'10; '10-'11; '11-'12; Inter-Collegiate Debater, '09-'10; '10-'11; '11-'12; '12-'13; Student Staff, '10-'11; Editor-in-Chief Student, '11-'12; Soccer Team, '10-'11; '11-'12; Ready Speaking Medal, '10; Oratorical Medal, '11; Debating Medal, '11; Reading Medal, '12; D. A. R. Essay Medal, '12; President Philomathians.

EDWARD D. FOWLER,
Excelsior Springs, Mo.





ROBIN L. HUNT, KΣ
Lincoln, Mo.

Excelsior; Minister; Aeons; Tatler Staff, '12; Student Staff, '11-12; Business Manager Student, '12-'13; Chairman Debate Council, '12-'13; President Excelsiors; O. S. B. Representative; Senior Class Poet; Track Team, '10-'11-'12-'13; Indoor Relay Team, '10-'11-'12; Captain Track Team, '12; State Record Low Hurdles; Emblem Club.

LEWIS JACOBSEN,
Selma, Cal.

Winner Inter-Society Oratorical Contest, '10; Winner Missouri Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest, '11; Winner Inter-Society Essay Contest, '12; Inter-Collegiate Debater, '13.

ROY JOHNSON,
Independence, Mo.

Philomathian; Minister; Tatler Staff, '11-'12; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '12-'13; Kentucky Club; Inter-Collegiate Debater, '12-'13; Glee Club, '11-'12; '12-'13.

BENJAMIN F. KENNEDY,
Liberty, Mo.

Philomathian; Minister; Kentucky Club.



R. HENRY MOORMAN,
Braymer, Mo.

Minister; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '12-'13; Volunteer Band; Football Team, '10-'11-'12; Center All-Missouri Football Team, '11-'12; Captain All-Missouri Valley Football Team, '12; Basketball Team, '10-'11-'12-'13; Captain Basketball Team, '12-'13; President Organized Student Body; Tatler Staff, '11-'12; President Emblem Club; Chairman Student Senate; Aeons; Sons of Rest.

JOSEPH O. PARROT,
Liberty, Mo.

Excelsior; Minister; Student Volunteer Band; President Excelsiors; Vice-President Senior Class.

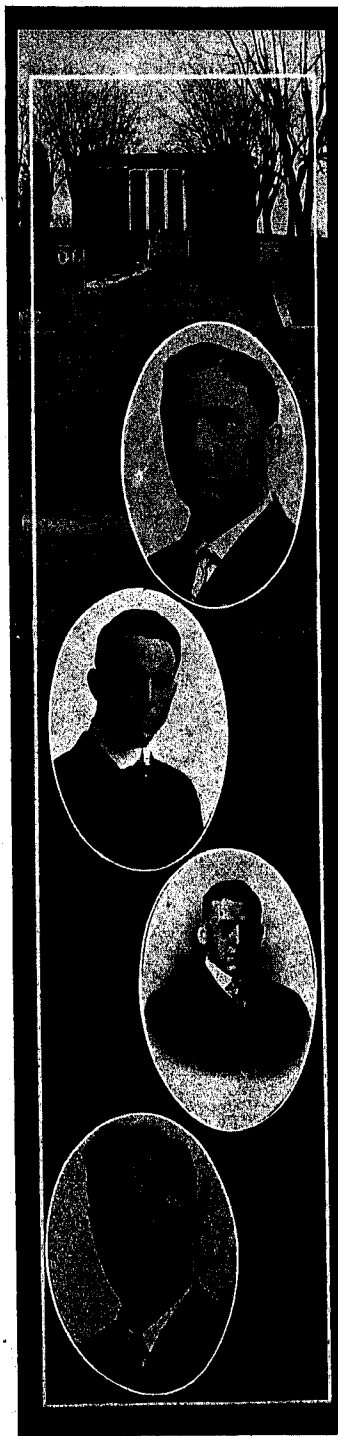
JAMES P. PAYNE,
Fairfax, Mo.

Excelsior; Glee Club; Manager W. J. C. Band; Son of Rest; Assistant in Chemistry, '11-'12.

ROBERT L. POLLARD, KA
Bowling Green, Mo.

President Senior Class; Son of Rest.





W. E. PREWITT,
Liberty, Mo.
Philomathian; Minister.

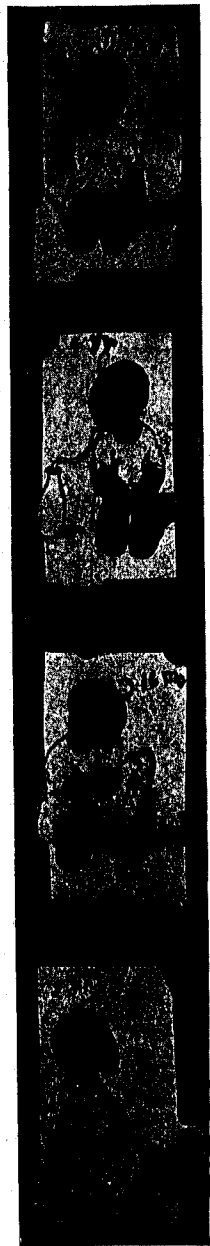
FOREST L. RHOADES, ΦΓΔ
Harris, Mo.

Emblem Club; Athletic Board; German Club; Football Team, '12; President Junior Class; Basketball Team, '10-'11-'12-'13; Captain Basketball Team, '10-'11; All-Missouri Basketball Team, '10-'11; '11-'12; Tennis Team, '11-'12; Co-op Board; O. S. B. Representative.

J. H. SATTERFIELD, ΦΓΔ
Pittsville, Mo.

Philomathian; Minister; Aeons; Sons of Rest; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '10-'11; Football Team, '10-'11-'12; Inter-Collegiate Debater, '11-'12; Tatler Staff, '12; Secretary Junior Class.

FRANK SMAY,
Bolivar, Mo.
Philomathian; Co-op. Board; Student Senate.

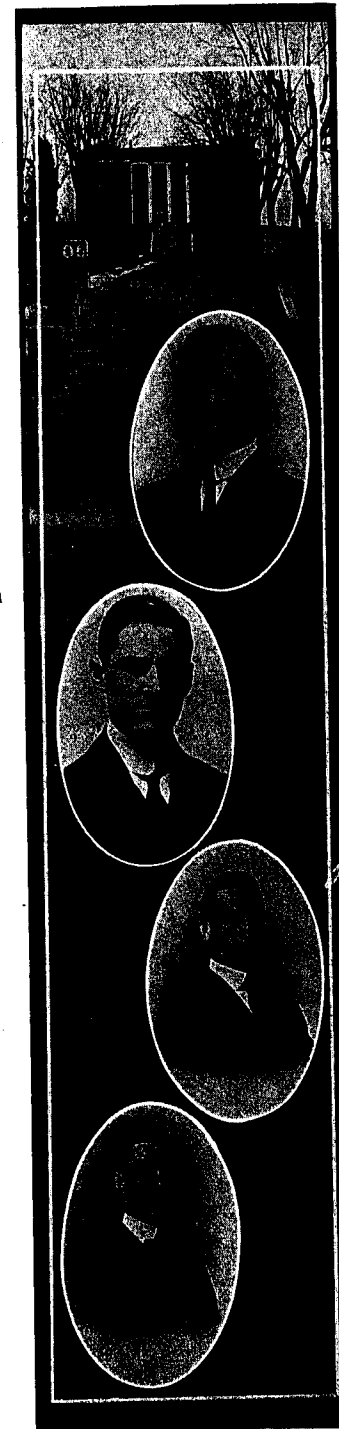


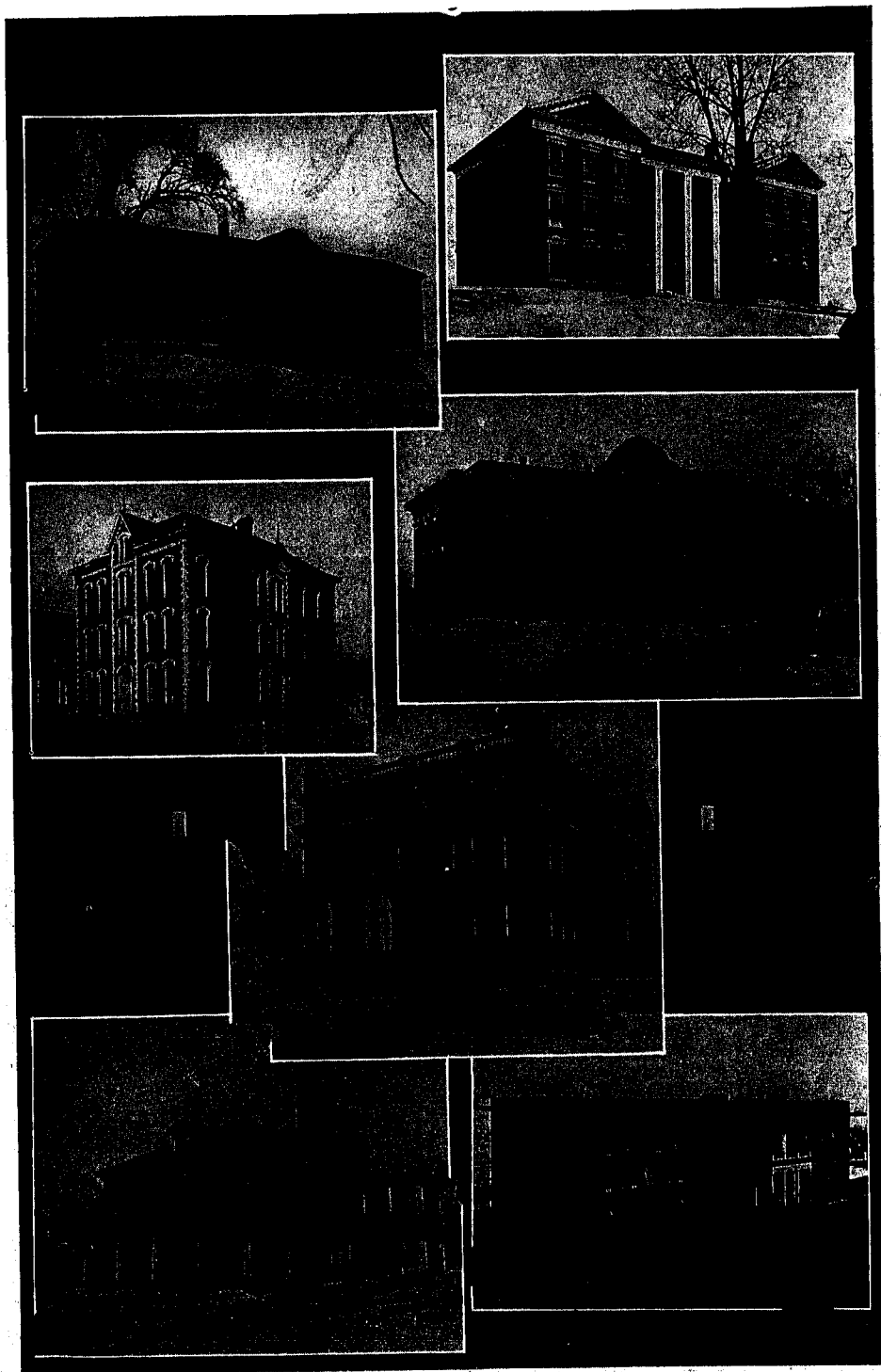
FRANKLIN L. STILLIONS,
Palmyra, Mo.
Minister.

G. DAWSON TRIMBLE, ΚΣ
Liberty, Mo.
Excelsior; German Club; Spanish Club; F. L. E. Club.

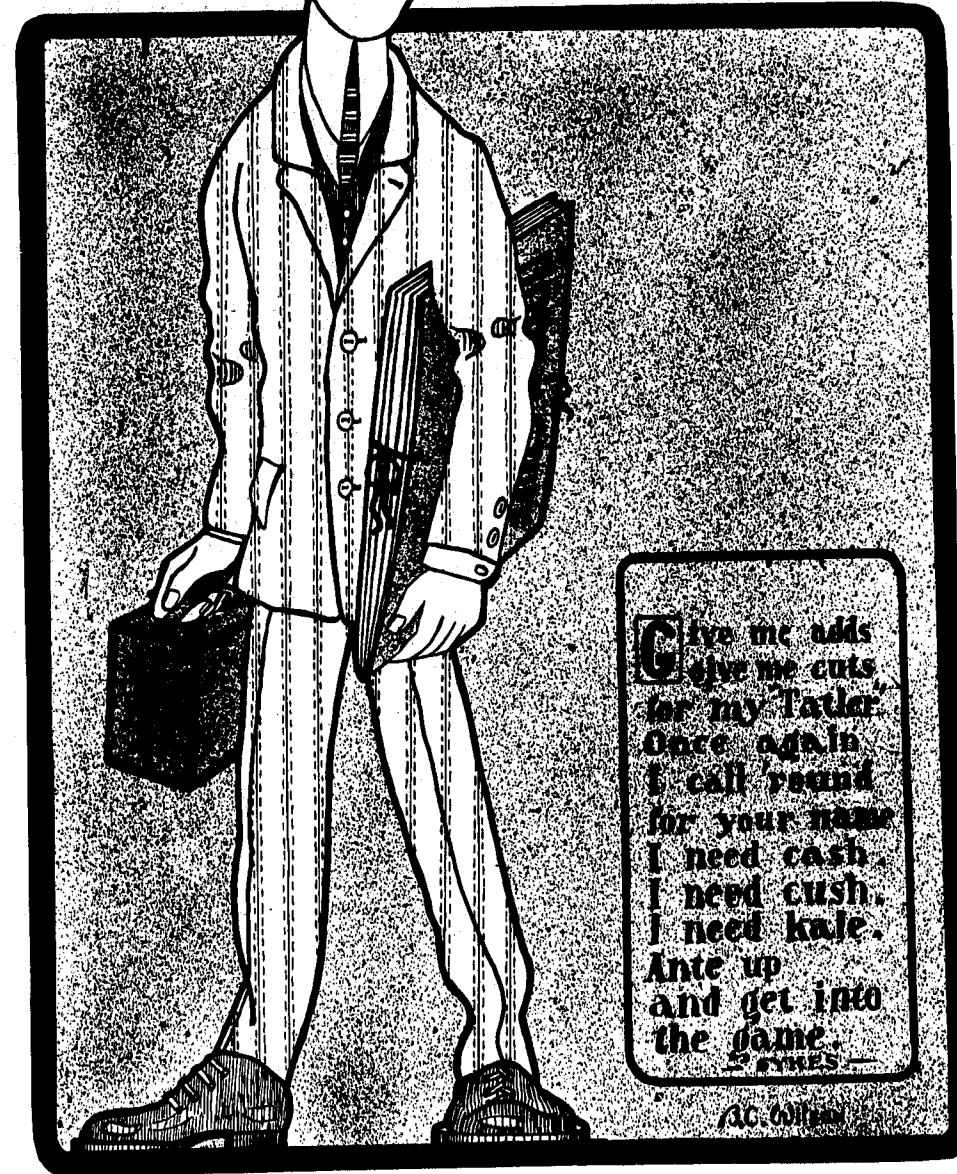
GORDON C. WILSON, ΦΓΔ
Lawson, Mo.
Tatler Staff, '11-'12; Glee Club.

WILLIAM B. YANCEY, ΦΓΔ
Liberty, Mo.





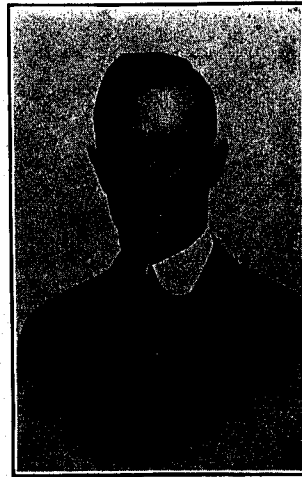
CLASS 14



Give me ads
 Give me cuts
 for my Tatler.
 Once again
 I call round
 for your name
 I need cash
 I need cash
 I need kale.
 Ante up
 and get into
 the game.

AC. 60/100

JUNIOR CLASS



J. R. HICKERSON.

OFFICERS.

| | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| J. R. HICKERSON | President |
| H. D. SCHAEFFER | Vice-President |
| S. Y. PITTS | Treasurer |
| L. E. MAHAN | Secretary |
| S. M. BROWN | Yell Leader |

COLORS.

Purple and Old Gold.

YELL.

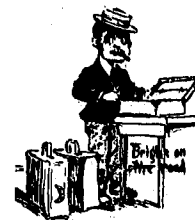
Hi—rickety—rip—ti—roar!
 Hi—rickety—rip—ti—roar!!
 One—Nine—One—Four!!
 Zis—Boom—Soph'more!!!



E. D. BASKETT,
 McFall, Mo.
 German Club; Assistant in Chemistry, '11-'12; '12-'13.



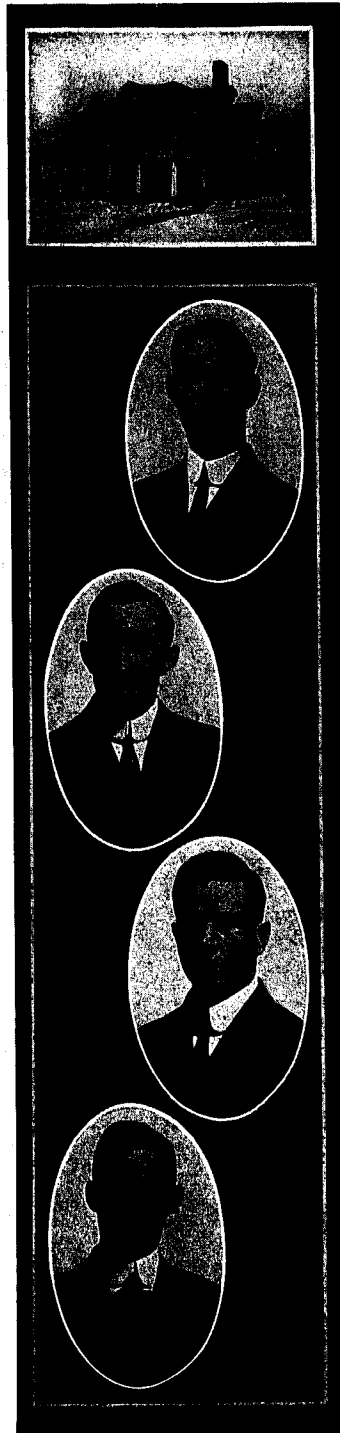
R. V. BOYER,
 Tarkio, Mo.
 Basketball Squad, '12-'13; Hobo Club.



J. K. BRIGHT, KΣ
 Liberty, Mo.
 Football Team, '11-'12; '12-'13; Captain-Elect Football Team. All-Missouri Guard, '12; Basketball Team, '11-'12; '12-'13 Vice-President Sophomore Class; Emblem Club; Tatler Staff, '13.



S. M. BROWN, ΣN
 Kansas City, Mo.
 Excelsior; Glee Club; Junior Basketball Team, '12-'13.



The 1913 Tatlex



F. O. CRIMINGER,
Heath Springs, S. Car.
Excelsior; Minister; Football Team,
'12.



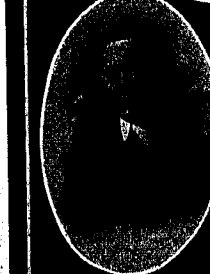
R. L. DAVIDSON, JR.,
Sedalia, Mo.
Excelsior; Tatler Staff, '13; Student
Staff, '12-'13.



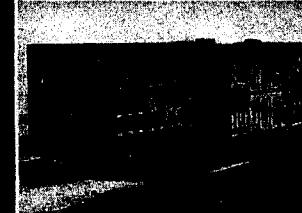
C. C. HANKINS,
Fairfax, Mo.
Philomathian; Hobo Club; Tarkio
Club.



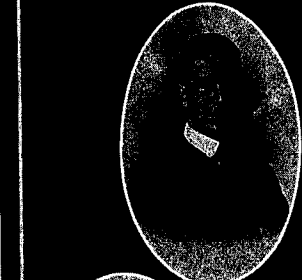
M. T. HARL, ΦΓΔ
Canon City, Colo.
Tatler Staff, '13; Sons of Rest; Hobo
Club; F. L. E. Club; Colorado Club.



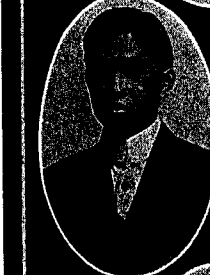
The 1913 Tatlex



TRUMAN A. HARVEY, ΦΓΔ
California, Mo.
Philomathian; Tatler Staff, '13;
O. S. B. Representative; F. L. E. Club.



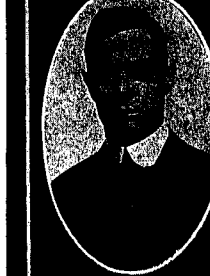
GORO HATCHO,
Tokio, Japan.



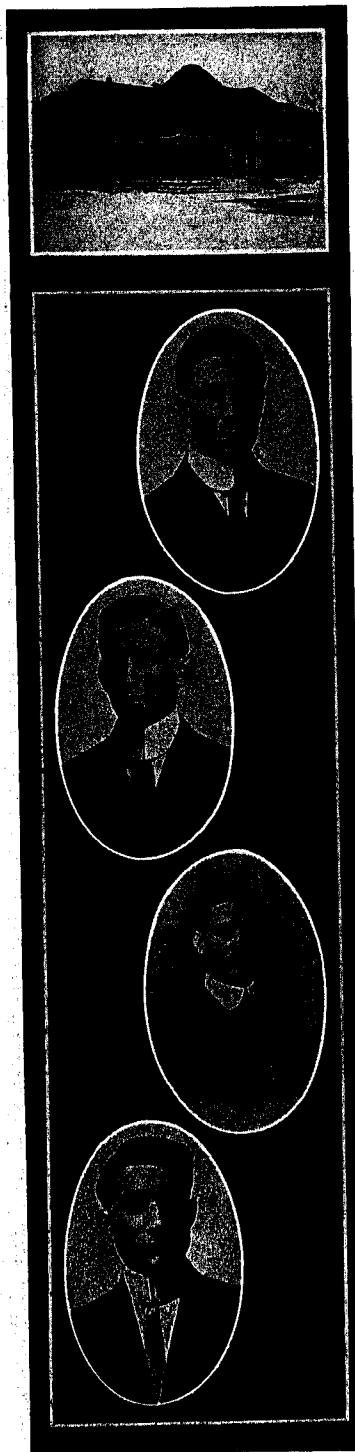
A. R. HERREL,
Heiskell, Tenn.
Philomathian; Student Volunteer
Band; Tennessee Club.



J. R. HICKERSON, ΦΓΔ
Tullahoma, Tenn.
Minister; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '12-
'13; Junior Basketball Team; Tennes-
see Club; Vice-President Philo-
mathians; President Junior Class.



The 1913 Tatlex



W. A. HILL,
Maples, Mo.

Director College Band, '08-'13; College Orchestra, '07-'12; Glee Club, '11-'12; Secretary O. S. B.



LAWRENCE E. MAHAN, KA
Harbor Beach, Mich.

Philomathian; German Club; Spanish Club; Secretary Junior Class; Vice-President Philomathians.



ARTHUR B. MERRITT, ΦΓΔ
Liberty, Mo.

Tatler Staff, '13; Glee Club; Junior Basketball Team.

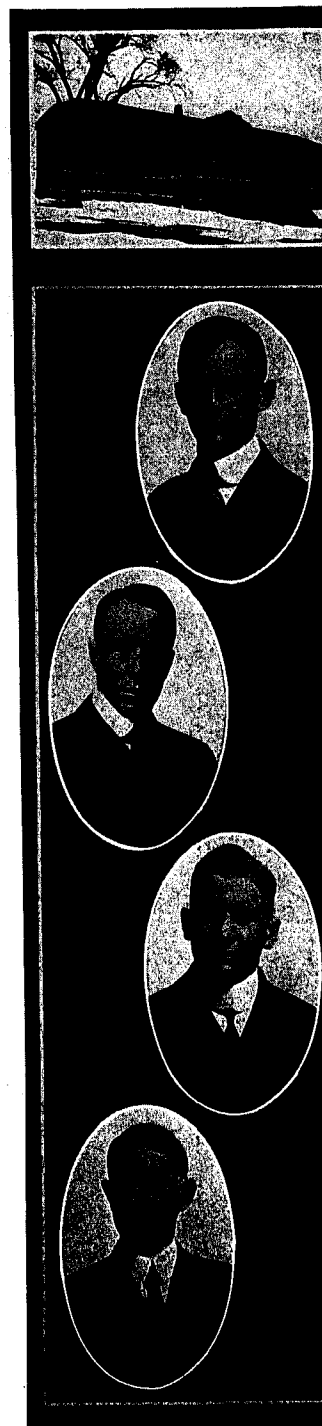


W. E. MERRITT, ΚΣ
Liberty, Mo.

Excelsior; Tatler Staff, '13; German Club; President Excelsiors; Basketball Squad, '12-'13; Assistant in History; Coach Junior Basketball Team.



The 1913 Tatlex



S. H. MURRAY, ΣΝ
Liberty, Mo.
Freshman Scholarship.



GEORGE V. MCPIKE,
Los Angeles, Calif.



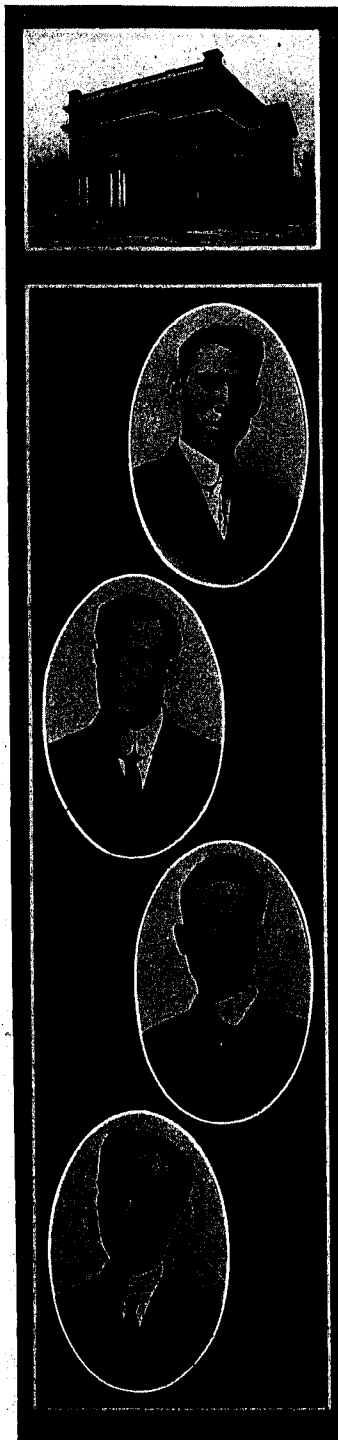
KARL G. NEUHAUSER, ΚΣ
Slidell, La.

Excelsior; Business Manager Tatler, '13; Sophomore Scholarship; Student Senate; Assistant in Organic Chemistry; Sons of Rest; Hobo Club.



W. E. PARKS,
Miami, Mo.
Philomathian; Volunteer Band.





W. W. PIERCE,
Liberty, Mo.
Philomathian; Minister.



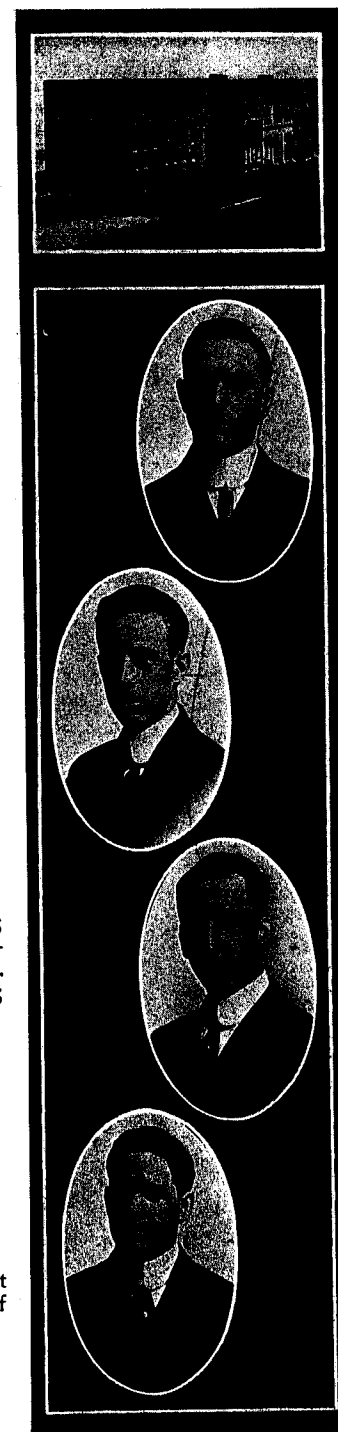
E. L. PINKERTON, KΣ
Louisiana, Mo.
Minister; Tatler Staff, '13; Student Senate; Secretary Athletic Board.



SAMUEL Y. PITTS, ΦΓΔ
Roanoke, Mo.
Excelsior; Tatler Staff, '13; Assistant in Physics; Treasurer Junior Class; German Club; Sons of Rest; Hobo Club.



ALFREDO RAMOS,
Calumpit, Philippine Islands.
Volunteer Band.



CORTEZ F. REED,
Louisiana, Mo.

Philomathian; Assistant in Chemistry and Physics; Athletic Board; Junior Basketball Team.



NELSON W. RIDER, KA
Independence, Mo.

Excelsior; Editor-in-Chief Tatler, '13; Associate Editor Student, '12-'13; President German Club; President Spanish Club; Treasurer Sophomore Class; F. L. E. Club.



H. D. SCHAEFFER,
Liberty, Mo.

Philomathian; Student Staff, '11-'12; Editor-in-Chief Student, '12-'13; President Y. M. C. A., '11-'12; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '12-'13; Yell Leader, '11-'12; '12-'13; Sons of Rest.

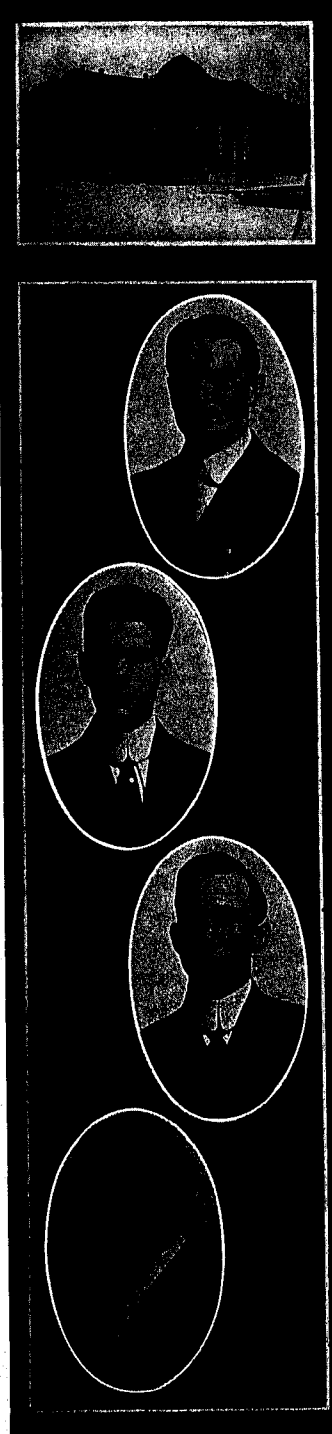


BENJAMIN A. SINGLETON, KA
Shelbyville, Mo.

Football Team, '11-'12; President Emblem Club; German Club; Sons of Rest; F. L. E. Club.



The 1913 Tatlex



J. A. SSKWOR,
St. Louis, Mo.

Excelsior; Minister; Ely Medal; St. Louis Club; Tabernacle Club; Illinois Club.



HOWARD P. STEPHENS
Chefoo, China.



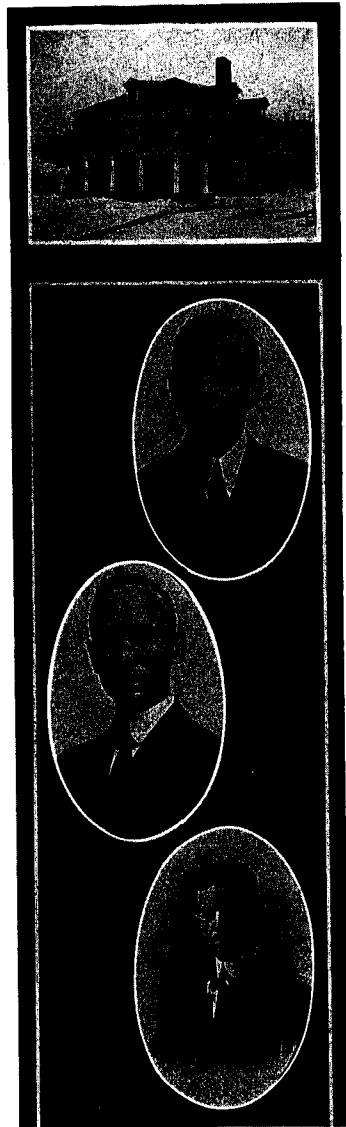
N. W. TUCKER,
Liberty, Mo.



T. A. WALLACE,
St. Louis, Mo.
Excelsior; Minister; St. Louis Club;
Kentucky Club.



The 1913 Tatlex



R. R. WATTS,
Rothville, Mo.

Philomathian; Minister; Co-op. Board, '10-'11; Soccer Team, '11.



B. E. WILLOUGHBY,
Claypool, Ky.

Excelsior; Minister; Tatler Staff, '13; Debate Committeeman, '12-'13; Student Senate; California Club.



BAYARD C. WILSON, ΦΓΔ
Lawson, Mo.

Tatler Staff, '13; Glee Club; Tatler Art Prize, '11; Tatler Art Prize, '12; German Club; Sons of Rest; F. L. E. Club.



In Memory
of
Merry D. Fleet
Died,
February 12th,
1913



SOPHOMORE CLASS



C. S. BILLINGS.

OFFICERS.

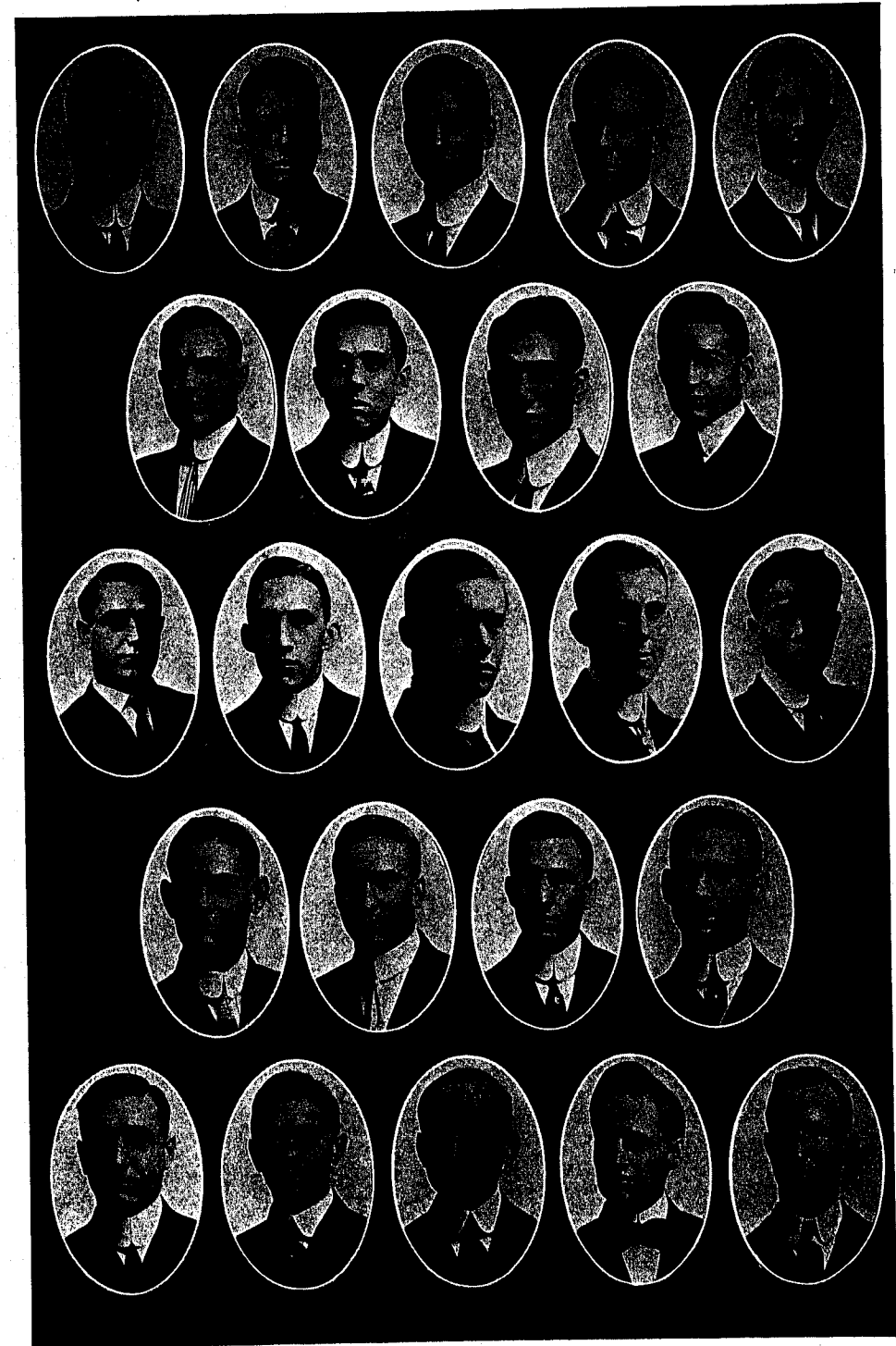
| | |
|----------------|-------------------------|
| C. S. BILLINGS | President |
| F. R. BIRKHEAD | Vice-President |
| A. W. GRAMMER | Secretary and Treasurer |
| C. H. NINEGAR | Yell Leader |

COLORS.

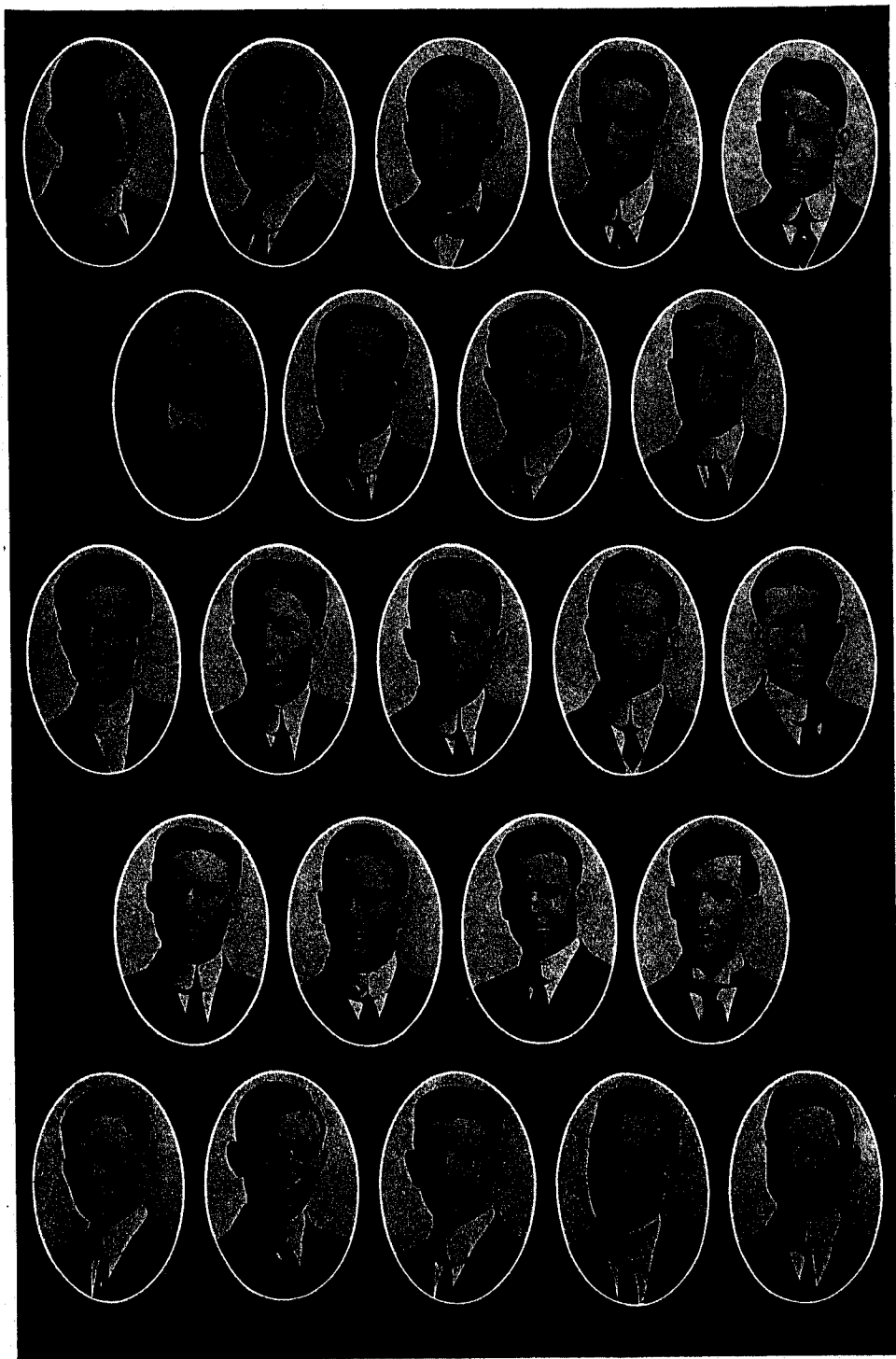
Maroon and Silver Gray.

YELL.

Karo—Cairo—Karo—Kyve;
1915;
Sophomores.



SOPHOMORE CLASS



SCPHOMORE CLASS

CLASS of '16



FRESHMAN CLASS



R. W. BELL.

OFFICERS.

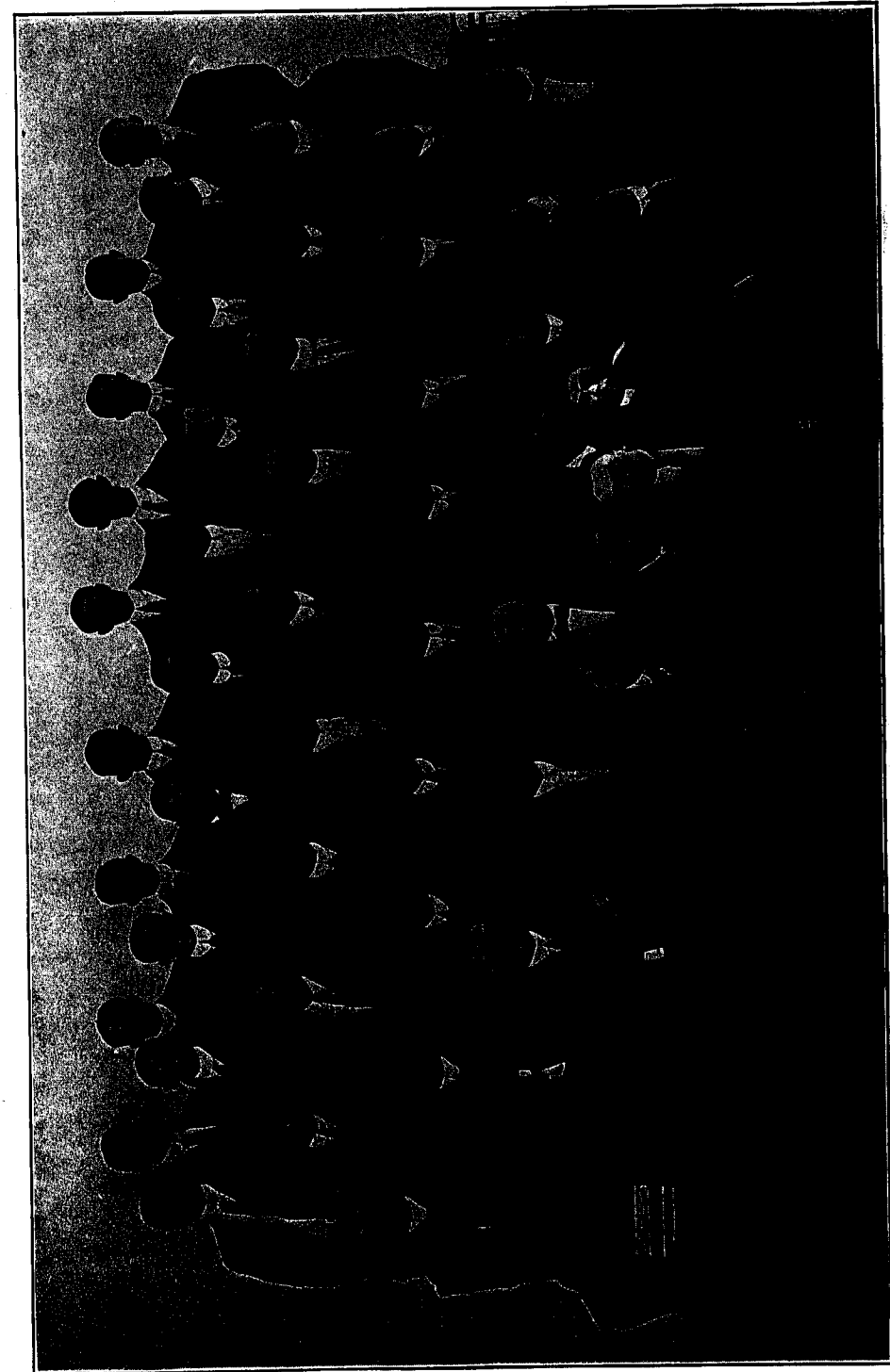
| | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| R. W. BELL | President |
| C. W. WARREN | Vice-President |
| J. R. WOLFE | Secretary |
| F. T. DIETERLE | Treasurer |
| E. G. WOLFE | O. S. B. Representative |

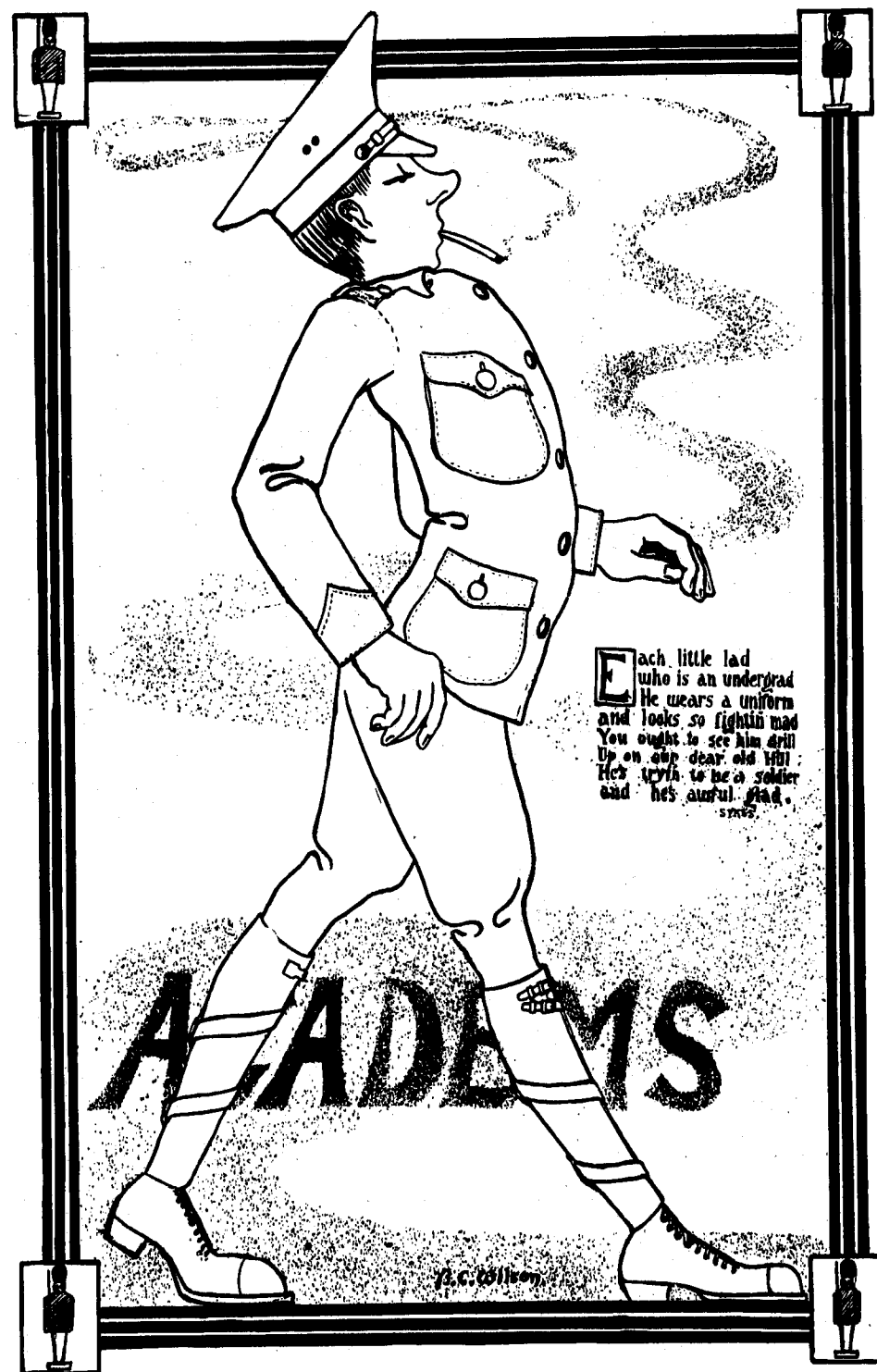
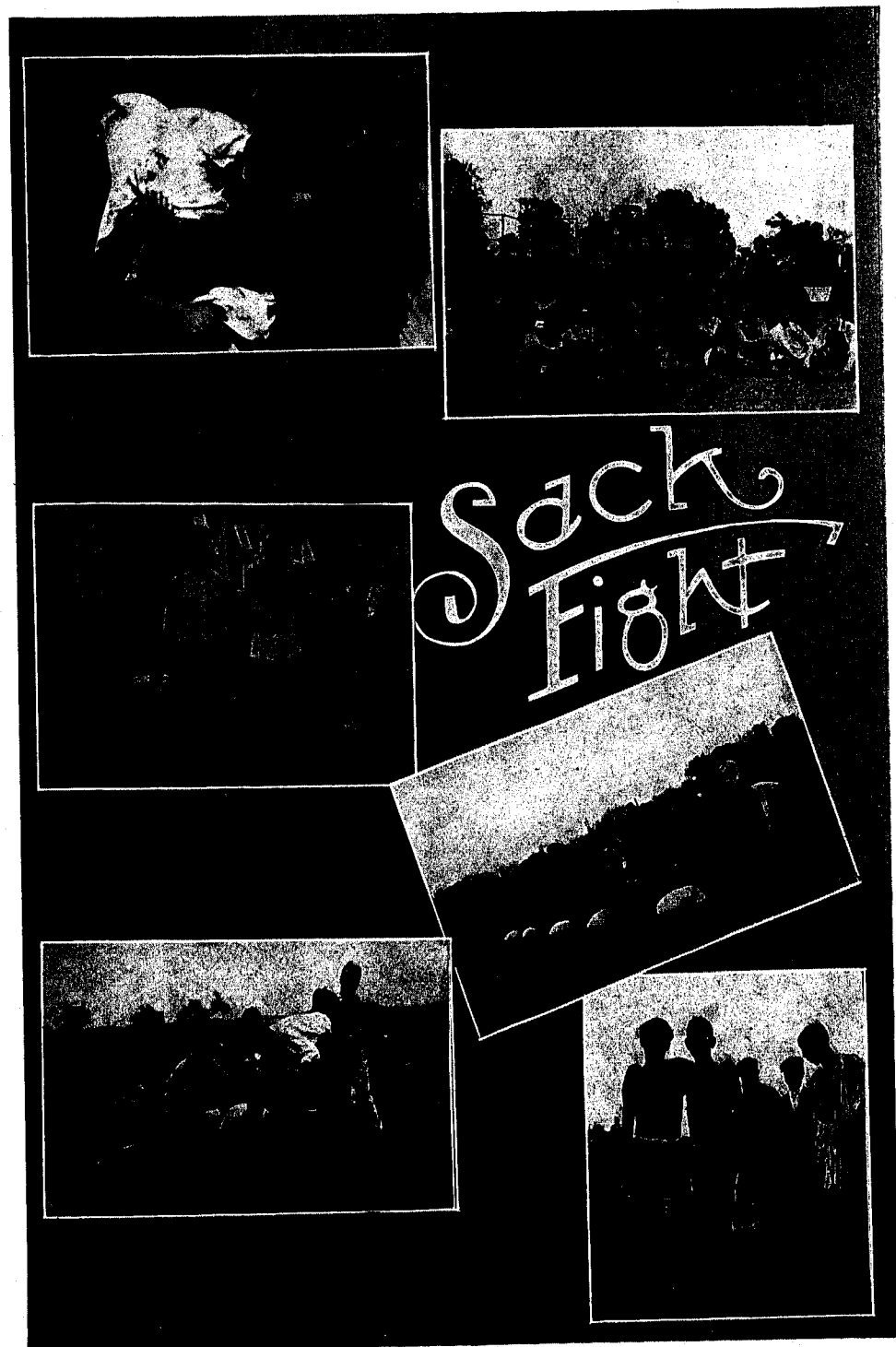
COLORS.

White and Navy Blue.

YELL.

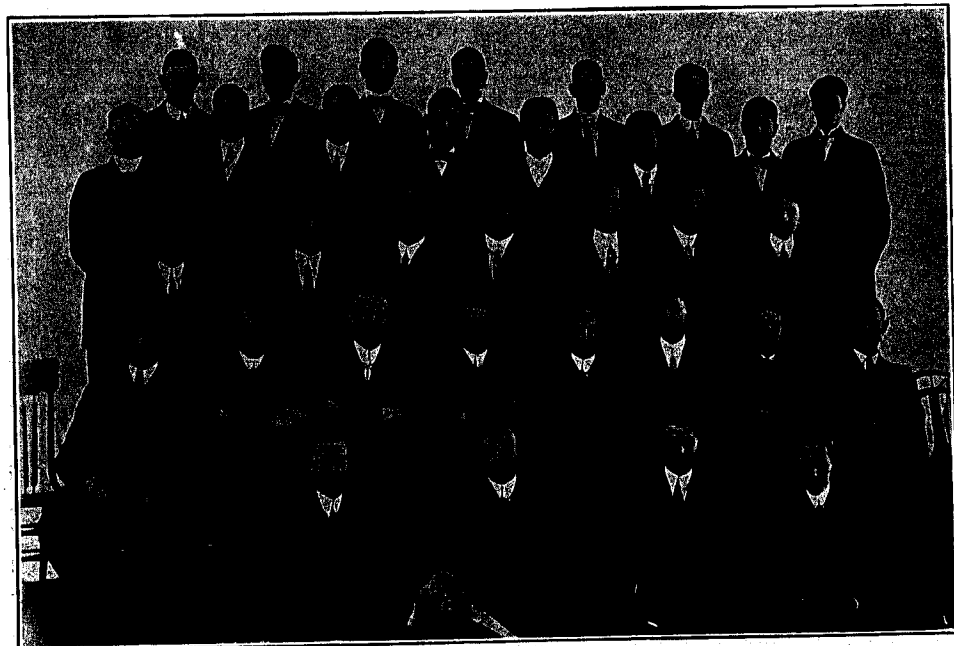
Rickety, Rickety, Rackety, Rix
 Rickety, Rickety, Rackety, Rix
 1-9-1-6
 Bang! Boom!! Freshman!!!





The 1913 Tatlex

Fourth Year Academy

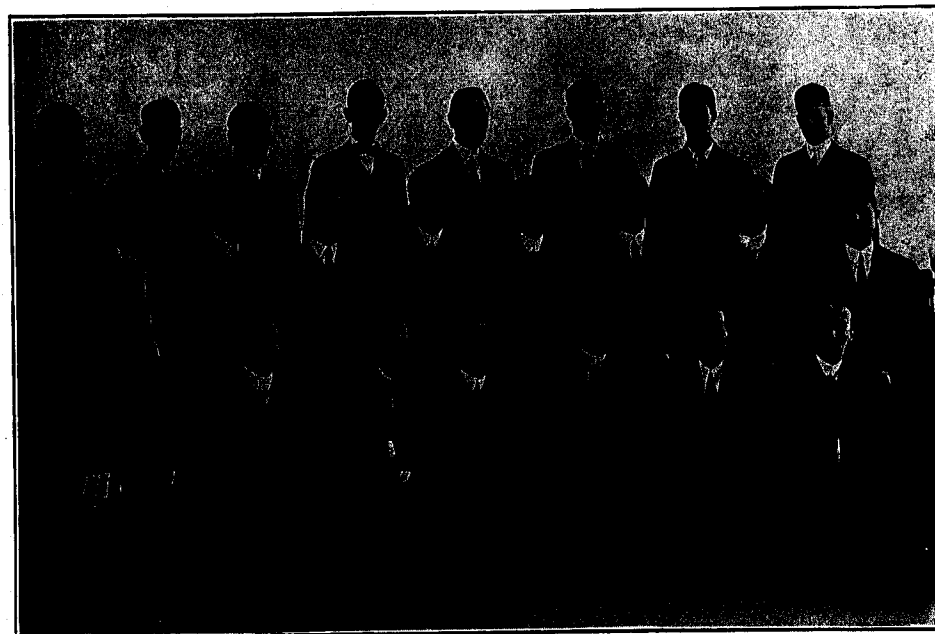


OFFICERS.

| | |
|-------------------|-------------------------|
| CHARLES E. FILLER | President |
| ROY E. HANEY | Vice-President |
| ROY H. PARKER | Secretary and Treasurer |
| VIRGIL J. SIMMS | Student Representative |
| JULIUS R. MANTEY | Co-op. Board |

The 1913 Tatlex

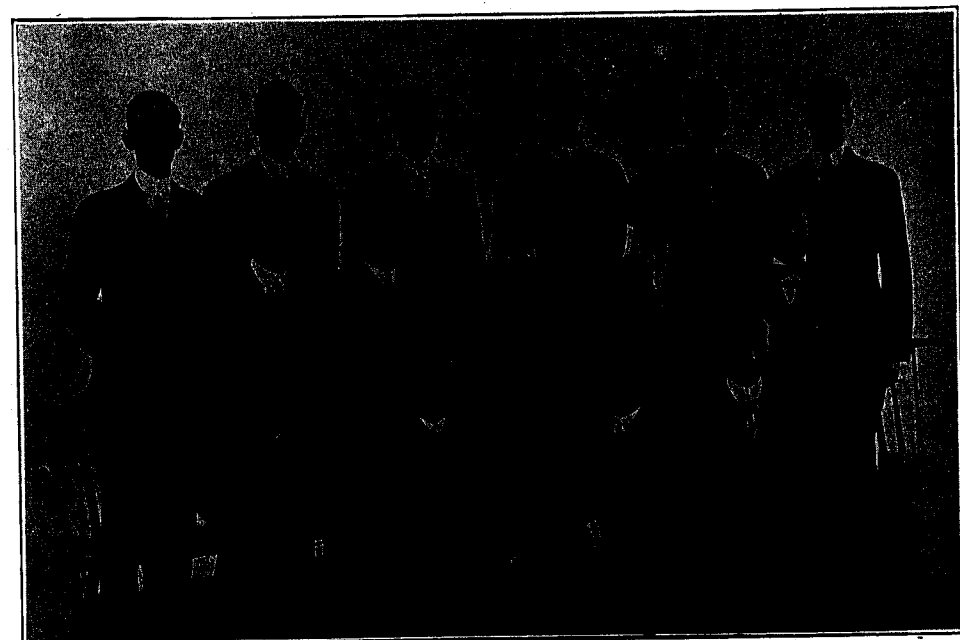
Third Year Academy



OFFICERS.

| | |
|--------------|-------------------------|
| W. B. MCGRAW | President |
| J. C. WOLFE | Secretary and Treasurer |

Second Year Academy



OFFICERS.

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------|
| H. O. WOOD | President |
| E. G. EWING | Secretary |
| J. E. WADE | Treasurer |

Cadet Corps

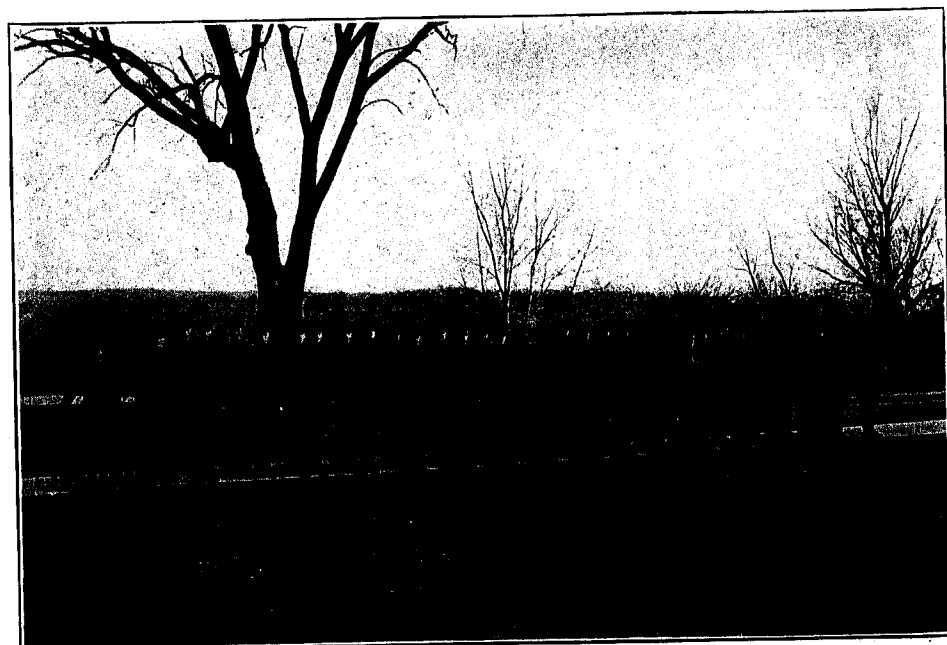


COMMANDANT LUDWICK GRAVES,
 Captain in the Quartermaster's Corp, and Aide-de-Camp to the Commanding
 General of the National Guard of Missouri.

This is only the second year for the cadets in William Jewell College, but there are already two companies, and the prospects are even better for next year.

The men are equipped with the regular khaki uniforms and outfits, and they use the regulation government rifles.

Besides the field work there is also some class work under Captain Graves on such subjects as camp sanitation and military tactics. The course, which is taken by all the Academy students, is intended to make them familiar with the many phases of military life. It is to be hoped that this will become a fixed institution in William Jewell College.



COMPANY A.



COMPANY B.

THEOLOGGS

THE SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY



J. C. HOUSE.



The School of Theology is a distinct department of William Jewell College, with a Dean and Faculty of its own. At present there are two courses offered, one leading to the degree of Bachelor of Theology, and the other to the degree of Graduate in English Theology.

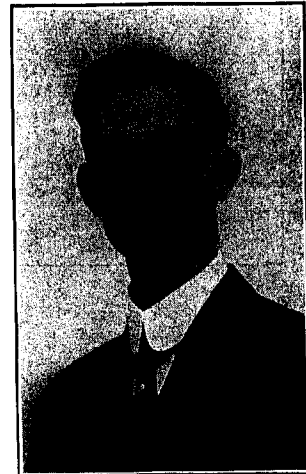
There are six candidates for the Th.G. degree this year, and they have organized with the following officers:

- J. C. HOUSE President
- D. B. WILCOX Vice-President
- J. D. BRIGGS Secretary and Treasurer

The 1913 Tatlex

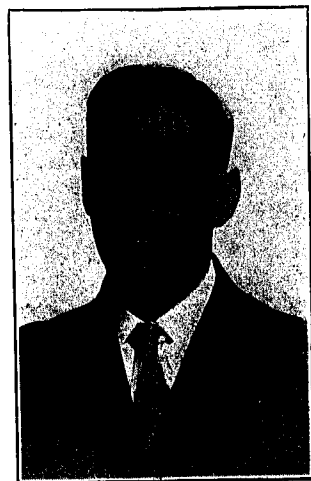


T. C. BRAMMER,
Liberty, Mo.

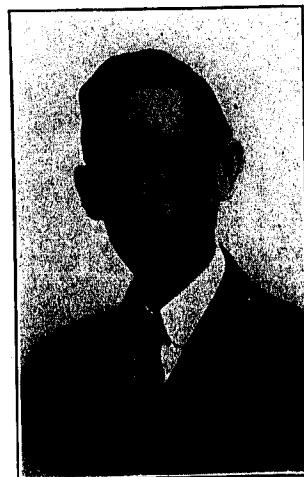


W. H. BRIGGS,
Roseland, Mo.

The School of Theology Club



U. E. BURROUGHS,
Marshall, Mo.



G. C. DAVIS,
Liberty, Mo.

The 1913 Tatlex

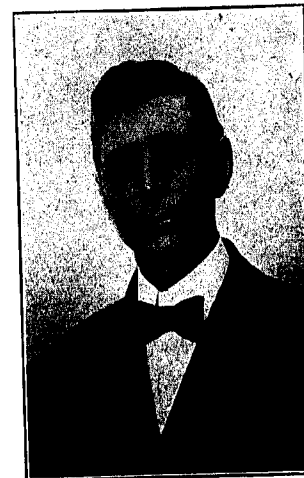


D. T. GRIFFITHS,
Liberty, Mo.



J. C. HOUSE,
Liberty, Mo.

The School of Theology Club



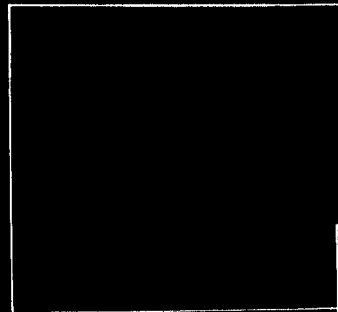
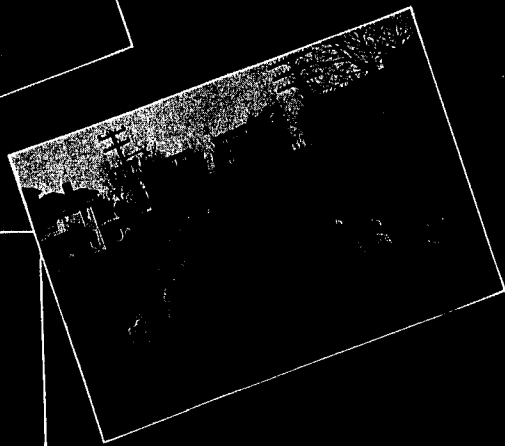
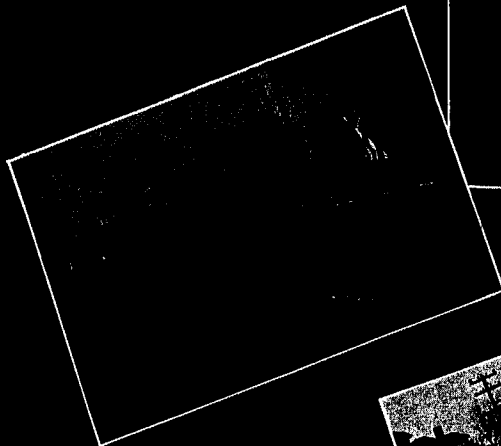
L. E. MARVIN,
Liberty, Mo.



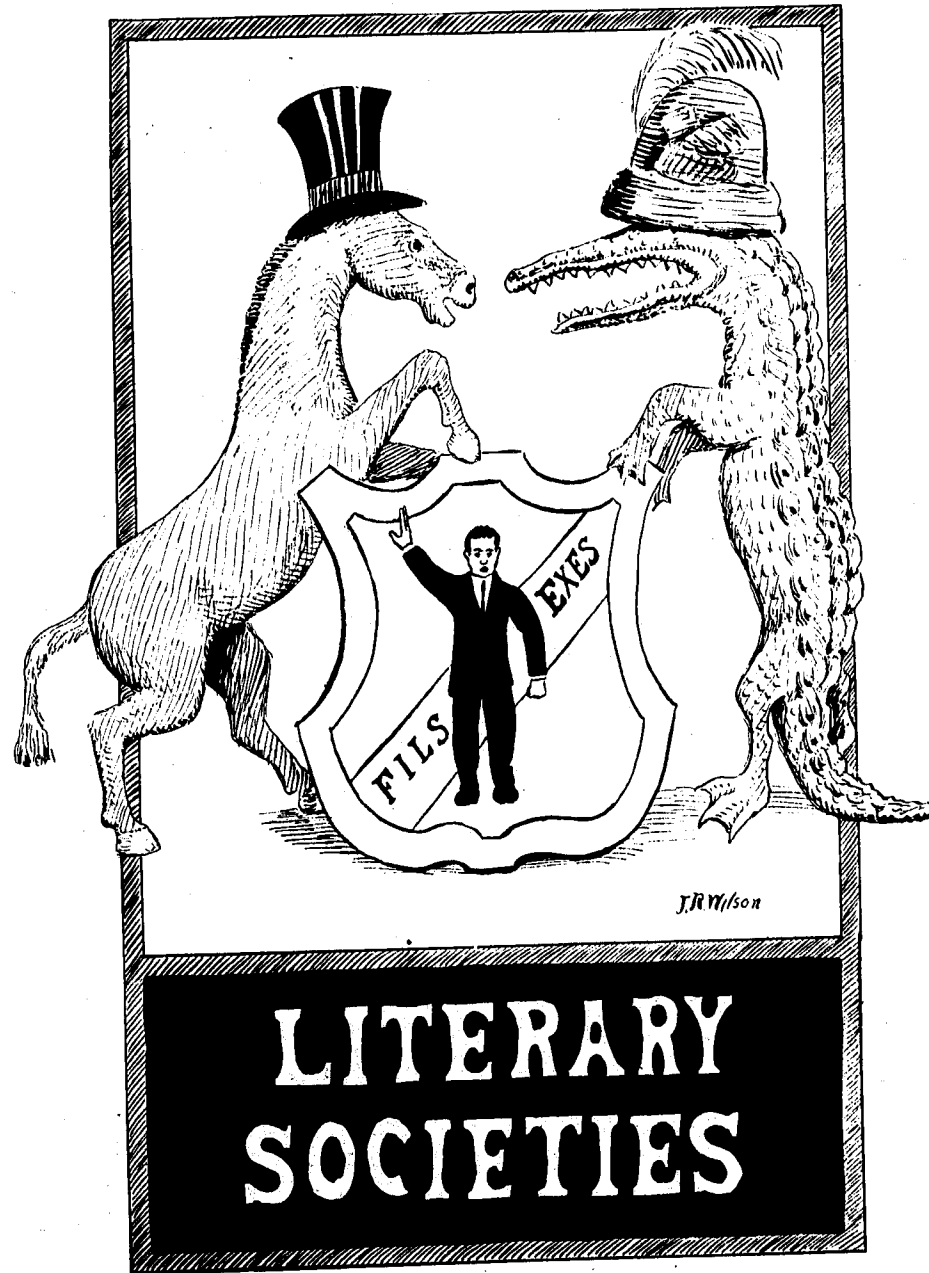
D. B. WILCOX,
Ashland, Mo.



Beaver
WINS
Oratorical



We have
a
Holiday



The 1913 Tatlex

Senior Excelsior Literary Society

Founded 1857.

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1912-1913.

PRESIDENTS

R. L. Hunt

J. O. Parrot

W. E. Merritt

B. E. Willoughby

VICE-PRESIDENTS

Lewis Jacobsen

F. O. Criminger

F. I. Gordon

SECRETARIES

A. H. Karraker

E. F. Canady

INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATERS.

H. G. Leedy

W. J. Matherly

Lewis Jacobsen

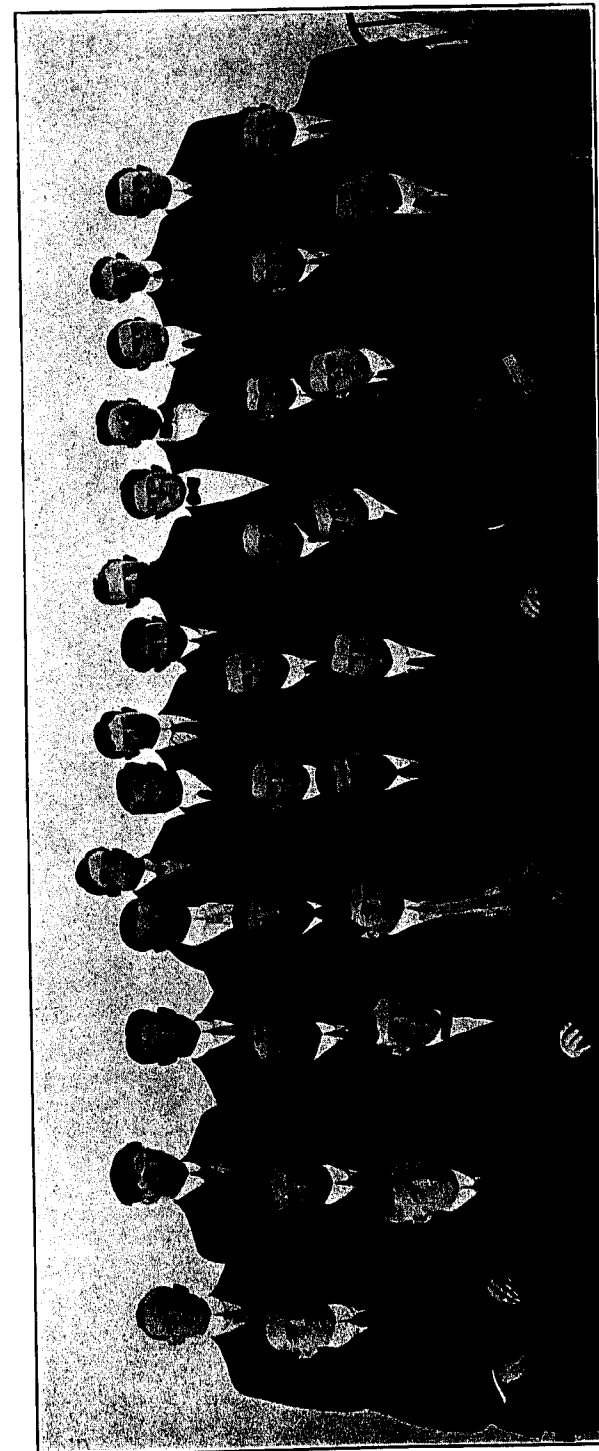
YELL.

Haec Cum! Zika Boom!!

Zika! Zika! Zah!!

Excelsior! Excelsior!!

Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!



The 1913 Tatlex

Junior Excelsior Literary Society

MOTTO.
"Excelsior."

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1912-13.

| PRESIDENTS | VICE-PRESIDENTS | SECRETARIES |
|-------------------|-------------------|------------------|
| E. A. Hood | L. R. Lamb | L. T. Wallace |
| J. R. Mantey | Idris James | T. S. Kesterson |
| Idris James | C. R. Scarborough | W. T. McWilliams |
| C. R. Scarborough | W. I. Welden | W. H. Roberts |

HONORS.

| | |
|-------------|----------------|
| L. T. Hites | Ready Speaking |
| N. H. Reed | Declamation |

YELL.

Boomalaca, Boomalaca,
Bow! Wow! Wow!
Chicalaca, Chicalaca
Chow! Chow! Chow!
Boomalaca, Chicalaca,
Who are we?
We're Excelsiors
W. J. C.



The 1913 Tatlex

Junior Philomathic Literary Society

Founded 1896.

MOTTO.

"Libertas et Eloquentia una Florent."

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1912-1913.

PRESIDENTS

H. L. Caldwell
R. H. Parker
R. E. Haney

VICE-PRESIDENTS

D. M. Trout
J. A. McArthur
R. E. Snow

SECRETARIES

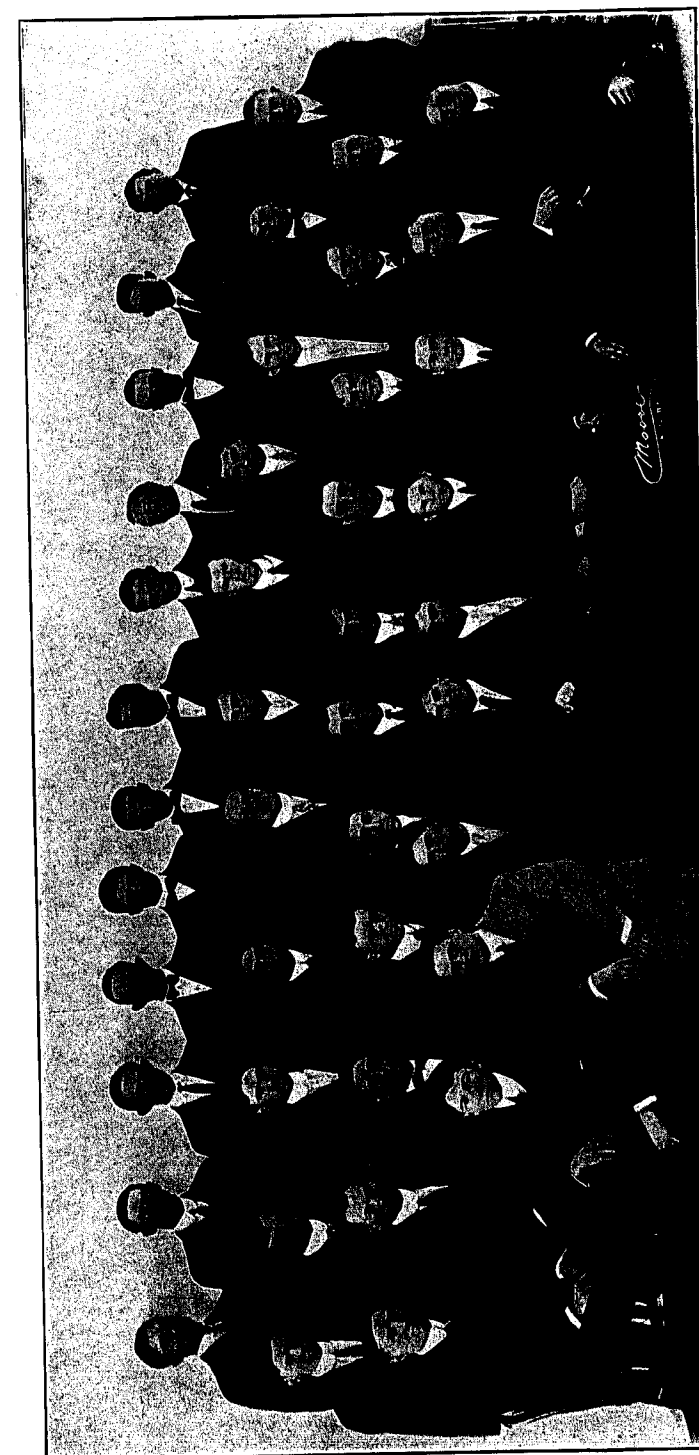
R. H. Parker
D. M. Trout
G. C. Bramel

HONORS FOR THE YEAR 1912-1913.

| | |
|--------------|---------------|
| G. O. Baxter | Reading Medal |
| R. E. Haney | Debate Medal |

YELL.

Boomer Racker! Boomer Racker!
Boomer Racker Roi!
Sis Boom, Firecracker,
Phil Est Moi!
Hip Zoo! Rah Zoo! Zip Rah Boom!!
We're Philomathians,
Give us room!!!



The 1913 Tatlex

ORATORY



HOWARD T. BEAVER.



ROGER D. ARNOLD,
Committeeman.

The Missouri State Oratorical Contest was held this year at Fulton, Mo., on March 7. Our representative, Howard T. Beaver, won the contest by a unanimous decision of the five judges. The title of Mr. Beaver's oration was "The Real Problem of World Peace." This is the third victory for William Jewell in the last four years.

Much credit is due Dr. E. C. Griffith, the Faculty Adviser of Debates and Orations, and Mr. Roger D. Arnold, the committeeman.



The 1913 Tatlex

DEBATES

DENVER vs. WILLIAM JEWELL.

At Liberty, Mo., April 18, 1913.



H. T. BEAVER,
Leader.



W. J. MATHERLY.



C. W. WARREN.

Question:—Resolved that the Recall should be applied to the State Judiciary.

| | | |
|----------------|-------|-------------|
| William Jewell | | Negative |
| Denver | | Affirmative |

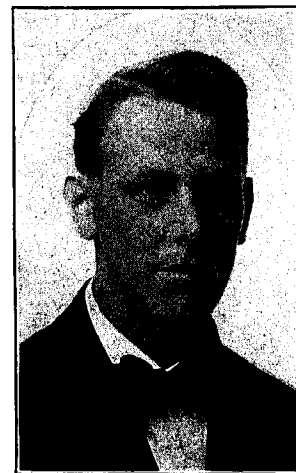
Unanimous decision for William Jewell.



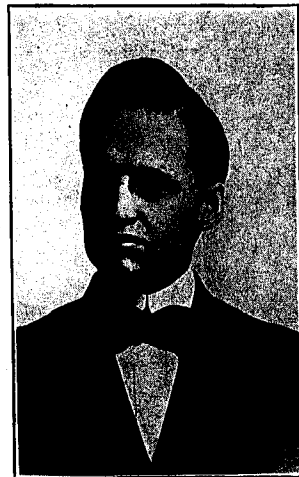
B. E. WILLOUGHBY,
Committeeman.

The 1913 Tatlex

MONMOUTH COLLEGE vs. WILLIAM JEWELL.
At Liberty, Mo., April 4, 1913.



LEWIS JACOBSON,
Leader.



G. E. HARRIS.

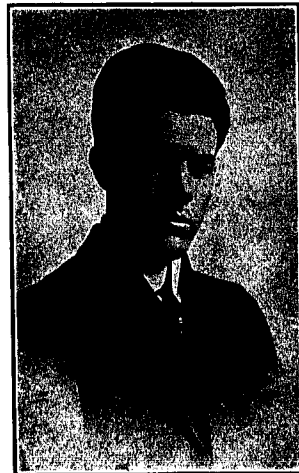


ROY JOHNSON.

Question:—Resolved that the plan of banking reform suggested by the National Monetary Commission should be adopted by Congress.

| | | |
|----------------|-------|-------------|
| William Jewell | | Negative |
| Monmouth | | Affirmative |

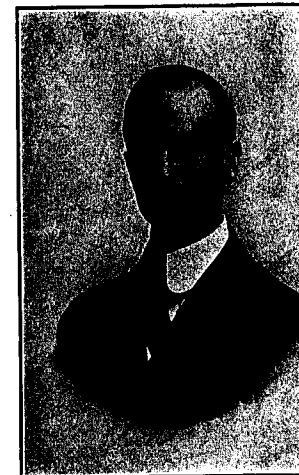
Unanimous decision for William Jewell.



W. E. DAVIDSON,
Committeeman.

The 1913 Tatlex

YANKTON COLLEGE vs. WILLIAM JEWELL.
At Yankton, S. D., April 25, 1913.



CHARLES DURDEN,
Leader.



A. Q. BURNS.



J. H. POLLARD.

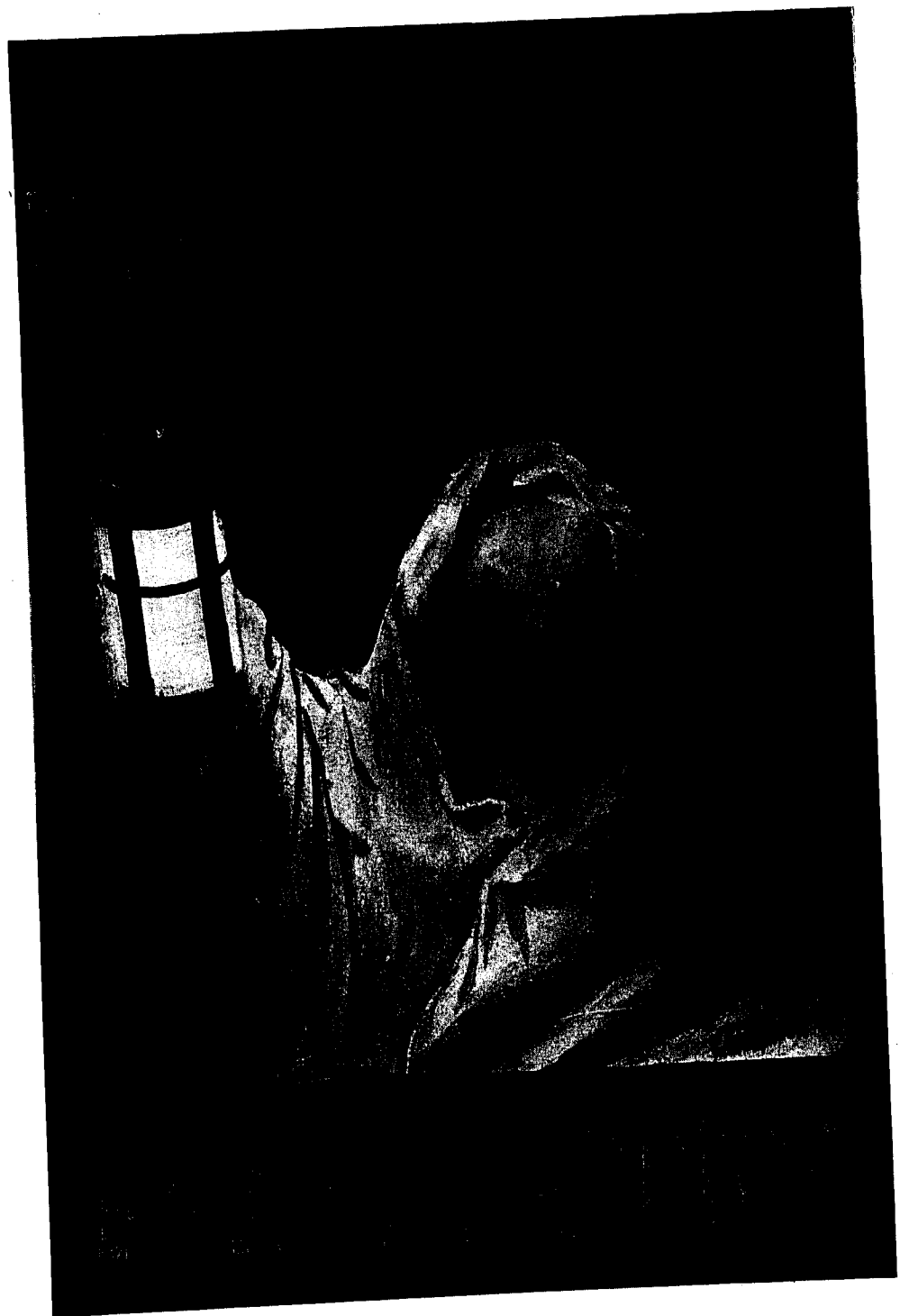
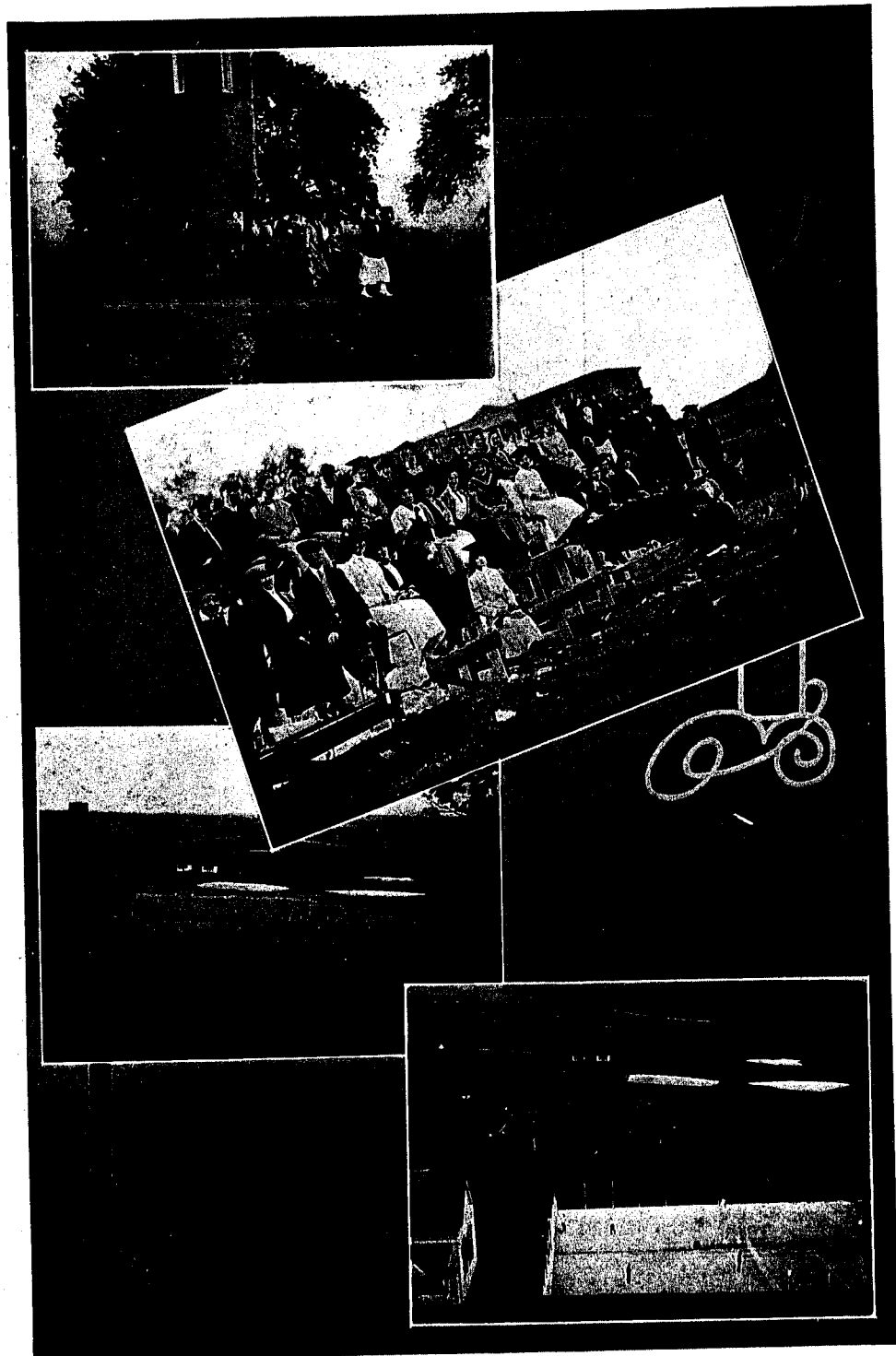
Question:—Resolved that the plan of banking reform suggested by the National Monetary Commission should be adopted by Congress.

| | | |
|----------------|-------|-------------|
| William Jewell | | Affirmative |
| Yankton | | Negative |

Decision in favor of William Jewell.



R. L. HUNT,
Committeeman.



The 1913 Tatler

Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Founded at Washington and Lee University, 1865.

FLOWERS.

American Beauty Rose and Magnolia.

COLORS.

Crimson and Old Gold.

ALPHA DELTA CHAPTER.

Established January 26, 1887.

CHAPTER ROLL.

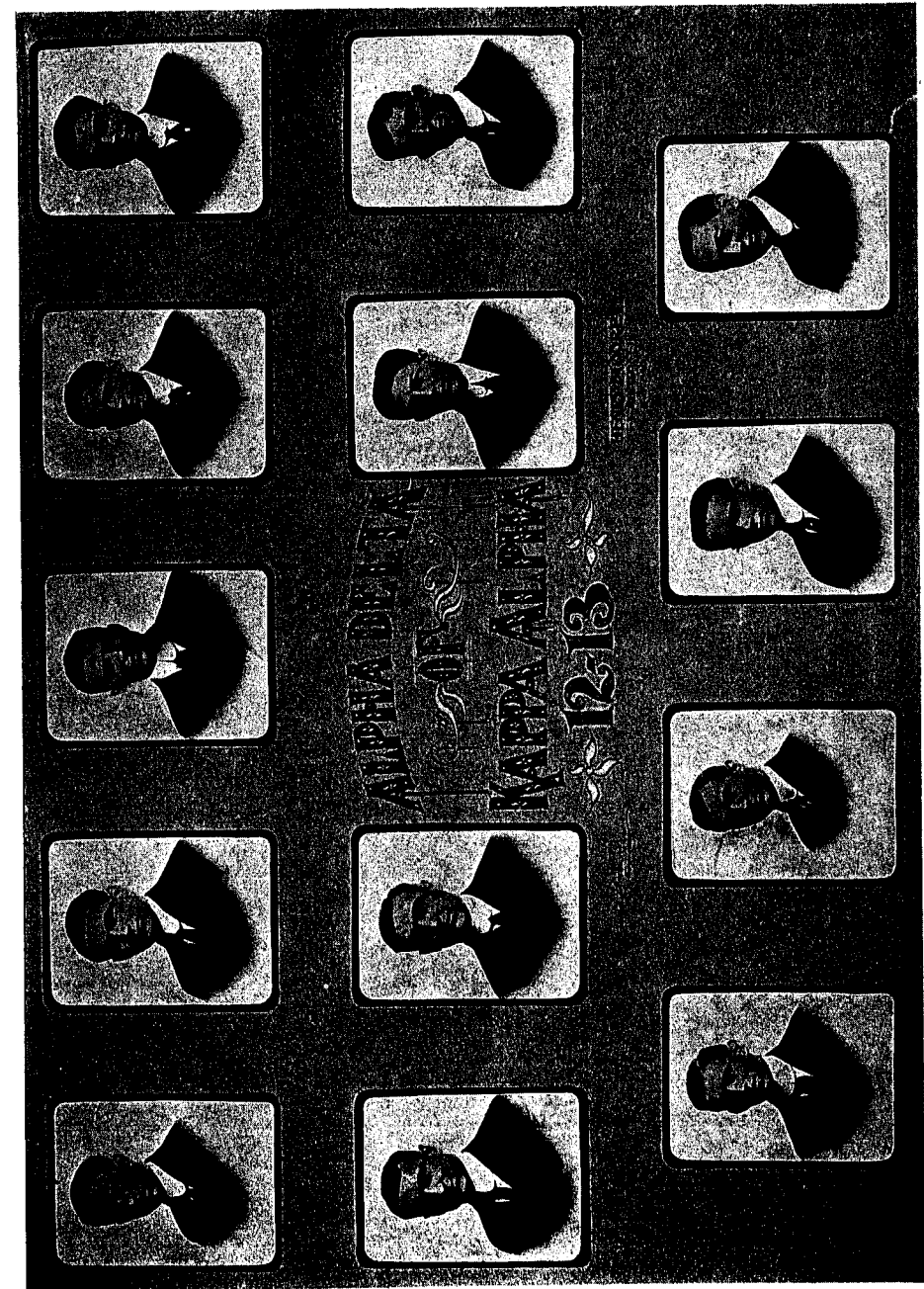
| | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------|
| Robert Lee Pollard, '13 | Bowling Green, Mo. |
| Carl Cassius Cassingham, '13 | Bosworth, Mo. |
| Benjamin Adolphus Singleton, '14 | Shelbyville, Mo. |
| Nelson Willard Rider, '14 | Independence, Mo. |
| John Wallace Bryant, '14 | Rogers, Ark. |
| Lawrence Elmer Mahan, '14 | Harbor Beach, Mich. |
| Minetry Leigh Jones, '15 | St. Joseph, Mo. |
| Mark Selsor Godman, '15 | Kansas City, Mo. |
| Cecil Raymond Martin, '15 | Liberty, Mo. |
| Foster Bolton McHenry, '15 | Jefferson City, Mo. |
| Ludwick Graves, '15 | Jefferson City, Mo. |
| Benjamin Clay Singleton, '15 | Shelbyville, Mo. |
| Hugh Emerson Watkins, '16 | Liberty, Mo. |
| Perry Howard Crafton, '16 | Plattsburg, Mo. |

PLEDGES.

| | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| Wynkoop Kiersted | Liberty, Mo. |
| Claude Densmore Sims | Brinkley, Ark. |
| Ira McClure | Hughesville, Mo. |
| Frank Herbert Rose | Dearborn, Mo. |

FRATRES IN URBE.

| | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|--------------|
| J. L. Dougherty | W. E. Campbell | Joe L. Mason |
| Ralph Hughes | Rev. C. M. Williams | Arthur Groom |
| Dr. Arthur Tutt | Rev. J. H. Dew | |



The 1913 Tatlex

Kappa Sigma Fraternity

Founded at University of Virginia, 1867.

FLOWER.

Lily-of-the-Valley.

COLORS.

Scarlet, White, and Emerald Green.

ALPHA OMEGA CHAPTER.

Established May 8, 1897.

CHAPTER ROLL.

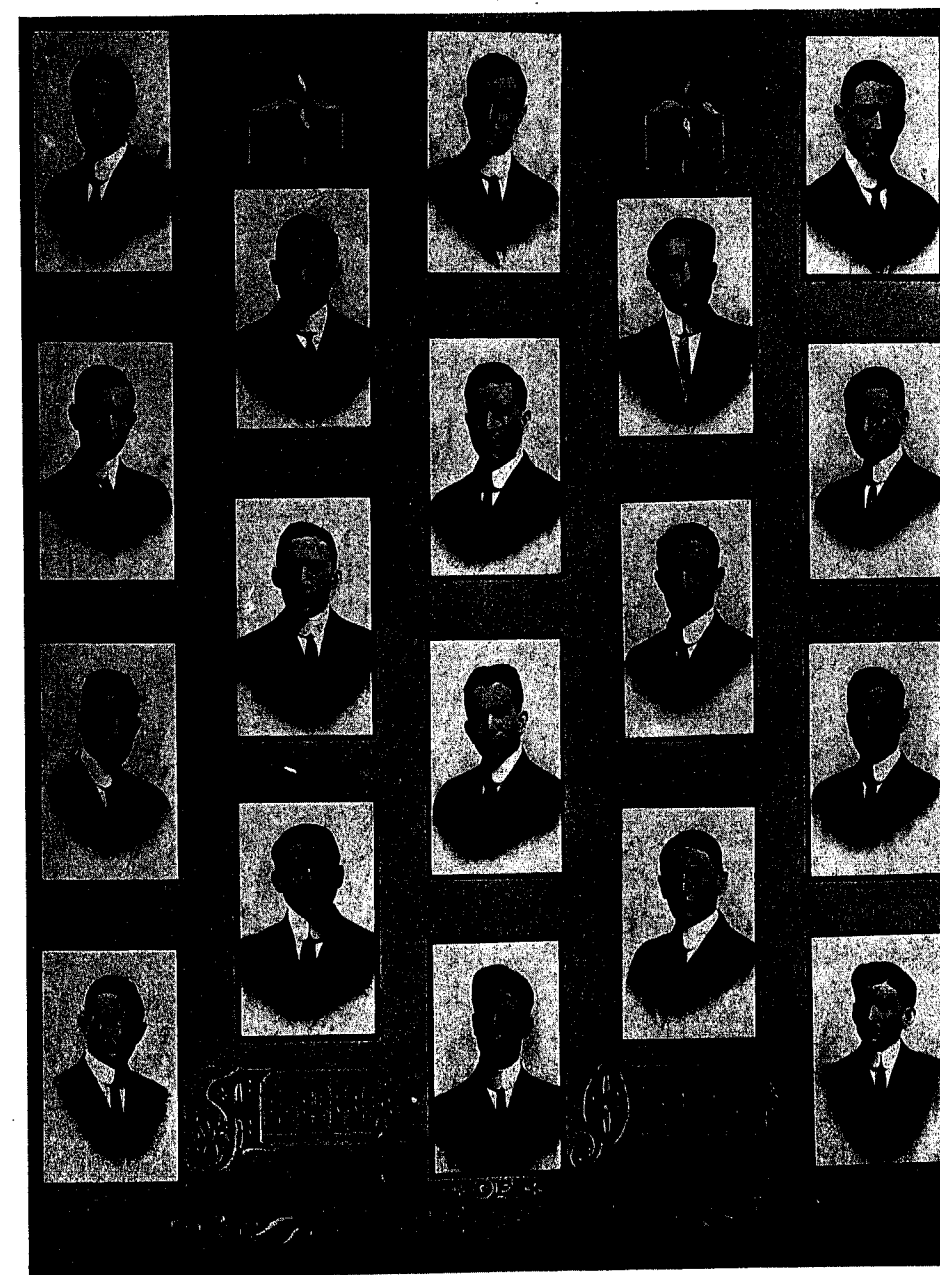
| | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| W. C. Crawford, '13 | V. E. Tatum, '15 |
| R. L. Hunt, '13 | L. K. Barbee, '16 |
| G. D. Trimble, '13 | J. C. Belt, '16 |
| J. K. Bright, '14 | J. O. Brown, '16 |
| W. E. Merritt, '14 | L. C. Cook, '16 |
| K. G. Neuhauser, '14 | M. H. Overlees, '16 |
| J. C. Clarke, '15 | H. H. Palmer, '16 |
| H. G. Leedy, '15 | W. K. Simmons, '16 |
| R. M. Mitchell, '15 | F. M. Small, '16 |
| J. M. Tatum, '15 | |

PLEDGES.

C. L. McKinney L. C. Pinkerton E. L. Pinkerton

FRATRES IN URBE.

| | |
|-----------------|---------------|
| W. H. Arnote | S. M. Hunt |
| E. E. Bell | E. S. Simrall |
| E. K. Bell | H. F. Simrall |
| R. I. Bruce | J. S. Simrall |
| Dr. R. G. Frank | J. C. Loos |
| R. G. Gilmer | |



The 1913 Tatlex

Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity

Founded, Jefferson College, Canonsburg, Pa., 1848.

FLOWER.
Heliotrope.

COLOR.
Royal Purple.

ZETA PHI CHAPTER.

Established April 24, 1886.

| | |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| W. B. Yancey, '13 | C. F. Dawson, '15 |
| G. C. Wilson, '13 | H. T. Mayberry, '15 |
| R. B. Bagby, '13 | W. F. Bell, '15 |
| H. E. Satterfield, '13 | C. J. Miller, '15 |
| F. L. Rhoades, '13 | R. J. D. Waters, '16 |
| A. B. Merritt, '14 | R. E. Lewis, '16 |
| M. F. Harl, '14 | E. G. Woolf, '16 |
| B. C. Wilson, '14 | J. L. LaPrelle, '16 |
| T. A. Harvey, '14 | P. L. Jones, '16 |
| S. Y. Pitts, '14 | C. F. Robinson, '16 |
| J. R. Hickerson, '14 | L. B. Roberts, '16 |
| A. R. Hammen, '15 | F. A. Sykes, '16 |

Pledged

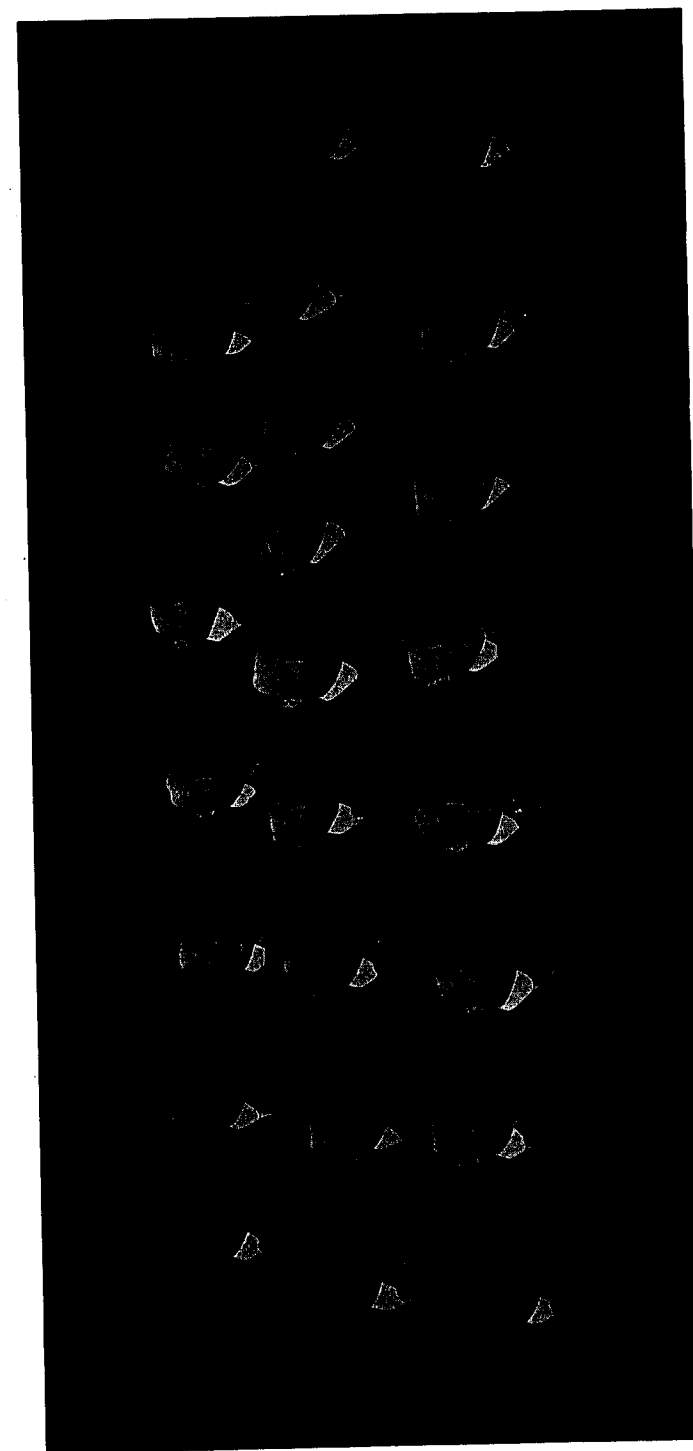
| | |
|--------------|---------------|
| U. L. Harris | E. F. McClain |
|--------------|---------------|

IN FACULTATE.

| | |
|----------------------------|------------------------|
| J. P. Fruit, Ph. D. | R. P. Rider, A. M. |
| H. G. Parker, Ph. D. | Ward H. Edwards, A. M. |
| Chas. W. Moore, A.B., D.D. | J. E. Davis, A. M. |

FRATRES IN URBE.

| | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| Dr. E. H. Miller | Webster Withers |
| Dr. J. H. Rothwell | Norton Hardwicke |
| Judge F. H. Trimble | Byron Bethume |
| Dr. H. A. Bagby | J. J. Morrow |
| C. E. Yancey | Lynn Shouse |
| R. W. Stogdale | Ed. Stone |
| R. T. Withers | J. Collins |



PHI GAMMA DELTA FRATERNITY.

Sigma Nu Fraternity

FLOWER.

White Rose.

COLORS.

Black, White and Old Gold.

BETA XI CHAPTER.

Established January 1, 1894.

CHAPTER ROLL.

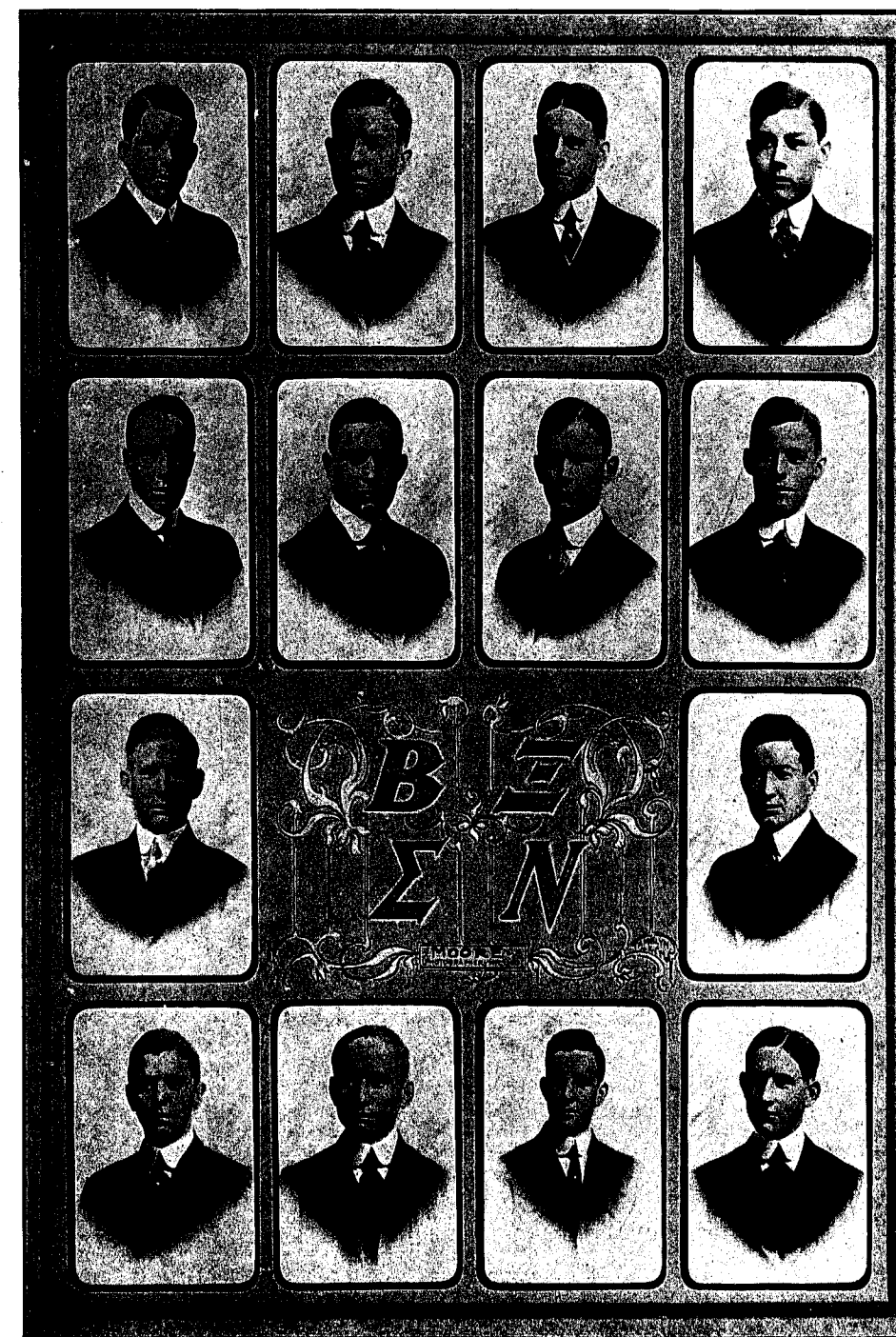
| | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| R. W. Brandom, '13 | F. R. Birkhead, '15 |
| G. V. McPike, '14 | W. B. Gross, '15 |
| S. M. Brown, Jr., '14 | C. D. Brandom, '16 |
| S. H. Murray, '14 | F. O. Trotter, '16 |
| W. J. Matherly, '15 | W. C. Graves, Jr., '16 |
| G. C. Carbaugh, '15 | J. R. Smiley, '16 |
| C. C. Hammond, '15 | J. R. Couch, '16 |

PLEDGES.

Art Taylor Hal Head

FRATRES IN URBE.

| | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| F. D. Hamilton | E. H. Norton, Jr. |
| Ralph Major | T. J. Wornall, Jr. |
| R. Z. McKinley | C. B. Vardeman |



The Aeons



SENIOR HONORARY SOCIETY.

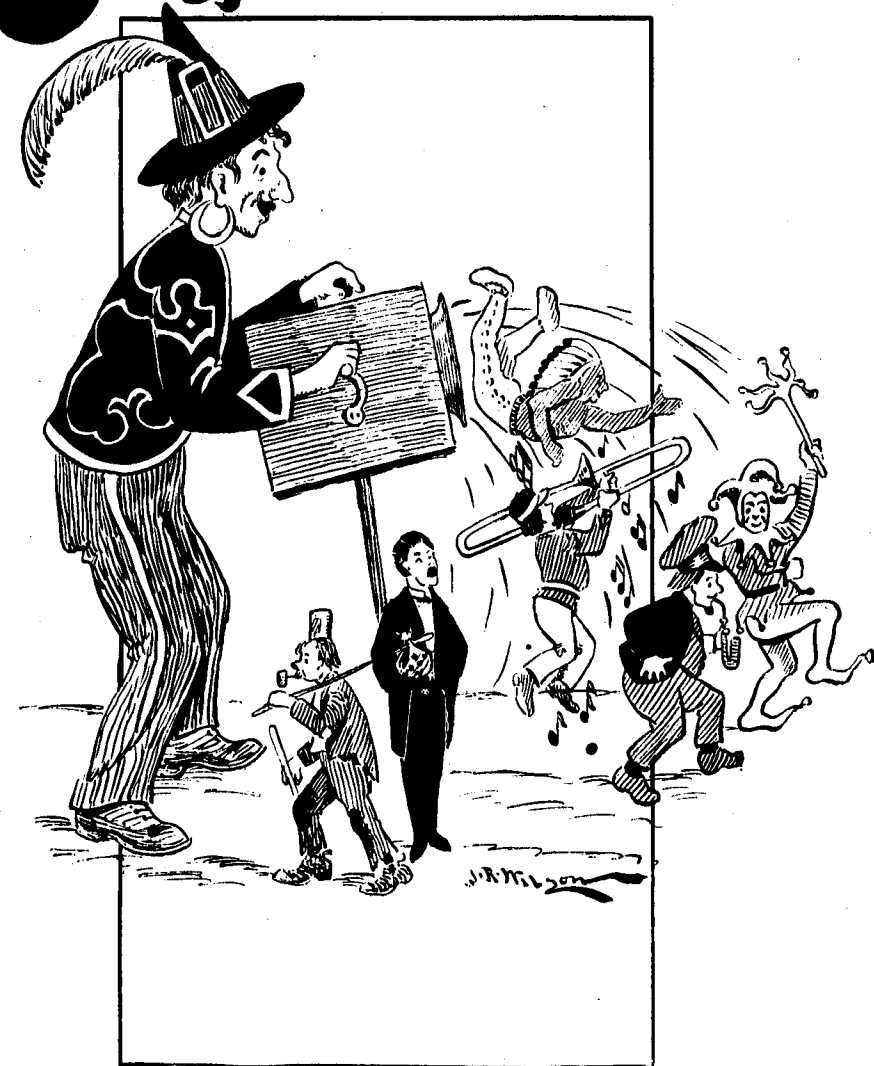
PURPOSE.

To further the best interests of William Jewell.

MEMBERS.

| | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| Roger D. Arnold | Robin L. Hunt |
| Howard T. Beaver | R. H. Moorman |
| Ralph W. Brandom | J. H. Satterfield |

Organizations

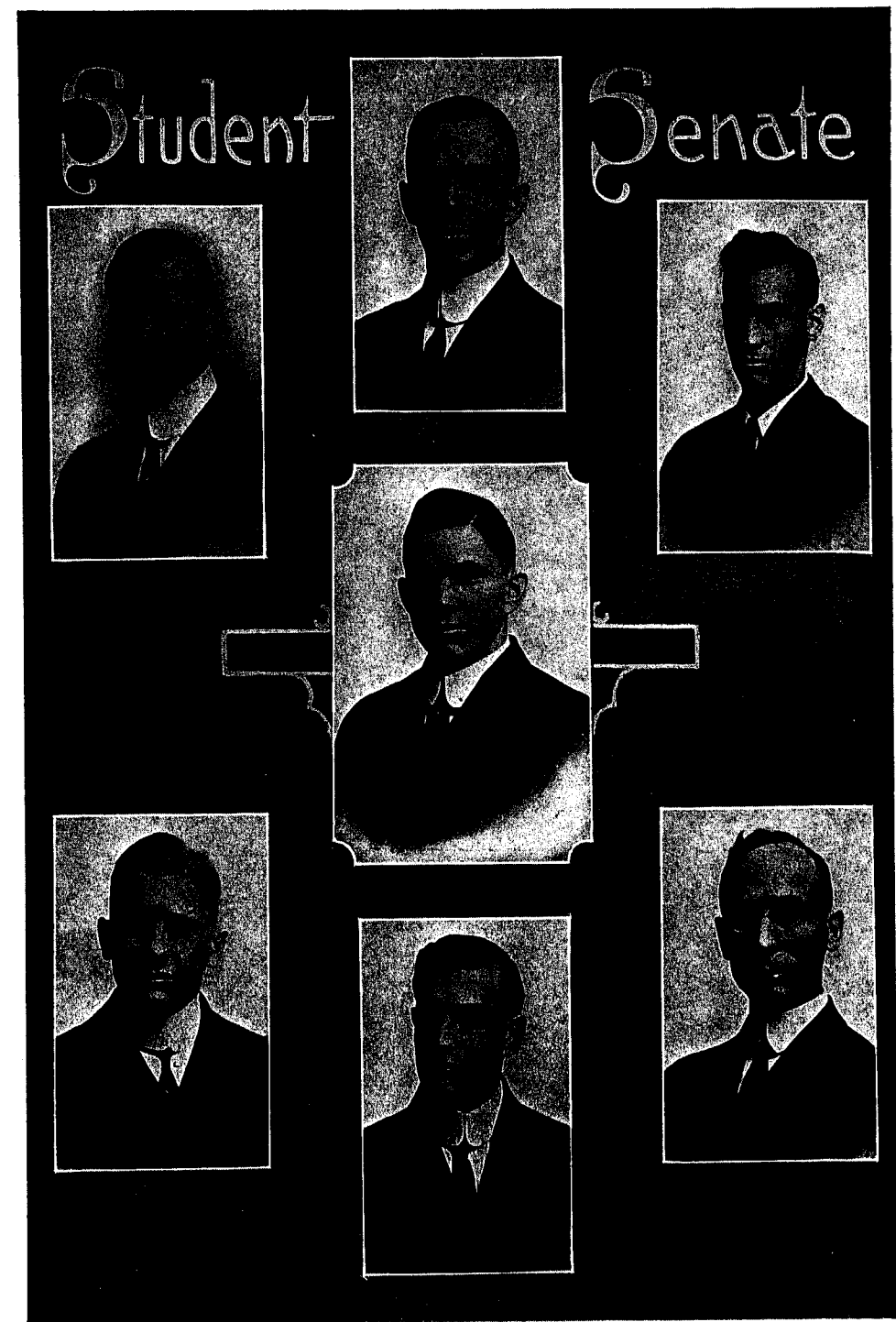
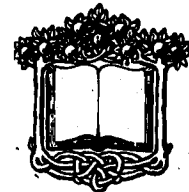


The Student Senate

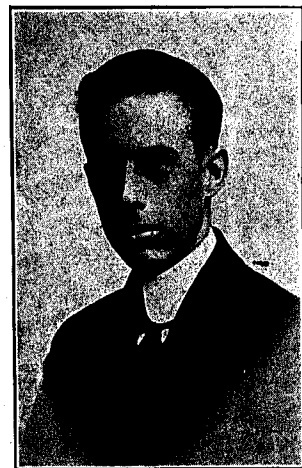
Feeling that the Organized Student Body was insufficient to govern those cases of college discipline which come under student control, and feeling the need of some governing body composed of students, the Senior and Junior Classes of William Jewell College for the year just past met in joint session and debated the advisability of such a course. The result was the Student Senate.

This is composed of seven men, four Seniors and three Juniors, and is to continue each year. At the beginning of each year the two upper classes are to meet together and elect one new man from the Senior Class, and three men from the Junior Class.

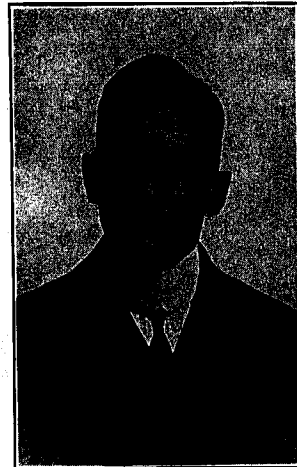
The Faculty is favorable to the Senate, and is glad to have its cooperation in working for the good of the students. This is a big step which the Student Body of William Jewell has taken towards making itself a self-governing body.



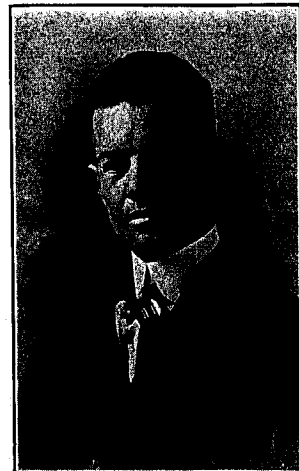
The 1913 Tatlex



NELSON W. RIDER,
Editor-in-Chief

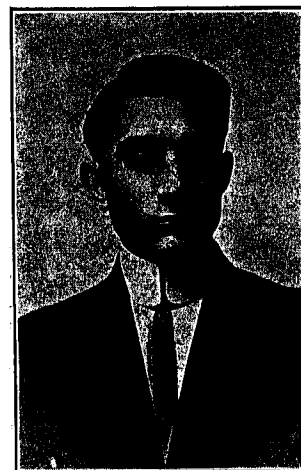


KARL G. NEUHAUSER,
Business Manager.

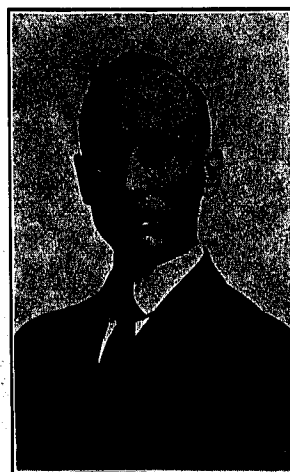


BAYARD C. WILSON,
Art Editor.

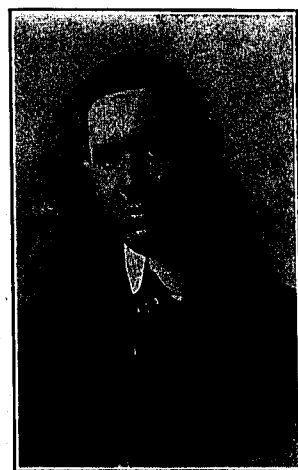
The 1913



W. E. MERRITT,
Associate-Editor.



B. E. WILLOUGHBY,
Asst. Business Manager.



MAPLE HARL,
Advertising Manager.

The 1913 Tatlex



A. B. MERRITT,
Literary Editor.



R. L. DAVIDSON,
Circulation Manager.

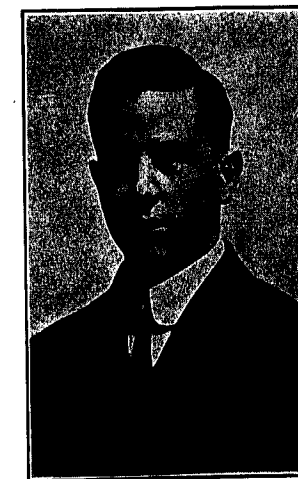


T. A. HARVEY,
Organization Manager.

Tatler Staff



E. L. PINKERTON,
Associate Literary Editor.



J. K. BRIGHT,
Asst. Circulation Manager.



S. Y. PITTS,
Staff Photographer.

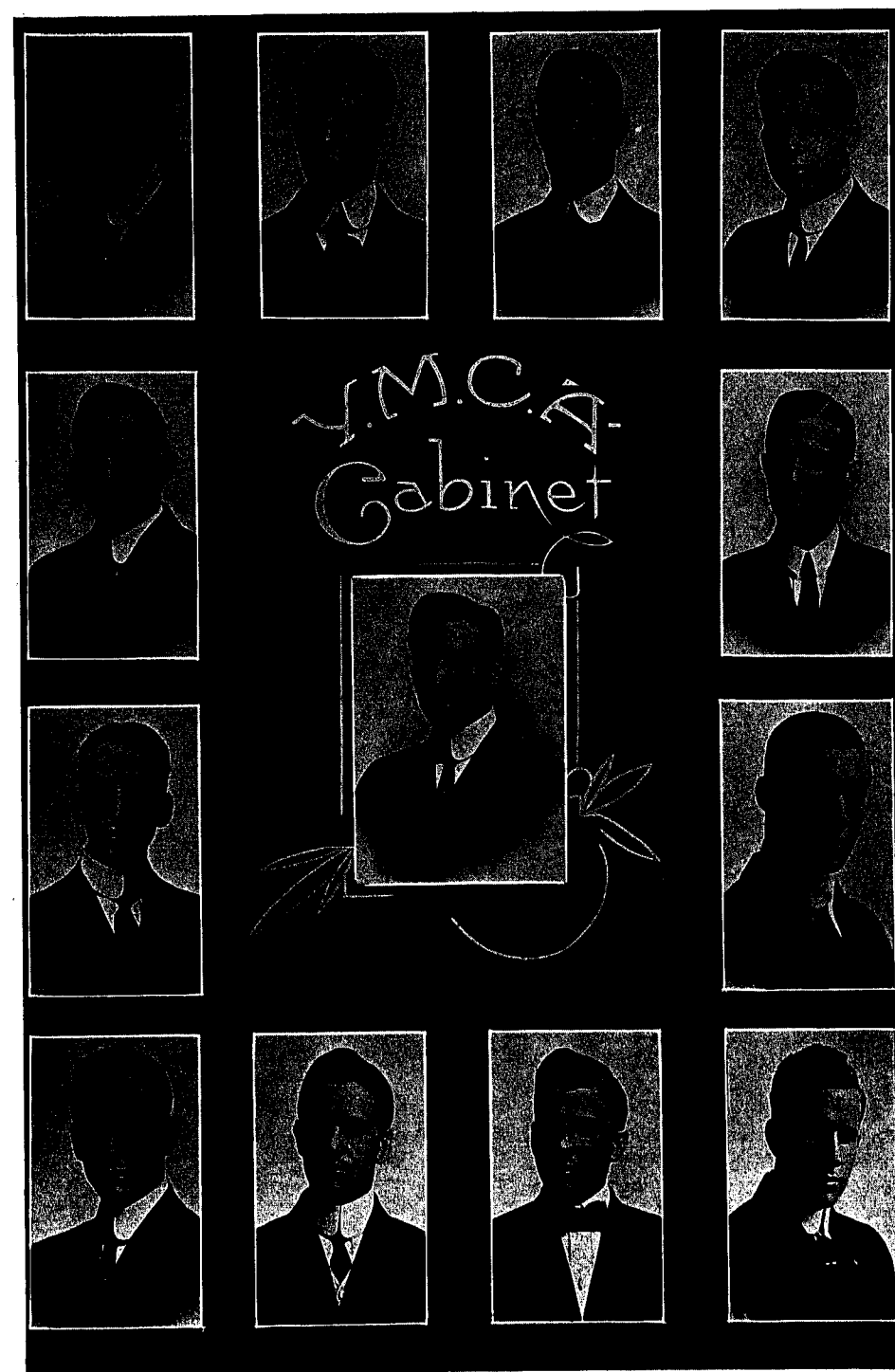
Y. M. C. A.

The progress of the Young Men's Christian Association has during the past two years been enlarged and extended until the scope of its work is on a university scale and foremost among the colleges of Missouri.

The year has been one of continued progress in most of the lines of Y. M. C. A. activities. A full time secretary, Mr. H. J. Rounds, was secured in April of last year to succeed Mr. Kemper, and the school year closed with things well in hand. Three men went to Geneva.

The new school year started with the best of preparation and with well-defined policies for each committee. The extension committee sent out three gospel teams, with a result of about twenty-five decisions, and in addition has been of service to local country churches and Sunday Schools. Religious meetings have been held in chapel on the average of one every two weeks, on vital topics. The other committees have also made good showings. The membership has been about three hundred. A series of four evangelistic meetings were held in the college by Dr. Munro, of Kansas City, in February.

A very capable cabinet has been elected for the coming year, which promises to be one of history-making for the Association.



Glee Club

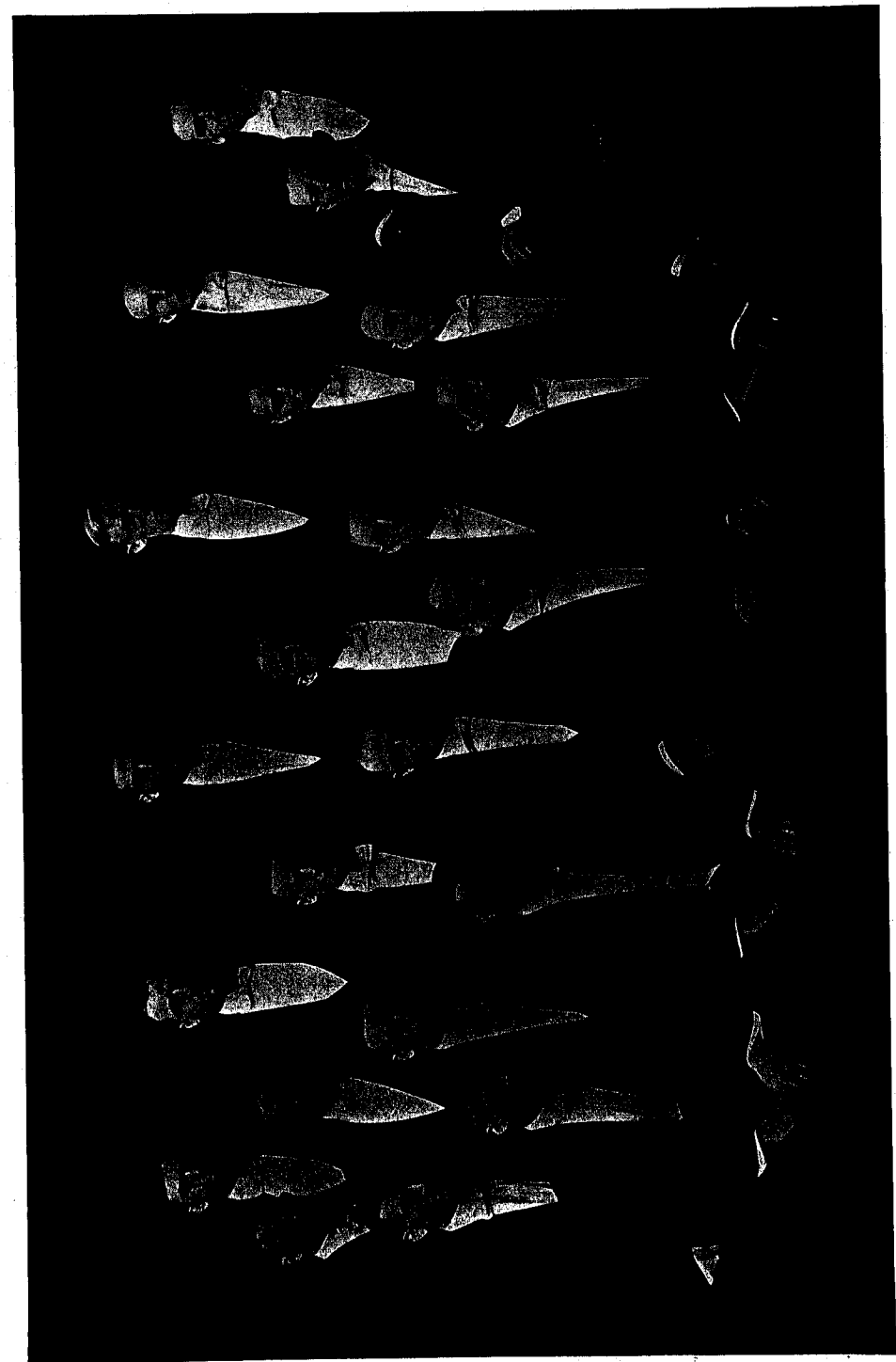
Under the Direction of Professor Dunwody.

OFFICERS.

E. G. WOOLF Manager
 H. C. VENABLE Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS.

| | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| First Tenor. | First Bass. |
| H. C. Venable | R. J. D. Waters |
| E. G. Woolf | W. C. Graves |
| | B. C. Wilson |
| | W. C. Crawford |
| Second Tenor. | Second Bass. |
| G. C. Wilson | Leslie Roberts |
| S. M. Brown | E. F. McClain |
| M. H. Overlees | Frank Rose |
| C. L. McKinney | A. B. Merritt |
| L. K. Barbee | W. J. Chase |



GLEE CLUB.

The 1913 Tatlex

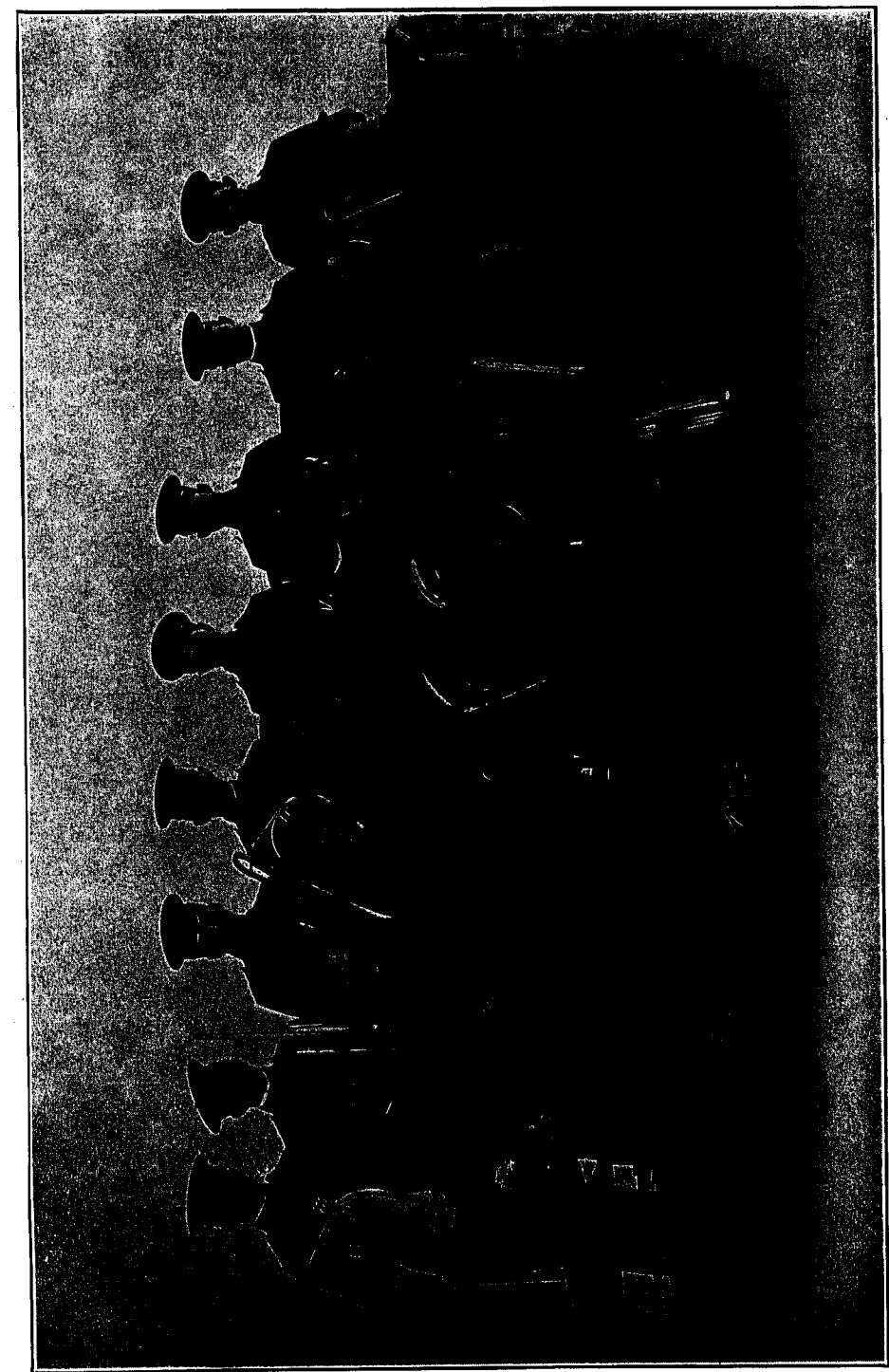
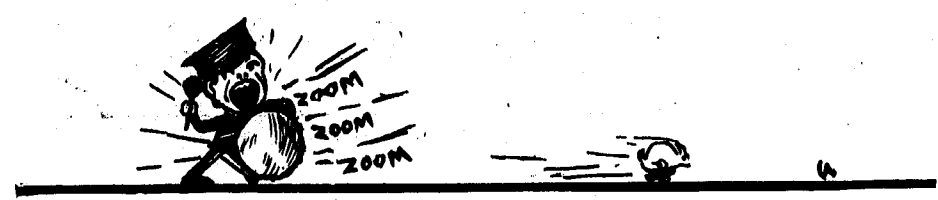
William Jewell Band

OFFICERS.

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------|
| W. A. HILL | Director |
| F. H. ROSE | Manager |
| A. Q. BURNS | Treasurer |

INSTRUMENTATION

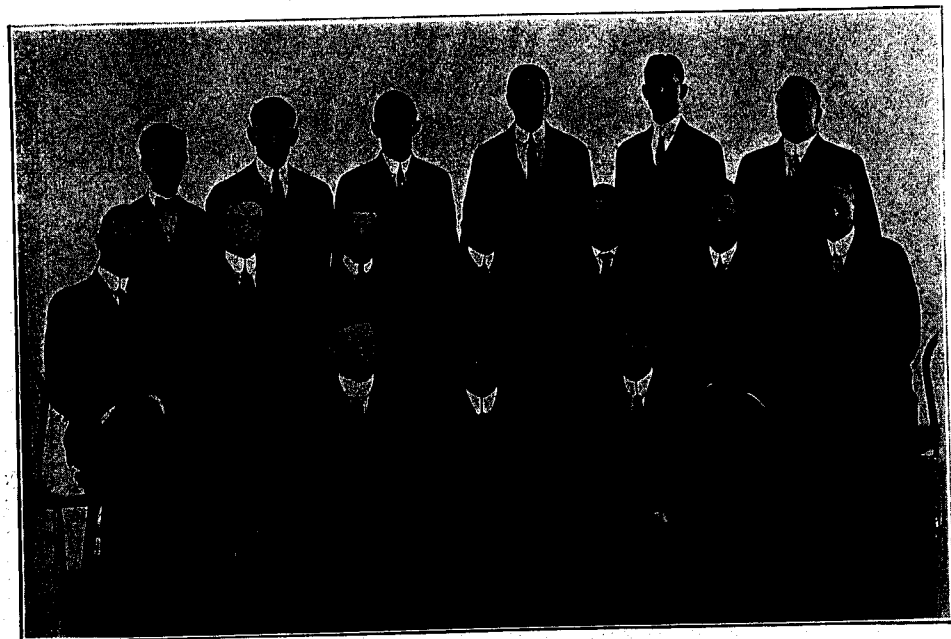
| | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Solo Cornets | W. A. Hill, F. H. Rose, A. Q. Burns |
| First Cornet | J. O. Martin |
| Second Cornet | Archie Groff |
| Solo Clarinet | J. P. Payne |
| First Clarinet | Walter Bussell |
| Second Clarinet | L. C. Robinson |
| Solo Horn | Vergil Newport |
| First Horn | Glen Corum |
| Second Horn | W. V. Gaines |
| First Trombone | A. H. Riley |
| Second Trombone | O. E. Cavin |
| Third Trombone | L. C. Pinkerton |
| First Tuba | W. J. Chase |
| Second Tuba | N. W. Tucker |
| Euphonium | W. H. Lawrence |
| Bass Drum | C. E. Thompson |
| Snare Drum | James Oster |



WILLIAM JEWELL BAND

The 1913 Tatlex

The Student Volunteer Band

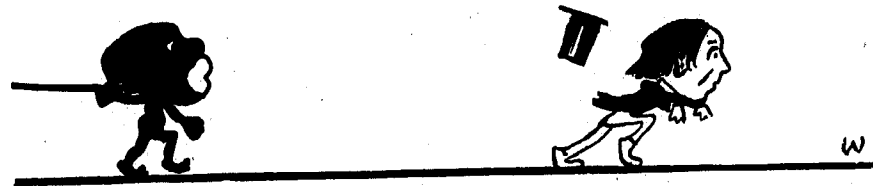


OFFICERS.

| | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| FRANK H. CONNELLY | President |
| WM. EARL DAVIDSON | Vice-President |
| LAIRD T. HITES | Sec'y-Treas. |
| DR. E. C. GRIFFITH | Faculty Adviser |
| CECIL F. DAWSON | Extension Committee |

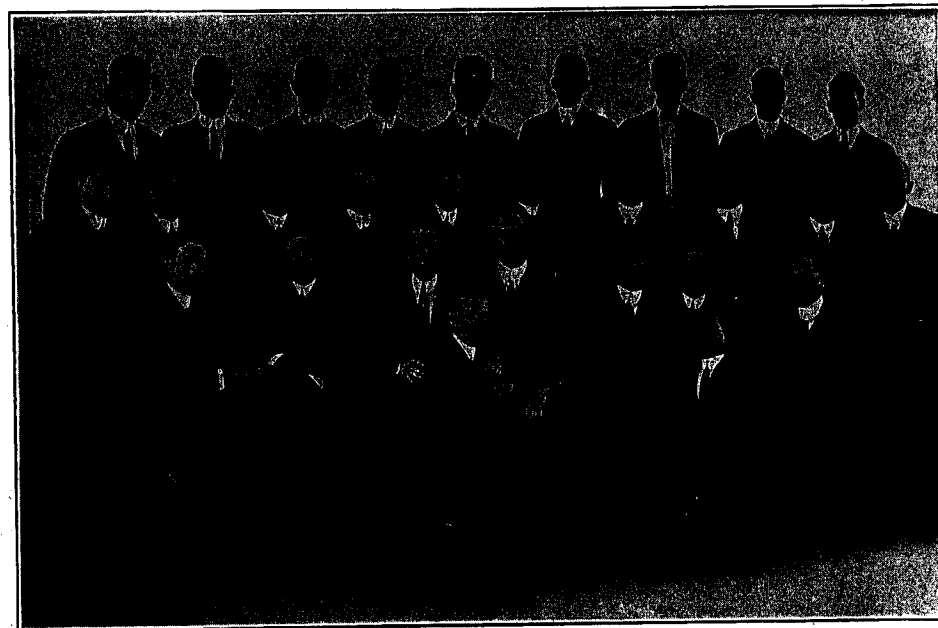
The Student Volunteer Band consists of about twenty-two young men who have volunteered to go to the Foreign Fields as preachers, teachers, and doctor, and are now preparing themselves for this work.

William Jewell is responding to the great cry of the Foreign Fields by offering some of her strongest men for this great task.



The 1913 Tatlex

Der Deutsche Klub



OFFICERS

| | |
|-----------------|-------------------------|
| NELSON W. RIDER | President |
| CECIL MARTIN | Vice-President |
| A. R. YOUNG | Secretary and Treasurer |

MEMBERS.

Students who have completed German I. and German II.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

Professor W. D. Baskett Professor M. F. Martini

MOTTO

Wie heisst das auf Deutsch?

YELL.

Strosach, zwiebel, pretzels, schmeercase,
Aus-bei-mit-nach-zeit-von-zu:
Ach Yah
Deutsch Klub.



The 1913 Tatlex

Kentucky Club

Oldest State Club in William Jewell.

COLORS.

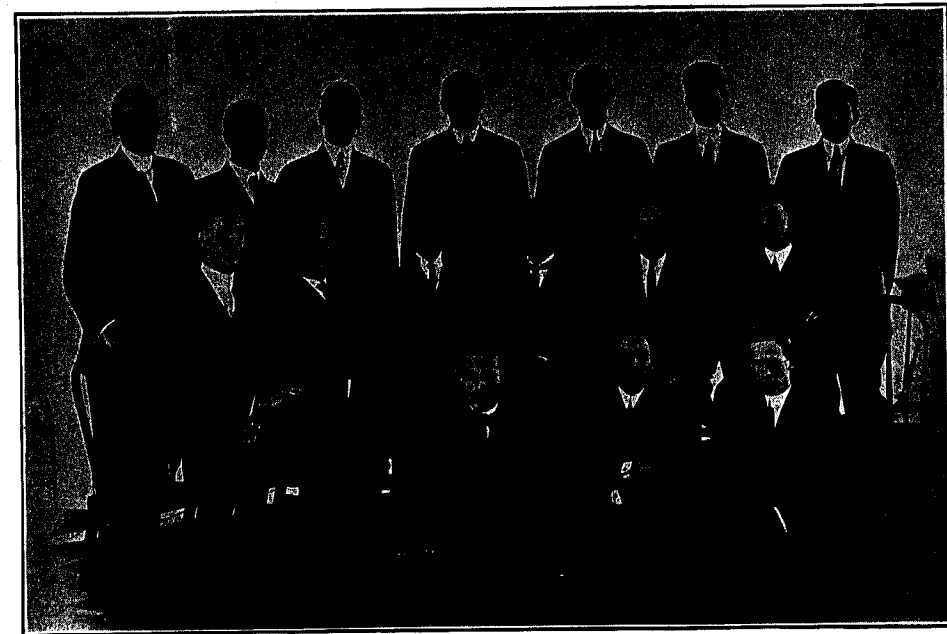
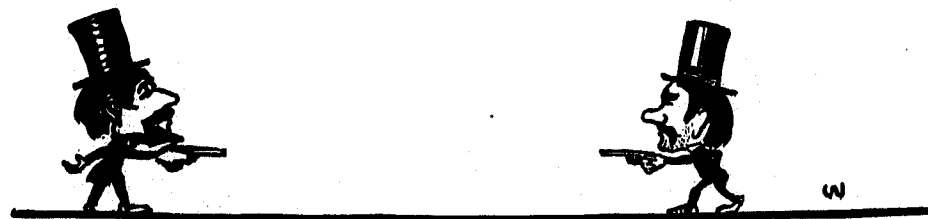
Red and Blue.

OFFICERS.

| | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| DR. J. P. FRUIT | Colonel |
| M. E. BRATCHER | Lieutenant Colonel |
| J. E. BELL | Captain |
| HAL HEAD | Major |
| JOEL BRUNER | Sergeant |

MEMBERS.

| | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Dr. J. P. Fruit | W. L. Derringer |
| Dr. J. E. Cook | J. N. Ford |
| J. E. Bruner | Hal Head |
| M. E. Bratcher | B. F. Kennedy |
| H. B. Bruner | W. J. Matherly |
| W. Bruner | C. N. Neafus |
| J. E. Bell | M. Shively |
| T. C. Brammer | C. R. Scarbrough |
| C. Collins | T. A. Wallace |



KENTUCKY CLUB.

The 1913 Tatlex

Ye Sons of Rest

Founded at University of Eden, 7000 B. C.



OBJECT.

To encourage and promote the invention and use of labor-saving and time-killing devices in the student life of the college.

ROLL.

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| "Stoode" Moorman, '13 | "Chubby" Payne, '13 |
| "Hubbie" Satterfield, '13 | "Si" Pitts, '14 |
| "Percy" Pollard, '13 | "Ducky" Wilson, '14 |
| "Blustie" Beaver, '13 | "Brick" Carbaugh, '15 |
| "Pork" Singleton, '14 | "Dolly" Tatum, '15 |
| "Empty" Harl, '14 | "Shifty" Graves, '15 |
| "Dutch" Neuhauser, '14 | "Shotgun" Leedy, '15 |
| "Hank" Schaeffer, '14 | "Kick" Overlees, '16 |

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

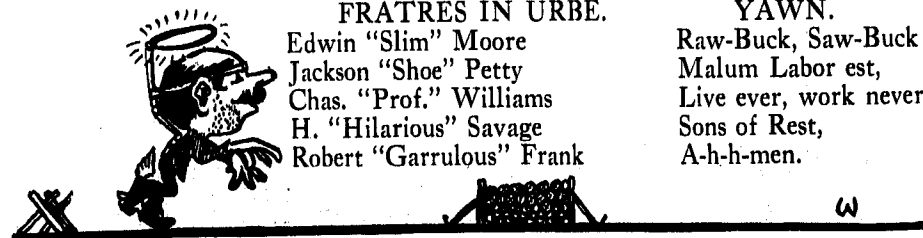
"Foxy Granddaddy" Fruit.

FRATRES IN URBE.

Edwin "Slim" Moore
 Jackson "Shoe" Petty
 Chas. "Prof." Williams
 H. "Hilarious" Savage
 Robert "Garrulous" Frank

YAWN.

Raw-Buck, Saw-Buck
 Malum Labor est,
 Live ever, work never,
 Sons of Rest,
 A-h-h-men.



The 1913 Tatlex

The Hobo Club

Total mileage 30,007 miles.

QUALIFICATIONS.

Must have hoboed 500 miles to athletic events and have the ability to get something for nothing.



MOTTO.

Watch the Bull.

COLORS.

Red or Green.

OFFICERS.

| | |
|----------------|----------|
| "HANK" HANKINS | Chief Bo |
| "TOAD" BOYER | Chaplain |

ROLL CALL.

| | | | |
|-------------------|------------------|----------------|-----------------|
| "Dutch" Neuhauser | "Baz" Bagby | "Baby" Filler | "Jennie" Hammen |
| "Sy" Pitts | "Empty" Harl | "Hank" Hankins | "Kid" Cavin |
| "Chuck" Venable | "Toad" Boyer | "Walt" Holmes | "Sleepy" Gross |
| "Indian" Bell | "Memphis" Graves | "Bat" Watkins | "Lefty" Shelton |
| | "Jeff" Jeffries | | |

IN ABSENTIA.

Pitts
 Bell
 Holmes

APPRENTICES.

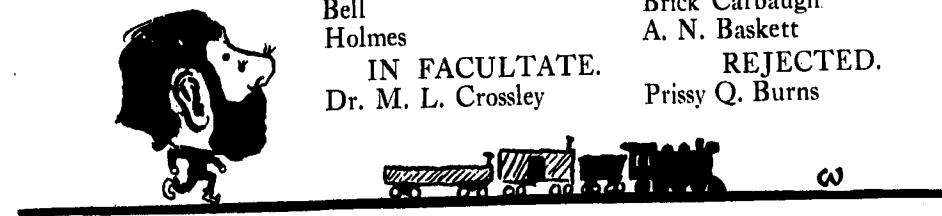
Shy Campbell
 Brick Carbaugh
 A. N. Baskett

IN FACULTATE.

Dr. M. L. Crossley

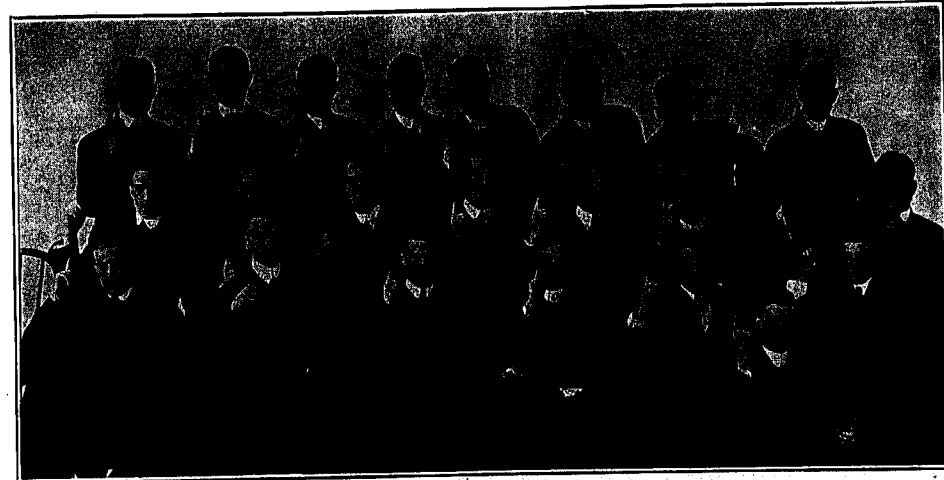
REJECTED.

Prissy Q. Burns



The 1913 Tatlex

Fle Club



Ludwick Graves

Chief Fle

MOTTO.

Friendship, Love and Economy.

MEMBERS.

In Good Standing.

Ralph Brandom
W. B. Yancey
R. M. Mitchell
T. A. Harvey
M. T. Harl

Lesley Roberts
Roscoe Couch
Lawson Laprelle
Milo Overlees
J. C. Clark
C. C. Cassingham

S. Y. Pitts
Ludwick Graves
W. E. Merritt
B. A. Singleton
R. E. Lewis
B. C. Wilson

V. E. Tatum
Foster McHenry
Clyde Crawford
Claude Sims
Dawson Trimble

In Bad Standing.

J. M. Tatum

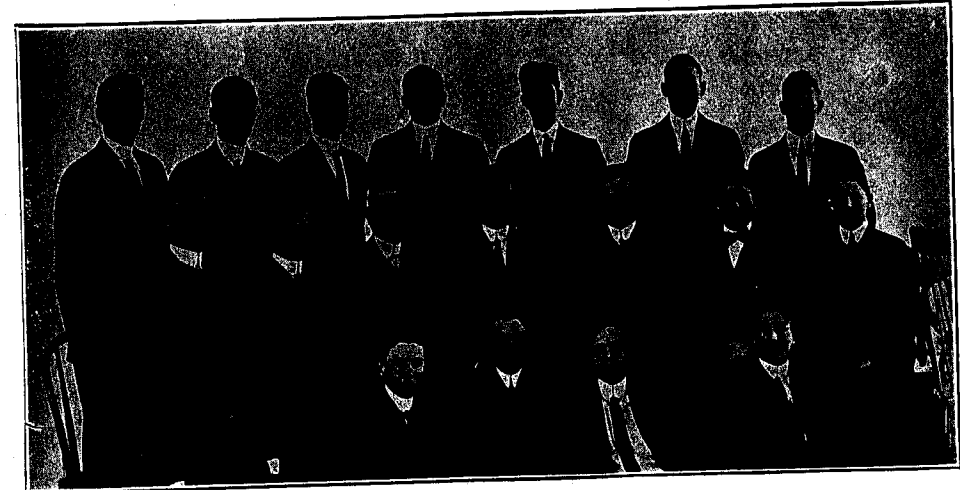
Nelson W. Rider



3

The 1913 Tatlex

Oklahoma Club



OFFICERS.

J. H. POLLARD President
I. C. WOLFE Sec'y and Treas.
H. C. VENABLE Yell Leader



3




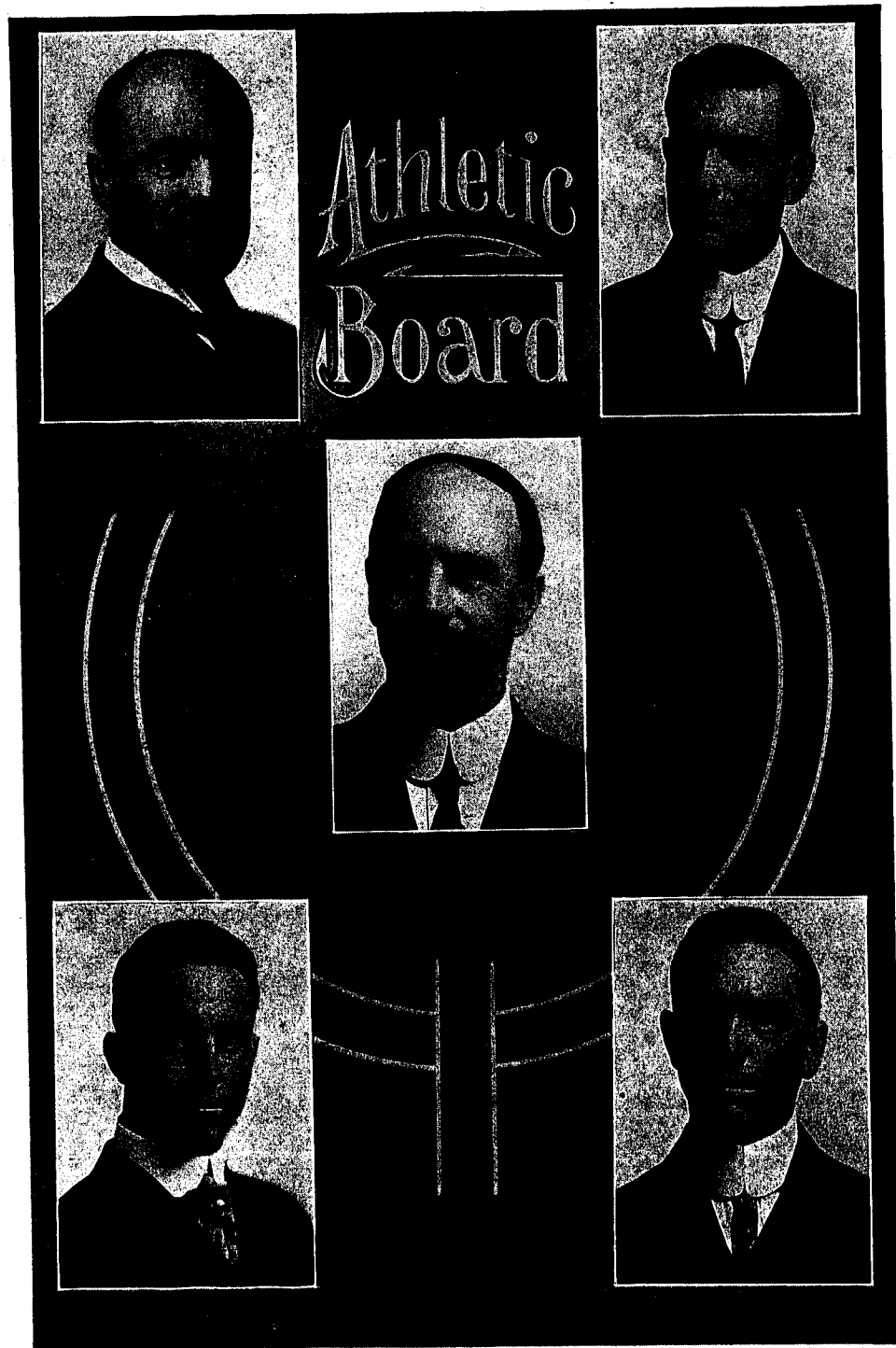
STUDENT'S
CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION

The Profit-sharing Book Store with a Capital of
\$3000, owned and run by the Students thru
this Board



ATHLETICS



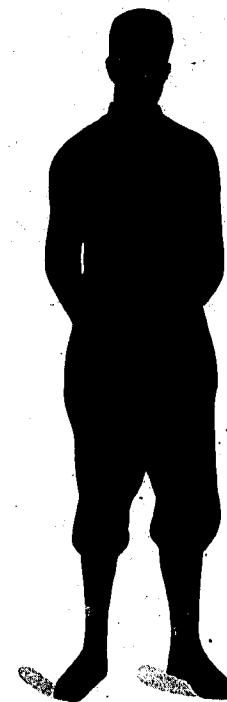


The 1913 Tatley

FOOT BALL



RALPH BRANDOM, L. E.,
Captain.



JOHN BRIGHT, R. G.,
Captain Elect.

SCHEDULE—1912.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----------------|
| Jewell 17 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Ottawa 0 |
| Jewell 19 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Central 13 |
| Jewell 0 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Washburn 7 |
| Jewell 14 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Baker 7 |
| Jewell 11 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Westminster 0 |
| Jewell 0 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Warrensburg 29 |
| Jewell 33 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Mo. Wesleyan 0 |
| Jewell 3 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Drury 21 |
| Jewell 96 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Opponents 77 |



FOOT BALL

Foot Ball Season 1912

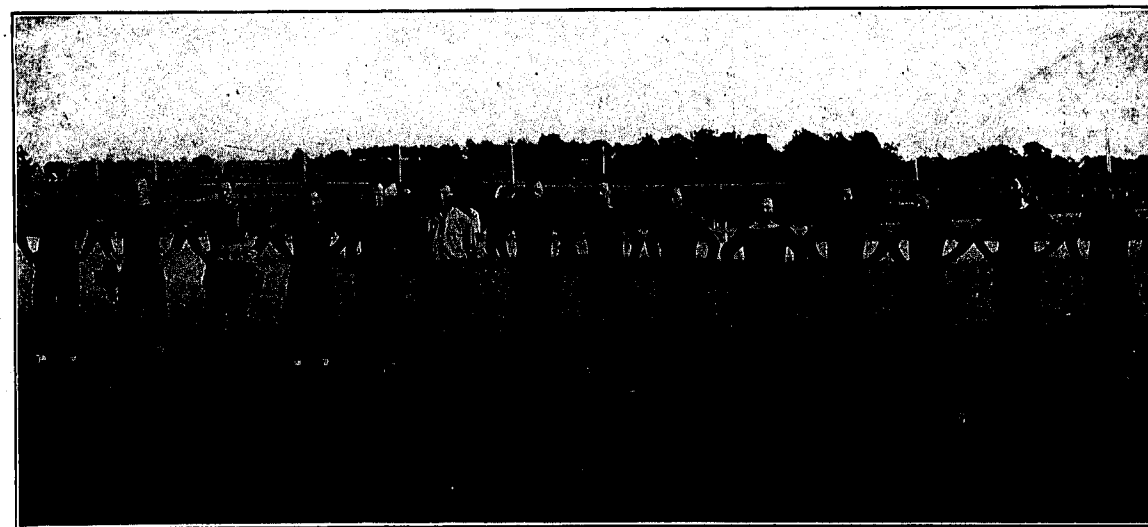
The prospects for a state championship team looked mighty good when practice started last Fall. About seven men returned from the preceding year, and there was a husky bunch of new men trying out.

But Fate with that much dreaded weapon, "an off-day" intervened, and William Jewell lost the Championship of Missouri to Warrensburg in a game in which our team played poorer football than in any other game of the season.

However, we had a strong well balanced team, that made a good record, winning five out of eight games. Moreover, we landed three men on the All-Missouri Eleven. They are Moorman, Bagby and Bright; and Moorman our big center, was accorded the honor



R. E. BOWLES,
Athletic Director.



SQUAD

of being chosen as center on the All Missouri Valley Team.

The one weakness of the team lay in its inability to get away with forward passes and to break up passes while on defense.

The backfield was exceptionally strong in offense, with Bagby being the best ground gainer, although the others forced him to his best to beat them.

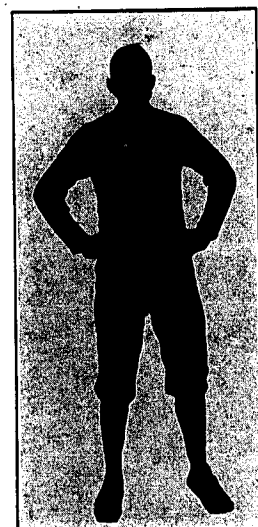
In defense, we had a line that frequently held our opponents for downs on the one-yard line. Moorman played better than ever; Bright played a great game at right guard; and Rhoades and Ben Singleton were strong in the position of left guard and right tackle respectively. Captain Brandon played at left end and made that end a dangerous one for the opposing teams.

Spring practice started last April and we are going to do big things next year.

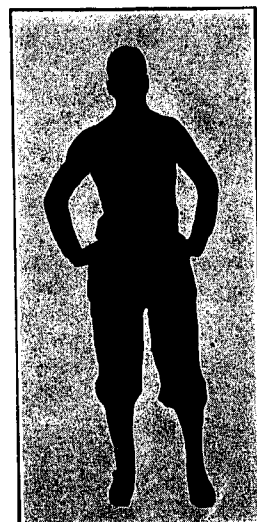


P. ROBERTS,
Coach.

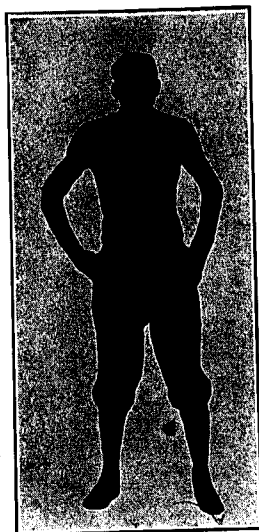
The 1913 Tatlex



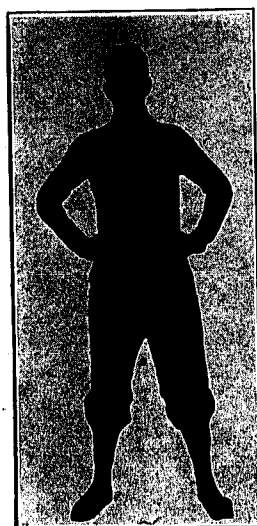
"STU—D" MOORMAN, C.,
All Mo. Valley Center.



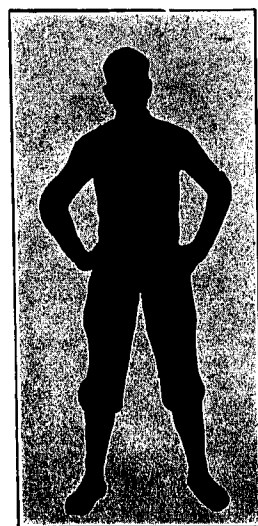
"BAZ" BAGBY,
Right Half.



"KICK" OVERLEES,
Quarterback.



"PORK" SINGLETON,
Right Tackle.



"CHET" MAGILL,
Left Half.



"WALT" HOLMES,
Full Back.

The 1913 Tatlex



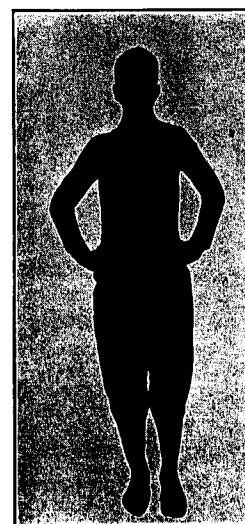
"INDIAN" BELL,
Left End.



"DRIP" BARBEE,
Left Tackle.



"CEC" MARTIN,
Left Half.



"BIG" RHOADES,
Left Guard.



"POT" SINGLETON,
Left End.



"LES" ROBERTS,
Full Back.

The 1913 Tatlex

Freshman Football Team

Winners of Annual Soph-Fresh Game.



LINEUP.

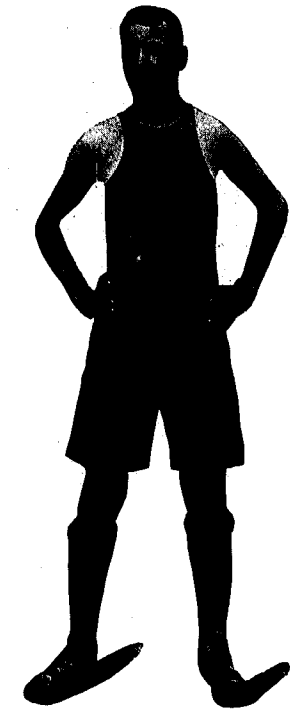
| | |
|----------------|--------------|
| A. L. Lantz | Right End |
| R. E. Ewing | Right Tackle |
| V. Newport | Right Guard |
| Ed. McLain | Center |
| R. J. Files | Left Guard |
| L. K. Barbee | Left Tackle |
| M. H. Overlees | Left End |
| P. H. Crafton | Right Half |
| B. L. Roberts | Full Back |
| R. W. Bell | Left Half |
| C. D. Brandom | Quarter |

The 1913 Tatlex

BASKET BALL



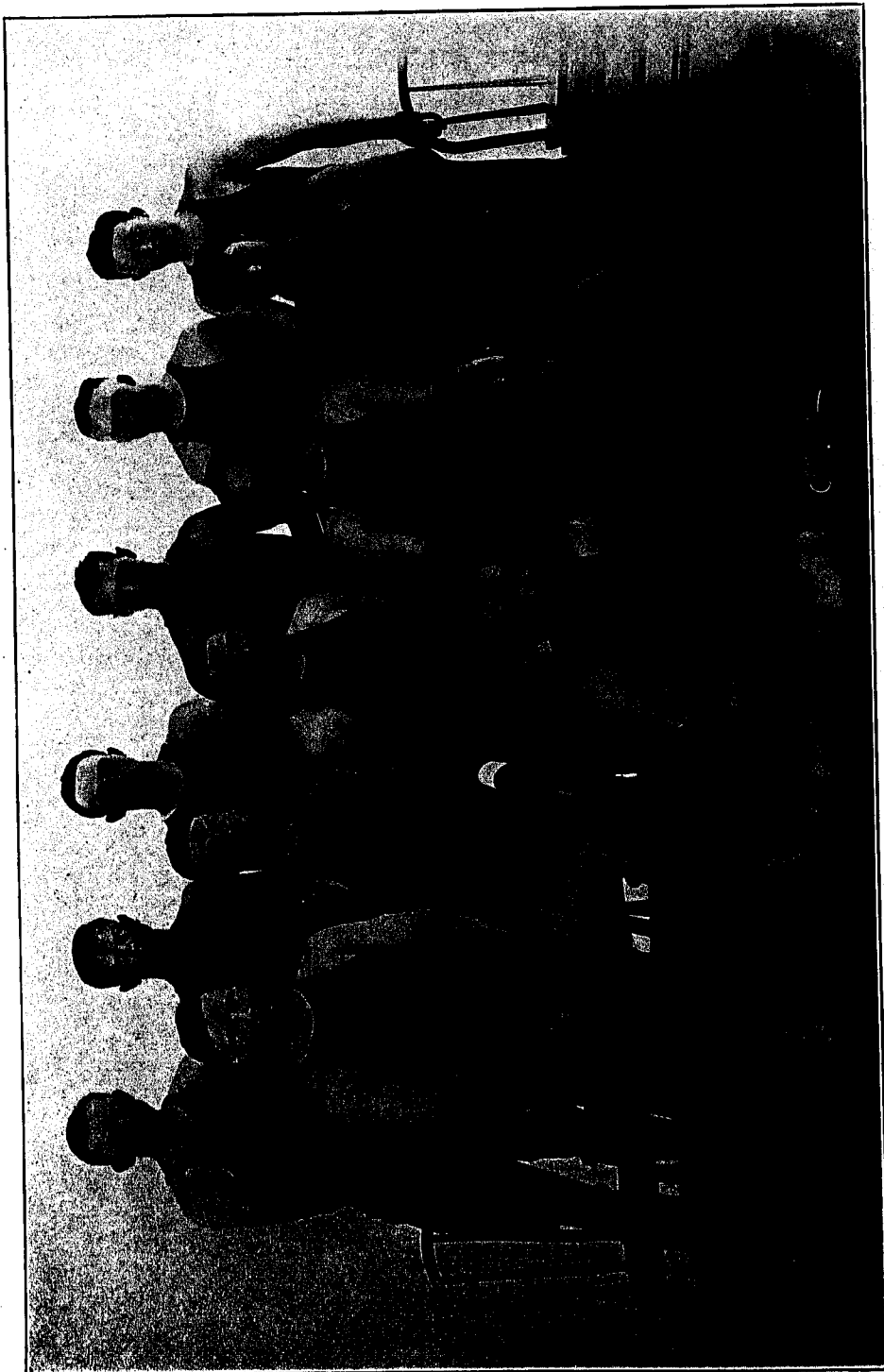
HENRY MOORMAN,
Captain.



CECIL MARTIN,
Captain Elect.

SCHEDULE 1912-1913.

| | |
|------------|--------------------|
| Jewell 48 | Campbell College 9 |
| Jewell 21 | Drury 15 |
| Jewell 19 | Tarkio 23 |
| Jewell 25 | Mo. Wesleyan 23 |
| Jewell 48 | Central 20 |
| Jewell 34 | Mo. Wesleyan 13 |
| Jewell 26 | Bethany 24 |
| Jewell 19 | Central 23 |
| Jewell 23 | Central 22 |
| Jewell 20 | Mo. University 30 |
| Jewell 15 | Tarkio 13 |
| Jewell 19 | Kansas Univ. 47 |
| Jewell 317 | Opponents 262 |



JEFFRIES, BRIGHT, RHOADES, MARTIN, GODFRIAUX, CARBAUGH,
ROBERTS, McCLAIN, MOORMAN, HOOD, MERRITT,
BOYER, BELL.

The 1913 Totley

Season 1912-13

Whether basket-ball shall remain the leading sport in William Jewell will depend upon the building of a new gymnasium or the widening of the present one. One who has not played, can not realize the handicap of the Jewell players on a foreign court. For material the team was as strong as any former one; but because of the narrowness of the court, team work was practically impossible. With this great handicap the team succeeded in winning seven out of eleven games, and two of those lost were won by the Universities of Kansas and Missouri.

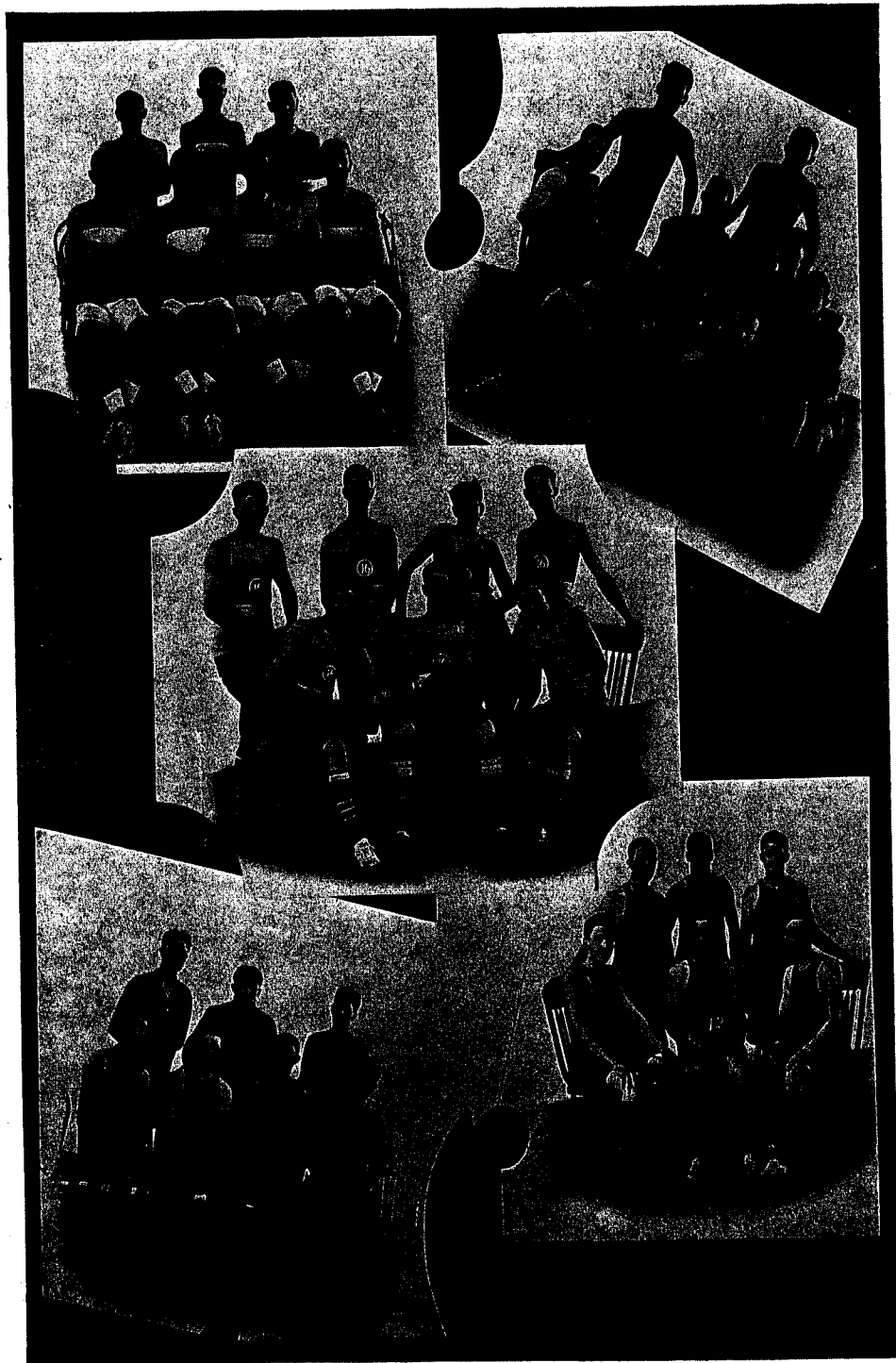
Of the men that played this year, "Big" Rhoades finished his fourth and last year for Jewell. He was fast to cover the court, an accurate passer, and his ability to break up plays has given him a place on the All-Missouri team for the last two years. The other guard position was taken care of by "Jawn" Bright. This was his first year on the team but he played like a veteran. At forward, "Cec" Martin led the scoring, caging twelve baskets in one game. "Brick" Carbaugh was a close second in field baskets, and was very speedy. Too much credit could not be given Jeffries, the southpaw forward. Jeff did not cage so many goals as his colleagues, but his ability to follow the ball and his unselfish passing gave them many easy goals.

Moorman (Captain) played his second and last year for Jewell. In the two years, he played every minute of every game except one. In the last year he led his teammates in scoring, having annexed 76 points to his opponents 42.

With the loss of but two men from the squad and with the widening of the present gymnasium, the 1913-14 team can not but be a championship one.



FACULTY BASKET-BALL.



CLASS LEAGUE TEAMS.

The 1913 Tatlex

BASEBALL



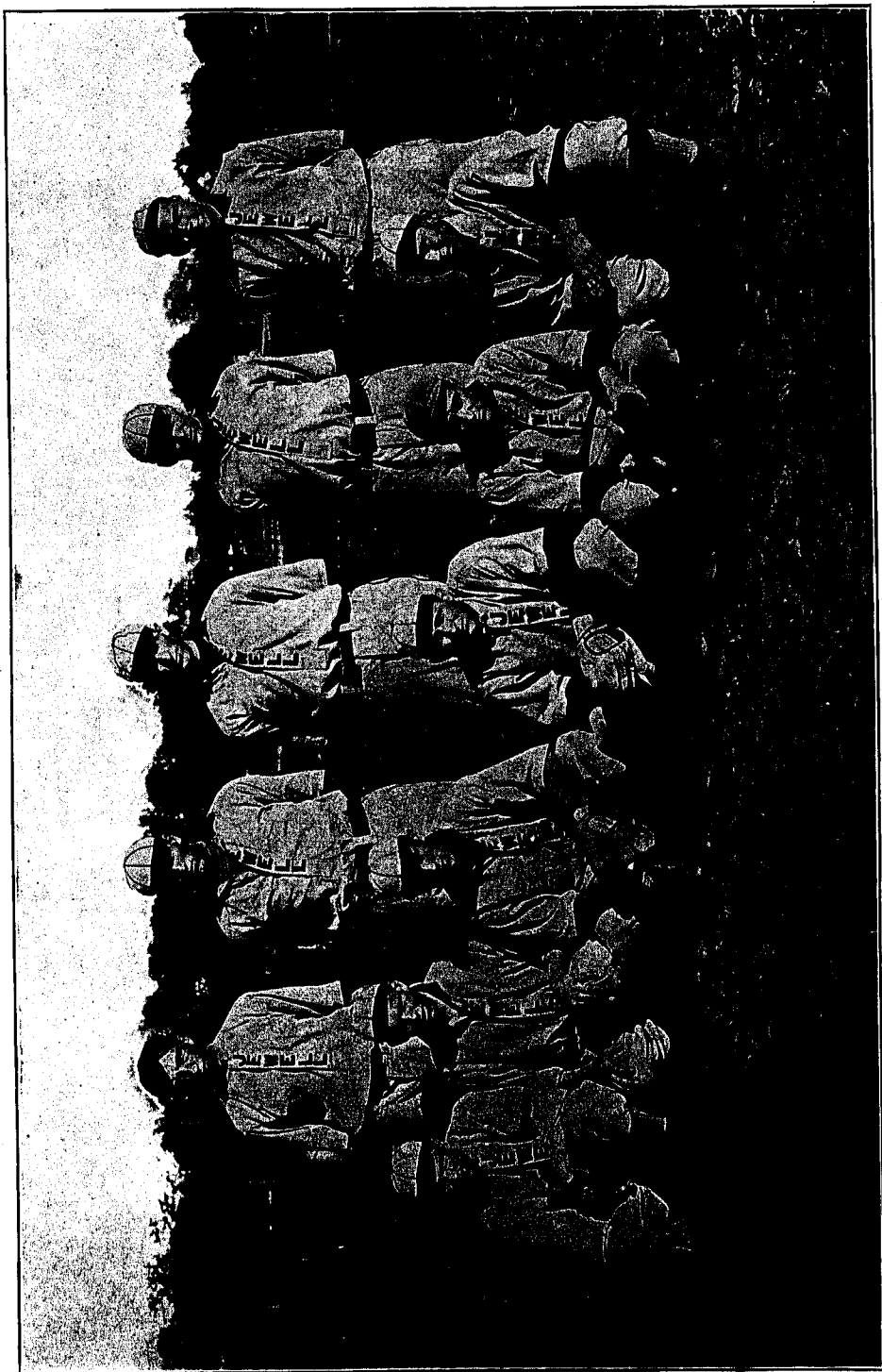
HENRY GODFRIAUX,
Captain '12.



"BAZ" BAGBY,
Captain '13.

SCHEDULE '12.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|--------|--------------|----|
| Jewell 11 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Mo. Wesleyan | 0 |
| Jewell 0 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Baker | 0 |
| Jewell 17 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Mo. Valley | 5 |
| Jewell 5 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Mo. Valley | 1 |
| Jewell 1 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Kemper | 3 |
| Jewell 10 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Central | 4 |
| Jewell 2 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Westminster | 14 |
| Jewell 14 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Warrensburg | 5 |
| Jewell 6 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Westminster | 4 |
| Jewell 9 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Baker | 4 |
| Jewell 22 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Mo. Wesleyan | 4 |
| Jewell 4 | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Kansas Univ. | 6 |
| Jewell 95 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | Totals | Opponents | 50 |



BOYER, SANDERS, BOWLES, GODFRIAUX, BAGBY,
LANTZ, JEFFRIES, STEMMONS, BABB, WHITE, LATHIM.

Just Baseball

On April 1st Old Sol "sneaking one over" on Father Time by hanging high in the heavens later than usual—looked down, with a face on which were clustered small bunches of smiles here and there, on the baseball grounds at "Billy Jewell". Coach "Father Bowles" and "Cap'n Sacs" Bagby stalked leisurely into the "bunt and run" arena—followed by numerous "jugglers of the horse-hide" of all sizes—clothed in "rags" ranging in color from sky-blue-pink to a mud-puppy-dun. The old field had the epidermis peeled clean off her face and a "stop-you-lantern-jawed-pedestrian" sign marked the four corners.

When, at last, most of the prespiring lads were lolling about, puffing like a sick engine, from having chased the pill several times around the endless track, Father Bowles called the young aspirants to his parental knee thusly:—"Nibs, let's see what you got on the old pill today; Juneberry, get into that cage and snap at the writhers and angry-ones; Martin, go plant your flat-boats in the near vicinity of yonder initial sack; Toad, sojourn at the half-way house; God Fry Ox, hang out your shingle at short; Brick, open your lunch hooks to everything that comes around the third corner; Bagby, Jones and Harris, get out there in the garden and don't lose that pill in the sun even if you have to slap your mitt over Old Sol's Map of Ireland. Now the rest of you Bush Leaguers pepper up here and take a long healthy rake at the crooked ones dished out by yon rubber vender", all these were quoth by Father Bowles in "Basefull" voice. Quoth Tallyman, "Overlees at the slaughter, Roberts on the fence, Lantz in the Lock-up".

Overlees stalked to the platter, with the big stick, visibly expectant. The "pill" left the "rubber" and sailed homeward; "Kick" saw a vision and felt a sense of obligation, "sloughed" the pewee fat in the face for an innocent single". Roberts stirred up a good breeze by reaching for the wide ones and failing to connect. Lantz, with one "lamp" on the "slabbist" and the other "glued" on its mate, waited for a "ripe one." The "ping pong" left the artist's deceiving mitt and traveled like a runaway "Chalmers Six" toward "home and mother". You could roughly see the "bristles on the horse-hide, purring like a tickled feline", when sudden as a bolt of "lubricated blazes", Lantz met the "little one" half way and rolled it down the "third corner chalk line". Then he took his little drum and "beat it" to the initial "hesitation", but having a premonition not to linger, he started for Peg No. 2 while the third corner gent generously heaved wide and wild into the grandstand.

Such was the course of baseball events for about two hours, first one "grandstand" followed by one not so "grandstandish". But after several long days and refraining from the partaking of "sweets", etc., the "fly-chasers" boarded the "juice cart" for K. U. From all reports it seems that the Jewells put up a good fight but Kansas was "hep to their noise".

They are still "spiking old Mother Earth in the face" each afternoon and shocking the Profs by such "lingo" as:—"That a' boy—Slip over the dark 'un buddy—Swings like n'old barrel stave hammock—Eight behind you—Look at the nuptial attitude of the brazen-domed one on the corner lot". And then everybody's late to the "Grub Counter"—But Say—! wasn't that some "full-grown bingle" that old "Never-hit" got when the sacks were intoxicated?

The 1913 Tatlex



"SAM" BABB,
Right Field.



EARL BOWLES,
Pitcher.



"Hog" BOYER,
Catcher.

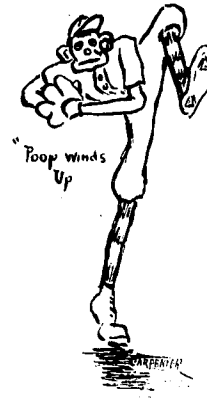


"BRICK" CARBAUGH,
Center Field.

The 1913 Tatlex



"POOP" LANTZ,
Pitcher.



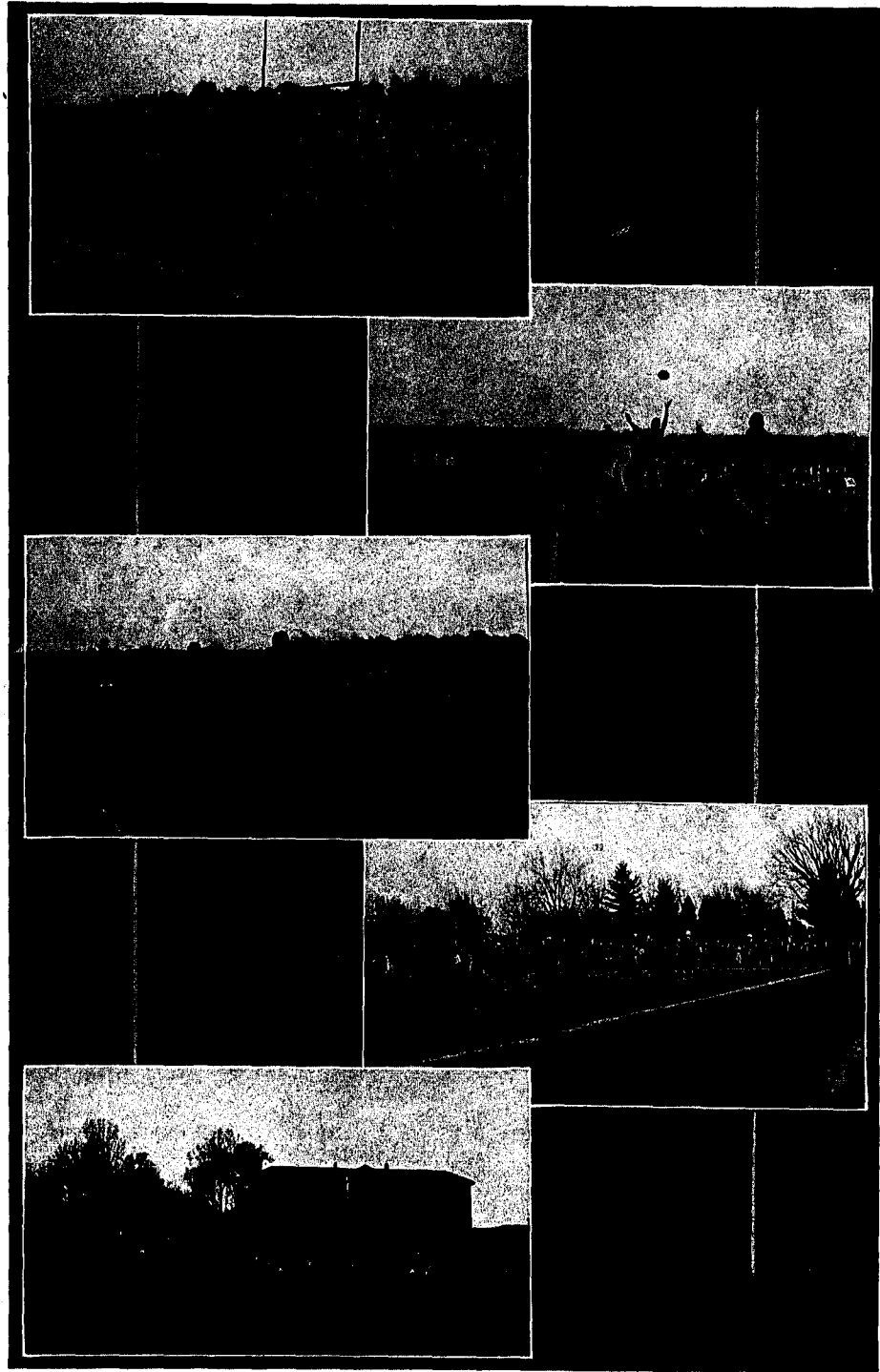
"BUTCH" SANDERS,
Second Base.



"IKE" STEMMONS,
Center Field.



"SWIGGER" WHITE,
Short Stop.



The 1913 Tattler

TATTLER



"BOB" HUNT,
Captain '12.



"INDIAN" BELL,
Captain '13.

SCHEDULE 1912.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------|
| At Liberty, Jewell 43 | Baker 61 |
| At Topeka, Kan., Jewell 34 | Washburn 70 |
| At Baldwin, Kan., Jewell 51 | Baker 58 |

STATE MEET AT KANSAS CITY, MO.

Jewell 53; Tarkio 35; Central 13; Westminster 9; Kirksville 5; and Drury 1.



McGEE, CAVIN, HUNT (Capt.), HOOD, BELL, MAGILL,
McHENRY, SIMS, BELL (Capt. Elect), JEFFRIES, LEWIS, ELLIOTT.

College Records

| | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| Shot Put | Martin '12 | 36 ft. 2 in. |
| High Jump | McConnell ex-'13 | 5 ft. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. |
| Standing Broad Jump | Custer '07 | 9 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. |
| Pole Vault | Jones '10 | 10 ft. 4 in. |
| 100-yard Dash | { Motley '09 | 10 $\frac{1}{8}$ sec. |
| | { Greene '10 | |
| 220-yard Dash | Burnham ex-'13 | 23 sec. |
| 440-yard Dash | Simmons ex-'11 | 51 sec. |
| 880-yard Run | Simmons, ex-'11 | 2 min. 12 $\frac{4}{5}$ sec. |
| One Mile Run | Boyer ex-'12 | 4 min. 57 sec. |
| Two Mile Run | Bell '16 | 10 min. 45 sec. |
| 120-yard Hurdles | Bell '16 | 16 sec. |
| 220-yard Hurdles | Martin '12 | 26 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec. |
| Discus Throw | Martin '09 | 114 ft. |
| | Bell '15 | |

STATE COLLEGE RECORDS.

| | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| 100-yard Dash | Lewis '16 | 10 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec. |
| 220-yard Dash | Lewis '16 | 24 sec. |
| 120-yard Hurdles | Cocke ex-'14 | 16 $\frac{3}{5}$ sec. |
| 220-yard Hurdles | Hunt '13 | 26 $\frac{4}{5}$ sec. |
| High Jump | Cadwell ex-'15 | 5 ft. 8 in. |
| Running Broad Jump | Martin '12 | 20 ft. |
| Discus | Bell '15 | 107 ft. 9 in. |
| Half Mile Relay | Martin | 1 min. 36 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec. |
| | { McHenry | 3 min. 36 sec. |
| | { Bowman | |
| | { Lewis | |
| Mile Relay | { Caldwell | |
| | { Elliott | |
| | { Cocke | |
| | { Hunt | |

The 1913 Tatlex



Track Season 1912-13

Jewell's track team was more than victorious in the State Meet, but did not do so well in the dual meets. The team was at a great disadvantage in the first two meets as they were with Baker University and Washburn so early in the season. Both these teams had the advantage of training during the winter months on a large indoor track. However, when Jewell met Baker at the last of the season the meet was very close, the relay, which was won by Baker, deciding the winner. In the State Meet Jewell took seven first, both relays and tied for one first.

The main point winners were Captain Hunt, Captain-elect Bell, Martin, Cocke, Lewis, W. F. Bell, and Cadwell. The other men who won their letters and did good work, especially in the State Meet, were Bowman, Elliott, McHenry, Jeffries and Miller. Captain Hunt lost but one out of four hurdle races, Cadwell held the same record in the high jump, W. F. Bell took the discuss in every meet, while Capt.-elect Bell broke even in the two-mile, with Lewis in the 100-yard dash and Martin in the shot put holding the same average.

It can be truly said that Jewell had by far the strongest team last Spring that she has ever had. And we feel sure that, with such a leader as Indian Bell we will have another State Championship Team this year.

The State Meet is to be held at Kirksville this year. We have lost several of the best men from last year's team, but there are some good men in the Freshman Class who are expected to fill the vacancies nicely.

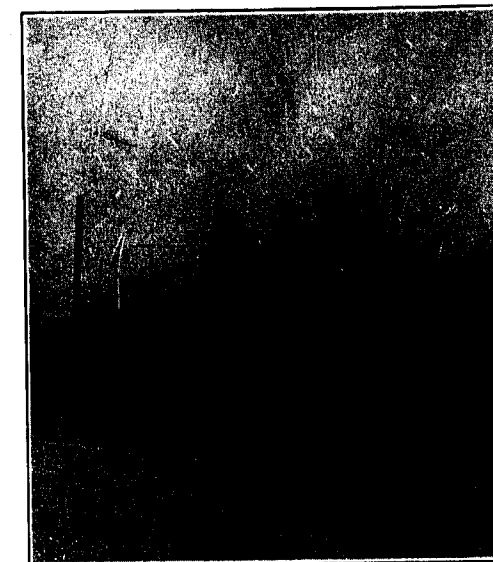
The 1913 Tatlex

TENNIS



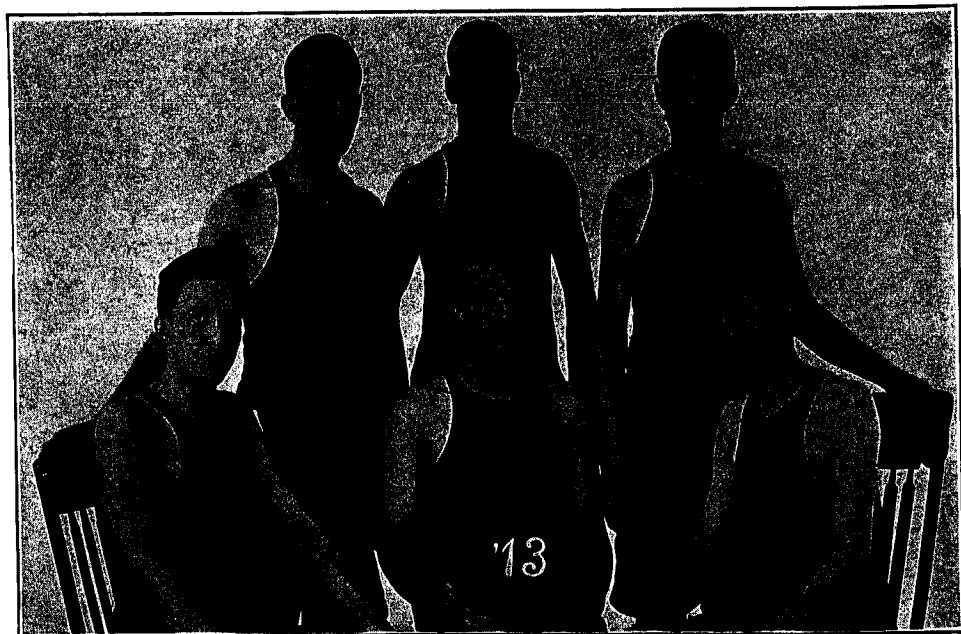
BAKER MEET AT LIBERTY.

| SCORES. | |
|---------------------|----------|
| At Baker, Baker 2 | Jewell 1 |
| At Liberty, Baker 1 | Jewell 2 |



RHOADES SERVES.

Senior Basketball Team
Class Champions



CONNELLY L.F., BAGBY C., HUNT R.G.,
BEAVER R.F., ARNOLD (Cap.) L.G., BRATCHER (Sub).

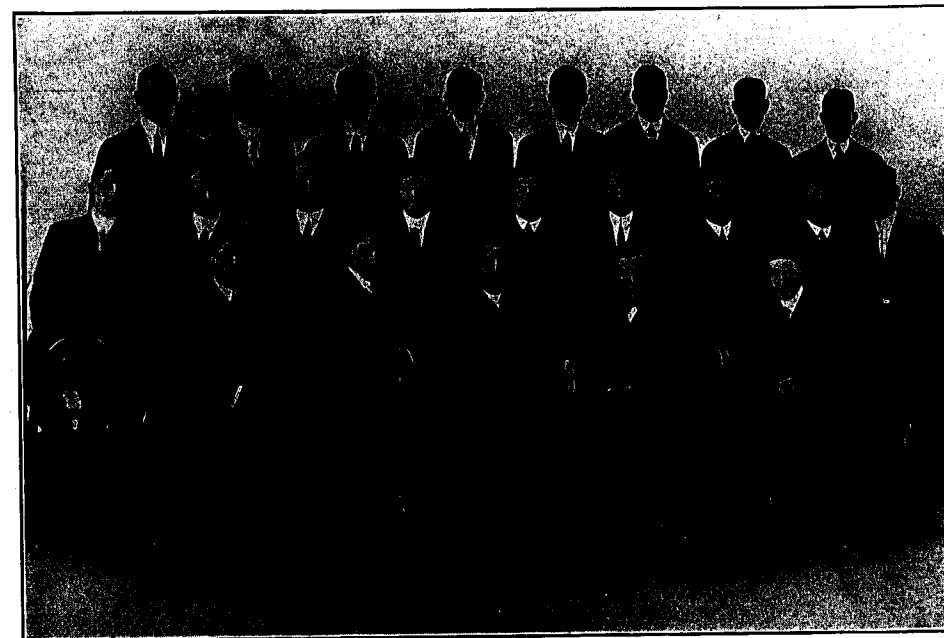
FINAL STANDING.

| | | | |
|-----------|---|---|------|
| Seniors | 5 | 1 | .834 |
| Sophs | 4 | 2 | .667 |
| Freshmen | 3 | 2 | .600 |
| Fourth Yr | 3 | 2 | .600 |
| Juniors | 0 | 4 | .000 |
| Acs | 0 | 4 | .000 |

SENIOR RECORD.

| | |
|--------------|---------------|
| Academy 10 | Class '13-15 |
| Fourth Acs 7 | Class '13-16 |
| Freshmen 10 | Class '13-8 |
| Sophs 11 | Class '13-15 |
| Juniors 8 | Class '13-32 |
| Sophs 19 | Class '13-24 |
| Opponents 65 | Class '13 110 |

Wearers of the "J"



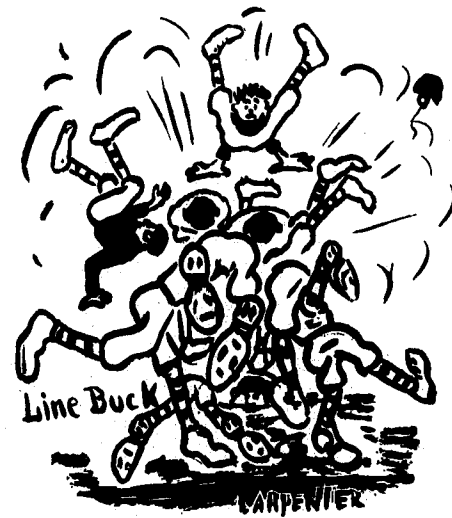
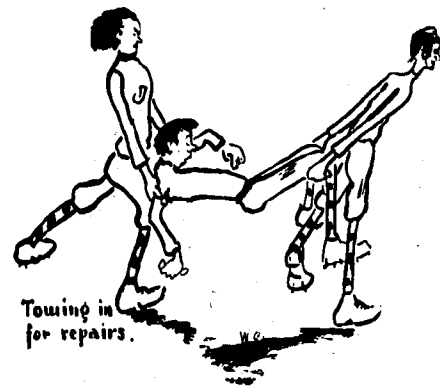
OFFICERS.

| | |
|--------------------|-----------|
| BENJAMIN SINGLETON | President |
| L. K. BARBEE | Treasurer |

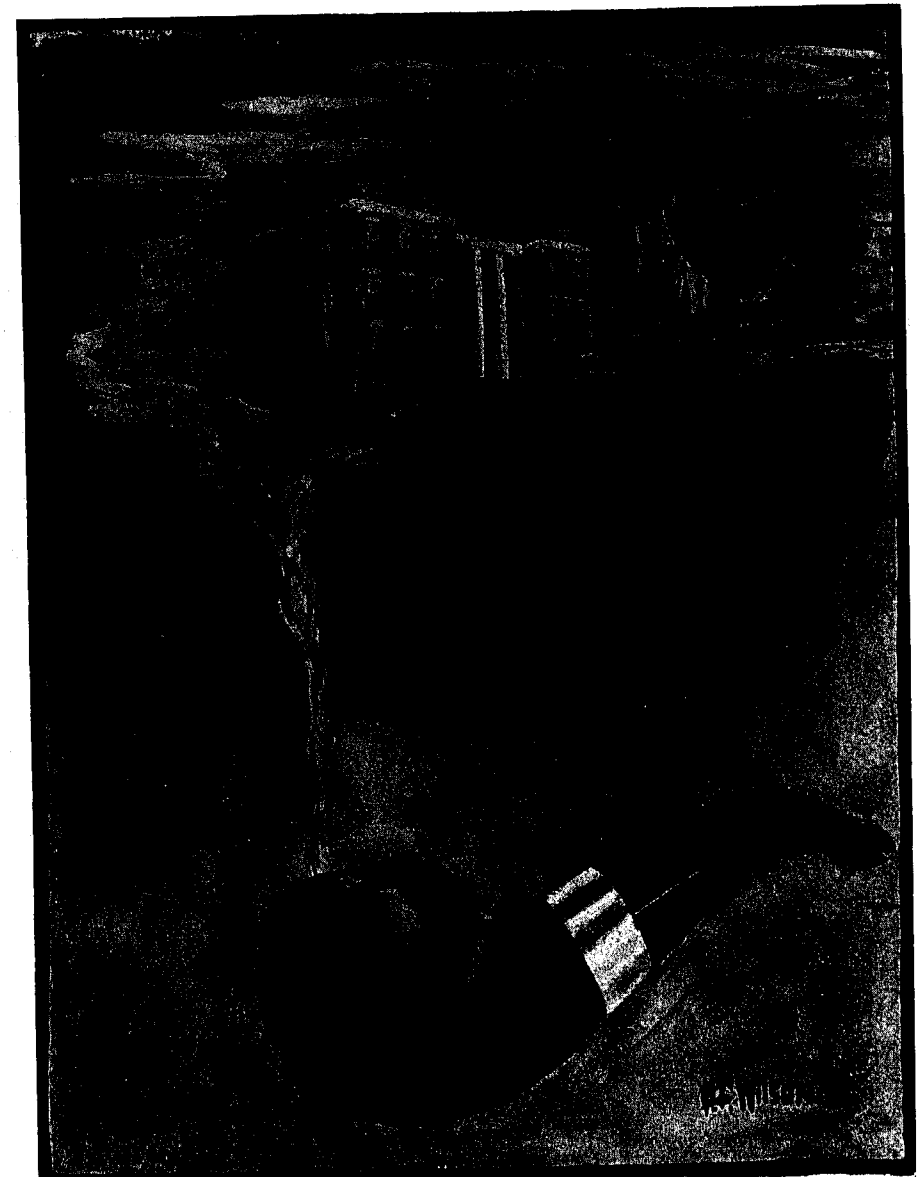
MEMBERS.

| | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| R. W. Bell | F. M. Bell |
| Grant McGee | J. H. Hughes |
| H. T. Beaver | J. K. Bright |
| M. Jeffries | B. A. Singleton |
| R. L. Hunt | Leslie Roberts |
| R. B. Bagby | F. B. McHenry |
| R. E. Lewis | M. H. Overlees |
| R. W. Brandom | J. H. Satterfield |
| J. D. Elliott | A. L. Lantz |
| Cecil Martin | G. C. Carbaugh |
| L. K. Barbee | B. C. Singleton |
| R. H. Moorman | |





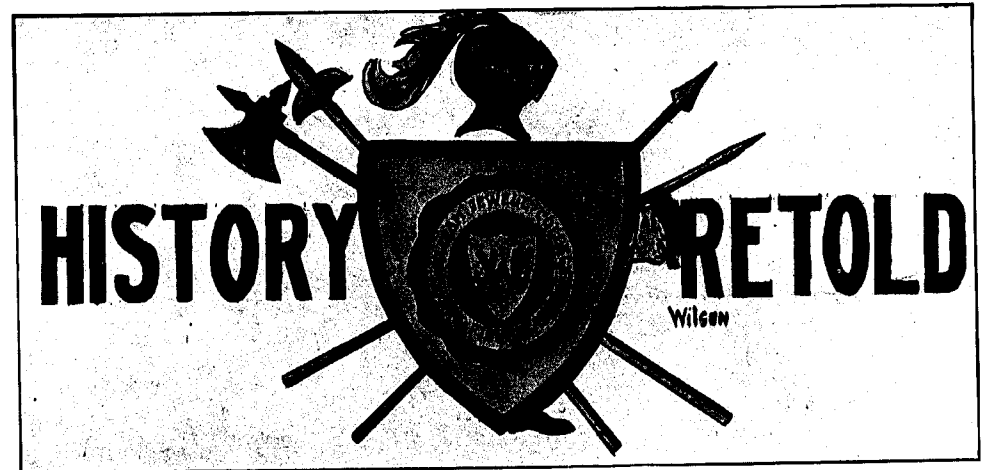
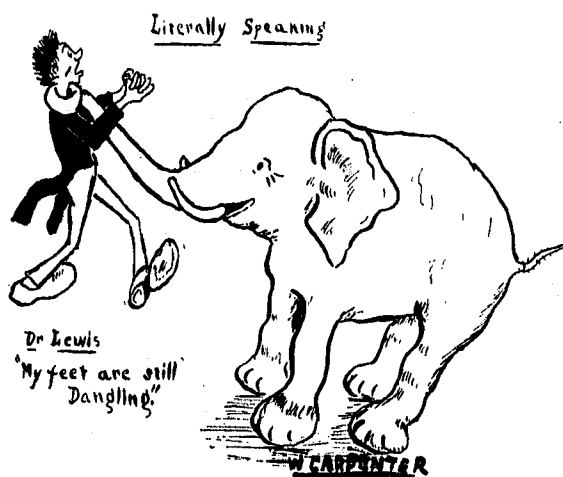
ON THE GRIDIRON



MILLEDULCIA

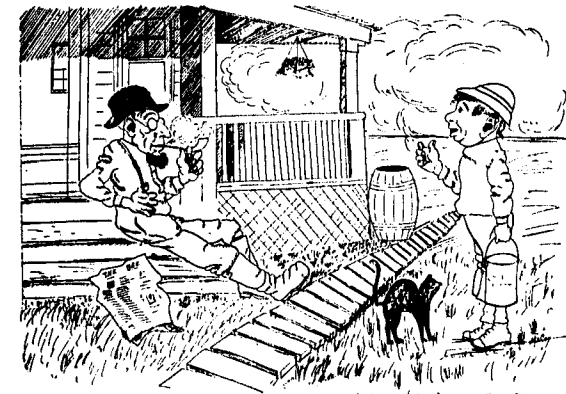
SEWELL-DILLS BY **TAD SYKES**

| | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|--|
| | | | | |
| | | | | |
| <p>The candidate had been duly blindfolded and his hands tied behind him. All was quiet save the chattering of his teeth. Someone was holding a skull near him and the goat was approaching when he piped up shrilly— IF I KNEW GREEN WOULD U KNOW THAT ALPHA NU BROWN? QUICK BALLY THE STETHOSCOPE</p> | <p>THE PROF HAD JUST ASKED FOR A DESCRIPTION OF THE VANISHING POINT ALL THE STUDENTS WERE HARD AT WORK. NOTHING WAS HEARD BUT THE SCRATCHING OF HEADS WHEN SOMEONE IN THE FRONT ROW HELD UP HIS HAND PROF IF THE UNITED STATES IS A COUNTRY IS AN EXAMINATION? CATCH HIM SENATE I SAW HIM NORTH OF 8th S</p> | <p>IT WAS THE NINTH INNING. THE SCORE WAS TIED TWO DOWN AND TY COBB AT THE BAT HE SLUGGED THE FIRST BALL CLEAR OVER THE CENTER FIELDS HEAD AND STARTED FOR FIRST JUST AS HE ROUNDED SECOND HE HOLLERED— IF THERE WAS A SCRAP OVER A DECISION WOULD THE PITCHERS BOX PUT HIM OFF THE DIAMOND UMPIRE SHAME ON U MIKE BAY</p> | | |



On September 9, 1912, Rosy-fingered Aurora was seen slowly stealing upward along the Eastern sky—streaking the blue back-ground thereof with hues of red, gold and orange and causing the dark foreboding castles of Ely, Wornall and Jewell to cast shadows dark and gaunt upon the ground. The gentle zephyrus playing upon the leaves of the mighty oak made such sweet harmony as caused "Sexton" Parks to rise earlier than usual on that morning, climb wearily up the old creaking stairs to the great Chapel bell—causing it to utter forth such brazen peals as would cause even the thoughtless students to think.

The ringing of that bell opened up a new era for Jewell.



In the kingdom of Jewell, from time immemorial, the house of Faculty had sat upon the throne and ruled tyrannically with its hand of iron and none had been found with power to say it "Nay."

A short while before, the House of Faculty had made a stirring plea for arms and men.

"Missi Dominici" Motley and Martin had spread the plea to all parts of the realm. In answer to the call—farm and home—store and factory—yielded up their

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bravest sons to defend the honor of the kingdom. Contingents came from five nations. "Major Domus" Pollard brought a company of gallant Seniors. These were followed by "Duke" Hickerson with as stalwart men as ever wielded pen. Then "Count" Billings with his well-trained "Infant(s)ree" and "No-Count" Bell with his blanketed Braves; and then the "Epidemics"—without leader, arms or brains, but who were every inch fighters—endowed with that Bull-dog tenacity and true to the cause.



Never since that mix-up of tongues at the "Tower of Babel" was there such a conglomeration of "lingo," looks and actions. Assembling before "Very General" Greene they were told the grievances and causes for which they were to fight. "Ignoramus," the leader of the strongest enemy, was to be over-powered by the men trained in the realm of Jewell.

Then it was that "Rhomboidus Rectangular" Fleet began to assign the men to their respective ranks. He himself took the Corps of Bridge Builders whose duty it was to span that unfathomable abyss—"Trig."—which lay between mankind and success and into which many brave sons had fallen in former years as they tried to make the leap.



To "Everlastingly Correct" Griffith, he gave those versed in "dollar diplomacy" since upon the Battle-field they might be called upon to render decisions at any moment regarding terms of Peace.

Then "Seezer Erasmus" Stout came forward and prostrating himself, he humbly asked that the cavalry be given to him, since, for years he had been the leader of those

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accustomed to riding horses and "ponies" rather than making progress alone.

To "Review Heroditus" Tukey were given the long-winded pedestrians who totally eclipsed the "One Thousand" in endurance.

"Daniel Jerusalem" Evans took men like the Puritans of old who were longing to enter battle with a song and verse of scripture upon their lips.

Sleepily and unsteadily stood several score of sleepy "Sons of Rest" and others of the vagrant type who had not yet been chosen. "John Pierpoint" Fruit yawned and with a characteristic wave of his hand (as if stirring mush) said: "Well—since the rest of you can't make anything out of that Bunch—I'll take them, for who knows but that in that very bunch there is not some "mute, inglorious Garrett" or "Quibus Burns?"

When the army of the realm of Jewell had received its final and lasting blessings and instructions from the General, it started on the march; but only a few days had passed when a cloud arose which threatened to forever darken the fair name of "Jewell." The brewing enmity between the ranks of Freshmen and Sophomores was fast reaching a climax.

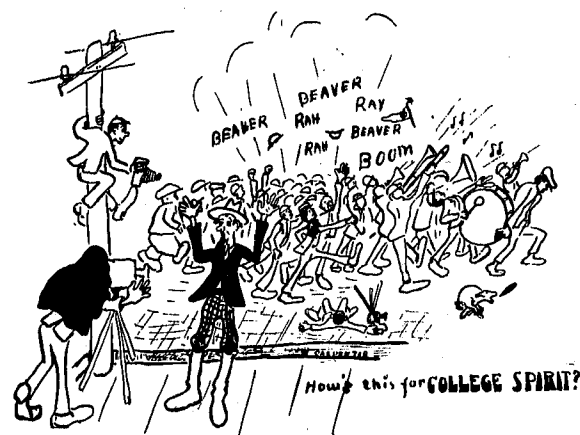


The night was dark. It was the hour when all good soldiers were wrapped in their blankets, asleep 'round the camp-fire. One lonely light burned in a tent as if a beacon star of refuge—but trouble was brewing. In the tent were four stern judges, arbiters in a court of Justice. Before them were six gallant soldiers, pleaders of their cause. It had happened that No-Count Bell's men had met Count Billings' men on the day after muster, and had engaged with them in a verbal bout. Sharp words rang out and lightning flashed as those short and cutting words glanced upon the skulls of ivory; and as the contest grew hotter, it was agreed to defer it until the following day whereupon, they should settle it by arbitration. "Of course," said "No-Count Bell" "we will fight about our standard raised on high." "Nay, quoth Count Billings, "a sack shall we defend." Again sharp words were hurled by angered soldiers and the black night settled down upon a scene of horrible bloodshed. But finally the lamp again burned. The four Judges sat rigid—firm and defiant while "Asa Quibus" and Bell pled their respective cases. Never had such a contest of oratory been heard before. The Judges, stern and unemotional, whom neither joy nor sorrow ever moved from their lofty dignity, now stood over tubs into which flowed their briny tears in great gobs. "Quibus" was irresistible; his piping voice rang out clear—so unmusical—upon the night air and still the Judges wept. "Indian" sat like a great owl, blinking and muttering curses at "Quibby"—who still blew and blew. But finally "No-Count" arose to plead his case. His speech was remarkable for its brevity

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and silence. The vote was taken, and behold "Quibus" had won, and the court adjourned. Never had justice been so enthroned in the realm. Never had an enterprise of greater pitch and moment been discussd.

The sun rose clear on the morning of September 16th. The "revelee" called the sleeping soldiers to their feet. "No-Count" Bell took his squadron of 30 "braves" to one side where they maneuvered for thirty minutes. "Orattus" Birkhead drilled his squadron for battle and then the House of Faculty raised its mighty arm as the signal for the contest to begin. The two bodies of soldiers crashed together. At the first onrush there was a cloud of dust and now and then a shirt sleeve or a trouser leg ascending to the clear blue sky.



Soon, however, the "Sophs" were seen striding half a length—then a full length—ahead. For thirty minutes the unequal contest raged and when at last each soldier mangled beyond recognition, yet with the ears, eyes and hands which had once belonged to him, laid down his arms there were five sacks of victory in the Sophomore granery; while Freshies, dreary and disconsolate, plodded their weary way back to camp—defeated.

To the rhythmic steady beat of drum and the plaintive shrieking note of fife, Seniors and Freshmen kept time with measured tread around the turrets gray within the old Chapel hall. Placed on the head of each Senior was a helmet, which bespoke strength and power—and in the right hand was a staff bespeaking further dignity; while upon the head of each Freshy dear, rested in ease a crown of emerald hue which looked even tempting to the lowing kine. Senior Freshy—arm-in-arm—they marched—until footsore and weary they dropped into their accustomed places—awaiting commands for the day's work from the House of Faculty.

On account of "Hear Talkative" Beaver's success in diplomatic relations with other nations, all the soldiers throughout the realm of Jewell raised their voices in petition for a day of rejoicing. "Very General" Greene refused—affirming that soldiers worthy of the name should remain at their posts. But mob rule set in, ranks were broken—posts deserted—and the whole country assumed an appearance of "fourth of Julyness."

That night, when all was still; when arms were stacked and camp fires were smouldering—a plot contemptible and cunning in the extreme was being formed.

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Some slumbering, unsuspecting sons of Jewell, who had stayed at their posts or had refused to join in the merriment, were dragged tremblingly from their tent to the great pump which topped the hill of encampment, and there in the freshest and purest of all beverages were silently treated to a "soldier's shampoo."

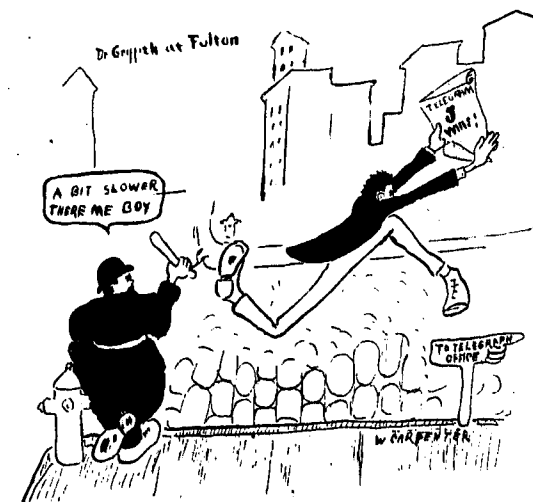
This one cool damp act produced the warmest, driest feeling of reproach in the hearts of the Great Rulers, who avowed that the perpetrators had measured the depths of immorality, and a repetition of such should mean "court martial" for the offenders.

Great days—those, the days of "Ye Olden Time." The time when Jewell soldiers made history—and history full of live deeds and soldiery conduct. Those days of struggle—toil and woe in the memorable—1913! Those were the days in which the hearts of the "Sons of Jewell" were melted in that fiery furnace of Experience and Hardship and were fused together in one great mass which neither years nor forgetfulness can ever cause to fall asunder. The days when soldiers fought—sorrow and trouble were theirs, and yet the reward was more than Gold and Jewells—; it was the honor of having been permitted to be enrolled in the ranks of the soldiers of Jewell during its most victorious year—a year in which she came out of the fight more than conqueror, and in which she added more "Jewells" to the crown which she now wears.

Years have come and gone—the soldiers of 1913 have scattered—the "Old Camp" has been improved and changed. Names, famous in the realms of knowledge and learning, when traced back, are found, once to have been soldiers in the ranks of the Kingdom of Jewell.

About June 1—5 each year the old Soldiers return to see their sons receive medals for bravery done in honor of Jewell.

After meals in the long afternoon when "Old Sol" is doing his best to cause even the minister to grumble at the weather—you will see grouped about some checker-board five or six old Soldiers talking and laughing good humoredly about the battles fought with—General "Ignoramus" in the ranks of Jewell—1913.



Dr. Clark

By

GRANT MCGEE.

A lofty peak, whose snowy summit high
Above encircling mists and clouds doth tower
Defying even Time's eternal power
With trust sublime in God who formed the sky
He looms, inspiring sight to ev'ry eye;
And yet as meek as modest woodland flower
In silence sweetly blooming waits the hour
When death must beck without a tear or sigh.

We live and scarcely living soon are dead
Our fleshly bodies lost beneath the sod
While onward roar vast floods of years as e'er,
But we do hope our spirits will be led
By such as his all pure and fair to God,
Eternal rest in realms unknown to care.

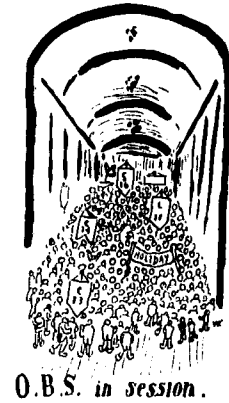
'Tis June and Then December

By

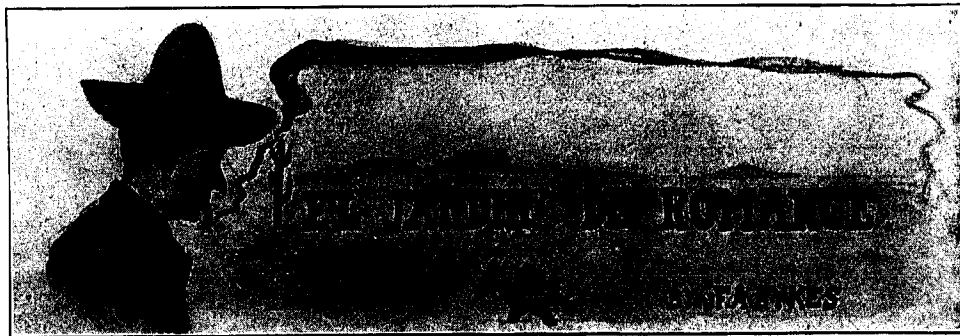
F. A. S.

I sit here by the window,
And behold a wonderful scene,
The restless trees in the foreground
And the valley behind so green,
The sky it is fairer than any,
The blue mingles in with the green
And lo, it seems but a vision,
A summery shimmery sheen.

The months have passed since I was here,
And all is changed as the seasons go,
For all the trees are leafless now
And the valley is covered with snow,
The sky is dark and threat'ning,
The clouds scud ever so fast,
And lo, the winter is raging,
A blizzardy, blustering blast.



No jealous feelings held their sway
In Adam's heart on that far gone day,
When he whispered low in his sweetheart's ear,
"I want to be your soul mate dear."
He knew these words he would never rue;
For he knew he would be her "sole mate" too.



I.

THE HERO DREAMS.

Don Felipe sat disconsolately in the luxuriant shade of a pepper tree, idly strumming "Sobre las Olas" on his guitar. The drowsy sound floated off into the summer air, the birds sang in friendly harmony, while the riotous roses that grew everywhere nodded silently in rythm.

Smoking a black *cigarillo*, he watched the blue film of smoke float lazily off into the almost imperceptible breeze.

But his heart and mind were on a flower that bloomed for him in the person of Pepita de la Guerra. Over the rose hedge, over the orange grove, to where nestled a large white walled structure with brilliant red tile roof, among the trees, in the summer sun.

And he knew she was sitting beside the splashing fountain in the *patio* watching the goldfish or perhaps reading "Las Poesias."

He was dreaming of the night before, when he had played "La Serenata" ever so softly under her window so as not to disturb the good Sister—(Alas, he could see no good of the ever watchful Sister). And how she had slipped quietly down thru the *cloistre* and past the *campanille* into the convent garden to where he was waiting. How he had valued those few precious moments with her in the soft moonlight. How the drops of water from the fountain were turned to very pearls by the flood of light pouring into the garden. And then he had kissed her hurriedly so she could be in her room before the good Sister made her accustomed round.

But now he was sitting in the sheltering shade, separated from her—consequently he was disconsolate.

Awaking from his dream, he arose and with the muttered, "*Pepita mia*" he swung his instrument across his back and entered his father's house.

II.

FELIPE USES STRATEGY.

Felipe was writing to Pepita. Even now he had finished and sat looking at it, wondering how he could get the message to her.

He re-read it aloud with evident satisfaction—

"Dearest:—My life seems nothing to me any more if you can not be in it. You must, and my plan is to fly from the Convent tonight, go to Leon be married by old Don Cristiano and then set out for my *rancho* up in the Sierra Madres. If you

assent to this, drop a white rose from your latticed window at sunset. If you will not go"—(*Dios no lo permite*) he muttered—"drop a red one. I will be watching in the courtyard behind the bouganvillas.

Yours—who kisses your hands,
FELIPE."

He sealed it and when the wax had hardened he went out into the summer sunshine.

The chimes were ringing for the three o'clock mass. The indolent Spaniards wound their way religiously to the old cathedral, reluctantly leaving their noonday *siestas*. The good *padres*, shuffling through the corridor with their sandaled feet blessing each worshipper as he passed, followed and closed the big door.

Felipe was there—devoutly sitting near the women from the Convent. When they filed up to the altar he conveniently knelt near Pepita—a white note fell at her side. She looked up. Felipe was piously kneeling before the *Madre Maria*. A second later the note nestled safely in the folds of her surplice. Then as the chimes played softly they all passed slowly out into the warm air.

III.

PEPITA PICKS THE ROSE BY PROXY.

The sun still hung lazily in the burnished sky when Pepita might have been seen,—standing near the *cloistre* gate,—talking with Felipe's rival—Don Enrico Jiminez, favored of her father, who had taken advantage of the Sisters' unaccustomed delay at the Cathedral.

In his impassioned way, the Mexican had been telling of his love for her, but the girl, with a bland disregard for his appeal glanced pensively up at the clustering roses. She was thinking of Felipe.

Said she—"Don Enrico, would you have the kindness to pick me that rose?"

And pointing—"No—o, not that one, I never cared much for red—yes, that one."

Rejected, his Castillian gallantry leaped forth to do the girl's bidding, and then, handing it to her, this:—"Pepita, *you* are the rose in the garden of my heart."

And with this he turned to kiss her. But the girl had gone.

IV.

THE ROSE FALLS.

Felipe stood, apparently idle by the bouganvillas. He listlessly pinched the purple blossoms and rolled them between his fingers. The sun was unwillingly disappearing behind the cathedral tower. Felipe's eyes sought the latticed window. A moment passed—and two—and three. Then—a rose, lightly flung through the framework, fluttered to the ground. The glow of the sunset colored it a beautiful tinge as it fell. He could not see whether it had been white or red. He rushed to the spot where it had fallen and picked it up. He crushed it passionately to his lips. It was white!

V.

THE OPPOSITION APPEARS.

The moon, an immense silver salver rose high in the calm sky. The *cacti* cast vague shadows on the sands. The perfume of orange blossoms floated heavily out on the night air. A mocking bird, full of song, still lilted lightly away up in the eucalyptus tree. A silver tenor voice arose softly near the Convent garden. Suddenly Felipe stepped out into the light to meet Pepita who had again successfully slipped out through the *cloistre*.

A moment—and they had gotten the horses from behind the hedge and were headed for Don Cristiano's house in Leon.

Suddenly a horseman appeared around the corner of the Cathedral. He drew up as he approached the pair.

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"Don Felipe," he said, recognizing the young man and lifting his *sombrero* gallantly—"Caramba!—My daughter." And Felipe recognized Don Francisco de la Guerra,—Pepita's father.

"What"—? began Don Francisco.

"We are on our way to Don Cristiano's—" interrupted Felipe.

"To be married—never!" cried the father with feeling—"but listen—Porforio Diaz has left the country. Madero has the power and has sworn vengeance on the supporters of Porforio. Quick, down this alley, I hear the soldiers!"

Pepita's father had been chaplain of the Mexican Senate and a confidante of Diaz under the latter's rule. He had bitterly opposed Madero—and now was about to receive his doom at the hands of the rebel *presidente*.

They halted in a courtyard. "They will burn the *hacienda* and hunt me down," cried Francisco.

"*Senor*, trust me, and I will save you."

The old man hesitated, but a common enemy had united them.

"Yes, *por Dios*" he cried, "save me."

"Well, let's get out of Guarajanto as quickly as possible. Then to the Sierras and my *rancho*. It will be some time before it is safe to return here."

VI.

THE WINTER COMES.

All through the fall they stayed at the *rancho*. Felipe would make a trip weekly to San Miguel for provisions and always bring back the news that Madero was sparing none of the members of the old regime. Upon which Don Francisco would shake his head and mutter some ubiquitous oath.

Felipe had broached the subject of marriage but had once been told so abruptly that she should marry Enrico Jiminez, the consul at San Diego, as soon as the trouble was over, he resolved that further pleading was useless.

He realized that winter was coming, so one day he left with all three of the horses and brought back a very lasting supply of food.

And the winter did come. Not until February did he return to San Miguel, and during this time Don Francisco had been seized by pneumonia.

The venerable man was rather poorly when he left that morning in February for the town. He met Pepita at the door as he returned and cried—"Madero *se ha asasinado*. Tell your father the old rule has returned."

The father, informed, raised weakly on his bed and said—"Gloria a Dios—May peace rest on my beloved country."

Then he called the pair to him and said, "Felipe, it will be impossible for you to take Pepita back for many days yet. I will soon be gone. You two cannot live here together this way. Kneel down dear daughter and I will marry you before I go. I cannot die, unless I do."

And with a paternal blessing, the good man died.

VII.

AND AFTER THAT THE SPRING.

After laying him gently beneath the snows, the two stayed at the *rancho* together until the Spring. And then one May morning they descended into the valley. As they dropped to the green foothills, they heard the welcome sound of the cathedral chimes and the madrugals of the birds. Thus Felipe and Pepita entered the summer, bathed in the sunshine of love.

—END—

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WILLIAM JEWELL THEATRE

For the year beginning September 6, 1912.

Matinees on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

The Flunking Show of 1912

Unless otherwise announced, the morning performance will begin at 8:30 and matinees at 1:15.

No performances on days following oratorical contests.

Seats reserved on Thursday before the opening performance.

All seats which are reserved later than that day cost \$5.00 extra.

Under the direction of John P. Greene, resident manager.

EXECUTIVE STAFF FOR WILLIAM JEWELL THEATRE.

| | | | |
|-------------------|--------------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| J. P. Greene..... | Resident Manager | D. J. Evans..... | Leader of Orchestra |
| J. E. Cook..... | Advertising Manager | H. M. Richmond..... | Scene Shifter |
| J. E. Davis... | Mechanic and Electrician | W. D. Baskett..... | Head Usher |



ACT I.

Time: 8:30 A. M.

Place: Dr. Griffith's room.

Scene: Dr. Griffith at desk calling roll.

"Mister Baxter, 'ster Bright, 'ster Boxwell, 'ster Boswell, Mister Boswell sick?"

Garrett: "Doctor—I believe Mister Boswell is spiritually unwell—but I don't think the United States ought to have passed an Anti-Chinese immigration bill—I don't think it is right to shut out any living creature from this land of Liberty and Freedom" (leans forward in seat and rests elbows on desk in front—gesticulating wildly) "Why I wouldn't shut my door in a dog's face and—"

Dr. Griffith: "Anyone answer Mister Garrett's question?" (Intense awful silence whereupon Dr. Griffith smiles with a knowing look.)

"For tomorrow—over to 1913 and in addition to the reading in the text you may look up the following administrations: President Garfield, Abraham, Washington, Wilson, a college president. Great questions are being solved by the college and university educated men of today. Any questions on tomorrow's lesson?"

Faulkner: "I'd like to ask if the Justinian codex is in the Library, Doctor?"

Dr. Griffith: "Anyone answer Mister Faulkner's question?"

Burns: "A thought presents itself very forcibly to my mind, Doctor, and it may be termed in true oratorical style—a recollection—that I have oft times—" (Yawns and horse-laugh in back of room.)

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Dr. Griffith: "I believe Italy has the ball at present—Meanwhile Mr. Pitts has most kindly consented to give us a report on "How the Incubator Cheats the Hen." The class will please follow with their note-books.

Hughes: "I lost my note book in Garret's church at Cameron and—"

Dr. Griffith: "You answer Mr. Hughes' question, Mr. Garrett?"

Garrett: "Why, Doctor, they growed more cotton in Texas last year than in any other city in—"

Beaver: "Doctor, do you think it is a man's right to boycott the saloon?"

Dr. Griffith: "Answer your question fully Mister Hughes? Anyone make a report on Mr. Beaver's question tomorrow? Mr. Belt—Vol. 13333, pages 1-1½. (Bell rings.)

I'd like to see Mr. Burns and Mr. Beaver, please—class excused."

"Say, Guy, bring my mail over to Catology, will you?"

ACT II.

Time 9:30.

Place: Trig. Room.

(Enter, Dr. Fleet with his chief instruments of torture, a piece of chalk and an eraser. He is stern of countenance, and is surrounded by a crowd of pale-looking students.)

Dr. Fleet: "Everybody pass to the board." (The students slowly amble to the blackboard.)

Dr. Fleet: "Develop the Law of Tangents: (Business of rapid writing and erasing by the students for about five minutes; then they all turn around and stare rather blankly at the chief inquisitor, who is looking severely out of the window. Doctor turns around and says pleasantly: "All through? What? Couldn't do it? Why, that easy." (Goes to the front board; writes down a few figures and keeps on writing and erasing for about fifty seconds, turns around and inquires, "See?")

The class (in unison) "Clear as mud!"

Dr. Fleet: (Finally) "Well, why do you all look so stupid? Why don't you say something? Isn't there enough in your heads to make an echo? I want everyone to pass in this course."

(Voice from rear of room): "That is, if we can jump the hurdle at the end."

Dr. Fleet: "We have decided to make the exams harder this year, especially in Trig. (Groans from class.) Why, it is getting so a student can get through Trig without studying more than four hours a day on it. It is rotten clear through. (Snaps his fingers emphatically), It is worse than Missouri politics when Bill Stone and Jim Reed were running things here. (Class begins to sit down, looking relieved.) Why some fellow wanted to substitute Practical Ethics for this course the other day. (Bell rings.) The lesson for next time will be the next sixty pages. Bring all of the problems in. I won't be here tomorrow, as I am going to St. Louis to lecture on prohibition." (Curtain descends while the class rises and cheers.)

ACT III.

Time: 10:30 A. M.

Place: Dr. Parker's room.

(Dr. Parker entering with a static electrical machine under his arm and a bottle of H_2SO_4 in his hand. Everybody talking.)

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Dr. Parker: "The question, while I am calling the roll (smiling and blinking his eyes)—What effect will sulphuric acid have upon the mind? We will just finish the chapter tomorrow—its only 350 pages—see?"

(Roll being called.) "Now, gentlemen, Billings—10; Bratcher—0; and Mr. Bratcher, I want to see you after class. Bagby—Mr. Bagby, I did not get any paper from you."

Cantu: "Doctor—how many molecules are there in an acid?"

Dr. Parker: "Now, Mr. Cantu, Sir Isaac Newton proved the theory of inverse proportions by 'taking a fall' out of some cuprous sulphide. He said, if this is inversely proportional to the distance that light beams travel that ether would cause it to travel directly proportional around the square. See? And sulphuric acid is very dense; it's atomic weight being fourteen pounds to the square centipede. You see it is very simple—See?"

Baskett: "Why—well, Doctor, I mixed up some 'gray matter' and a new idea and the reaction wasn't right. I did not see that?"

Dr. Parker: "Well, Mr. Baskett, you see 'gray matter' is heavier than pig iron and idea is very explosive; the weight of a second thought being sufficient to cause a very violent explosion. It is extremely simple, see? All you have to know is the atomic weight, the ignition point, the density, the molecular velocity, the arrangement and rearrangement of the atoms, the binominal theorem and you can easily find its explosive power."

Rose: "Well, I tried it that way and missed it a whole millioner, Doctor."

Dr. Parker: "Now, Mr. Rose, perhaps the compound had formed an iso-thermal or the wind was from the east, or perhaps your fingers were crossed. (Bell rings.) "Class excused."

ACT IV.

Time: 1:15 P. M.

Place: Dr. Fruit's room.

(The audience is cautioned against laughing during this act. It is the most serious and pathetic act and is supposed to bring tears. Remember that the climatic climax comes in this act, and the actors are under a severe strain. As the curtain rises, the villain is discovered sitting at a desk. Scattered around the room are the members of the class, lounging in attitudes that indicate sleep. It appears that only one is awake for his eyes are open and he is looking directly at the villain. This man is the hero.)



Suddenly Dr. Fruit leans over his desk and with a look of contempt directed at the hero hisses, "Parks, give muh the papers." (Parks pays no attention.) The villain straightens up and scornfully says, "No, keep those papers, Parks. Anyone who can keep their eyes open while they are asleep in Shakespeare deserves a grade without having to hand any papers in."

(Members of the class begin to stretch, and finally they are all wide awake.)

Dr. Fruit: "Harl, where is the climax in Julius Caesar?"

(No one answers, and Dr. Fruit suddenly remembers that he has not called the roll yet, and discovers that Harl is not present.)

(If the villain calls one of the other actors, Audrey, it is a slip of the tongue. He means Pollard. Look it up in "As You Like It.")

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Dr. Fruit hurls a few questions at the members of the class about dramatic justice and free will and casuality. He sees the class is in danger of falling asleep again, so he begins to lecture.

"You stupids! You dumbheads! Don't you believe in ghosts?"

Godman: "Do you, Doctor?"

Fruit: "Certainly, I believe in ghosts. There used to be one in Liberty. Why haven't you ever heard—etc., etc. (What the audience hears from here until the time the curtain goes down depends upon what they had for dinner. You know some food will cause awful dreams.)"

ACT V.

Time: 2:15 P. M.

Place: Dr. Crossley's room.

Curtain rises just as the roll call is finished. Dr. Crossley closes his book and nonchalantly unbuttons his coat, puts his hands in his pockets and starts thusly:

Dr. Crossley: "In my last lecture we had just finished up to the point where amphixous had developed wings. Now with their peculiarly constructed pneumatic skeleton they are—"

Just about this time, John Hughes interrupts him and wants to know how to spell 'Amphixous.' Dr. Crossley stops and with a pitying look in the direction of this earnest seeker of knowledge spells out the word.

He continues: "As I was saying, I do not want you to misunderstand me on this point: Man is not merely a glorified ape. The chief reason for man's superiority over other animals is his separated thumb. (The audience must remember that the author is not vouching for the correctness of this statement. This is all in the play.) Another place where man shows higher development is in the aesophagus. (Of course, no one is expected to know what that means. It isn't very important.) Passing now from man on up to amphibians, we are enabled to see the advancement due to the increased amount of proteins and fatty acids which are so necessary for life in its advanced stages. Once when I was in New York—and by the way, if any of you are ever in New York, don't fail to visit Battery Park and contrast the action of the men and the birds which you will find there—" (Here Doctor Crossley has to stop again and answer a question by McHenry as to why it is some people can move their ears and others cannot. Just as the question is answered, the curtain slowly descends, and Dr. Crossley says: "My next lecture will be on 'All is Not Cold That Shivers'.")"

ACT VI.

Time: 3:15 p. m.



Place: Dr. Lewis' room.

Scene: Dr. Lewis sitting on one foot in chair at desk, hands in pockets looking out of window.

Dr. Lewis: "Cantu, Cannady, Hughes; Hughes, you have thirty-two absences; Harvey, etc., etc. Mr. Cantu, what is thought?"

Cantu: "Thought is a string of—of—(someone in back of room whispers "beads")."

Dr. Lewis: "Herrell?"

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Herrell: "Thought is a process or rather the result of a process of thinking." (Dr. Lewis snarls.)

Dr. Lewis: "Harl?"

Harl: "Why, Doctor,—well, Doctor—do you think dogs reason? I have seen some mighty cunning old mongrels in my time."

Dr. Lewis: "Fowler?"

Fowler: "Why, thought is the proceeds anda—anda—from overworking the mind—anda—anda—"

Dr. Lewis: "Well, in the book it says the proceeds from the over-worked mind, Mr. Fowler, not over-working the mind. Now the correct definition for thought or if I were asked to give a definition I would say that thought is thought. Of course, I don't know—but that is my idea about thought."

"Now, Mr. Overlees, will you give the word that the author mentions on page sixteen, line four, second word in the line?"

Overlees: "May I go, Doctor? I have to catch the 3:19 train for Birmingham and this makes twice for me in Psychology this week."

Dr. Lewis: "Mr. Baskett, your paper was like Mr. Cantu's. Do you room in the same flat? And after this I want all of you fraternity men to sit wide apart from each other."

"Now for tomorrow I want you to commit to memory the first one hundred and seventy-five pages, and read James Psychology in the Library and write a thesis on "You'll Never Be Able To Do It—A Hundred Years From Now." If any of you have any work to make up, you can catch me in the City from eight o'clock on. The faculty have passed a ruling that no one can possibly pass psychology any more, so I would like to see Mr. Hughes after class. (Bell rings.) Class excused."



LIMERICKS.

One of our Profs, named Froot,
Sometimes on his horn he doth toot;
He scolds all his classes,
And calls them all asses,
And some other nice names to boot.

In History, a geezer named Garret,
Always works his jaws like a parrot;
With conjecture not mild,
He drives Doc Griffith wild,
And the fellows can hardly barret.

WHO'S WHO AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great.

It was in 1898, that dry year when news was so scarce, that Mr. George Horace Lorimer, editor of that scientific monthly periodical "The Saturday Evening Post," sat in sanctum sanctorum with his feet elevated upon the top of his desk and with his head crowned with numerous crowns of purple smoke which issued from the bowl of a large corn-cob pipe held between the said Mr. Lorimer's teeth. As that distinguished gentleman sat and pondered what he might include as news in his periodical so that the newsies could get a nickel for them without yelling their lungs out, he "sez" to himself, "sez he" "the question of all questions which confront Americans today in their mad rush for wisdom, wealth and woman is after all, who the big gun is or who's who and why."

So he permitted a few amateurs who claimed to have daily interviews with the muse and who received inspiration therefrom to place before the public eye a picture of their hero painted in the brightest, richest hues that ever oozed from poet's pen. 'Twas a good plan, Georgie, and those pictures have absorbed our interest hour after hour.

But, sir, we would have you understand that there are some great men who are not in politics and not dead either. Would you really behold great men? Then turn your spotlight on the sons of Jewell and see Who's Who and Why. Have we not seen him often, I mean a W. J. Bryan, as he thundered out an appeal for "equal rights for all" from Jewell's platform? Have we not seen him a Spurgeon, as he strutted across the campus with three heavy books on theology under his arm? Sure, and we feel that "some mute, inglorious Milton is resting here in embryo, or perhaps "some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood" or anything else except having flirted with the pretty girl around the way, quietly resides within these classic walls, waiting till the world shall summon him and to take his position among her noble men.

So, Georgie Horace (you'll pardon us if we seem to copy from your plan), in justice to our heroes we feel obligated to place them in gaudy colors before the eyes of the reading public of this Tatler. The membership of our school has carefully and conscientiously chosen heroes from its ranks and it holds them up before you for your sympathetic and careful consideration. This has been done in no light vein of humor, but it has been done with most solemn deliberation and forethought.

But just a word to "Our Hero." If you don't like the honor conferred upon you, don't give the Tatler staff the blessing, for it is not guilty. Rake your friends for voting for you and giving you the position. But wait a minute. Before you even cuss your friend out, hadn't you better take a look at your own little self, and then at the reasons, *why* and in the light of all we have given you, ask yourself if it isn't just and all right after all?

Who's Who On The Hill.

AMONG THE STUDENTS

1. Ugliest Student Hank Schaeffer
2. Handsomest Student John Hughes
3. Best Ladies' Man Earl Davidson
4. Most Ardent Supporter of Co-education A. Cantu
5. Most Bashful Student Fresh Ramsbottom
6. Freshest Freshman "Cicero" Faulkner

AMONG THE FACULTY MEMBERS

1. Best? Joker Prof. H. M. Richmond
2. Worst Class Cutter Pr. J. P. Fruit
3. Sleepiest Professor Prof. J. E. Davis

Write the name of your candidate opposite the position for which you are supporting him.

Results to be announced in The Tatler

THE 1913 TATLER STAFF.

YE ANCIENT FABLES

Number 1—Ye Ambitious Dogge.

(Apologies to Reese.)

By F. A. SYKES.

Once uponne a tyme there lived an ambitious Dogge, who had grown tired of sitting on ye bottom round of ye ladder to Success. Therefore, he decided to mount higher uppe which is to say, he wished to become a Higher Uppe.

He had recentlie been admitted to ye Bar, although God wot he had never once seen the inneside of ye Bartenders Guide. He hadde stuck uppe hys shingle in Oshkosh, or Kalamazoo, or some of ye forsaken places. But, alas, no one came to hym, except whenne they wished to plead insanitie. Then they introduced as evidence their hiring of ye ambitious dogge to defend them.

Now being tired of keeping ye wolfe from ye portal he decided to locke uppe hys little back office, lose ye keye, and go to ye metropolis. Here, he got a job as alderman, having known ye mayor's aunt intimately. Here he learned two things: First, that poor Dogges are ye primeval Easy Marks and that there is much money in ye graft.

So he barked loudly to ye poor dogges in this manner:

"Tammanie is a colossal wickednesse. Lette us clean uppe onne ye said wickednesse. Lette me go to Albany. I am ye original People's friende."

Whereupon all ye poor dogges sette uppe a howl of delighte, for they were sadlie inne neede of a friende, so to speake.

And he said: "Looke into ye East and in ye sun rising on ye new era."

And forsooth, while they were looking into ye East, ye Proude Dogge wagged hys taile at Tammanie and ye Latter passed hym a goode bone for campaign funds, egad!"

Whereupon he replied: "Fear notte, itte is as if I had heard nothing.

Straightway he tooke hys seate inne ye Big Plush Chair and sette offe ye pyrotechnics.

Then he said to ye solons: "Here is a bone for each of you with the Beste Wishes of Tammanie, ye Pride of our Commonwealthe." And ye Solons straightway took ye cue for ye Chorus of Approval.

Then he sent a telegram to ye Tammanie saying, "All is O. K. Send some more of ye Easy Meate."

Then ye Ambitious Dogge said to ye Poore Dogges: "Rejoice, Tammanie is dead, here is his hide." (But alas, ye hyde belonged to an honest alderman who had dyed in ye attempt.)

Whereupon ye Poor Dogges cried "He is the ye noblest Fido of themme alle. Let hyme have any job he wants." Then ye Ambitious Dogge said, "I like well ye architectural design of ye whitewashed kennel in Washington, D. C."

And then ye Poore Dogges took to dusting ye Green Room and ye Blue Room for ye Ambitious Dogge, and all thys while he was in ye Public Eye, hence, they could see nothyng."

Also he winketh merrilie at ye Poodles who own ye Steel Truste. But one day ye Poor Dogges found a donation in ye Campaign Bookes for fortie-thousand bones, from a friend. He was a substantial friend, forsooth.

Whereupon they started an investigation saying, "Egad! The party is working a three carde game onne us. Money does not always talk—Look! Here is some hush money." And thenne ye Ambitious Dogge had an enforced vacation, but he came back and saide: "You are right. Ye Poore Dogges ought to rule. Make me ye Logical Candidate and I will lette you in on ye inneside, and you will be ye Charter Members.

Whereupon he helde a Bow-wow and a great distribution of bones. But alas, ye Public Opinion was selling atte about 100 points below Par that morning, and ye Ambitious Dogge was snowed under.

Thence being a doggone dogmatic Dogge he uttered this philosophic:

First Snarl: Every dogge has hys daye.

Second Yowl: Keep ye under dogge under.

Third Growl: Ye poore dogges are an ungrateful lotte.





Kansas City, Mo., November 3, 1917.

Dear Dr. Griffith:

Thanks to your kind recommendation as to the far-reaching qualities of my voice, I have obtained the position which I mentioned to you in my last letter. I am now calling trains in the new Union Station here which was opened last week. Let me thank you again for this favor.

Yours truly,
HOWARD T. BEAVER.

Hotel Rector, New York City, March 5, 1918.

Dear Dr. Greene:

Enclosed please find a copy of my book on social etiquette entitled, "How To Be Polite," which has just been published. I based this book on your Chapel Talks, taking as a foreword your lectures wherein you urged the boys to answer their invitations to L. L. C. receptions. Pray accept this book with my compliments.

Sincerely,
W. E. DAVIDSON.

Braymer, Mo., Sept. 1, 1931.

Dear Dr. Cook:

I am sending you my son up to Liberty tomorrow morning. He will be in a big yellow roadster. Please have some of the College motor-cops watch for him and see that he doesn't go on through to Kansas City. I have raised him up just like I was raised and if he doesn't make center on the varsity the first year, send him back.

HENRY W. MORMON.

Little Woods, La., April 1, 1925.

To the Editor of The Student.

Dear Sir:

On this, the anniversary of my birth, I was just asking myself the question as to how dear old "Jewell" was getting along since I left. If the Student is still published please send me a copy of it.

ASA Q. BURNS.

P. S. Please let me know what the postage is, and I will send it to you.

April 2, 1932.

Mr. C. W. Warren,
Success Co.'s Branch Office,
Danville, Ill.

Dear Claudia:

I thought you told me that after you had worked for that Successful Failure Company six years that we would start up a business all our own. Now, Claudia, this is the seventh year, and I can't make this Laundry pay. Won't you stop the graft and come on down here to "Sudsville" where we can start a little laundry all our own? I have already gotten posters out that we are going to start a "we sew on buttons" establishment.

Now, Claudia, if you don't intend to keep your promise—tell me—base deceiver—because the minister here—Mr. Canaday—is anxious to get in a partnership with me.

Hastily and Sudds-enly,
W. E. BRATCHER.

Mar. 2, 1920.

Mr. Frank Connelly,
Punkin Center, Ark.

Dear "Frank":

Received your rather breezy epistle last Nov., but I've just started a new business. I am now mayor of Randolph and running a "poultry and egg" business on the side. Randolph has grown considerably; now being only four miles to Birmingham, and it stretches to within two miles of the pearly Missouri on the other side. I have handled over two dozen eggs thru my house in the last week. Was over to Kansas City just last month and I saw Carl Cassingham. He has a nice dray-line over there. I'm thinking about taking up the "Success Co.'s" proposition this summer for a few weeks outing. Must close now, Frank, but let me know when the "fair" comes off.

Most tenderly,
ROGER D. ARNOLD.

Feb. 22, 1920.

Dr. W. O. Lewis,
Wm. J. College, Liberty, Mo.

Dear Doctor:

I expect you thought I was never going to answer your letter, Doctor, but Rudolph has been ill and Lizzie—Ibiach—Sammy and Bertie have been exposed to "spinal-come-and-getus" so I've been most afraid to send out any mail. The children's mother has joined another club and it makes it all very inconvenient for me. Now, Doctor, can just anyone learn to hypnotize—if so, I would like to get your little book of instructions; for my "better half" and I do not coincide in Thought, and verbal combats are frequent. Hoping you take this as confidential, I am,

Yours, in logical order,
R. B. BAGBY.

The 1913 Tatlex

Mr. John Hughes,
Liberty, Mo.

Feb. 4, 1919.

Dear John:

I am pastor now at Peculiar, and am doing well. The town is a nice little place of about 100 inhabitants—only eight saloons—so I have things pretty much my own way. The shepherd has gone astray from his flock at Liquorsville and I think it would make a strong foothold for you when you finish school. They have told me they wished a pious—egotistic fellow and I believe you are just the man. We have public "soccer" grounds here and then I have a "soccer" field in my basement. You remember Asa Burns—well—he is traveling with a circus as "The most questionable character in existence."

Now, John, I am always near or about Peculiar and would like to hear from you.
Keen Wittedly,

CHARLES DURDEN.

Dr. J. P. Greene,
Wm. J. College, Liberty, Mo.

July 4, 1920.

Dear Doctor:

I have intended to write to you for about three years, but my business interferes largely with my pleasures. I am, now, in the employ of the Sunday School League in Southern Missouri—calling "balls and strikes." The most helpful part of my schooling, I have found came from the hours of toil, and strife spent under Dr. Fleet. I can tell when the "spheroid" leaves a "slabbists mitt" whether or not it is going to be tangent to the "platter" or what kind of a curve it is going to make. Dr. Edwards tutoring also helps me in expressing myself when "soda bottles," etc., are hurled at me from the grandstand.

This is only a short epistle—but it is awfully hot down here. Hoping you are the same,

Sincerely,
EDWARD FOWLER.

Mr. Robin Hunt,
Liberty, Mo.

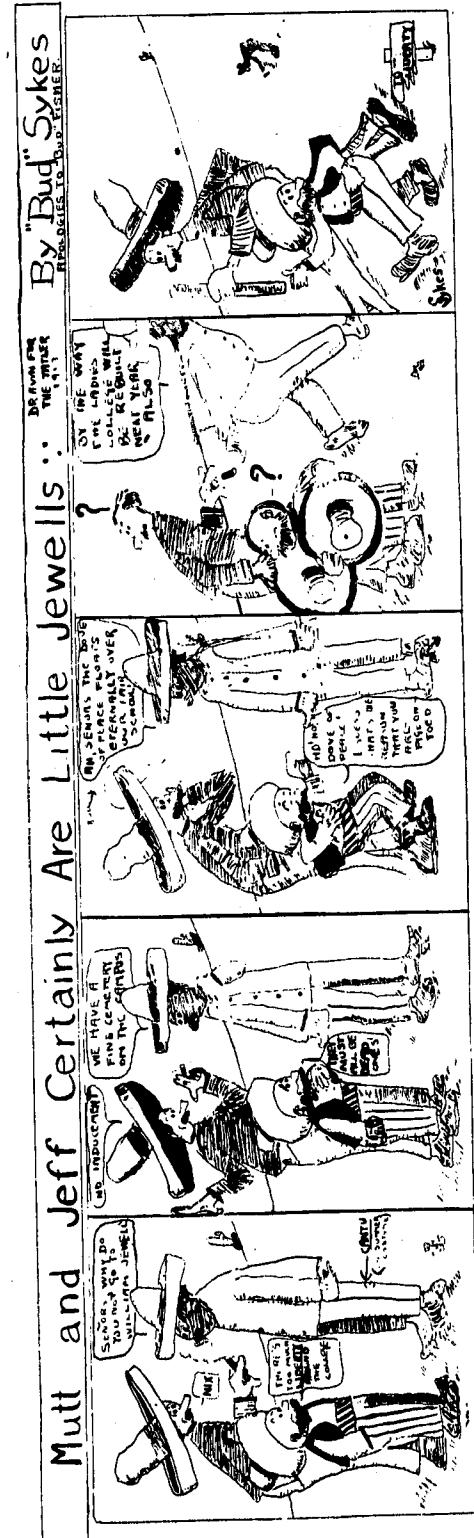
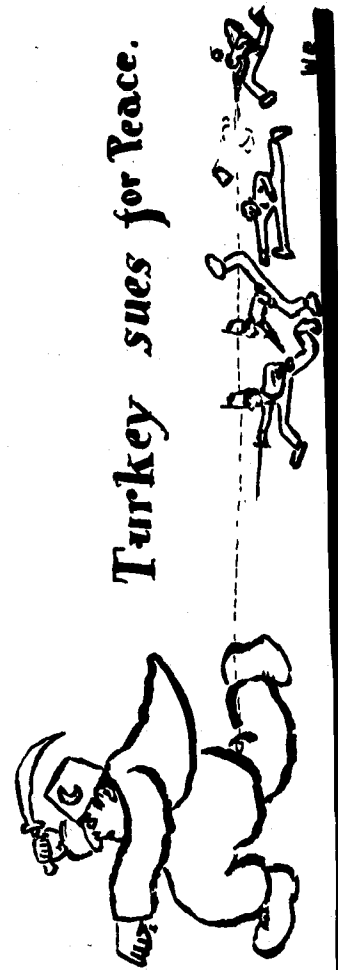
Dec. 13, 1919.

Dear Bob:

Well, how goes the old Student warrior? I'm clean down here in Argentine Republic selling vacuum cleaners and "Bo"—I'm cleaning up. Why only last Tuesday, I sold one—makes three for the month.

How are you coming in Arithmetic? Gee, I wish you could get through school and come down here where the pampas grass grows tall. Lets see, you were a senior in 1913—and you haven't finished yet? Well, old boy, keep a stiff neck and they can't hold you down. Come down some Sunday and let me hear from you, and I remain, Cleanly and dustlessly,

Your bosom friend,
HANK SCHAEFFER.



With Football in its Prime

The Stadium was filled. The elite of Rome was present. Gay parties filled the boxes, prominent among which were those of Mesdames Lucretia Antonia and Borgia Gallia. Rome was to test the new game of footballus. Lions were out of date and the gladiators failed to draw crowds.

The Rome team filed onto the field, the big red R on their tunics showing to advantage. A moment later the Nervii trotted onto the turf amidst a roar of applause.

A few signals were run through and the game was started. Before two minutes had elapsed each side had lost a man. Sand was sprinkled over the spot immediately to keep the field in a playable condition. The crowd shouted its delight and consequently the manager of the Stadium Amusement Company, Jewenus Jewelus Millionbuckus, was happy.

The first quarter was over and neither side had made a score.

The teams lined up again. Rome had the ball. A husky Nervii dashed through and sat on Rome's fullbackus, Sacramentus Bitear. He immediately drew out his weapon, but the multitude held their thumbs down, much to the pleasure and relief of Susquehanna Cataline, Bitear's fiancee.

The second quarter was over and the coach was pounding advice and condemnation into the players. "Hey you Quininus, where's your arm?"

"Well, who do you suppose had the nerve to run off with it?"

"Lookee here, I got old E Pluribus Geometrius' ear, see."

The third quarter started nicely. Beefus Bullicus got away for a sure touchdown, but sad to relate was brought to earth by a well directed weapon from behind.

The Roman team played hard. A forward pass was attempted by them, but their left termination (end), Jucius Huskicus, was foiled by a Nervii man.

"Thou brute," he cried.

"A ring, a ring," demanded the angry crowd.

Their tunics were quickly laid aside and Jucius gave his opponent an illustrated lesson on "Butchers, and How to Be One," to the horrible delight of the multitude.

The game proceeded after order was restored. The Nervii threatened Rome's goal twice. They attempted the famous spear play, but the Romans grabbed the weapons and by a little jui-jitsu (oh, yes, the Japs learned this from the Romans; the name is plainly Latin), they managed to turn the spears around. ("Regilus tell the trainer to bring seven good men from the player's den.")

The signal was given for a buckus.

Sex viginti

Duodecim triginti.

A beautiful pile of arms and legs akimbo was the result. The umpires pulled them off, only to find Septimus Sapolius, one of the Nervii, at the bottom, pressing a little red blue-bell to his lips, adreaming he was playing the flower girl in Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." (Applause and shouts from the stadium.)

The last quarter had begun and every man was fighting mad. Rome advanced fifty yards on a beautiful punt by Jucius and a touchdown was imminent. Slowly but surely the ball crept across the white lines toward the Nervii's goal. It was ten yards, now eight, now five. Every true Roman's heart beat a tattoo against his ribs. It was five minutes, now four, now two. Every loyal son of Rome stood with clenched hands as if to help their team to win by doing so.

J. Ivorius Boneheadus was given the ball. One of the Nervii grabbed him and whirled him around. He grew confused, the whole field became blurred, and he headed for some goal post that seemed strangely afar off. He ran and ran. The crowd were yelling. "No doubt for me," thought the flying Roman.

Not until they swayed angrily toward him did he realize that he had put the ball between his own team's—Rome's—goal posts.

The last anyone saw of him he was leading ten thousand infuriated Romans and three score chariots a merry chase down the Appian Way.



Rapid Evolution

Sept. 12, 1912.

dear pa:

I got here allright an' she's shore a fine place. but I gets purty lonesum. They is foar 'ur feiv grate big houses whur the fellers gos ter clas 'an one big redin' hous an' one big exurcis hous—they call it Jim, th' readin hous iz th' Liberry. I still got one dolar and seventi sentz so I won't need know moar mony.

I will now kloz—but I'll expekt a leter Tusday. Tel Ma I'll writ two her Wensday.

Yer sun,
CHARLZ.

My adres is Noo Eli Hawl—Roome feive.

Jan. 12, 1913.

Dear Father:

I used almost all of the \$30.00 you send me last month, but I went to the City once—and that took \$4.00. I am on the Glee Club, and we can sing almost like birds. Went to an L. L. C. reception but the girls have all got beaus and I left early; but I went back and directly I got a girl and she sure was pretty. I'm going up again pretty soon.

I wish you could send me about \$40.00 next month as I could use it. I like to go to the shows in the City—they say they are instructive.

Give Mother my love.

Always your son,
CHAS.

May 12, 1913.

Dear Dad:

Well, I guess I did spend more money last month than I should have, Dad, but I would like to have about 100 bones this 30 days. You see there's a dance this wk., and I go to the City three times. I need two new suits and I owe "Slats" 25 bones. A "gink" put the kibosh on my case with the fair one, but just wait and I'll spill his bandwagon at the dance. Tell Bill that if he comes to the City he will find me at the Baltimore. Its a small rooming house in the City.

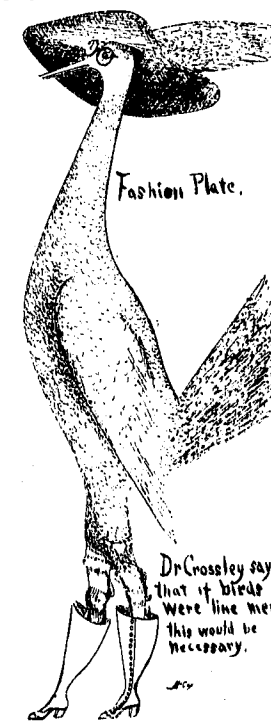
I'll hit the "back to the farm" Buzz wagon about mid-of June as school isn't entirely out till then, and, by the way, Dad, you might make that 150 sheckles. Love to Mother.

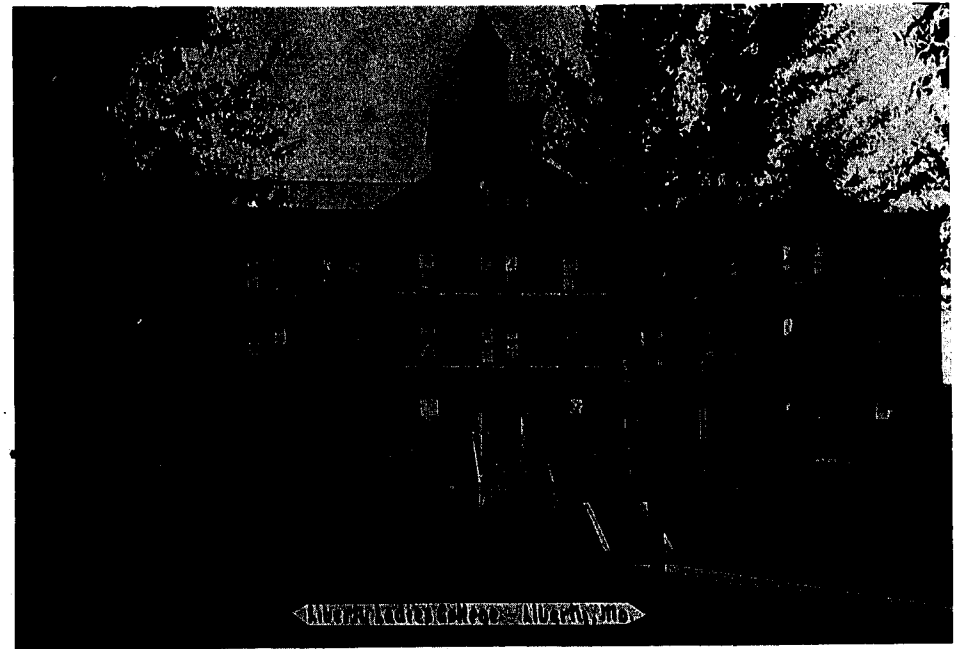
"CHUCK."



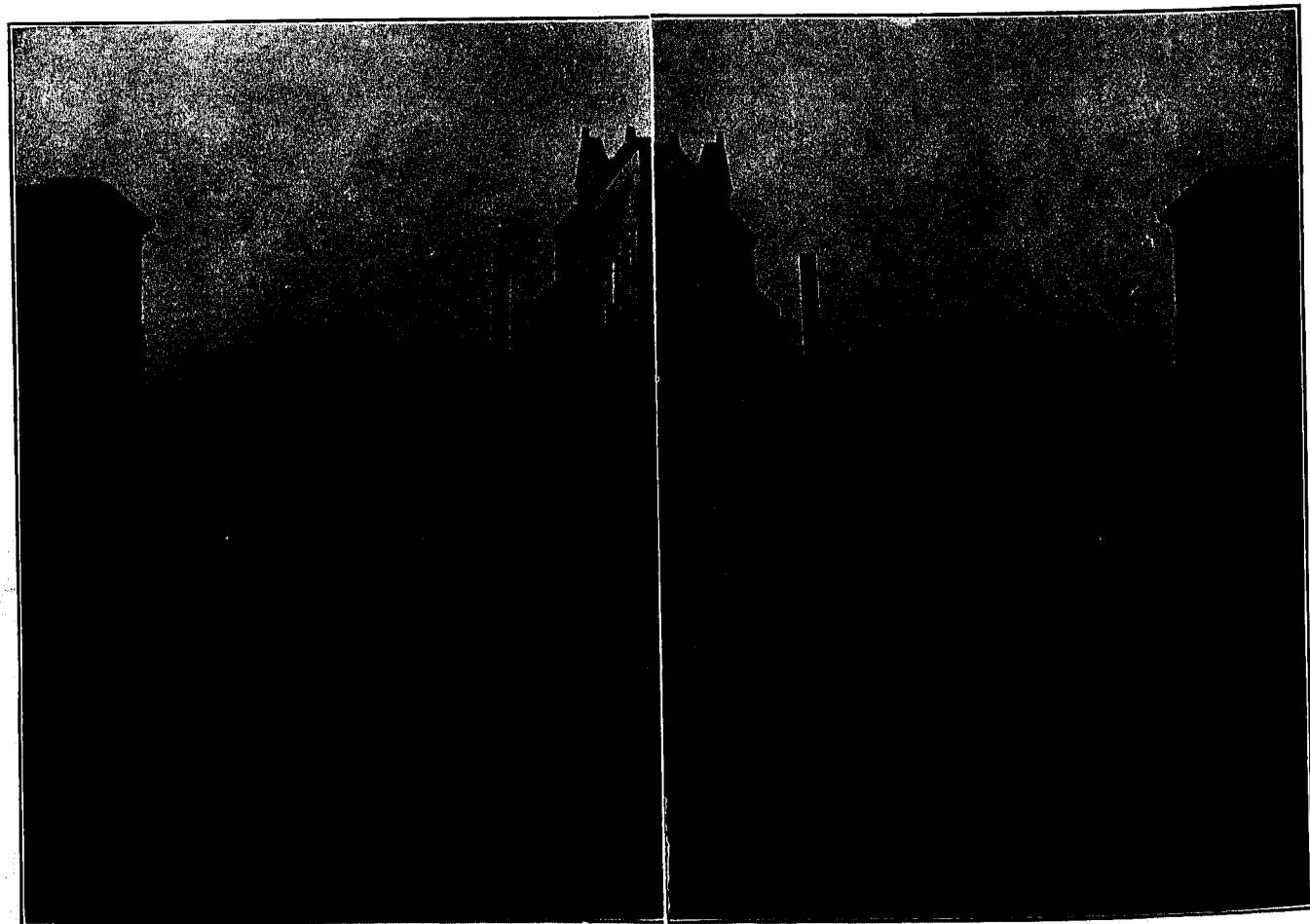
THE CALL TO AFRICA

A young D. D., with all good intent
Hied himself to the Dark Continent
Armed with hymnals and full many tracts
Ready to teach the heathenly blacks
Said he'd heard the African call—
To the Sons of Ham in the timber tall;
Alas, 'twas true and 'mid consternation
He beat it back to civilization.





BEFORE.



AFTER.

That Fire

"Well, wasn't it a shame?" That seemed to be the consensus of opinion with all Liberty people after the first shock was over. Just picture gentle reader, this situation: Invitations had been issued for one of those "General Deceptions" which the elite of Liberty and William Jewell were to patronize on Monday night, February 24th; and Dr. Greene had been busy ever since exhorting us to acknowledge receipt of same and inform the "Young Ladies of Liberty College" whether or not we were able to take advantage of their kind invitation. (Dr. Greene is surely well informed on all subjects of social etiquette.) We do not know how many acknowledgments had been received, but we imagine that everybody up there knew who was coming. Everything was in readiness for the function, and the luckless ones (beg pardon, it was the printer's mistake) were busy at home writing up an outline for the conversation they were going to employ the following night. And then to think that some careless girl caused everyone's hair to rise up and point toward the heavens, and those wriggly chills to chase each other around the dorsal region of our ribs. These discomforts however were immediately forgotten when it was discovered where the fire was. Oh! weren't we all imbued at once with the worthy desire to save the girls? Oh, no, not that soon. It doesn't take a Psychology Professor to realize the first thing each man thought, would be represented as follows: Oh, Thunder! And I had a date up there for tomorrow night! Of course, such thoughts didn't last long, and were immediately followed by the afore-mentioned impulse to put ourselves in line for one of those little metal things that Carnegie gives out to anyone who can get enough people to sign his petition. Some of the fellows were up there before that atrocity out by the Milwaukee Station had quit torturing our ears, but some didn't get out until just about half-an-hour before the fire wagon did and consequently didn't get to see much of the fire.

As to the fire itself, it was not so different from other fires. It was hot; and it hurt ones eyes to look at it; and it burned the building clear down. But such a lonesome feeling as the one which has pervaded the good students of William Jewell since then was never known before.

The Hotel Major, where the girls stayed for several days was the most popular place in town. And then followed a week of revelry, when students forsook their studies, and dropped everything for the purpose of entertaining the girls who stayed. Girls here, girls there, girls everywhere, and every fellow who did not have a date every night was considered a sure enough dead one. No one had time to be sorry that the college had burned. There was too much fun going on. But the reaction was bound to come. The girls started leaving, and in a few days, they were all gone. From the height of merriment, we were plunged into the deepest gloom. And now, when a worthy son of Jewell passes along the north side of the square, he always stops and gazes sadly and reverently at the walls which are the only visible reminders of that once great and glorious college.



It's an ill wind that blows no good.

As Poe Would Have Seen It

On the square I used to meet her,
 (Please forgive this Poe-esque meter,
 But my thoughts, still dark with sorrow,
 Make me from that poet borrow
 Means to tell you of that horror
 That has caused us all to mourn.)

Ah! the pleasures of those meetings,
 And the joy of secret greetings,
 Bonds we thought would never sever
 Are all lost to us forever;
 Lost by reason of the cravings
 Of that greedy monster Fire.

It was on a Sunday dreary,
 As we sat there all so weary,
 No one trying to be merry,
 On that day in February;
 Suddenly a whistle shrilly
 Burst upon the quiet air.

Up we started, vaguely wondering
 What poor careless person's blundering
 Caused this awful note so thundering;
 And our very ears we doubted,
 As someone this sentence shouted,
 "L. L. C. has caught on fire."

Towards that distant hill we hurried,
 Where the girls like rabbits scurried.
 Upwards leaped the flames so brightly,
 And the firemen worked so sprightly;
 But alas their work was useless
 'Gainst that hideous monster Fire.

And the walls, first merely trembling,
 Suddenly they fell, resembling
 Monstrous giants finally humbled,
 As to dust their ashes crumbled.
 And our hearts within us stricken,
 Will be happy nevermore.

Sadly down the hill we started,
 Silently we all departed,
 Angry with the Fates contrary,
 Whose decree had caused this very
 Cruel disaster that had plunged us
 In the deepest darkest gloom.

Not forgotten are those meetings;
 Still remember we those greetings.
 But our hearts are always burning,
 And our thoughts are ever yearning
 For some surcease from that sorrow
 Which these memories produce.



Note:—We beg to state that, owing to the fire, the publication of "The Vista" was made impossible, and we thought it only right that the world should at least know the contents of the intended number.

"TATLER" EDITORS.

The Vista

Vol. XXIII JUNE, 1913 No. 666

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THE STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief Maude Scallywag
 Busy Manager Buzz Kelly
 Sm-Art Editor Maude Strongarm
 Obituary Editor Vesta Peters (Chocolate)

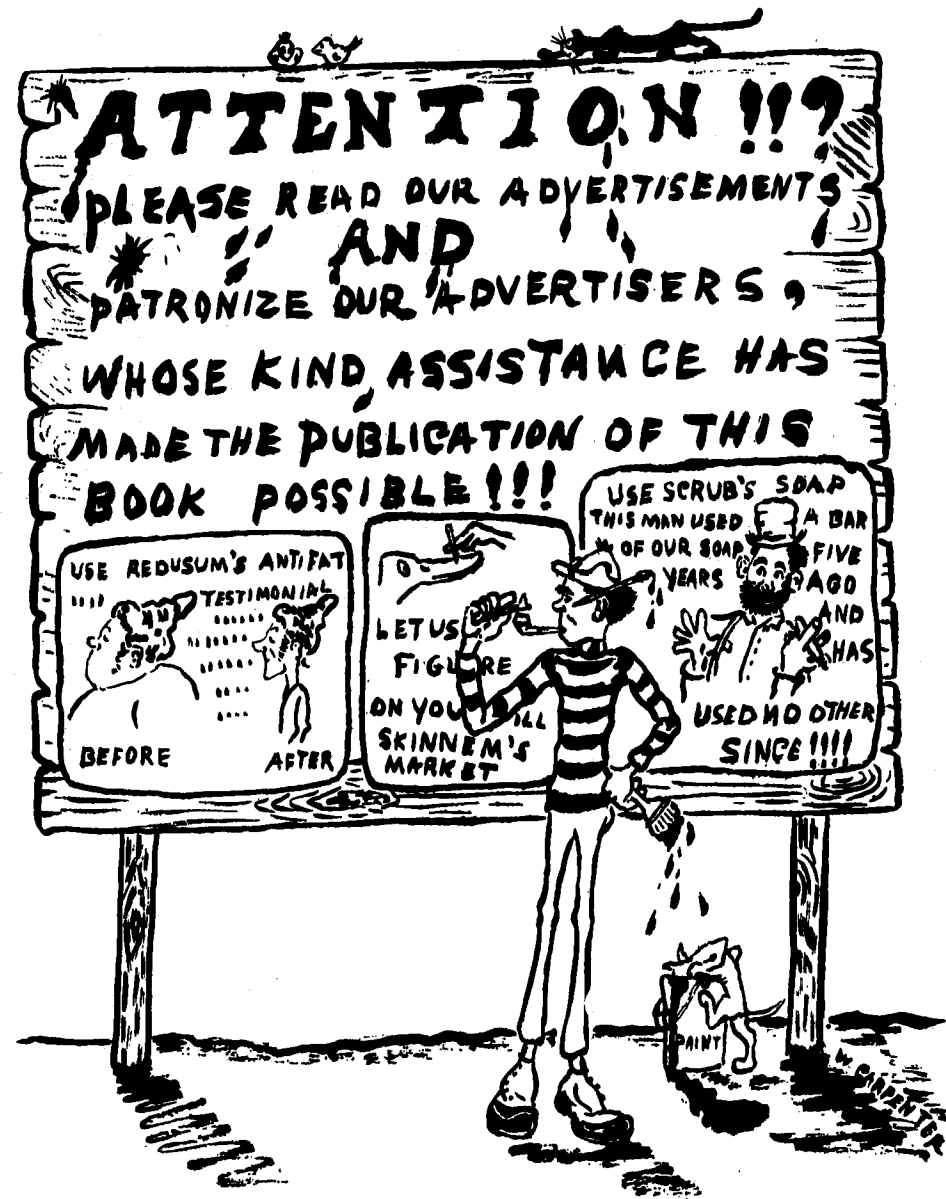
A LITANY.

(By the Fra of East Aurora.)

Ah, sisters, the summer has come, and is it not beautiful in its ephemeral glory, in its Bacchanalian splendor? A new era has come, concerning which only Me and a few other Wise Girls know. 'Tis the Sisterhood of Man. Know yourself, but nobody else. Alas the kidders are kidding.

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 Love (A Poem) Georgiebelle Fusser
 The Art of the Hearty Laugh Mildred Bullyme
 The Easy Road Oleomargarine Harris
 Beauty Secrets (Cut out as unnecessary).



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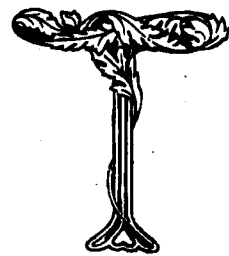
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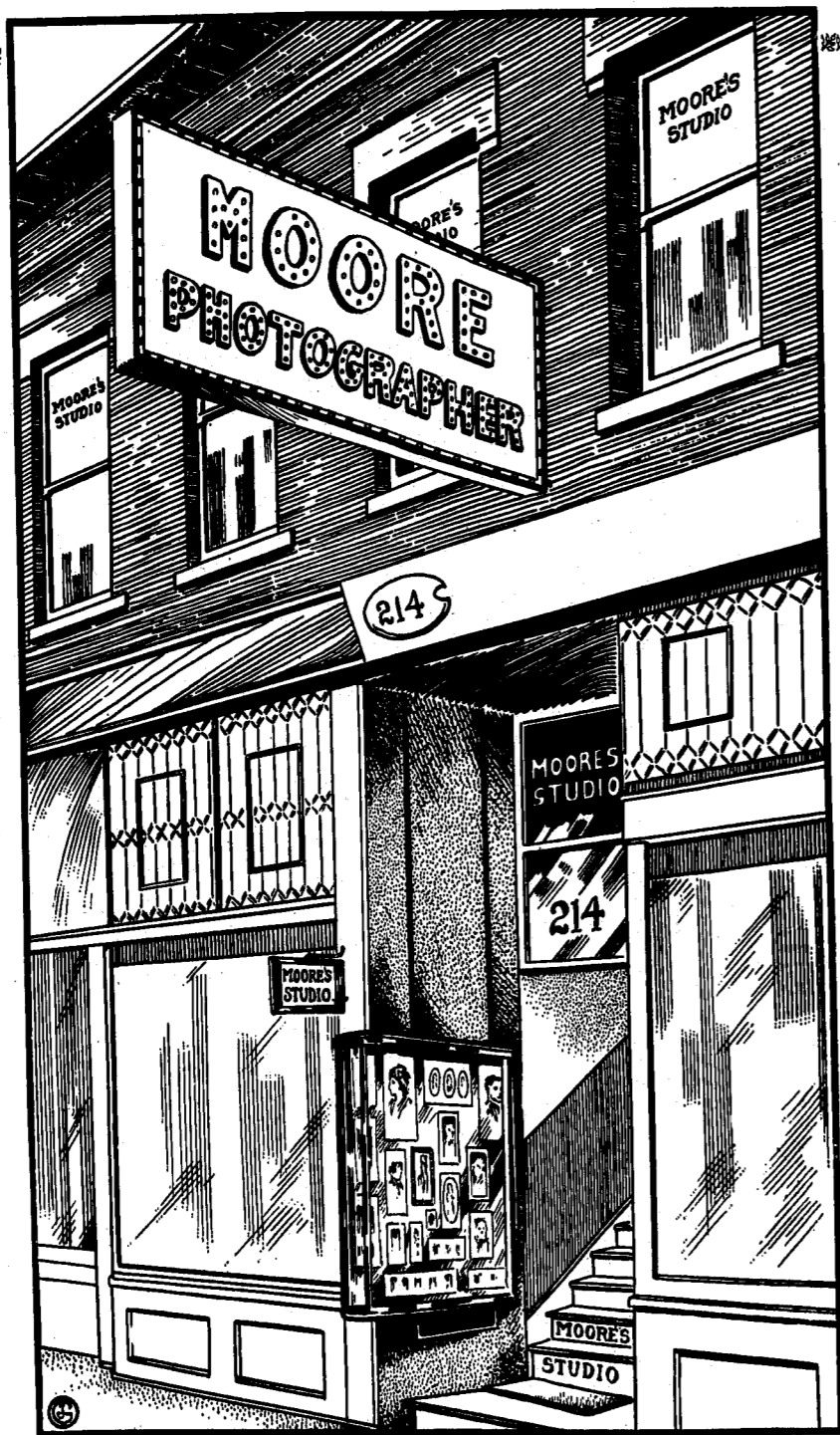
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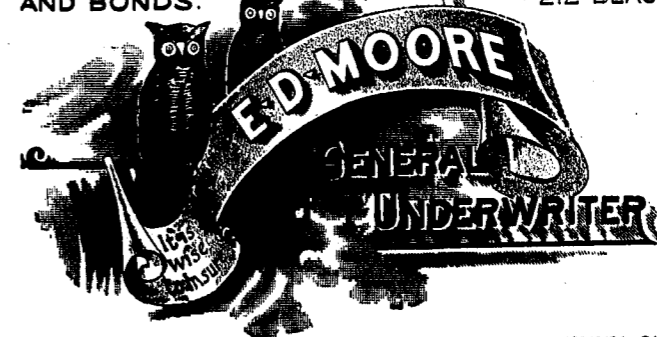
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