

REF

378.778

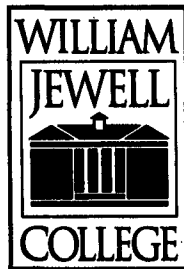
W. J.

1915

CURRY LIBRARY - WILLIAM JEWELL COLLEGE

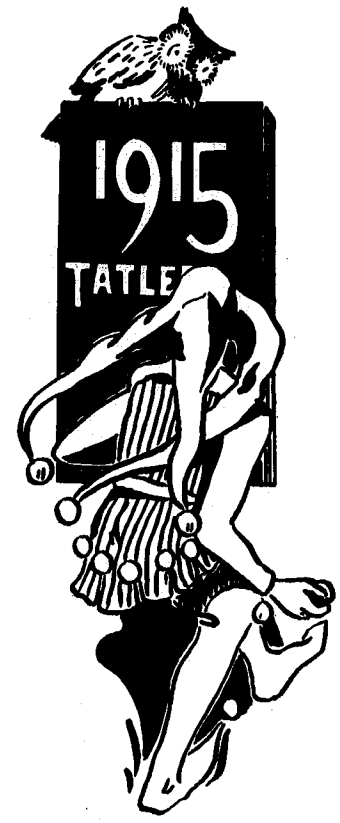


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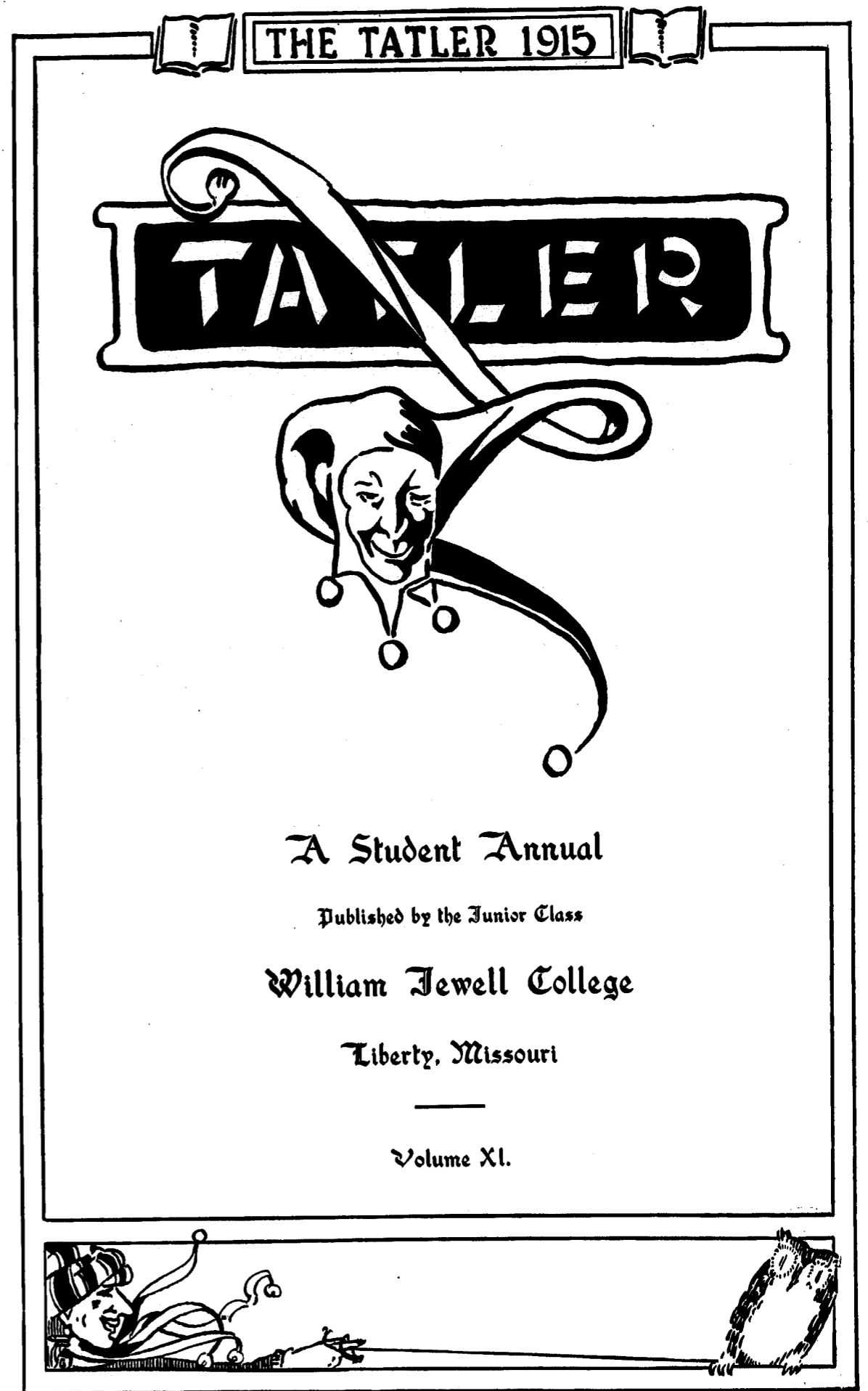
CHARLES F. CURRY
LIBRARY
REFERENCE

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William Jewell College.
The Tatler.



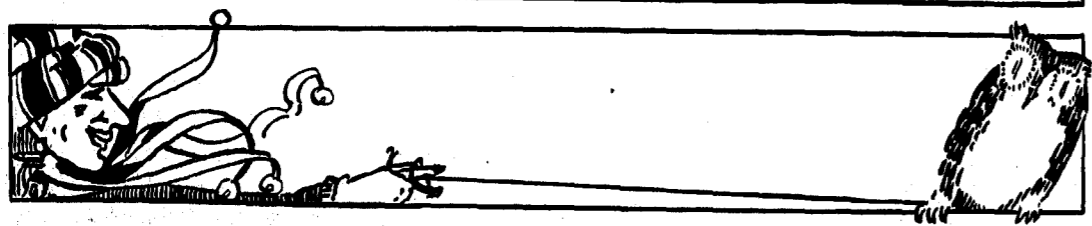
378.778
WJC

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KANSAS CITY, MO.





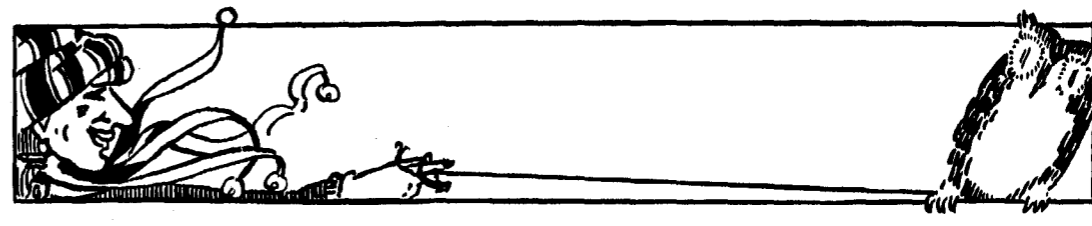
Dr. D. J. Evans

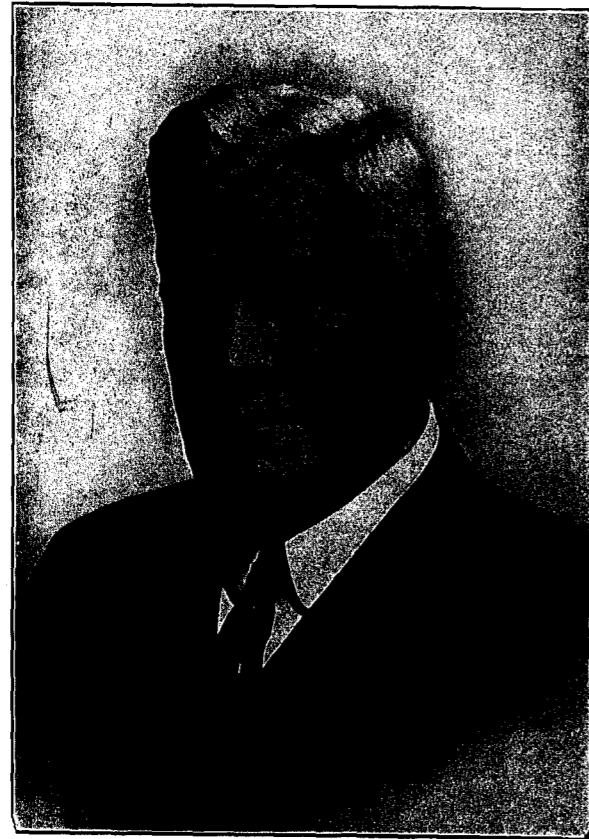


Dedication

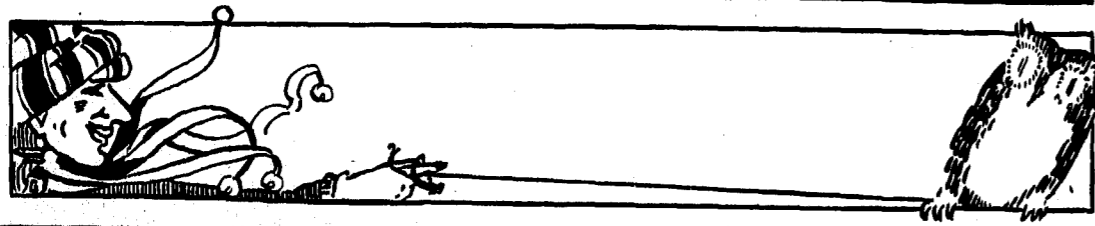
For nine years a certain member of our worthy faculty has had as his first concern the welfare of William Jewell. Throughout these years his deep devotion for his Alma Mater has been expressed by his diligent epoch-making service. Singing, teaching or preaching—he is always captivating and compelling. Stately and dignified in appearance, sympathetic and cheerful in nature, brilliant and masterful in mind, and yet, humble and self-sacrificing in disposition, he lives and teaches the life of love of the lowly Nazarene. Because of this high regard for this man, his character and his work, we consider it an honor to dedicate this volume of the Tatler to

Dr. David Jones Evans





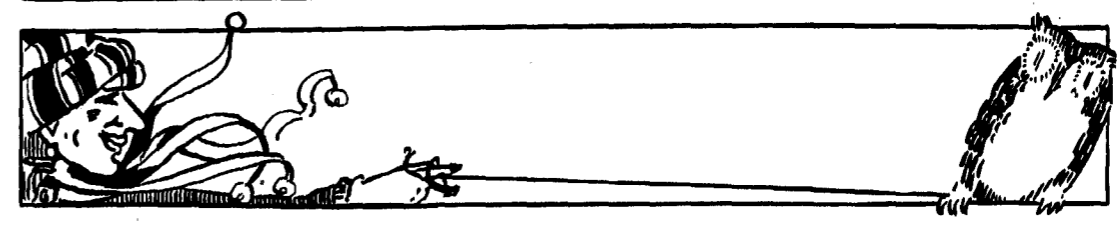
Dr. J. P. Greene, A. M., D. D., LL.D., 1892



This,
Our Book

It is a bit of the Concrete Present. It is the solid Here and Now, an isthmus betwixt the eternity of the Past and the endless Future. It is our vantage ground on which we take footing for a brief space and from which we cast a backward glance into the remorseless abyss behind us while we gather Strength and Courage to project our Souls into the all-possible time to come.

From the Tatler of '15, as from a Golden Milestone, we shall measure, Comrades, the one the other's career through the gateways into the wide world. And however far our footsteps take us we shall by virtue of the good fellowship sweep back in spirit to the Old Hill of 1915.



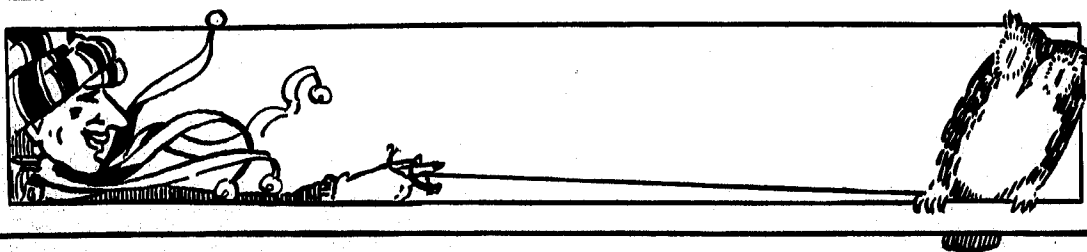
Long Live Our Alma Mater

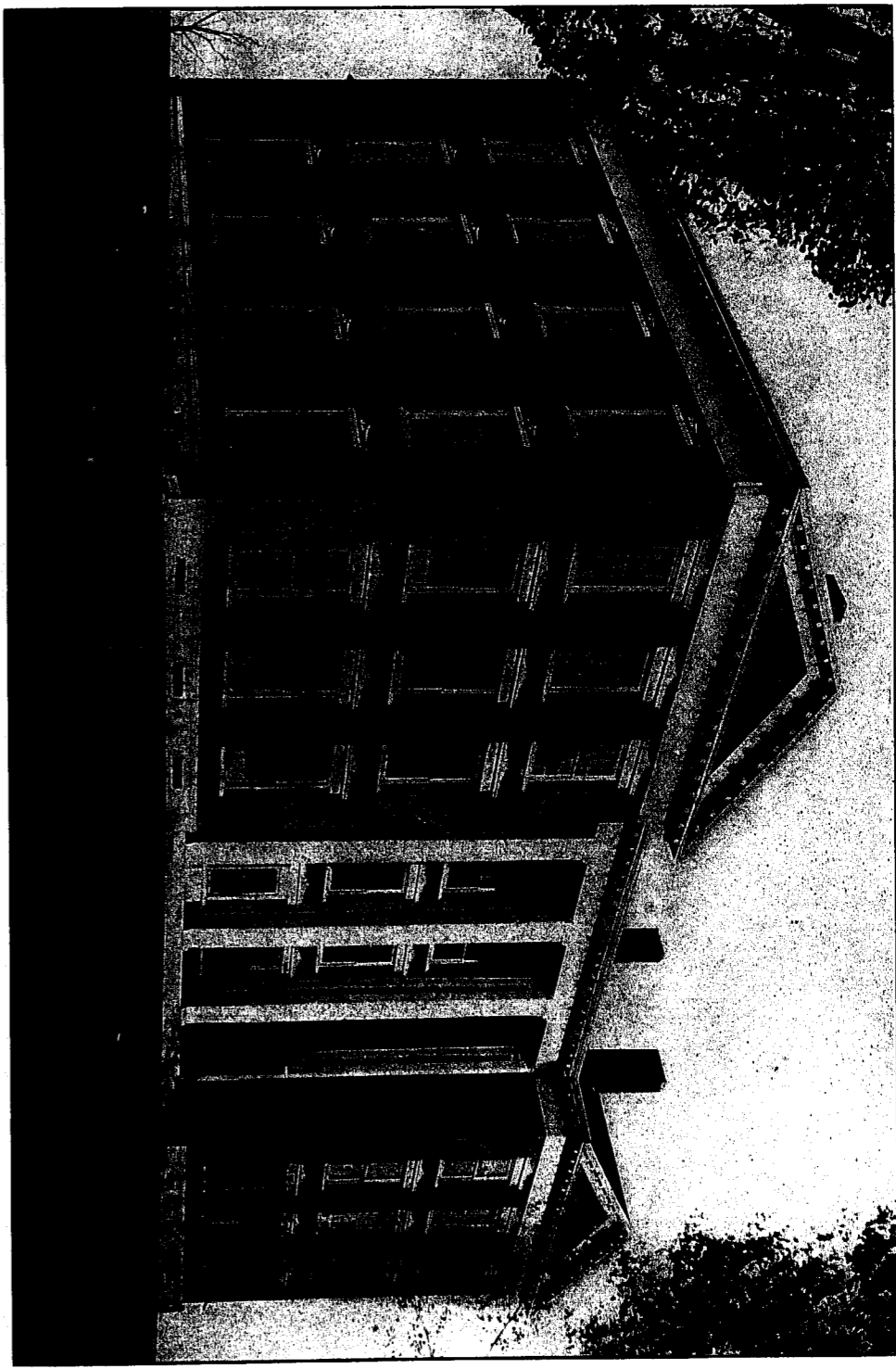
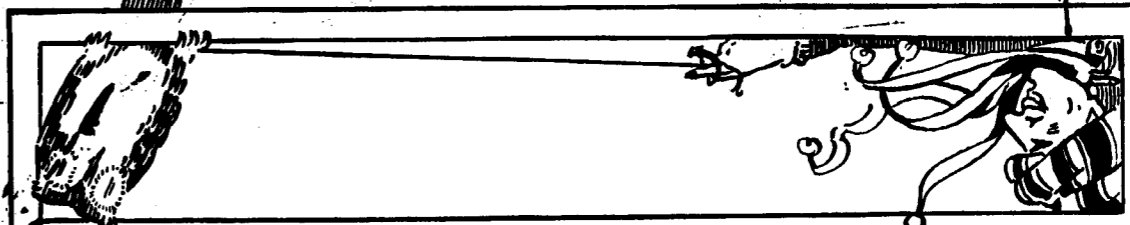
Behold above the silver mist
 Of Old Missouri's winding might
 A hill by silken zephyrs kissed
 Arrayed in clear, transcendent light.
 'Tis the Old Hill in fame renowned
 Afar and near on land and sea,—
 No fairer spot on earth is found
 Of comradeship and loyalty.

Though storms may rage around her base
 Serene she stands unmoved by aught
 And lifts above the clouds her face
 With tender love and glory fraught.
 No strife below can ever mar
 The grandeur of her noble head,—
 She greets the smiles of sun and star
 'Mongst heaven's radiance round her shed.

Long may she reign the Queen of hills
 Adorning earth with love and truth,
 Dispelling fear and ranking ills,
 With beauteous arms uplifting youth.
 May we her sons be strong and pure,
 The friends of right in every clime
 That she may ever more endure,
 Untarnished by the hand of time.
 Long live our Alma Mater!

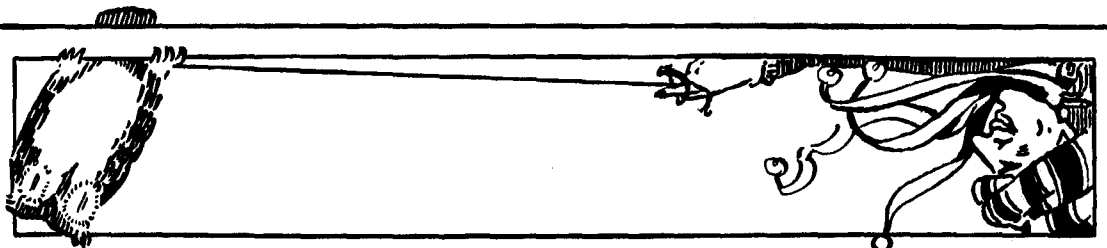
—Grant McGee.



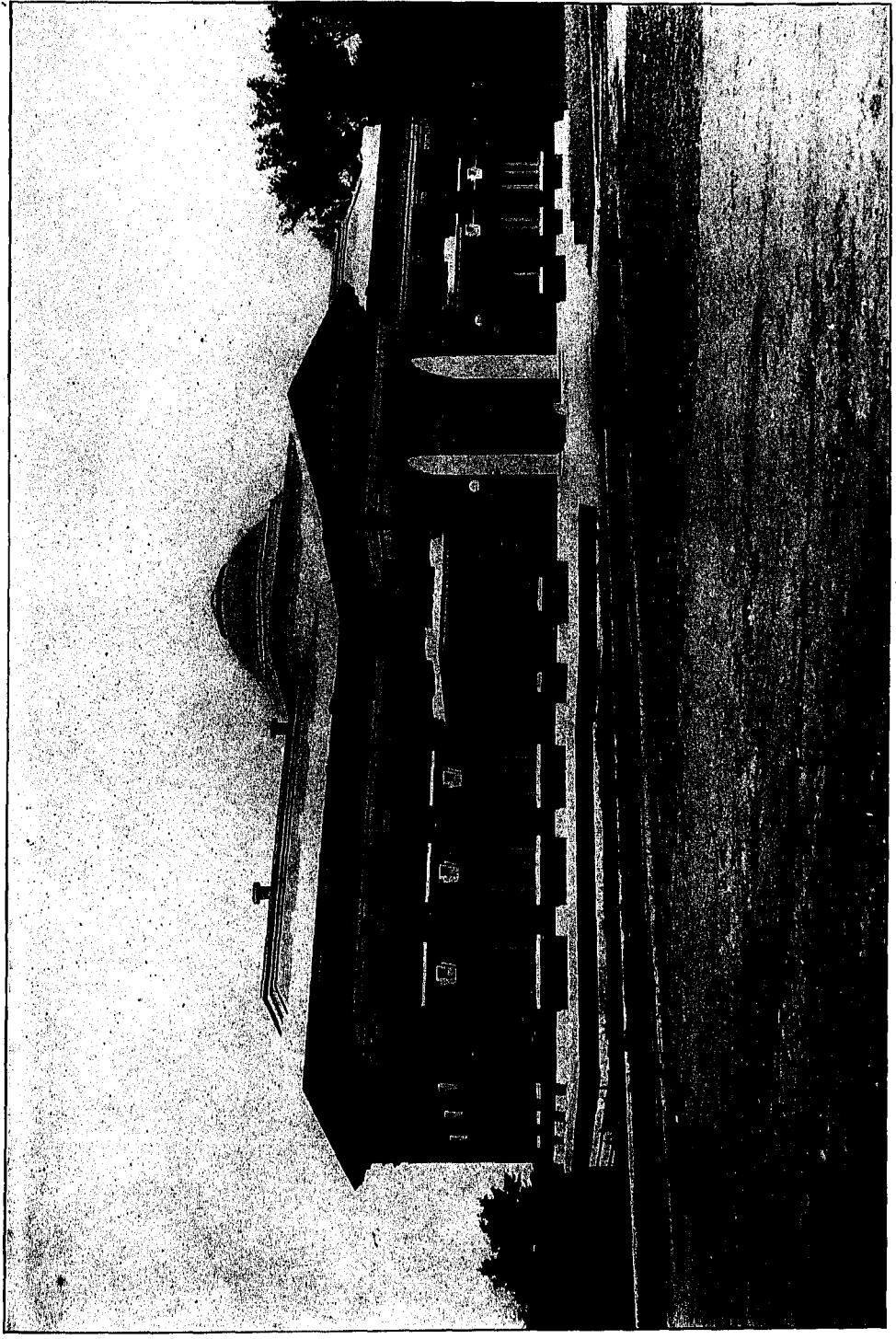
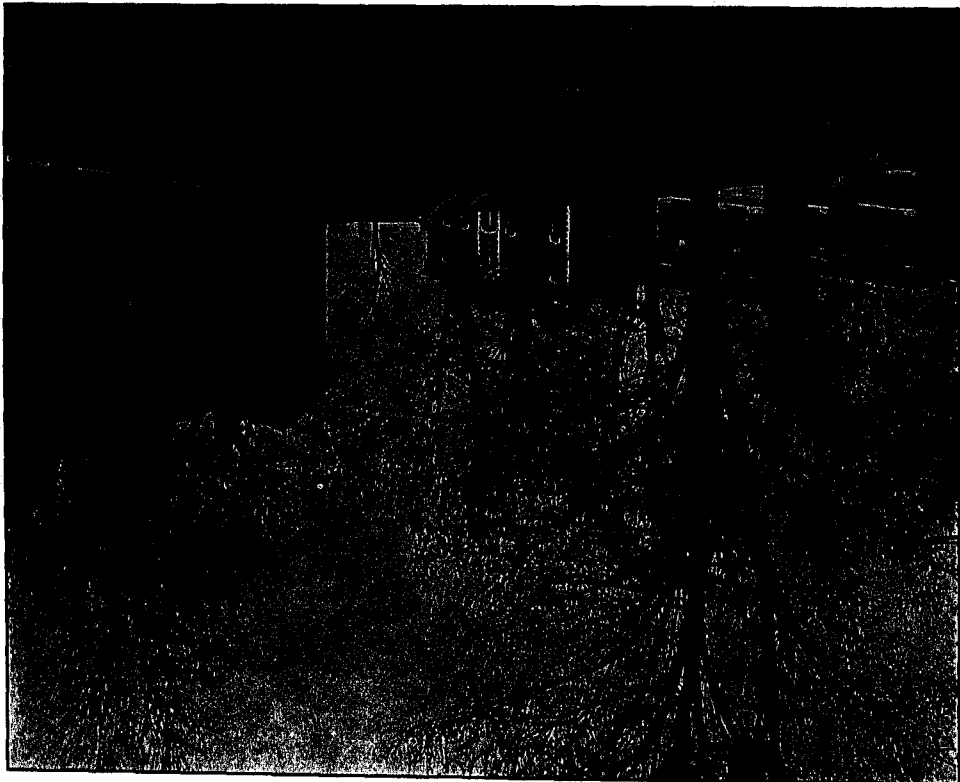


Jewell Hall

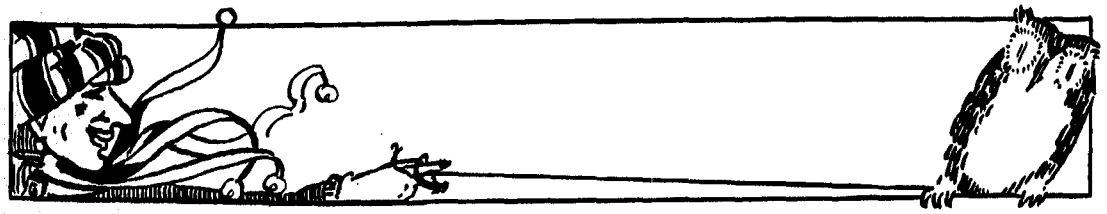




The Campus

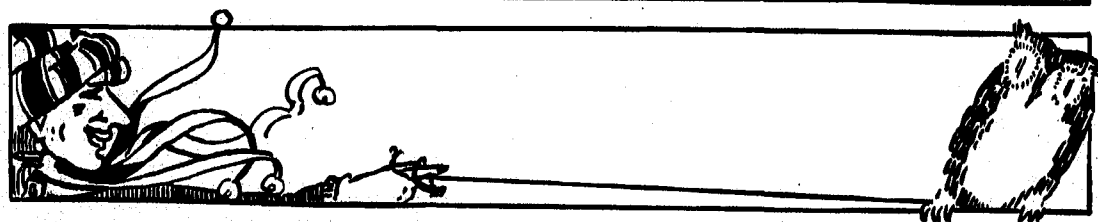


Library

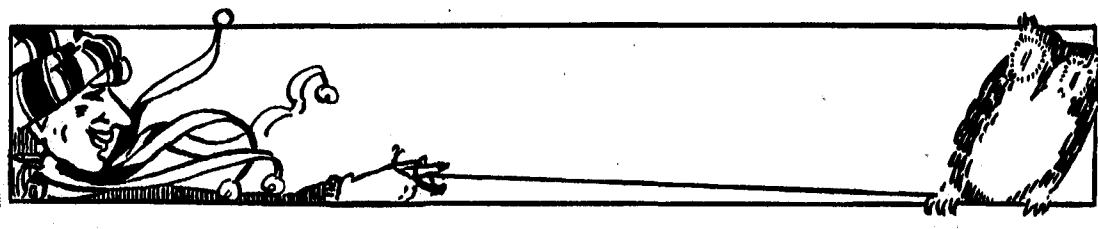


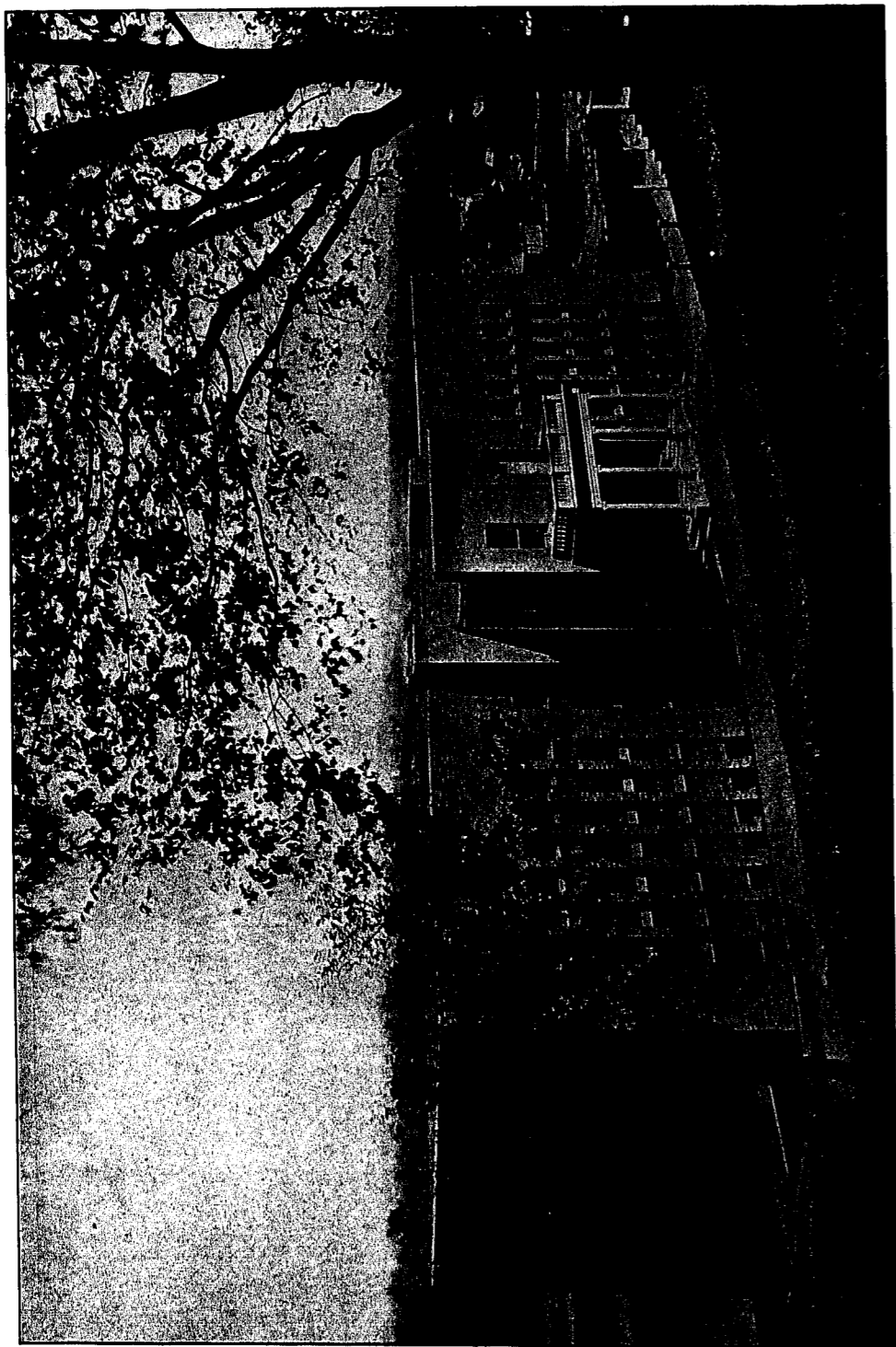


New Ely

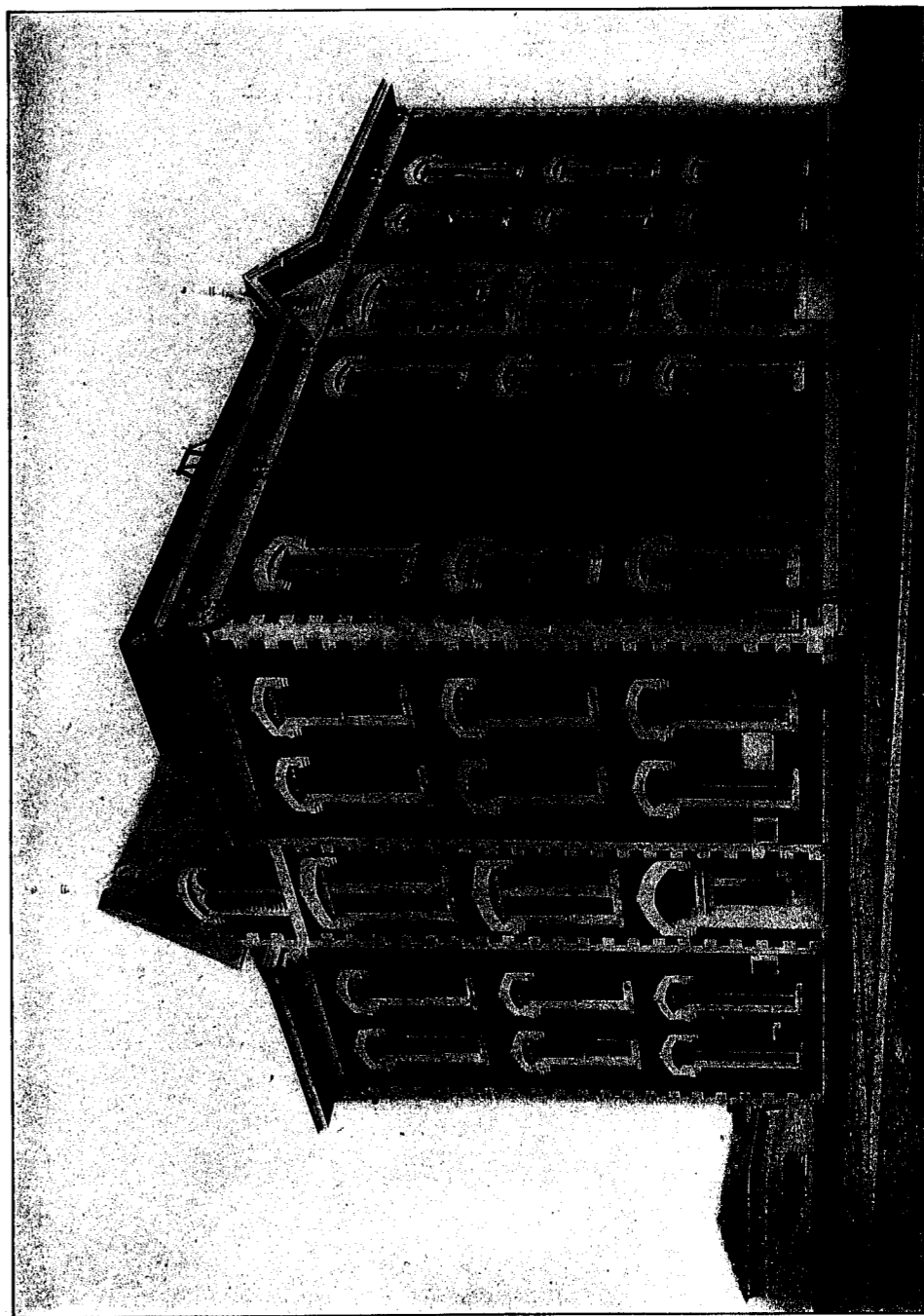
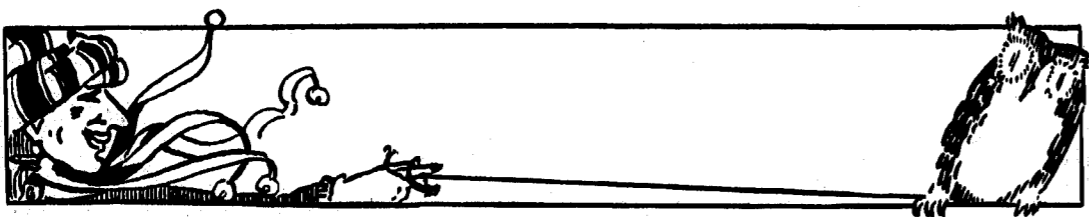


New Science Hall

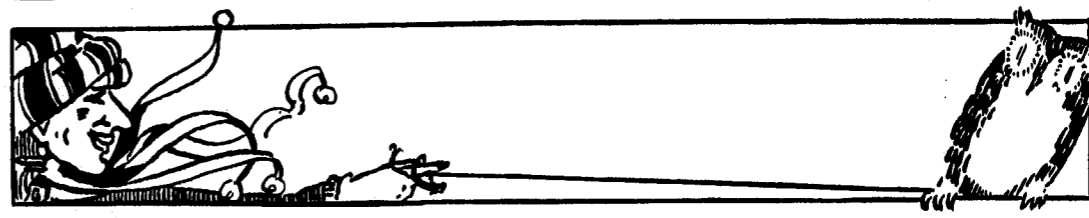


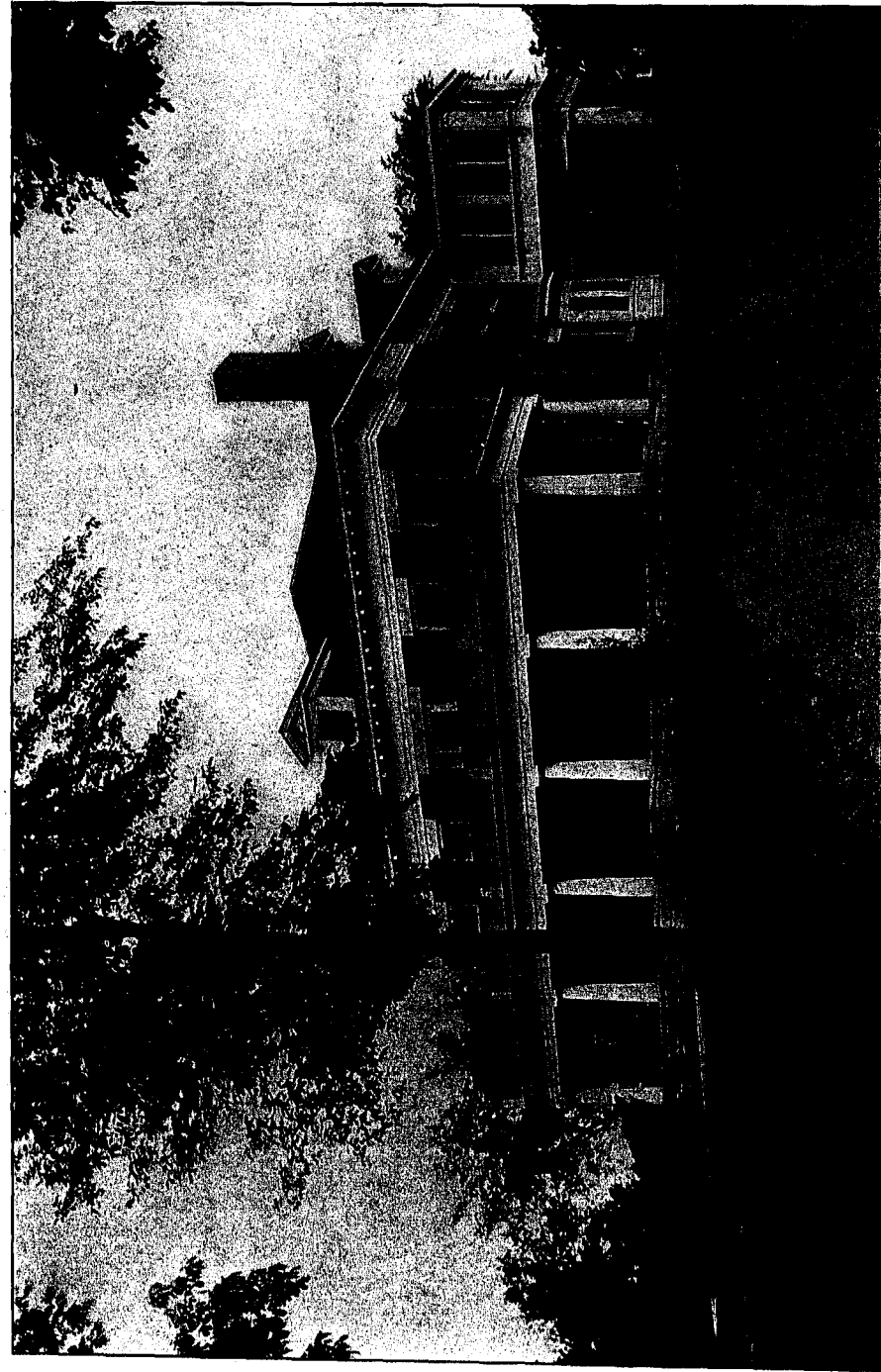


Gymnasium

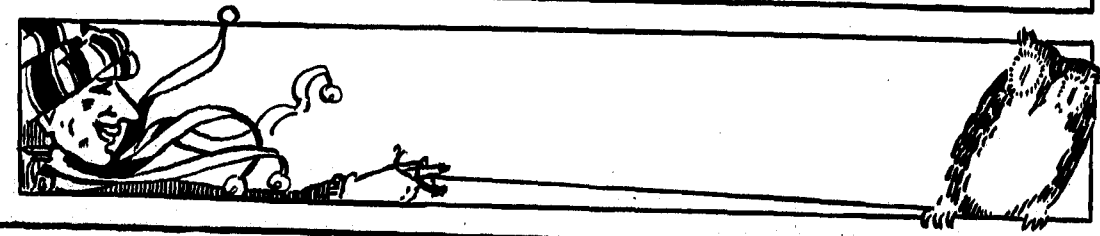


Old Ely

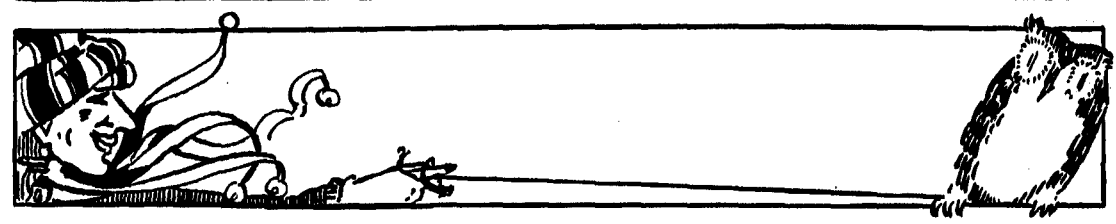


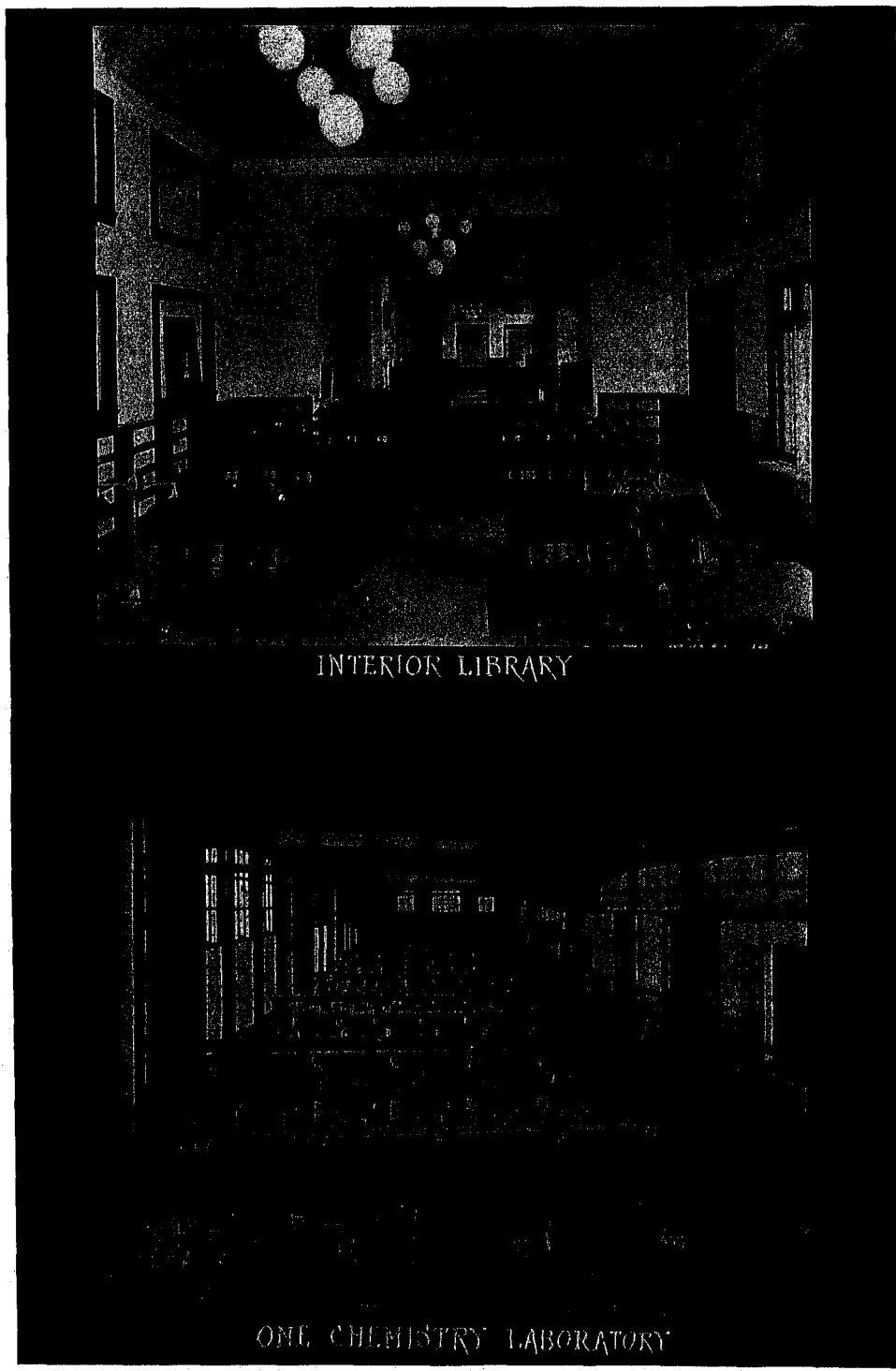


President's Mansion



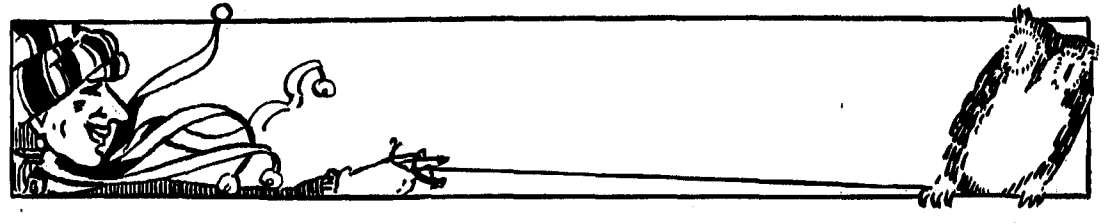
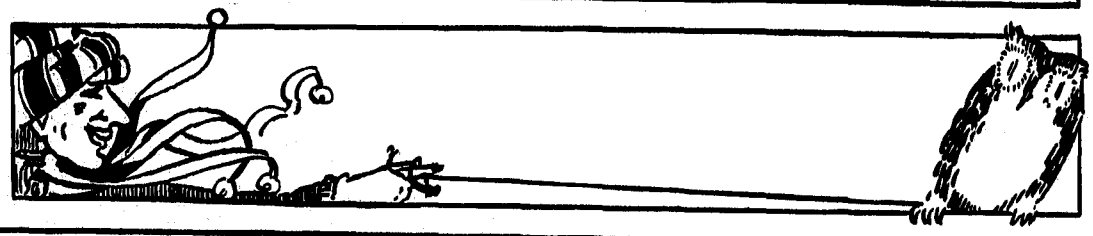
Cliff Drive

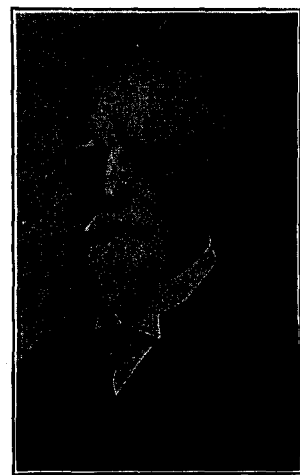




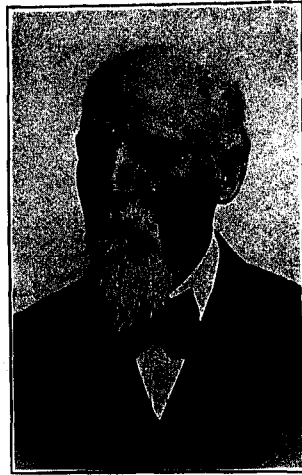
INTERIOR LIBRARY

ONE CHEMISTRY LABORATORY

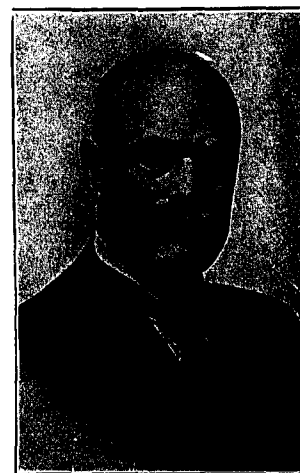




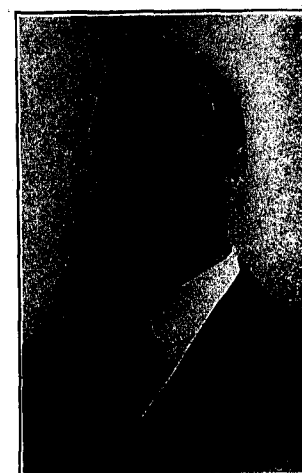
JAMES GREGORY CLARK, LL.D., 1873
Secretary of Faculty
Professor of Mathematics Emeritus.



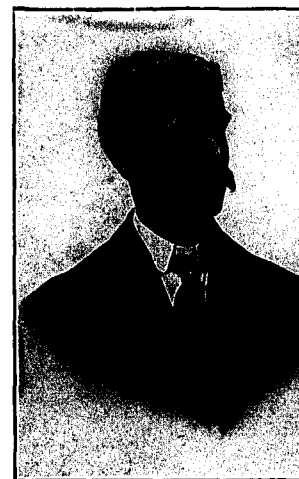
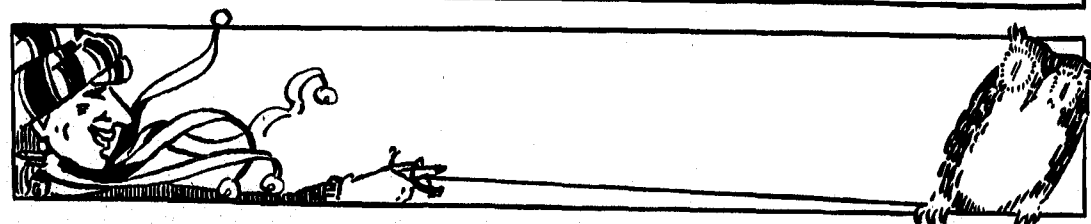
RICHARD PRICE RIDER, A.M., 1884
Principal of Academy
Associate in Latin, Emeritus



JOHN ERNEST COOK, A.M., D.D., 1903
Treasurer of the College



HARRY GEORGE PARKER, A.M., Ph.D., '96
Professor of Chemistry



HENRY MERRITT RICHMOND, A.M., '96
Professor of Biology and Geology



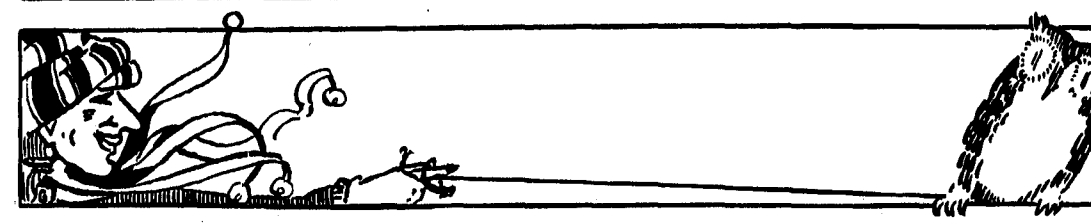
JOHN PHELPS FRUIT, A.M., Ph.D., 1898
Professor of English Language
and Literature



ROBERT RYLAND FLEET, A.M., Ph.D., '03
Professor of Mathematics



WARD HAMPTON EDWARDS, A.M., '03
Associate in English
Librarian



THE TATLER 1915



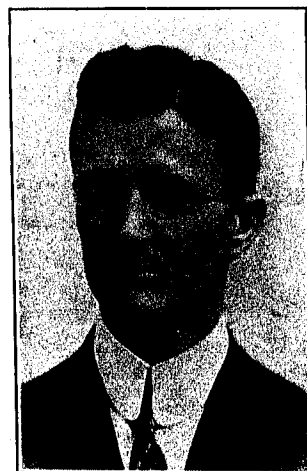
ELMER CUMMINGS GRIFFITH,
A.M., Ph.D., 1905
Professor of History



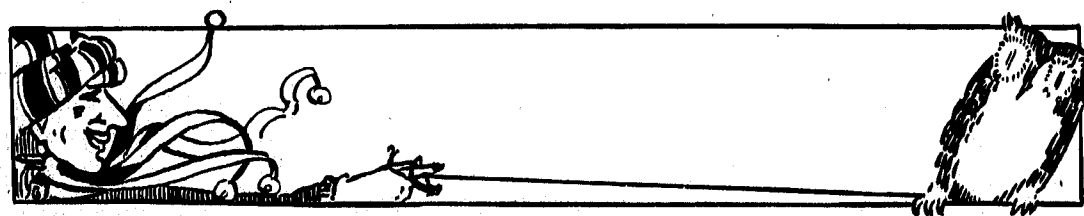
DAVID JONES EVANS, A.M., Th.D., 1906
Professor of English
Old Testament



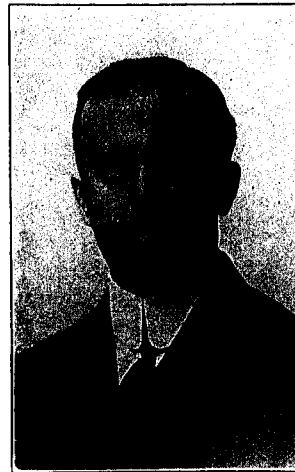
WILLIAM DENNY BASKETT, A.M., '09
Professor of Modern Languages



RAYMOND HUNTINGTON COON, M.A.
1909
Professor of Latin



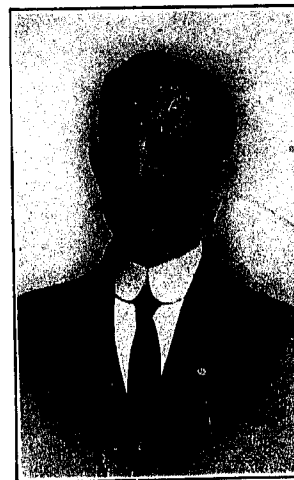
THE TATLER 1915



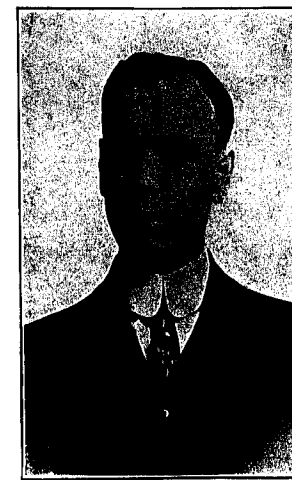
RALPH HERMAN TUKEY, A.M., Ph.D.
1910
Professor of Greek



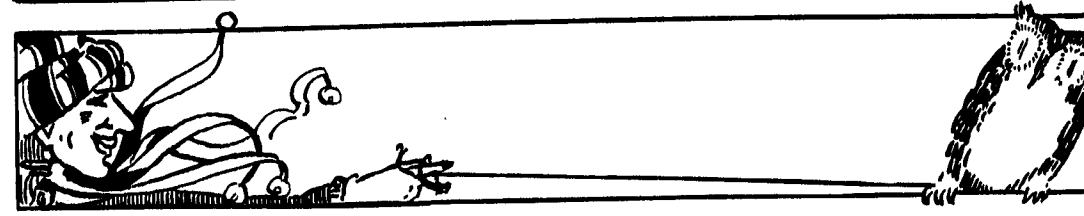
WALTER OLIVER LEWIS, A.M., Ph.D.
1910
Professor of Philosophy and
English New Testament



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

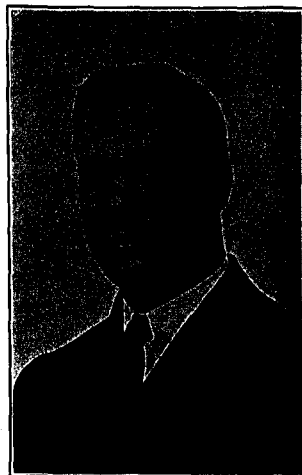


JOHN E. DAVIS, A.M., 1912
Professor of Physics





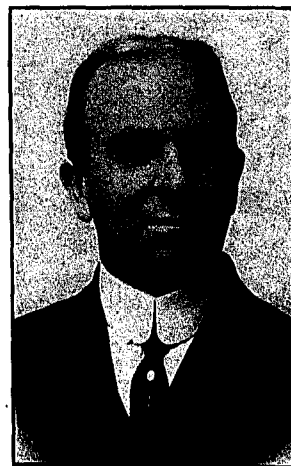
EDWIN HARDIN SUTHERLAND, Ph.D.
1913
Professor of Sociology



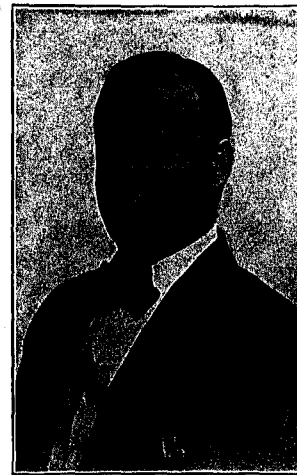
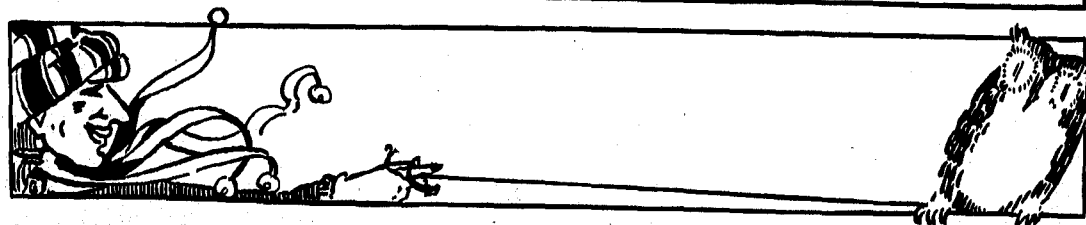
JAMES E. McATEE, A.M., 1913
Associate in Mathematics



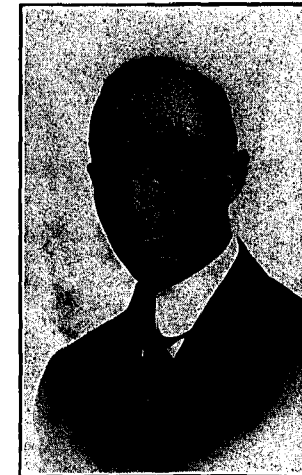
WALTER J. SWARTZ, A.M., 1913
Associate in Latin



CHARLES M. PHILIPS, A.M., B.D.
Professor of Sunday School
Pedagogy



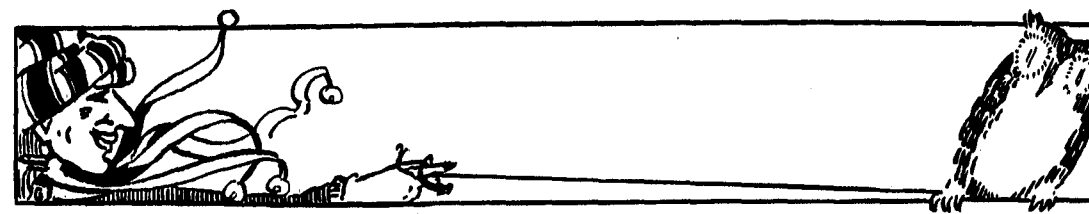
MARION F. DUNWODY, 1913
Director of Music



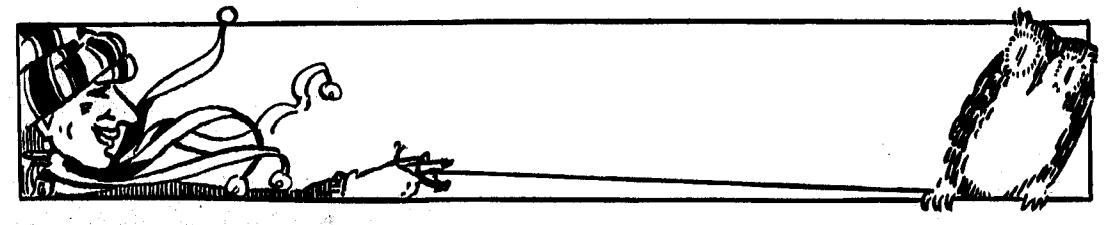
R. EARL BOWLES, A.B., 1912
Director of Athletics



E. W. SWANK, 1912
Head of Commercial Department



In Memory
of
Forest I. Gordon
Died
July Twenty-first
nineteen-fourteen



Redberry
1915

Senior Class



H. R. GODFRIAUX

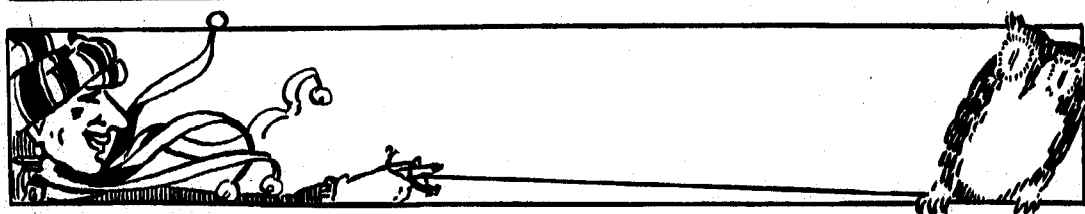
CLASS COLORS:
Silver-Gray and Maroon

MOTTO:
Virtus et Veritas

CLASS YELL:
Ever work, ever strive
One nine one five;
Hi Senior, Hi Senior,
S—E—N—I—O—R,
Senior.

OFFICERS

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------|
| Henry R. Godfriaux..... | President |
| Grant McGee..... | Vice-President |
| Victor E. Tatum..... | Secretary |
| Charles S. Billings..... | Treasurer |
| Asa Q. Burns..... | Yell Leader |



WILLIAM FRANCIS BELL

Lee Summit, Missouri

ΦΓΔ: Aeons; Assistant in History; Track Team '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14; College Discus Record; State Intercollegiate Discus Record 1911-1912; German Klub; F. L. E. Club; Emblem Club; Scientific Club.

The proud possessor of a near perfect "bay window."

CHARLES SPURGEON BILLINGS

Liberty, Missouri

Philomathian; Class Football Team '11-'12; Captain Class Basketball Team '11-'12; President Sophomore Class; Co-op Board '12-'14; Son of Rest; Buttinsky; German Club; Debate Committeeman '13-'14; President Debate Council '13-'14; Student Senate '13-'14; Vice-President Y. M. C. A. '13-'14, '14-'15; Oratorical Committeeman '15; President Joint Session '14-'15; Treasurer Philomathians '14-'15; Treasurer Senior Class; Captain Basketball Team '14-'15; Coach Freshman Basketball Team '13-'14; Vice President Student Council '14-'15. Vice-President Collegiate Oratorical Association.

Whoopee! Look at my honors.

Like a mule, he loves his melodious voice.

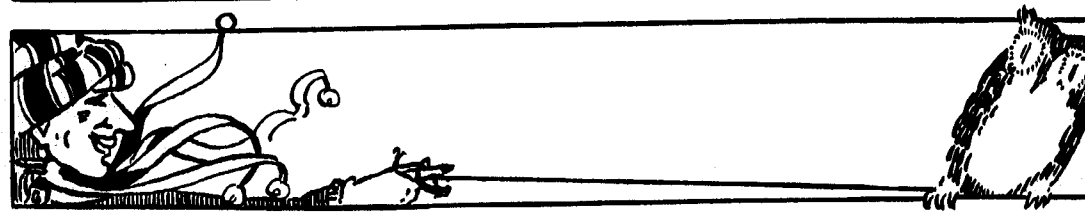
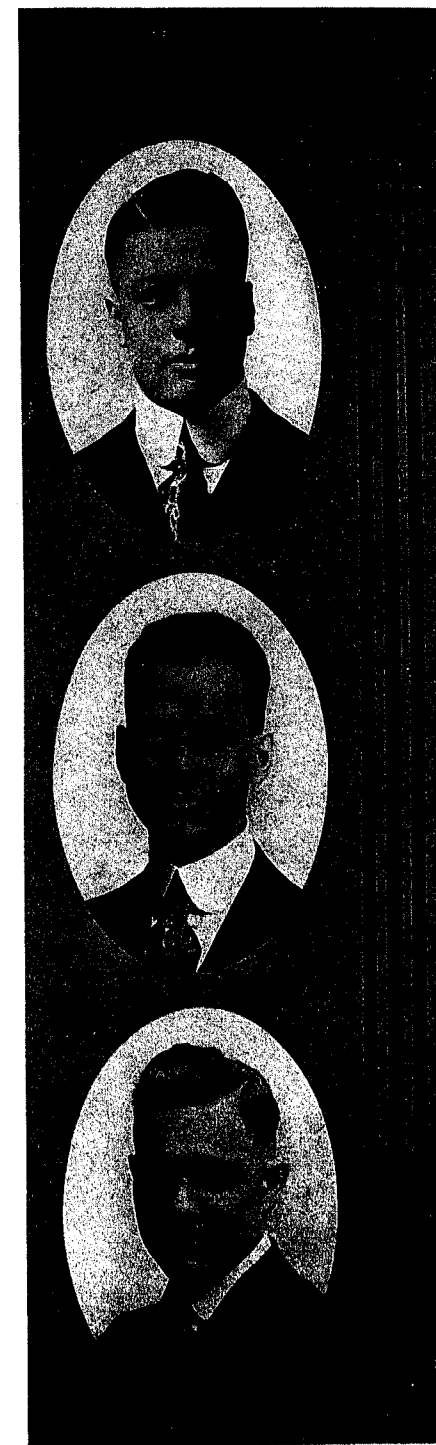
ASA Q. BURNS

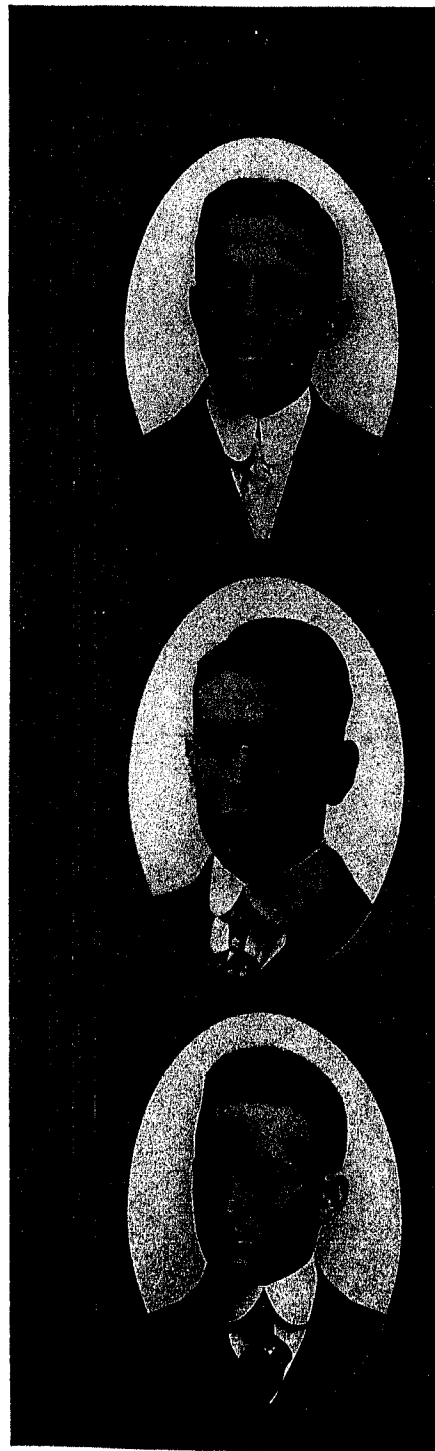
Green City, Missouri

Philomathian; Minister; Junior Ready Speaking, Essay, Reading, and Oration Medals; Ely Spelling Medal; Secretary-Treasurer Freshman Class; O. S. B. Representative; Senior Declamation Medal; Inter-Collegiate Debater '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15; W. J. C. Band '09-'14; Soccer Squad '11-'12; Student Staff '12-'13; Associate Editor Student '13-'14; Editor-in-Chief Student '14-'15; Editor-in-Chief Tatler '14; Sophomore Scholarship; John W. Rider Sociology Prize; New Ely Essay Prize; Peace Orator '13-'14, '14-'15; Gospel Team; Wreath of Myrtle Society.

An energetic little man

Who gives an opinion whenever he can.





ERNEST FRANKLIN CANADAY

Carrollton, Missouri

Excelsior; Treasurer Y. M. C. A. '13-'14, '14-'15; Oratorical Committeeman '13-'14; Secretary-Treasurer Missouri Collegiate Oratorical Association '13-'14; Assistant in Mathematics '12-'13; Student Staff '13-'14, '14-'15; Co-op Board '12-'13, '13-'14; Class Football Team '12-'13; June President Senior Excelsiors, '13-'14; Track Team, '13-'14.

*This is my beloved self in
Whom I am well pleased.*

ABEL CANTU

Teran, Mexico.

Minister; Philomathian; In Charge of Spanish at W. J. C., 1908; Cosmopolitan Club.

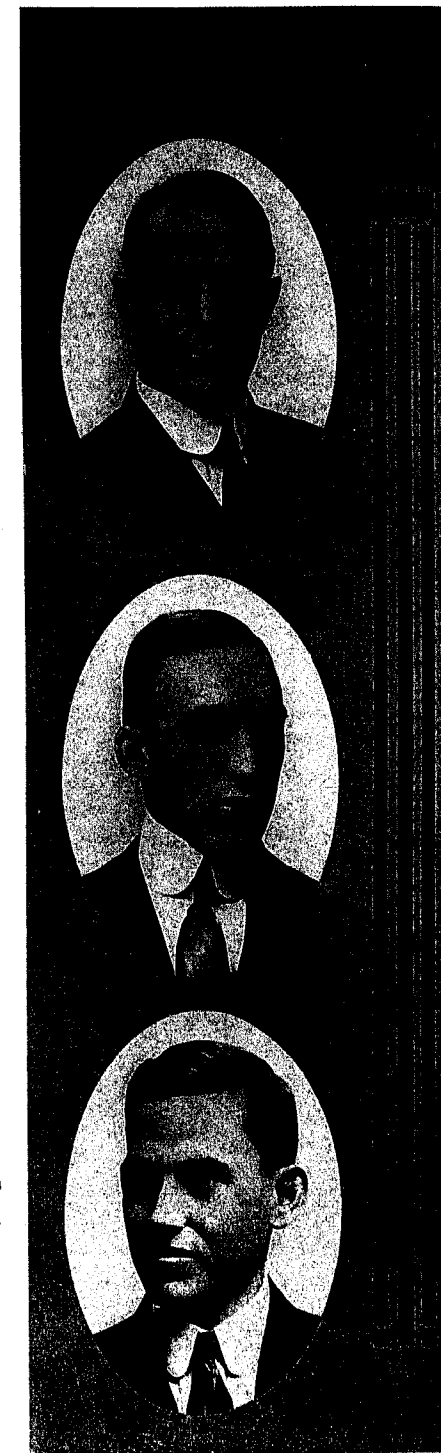
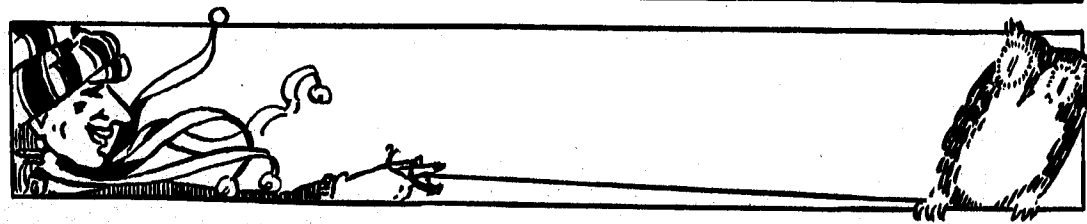
*I believe in self-preservation—
And myself—without reservation.*

GLEN CLAIBORNE CARBAUGH

Kansas City, Missouri

ΣN; Sons of Rest; Emblem Club; Fle Club; Class Basketball '11-'12; Varsity Basketball '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15; Varsity Baseball '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15; Captain Varsity Baseball '15.

He ranks among the rankest.



WILLIAM BYRON CHARLES

Farber, Missouri

Minister; Philomathian; President Junior Phils' Junior Reading Medal; Class Football Team '11-'12, '12-'13; Secretary Junior Class; Secretary-Treasurer Student Volunteer Band; Soccer Team '09-'10, '10-'11; Y. M. C. A. Mission Study Chairman '13-'14; Student Staff '12-'13, '13-'14; Gospel Team '14-'15.

*So bristling with personality that he has escaped
Attention by a very close shave—daily.*

JOSEPH CLAXTON CLARKE

Liberty, Missouri

K Σ; Son of Rest; Quo Vadis; Assistant Physics '13-'14, '14-'15; Fle Club; Class Basketball; Scientific Club.

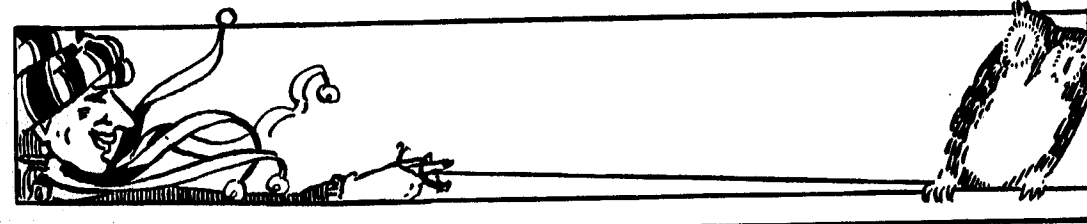
An ardent advocate of the back-to-the-farm movement.

REUBEN ISALIAH DAVIS

Monteer, Missouri

Excelsior; Co-op Representative Sophomore Class '13-'14; Class Basketball Teams '11-'12-'13-'14-'15; Co-op Representative Senior Class; Gospel Team '14-'15.

Perhaps a Prophet, perhaps a Rube.





JOHN RAY FILES

Helena, Missouri

Freshman Football Team '16; German Klub; Assistant in Physics '14-'15.

*Like all files he is rough—
And sharp—and rasps.*

TOTA FUJII

Hiroshima, Japan

Minister; Student Volunteer Band; American Cosmopolitan Club; Vice-President A. C. C. '13-'14; President A. C. C. '14-'15.

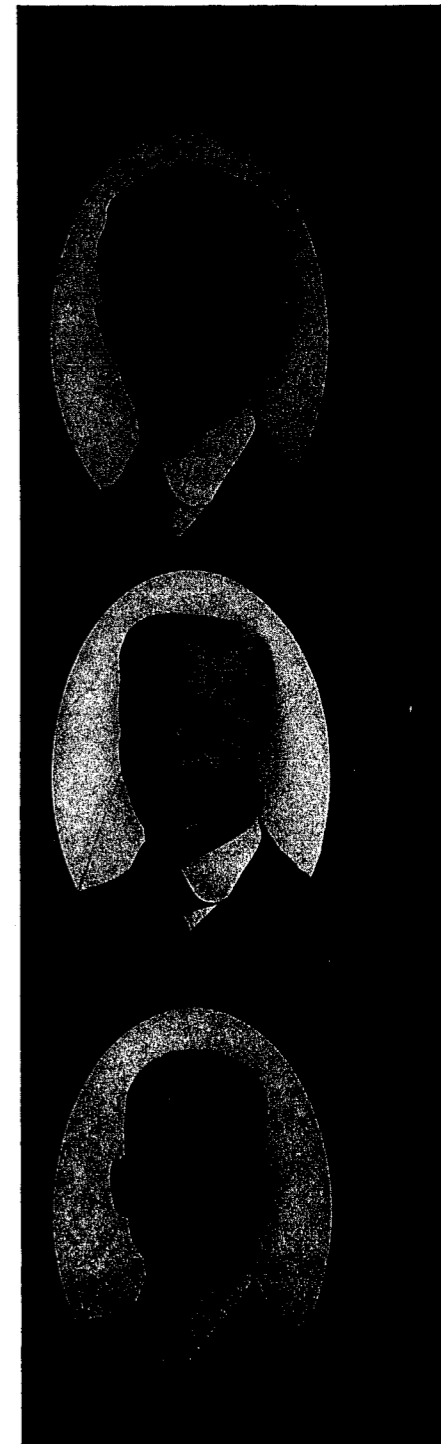
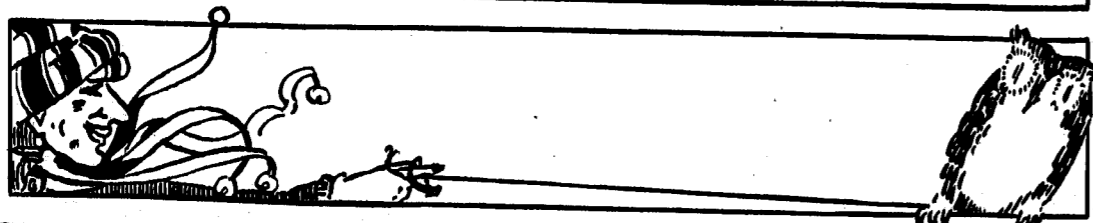
*This nice little Jap called Toto
Does over his work much gloato.*

JOHN SEWELL GEYER

Graham, Missouri

Philomathian; Freshman, Sophomore, and Senior Basketball Teams '13, '14, '15; Deutsche Klub.

I cannot account for my rapid promotion as a society man unless it is because of my close associations with Dr. Sutherland.



GEORGE CONRAD GIESSING

Farmington, Missouri

ΦΓΔ; Track Team '14; Glee Club '14-'15; Deutsche Klub; Fle Club; Scientific Club; Senior Programme Committee.

*Dear Brother Giessing
All his teachers is fleeing.*

HENRY RENILE GODFRIAUX

Chicago, Illinois

ΦΓΔ; Philomathian; Baseball '09-'15; Captain Baseball Team '11-'12; O. S. B. Representative '10-'11; Basketball '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15; Football Team '13-'14, '14-'15; Co-op Manager '12-'13, '14-'15; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '13-'14; Student Senate '13-'14; Athletic Board '13-'14; Tatler Staff '14.

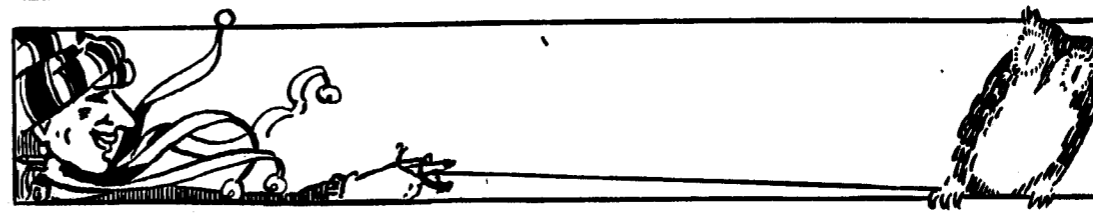
"He goeth through the line of the foe like a ram."

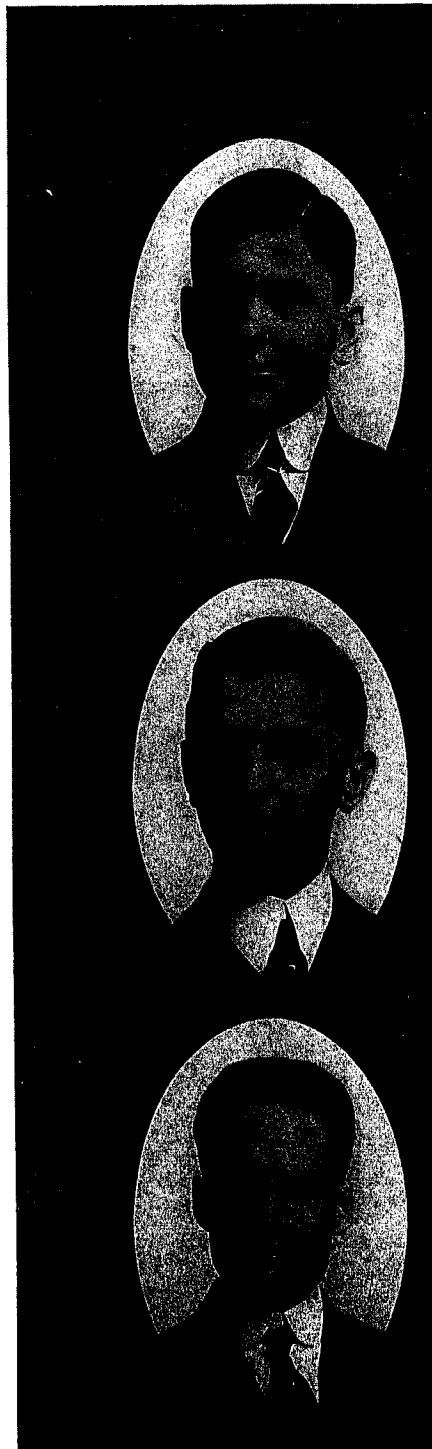
ALVA WINFRED GRAMMER

Barry, Illinois

Philomathian; Tatler Staff '14; President Philomathians; President Board of Governors, New Ely; German Club; Treasurer Sophomore and Junior Classes; Collector Dining Hall '12-'15; Buttinsky Club.

It's just board, board, board until we are all bored.





ARCHIE E. GROFF

Iberia, Missouri

Excelsior; Washburn Debate '13-'14; Drury Debate '14-'15; Associate Editor Tatler '15; President Joint Session '15; Treasurer Senior Excelsiors '13-'14; William Jewell Band '12-'15; President Senior Excelsiors '14-'15; Assistant in Chemistry '14-'15; President Ozark Club '15; German Club; Wreath and Mallet Society; Buttinsky Club.

*"With a short round body and a smiling grin
He resembles the great God Billiken."*

WILLIAM B. GROSS

LaPlata, Missouri

EN; Son of Rest; F. L. E. Club; Scientific Club; "J" Club; Civic Club; Varsity Baseball '12-'13.

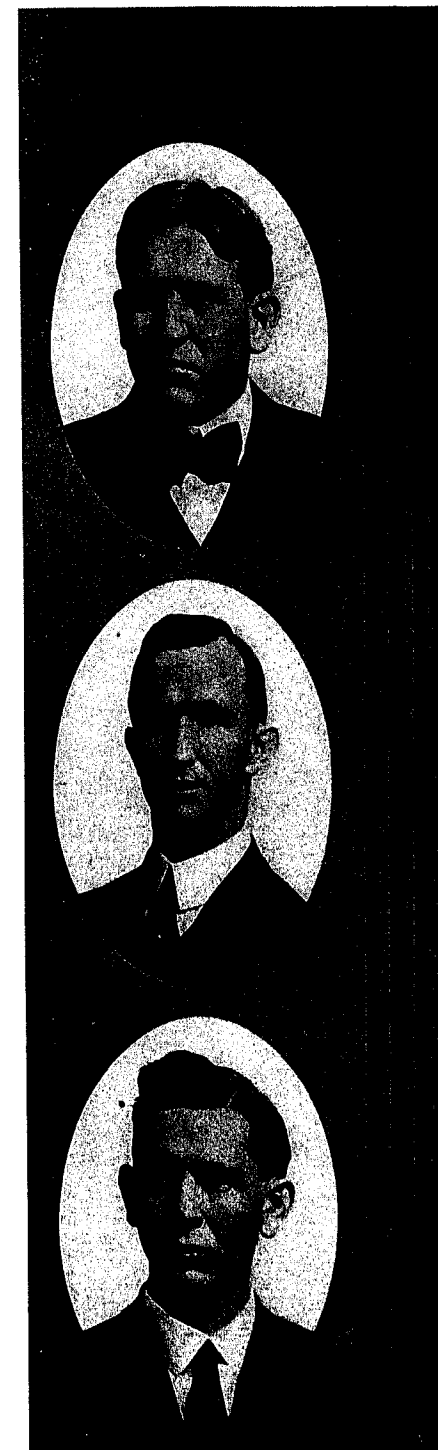
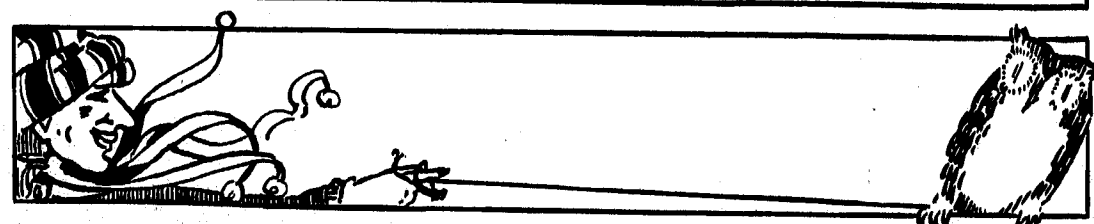
"Stub" is so slow of movement that he gets up at 5:30 in order to make an 8:30 class. Ambition to run the Rock Island.

GEORGE ELTON HARRIS

Fort Collins, Colorado

Minister; Philomathian; ΦΓΔ; Inter-Society Debater '13-'14, '14-'15; Inter-Collegiate Debater '12-'15; President Junior Class; President Philomathians; Aeons; President Inter-State Oratorical Association; Wreath and Mallet Society.

*H. is quite a gun in debate
As he trembles his voice and explains facts.*



VICTOR D. HILL

Hillsboro, Missouri

This is the old Hill you have heard so much about.

LAIRD THOMAS HITES

St. Louis, Missouri

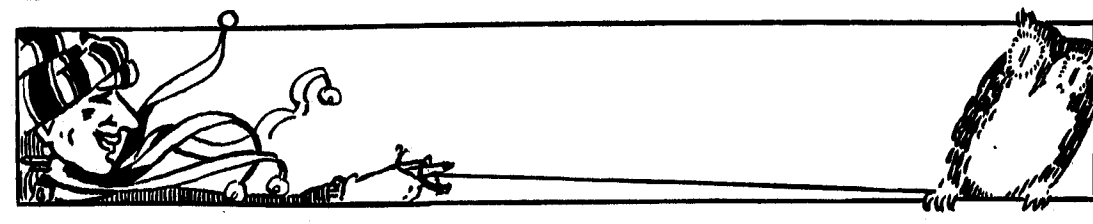
Minister; Excelsior; St. Louis Club; Junior Essay Medal; Junior Ready Speaking Medal; Senior Ready Speaking Medal; President Volunteer Band '13-'14; President Kansas City Volunteer Union '13-'14; Passed Rhodes Scholar '12-'13.

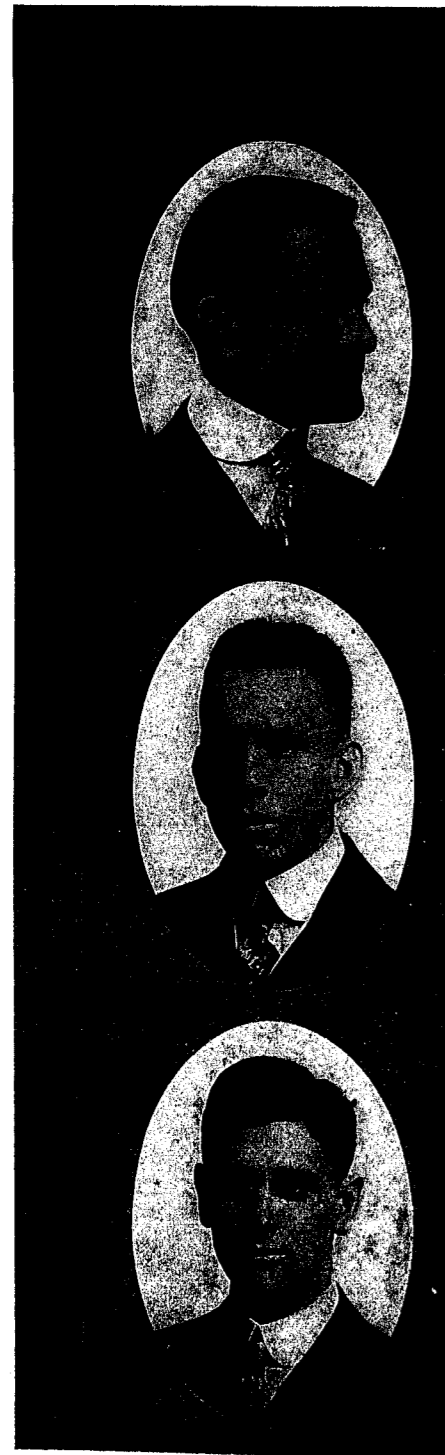
*A familiar face will be gone from its place—
Hites came A. D. I, and at last he is done.*

HORACE McCLELLAN HUFFMAN

Minister; Excelsior.

*Venus, O Venus, thy form is fair,
But Venus, O Venus, please curry thy hair.*





JOHN H. HUGHES

Liberty, Missouri

Minister; Football '10-'11, '11-'12, '12-'13.

*Big man, big mouth, long tongue but brains—
"he has nix."*

MILNOR JEFFRIES

Whitesville, Missouri

KA; Track Team '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15;
Basketball '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15; Captain Basketball
Team '14-'15; Baseball Team '13-'14, '14-'15; Football
'14-'15; Tatler Staff '14; F. L. E. Club; Buttinsky;
"J" Club.

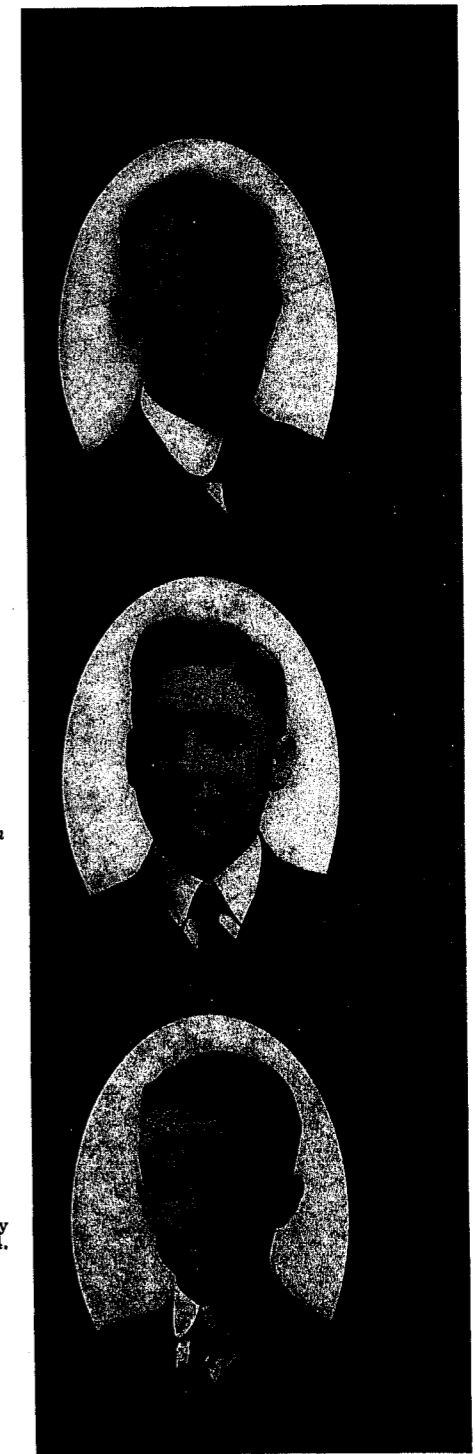
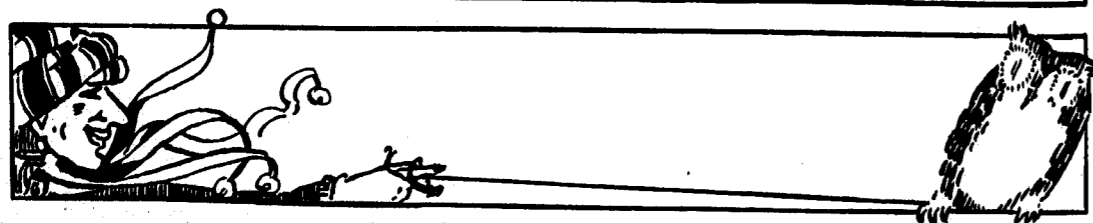
Head Professor in Spelling. Fleet's pet.

JOSEPH ELWOOD LEWIS

Quincy, Illinois

Minister; TKE; Philomathian; Cosmopolitan Club.

*"By my refined manners and captivating eyes I will
bring the world to my feet."*



EARLE F. McCONNAHA

New Bloomfield, Missouri

Minister; Philomathian.

A scholar of the first magnitude.

NELSON EMERSON McCOY

Guston, Kentucky

Minister.

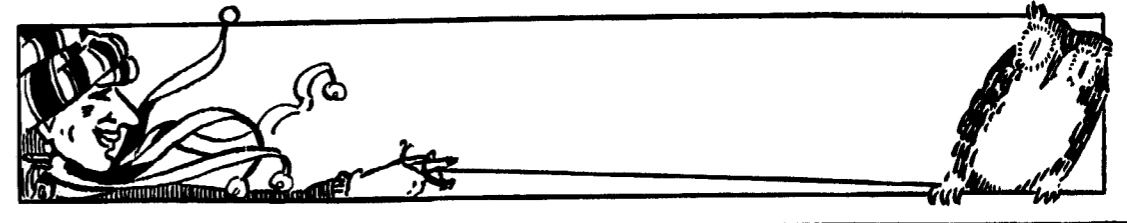
*A Junior who slipped into the Senior Class by reason
of his age and grey hairs.*

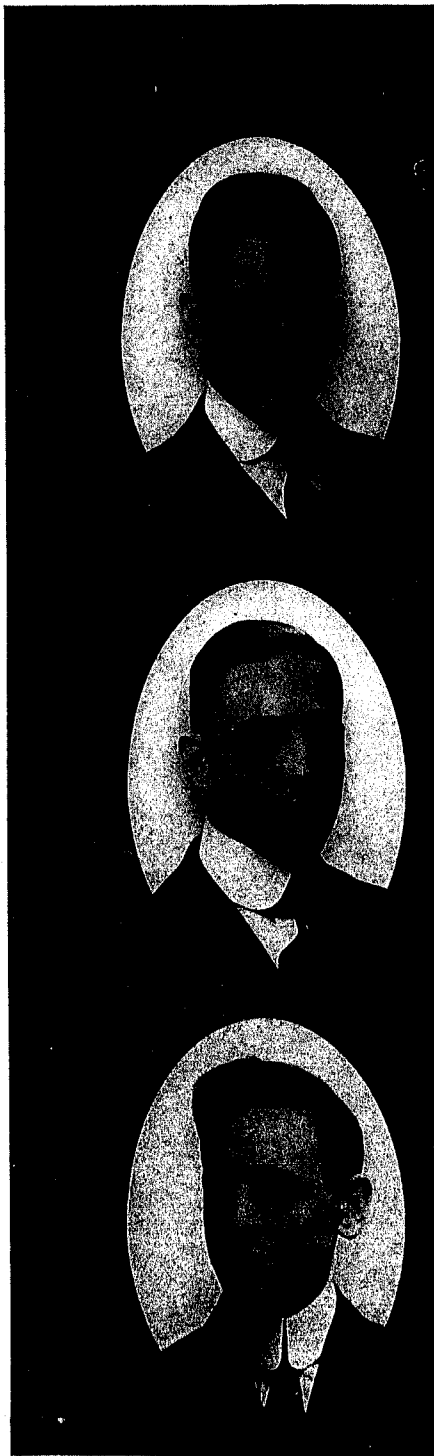
GRANT McGEE, Jr.

St. Joseph, Missouri

Aeons; Student Poetry Medal '13; Tatler Poetry
Prize '13; Track Team '12-'13, '13-'14; Tatler Staff '14.

He "maketh a world happy with his poetry."





WALTER JEFFRIES MATHERLY

Liberty, Missouri

ΣΝ; Excelsior; Minister; President of Freshman Class; Junior Society Debate Medal; Inter-Collegiate Debater for Four Successive Years; Senior Society Debate Medal; Assistant Business Manager Student '12-'13; Business Manager Student '13-'14; Student Reporter '14-'15; Ready Speaking Medal; Leader Hon. William M. Fitch Debating Team 1914; Aeon; Civic Club; Kentucky Club; Wreath and Mallet Society; Star and Horseshoe Club; Gelasimus Pugnax.

"With all my imposing paraphernalia of colossal thoughts and deep thundering tones I will rock the ages with oratory."

CLARENCE JACOBS MILLER

Ottawa, Illinois

ΦΓΑ; Philomathian; Vice-President Junior Class; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '13-'14; Football Team '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15; Quo Vadis Club; German Club; F. L. E. Club; Scientific Club; Class Football '12-'13; Emblem Club; Senior Invitation Committee.

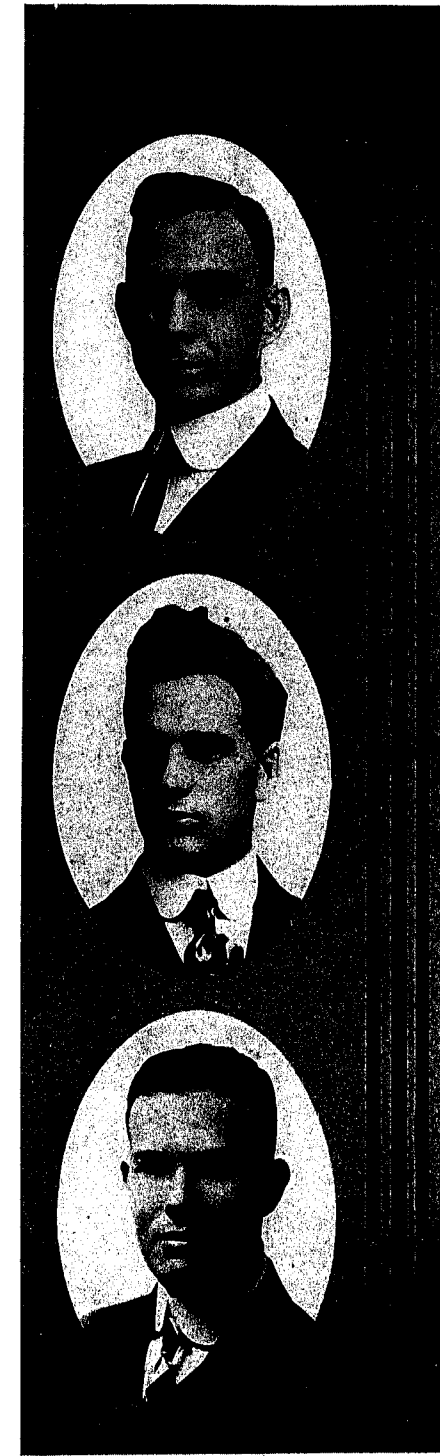
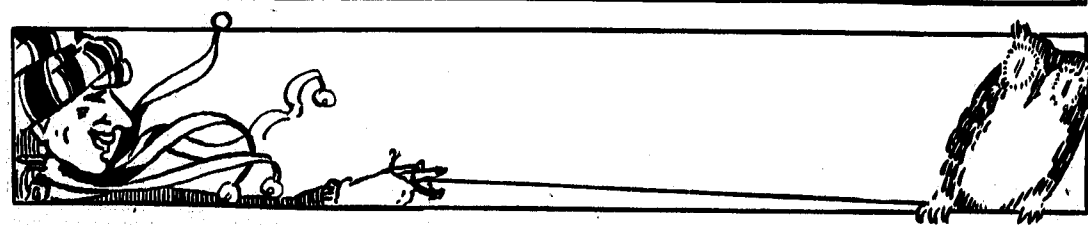
*A prominent nose
He follows, wherever he goes.*

LAWRENCE EMERSON NELSON

Muskogee, Oklahoma.

Minister; Philomathian; Student Volunteer Band; Oklahoma Club; Essay Medal '14; Student Staff '13-'14, '14-'15; President Senior Philomathians '15; Secretary Senior Phil's '14-'15; "Tom Fool."

The biggest fool in school.



EARNEST A. PARTNEY

St. Louis, Missouri
Minister; Excelsior; St. Louis Club; Civic Club.

"Never too broke to sport a ten cent smoke."

JOHN LAWRENCE PEPPER

St. Joseph, Missouri

Philomathian; Glee Club '11-'12; '13-'14; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '12-'13, '13-'14; Soccer Team '11-'12; Gospel Team '11-'12; Dutch Club; Colorado Club; Civic Club; Cheer Leader '13-'14; Tatler Staff '13-'14; Fitch Sociology Medal '14.

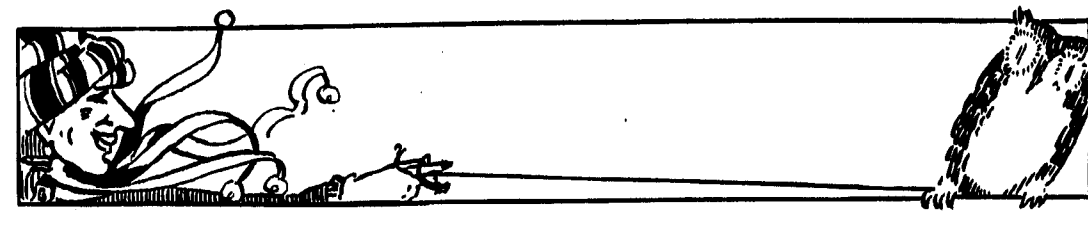
A great man in his own estimation, but not a great yell leader in Dr. Cook's estimation.

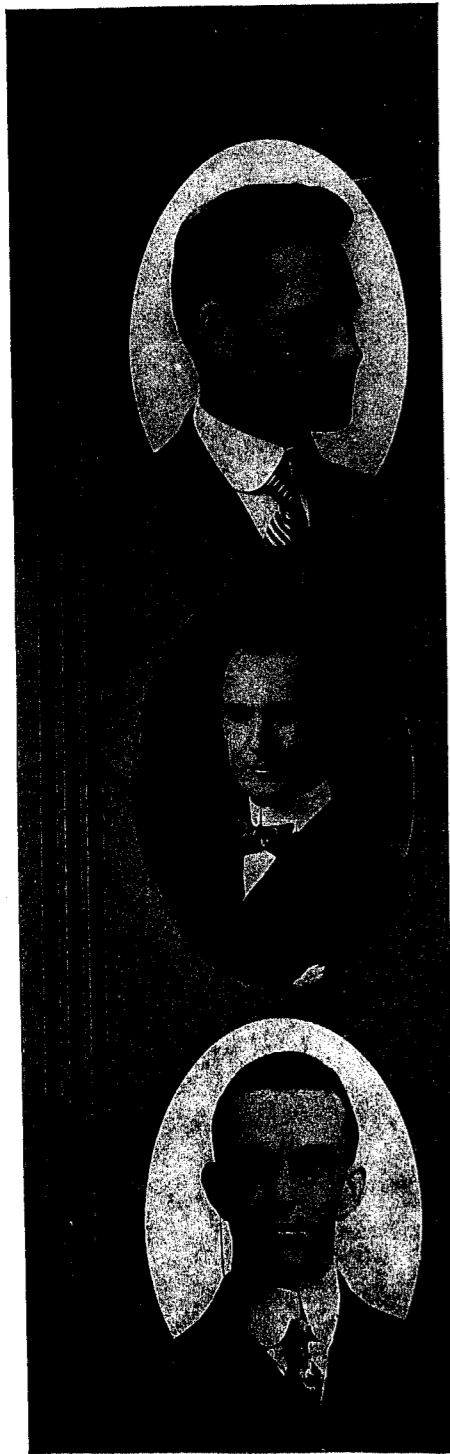
LOWELL C. PINKERTON

Louisiana, Missouri

K Σ; Assistant in Physics; Scientific Club; Fle Club.

He thinks me chin whiskers attracts the fair sex.





J. HYBERT POLLARD

Kansas City, Missouri

Minister; Philomathian; Debate Squad '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15; Chief Reporter Student '13-'14; Business Manager Student '14-'15; Wreath and Mallet Society.

*"J. Hydrant Pound A Long Pollard
Thinks his unsound arguments ought to be follered."*

MILTON ROBERT REGAN

Liberty, Missouri

Minister.

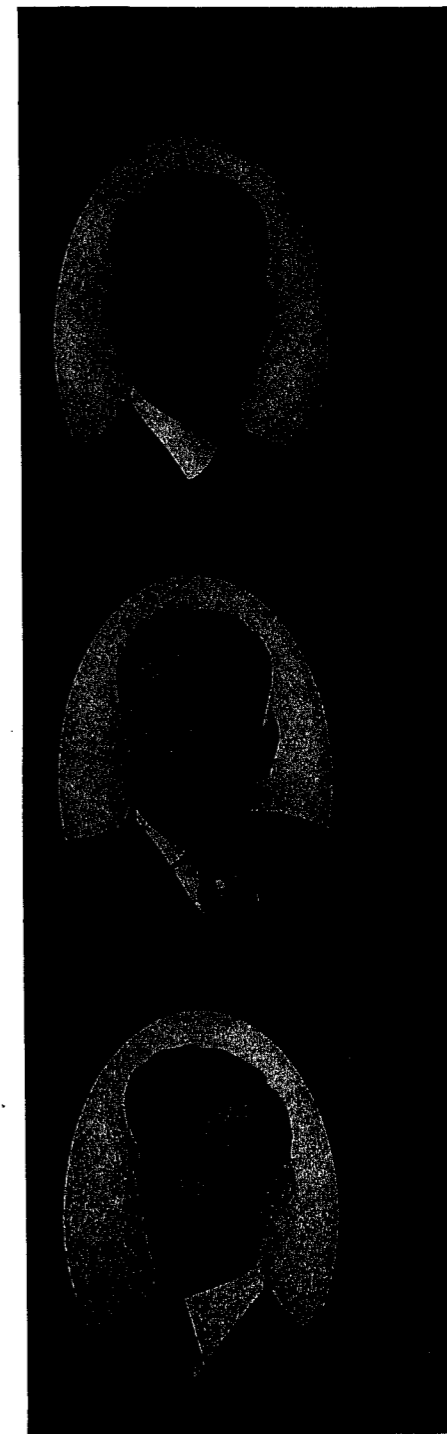
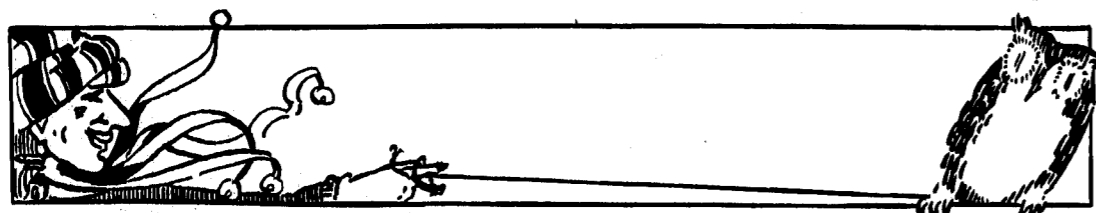
*A face that is white as putty
And a head that is woefully "nutty."*

J. L. ROBINSON

Raytown, Missouri

Philomathian; Student Staff '13-'14; Sectreary Butt Club '13-'14; President Buttinski Club '14-'15; Gelasimus Pugnax; Class Basketball '15; Kansas City Club; Missionary Society.

*Reduced all his Math to English, has all the inclinations
of a Son of Rest.*



JOSEPH NORRIS ROSE

Williamsburg, Kentucky

Kentucky Club.

Instructor in "Hoss-swapping," "Champion Moonshiner" and eulogist of pretty women.

S. E. SCOTT

Liberty, Missouri

Philomathian; Scientific Club; Deutsch Club; Assistant in Physics.

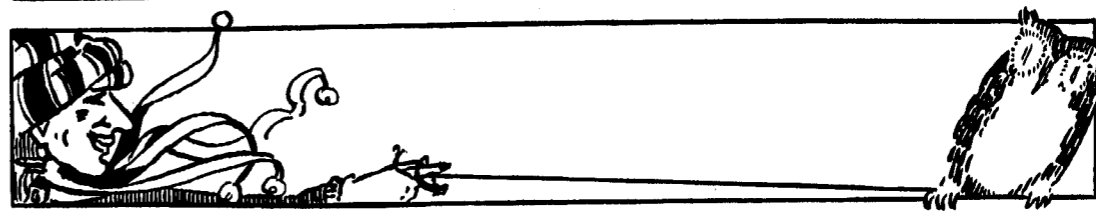
*"It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be."*

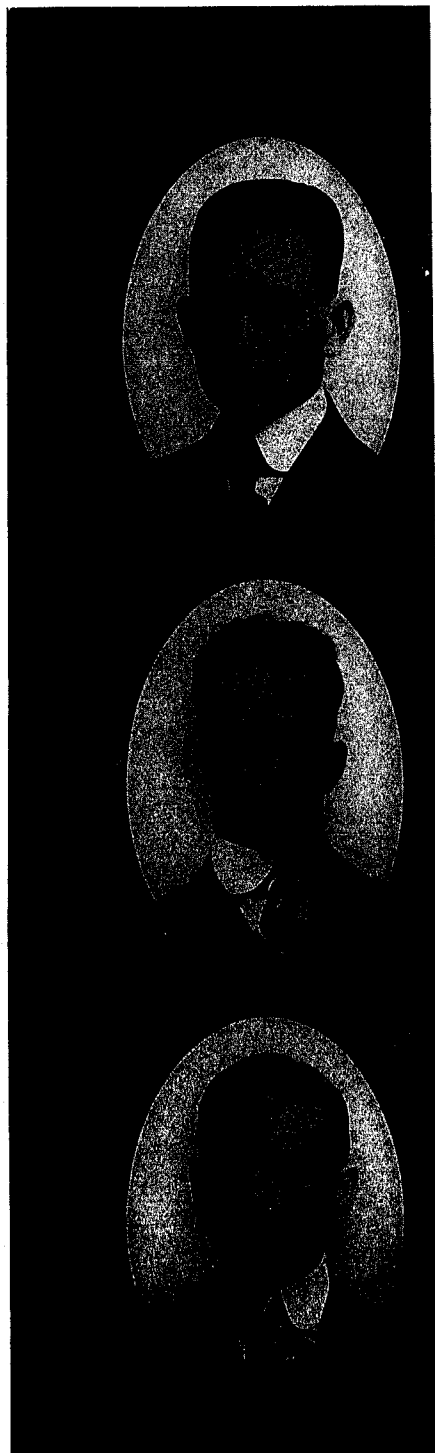
WILLIAM FRANCIS STANDEFORD

Plattsburg, Missouri

Philomathian; Student Staff '13-'14; Assistant Business Manager Student '14-'15; Essay Medal 1913; Clinton County Club.

"Hath a lean and hungry look."





VICTOR EDWIN TATUM

Anderson, Missouri

K E; Excelsior; Son of Rest; President Excelsiors '14; Associate Editor Tatler '14; Buttinsky Club; Class Basketball Team '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Aeons; F. L. E. Club.

*This elegant, angelic Vic
Has a smile that works with a click.*

JOE PERKINS TURNER

Carrollton, Missouri

Excelsior; Carroll County Club; German Club; Scientific Club; Assistant in Chemistry '12-'13.

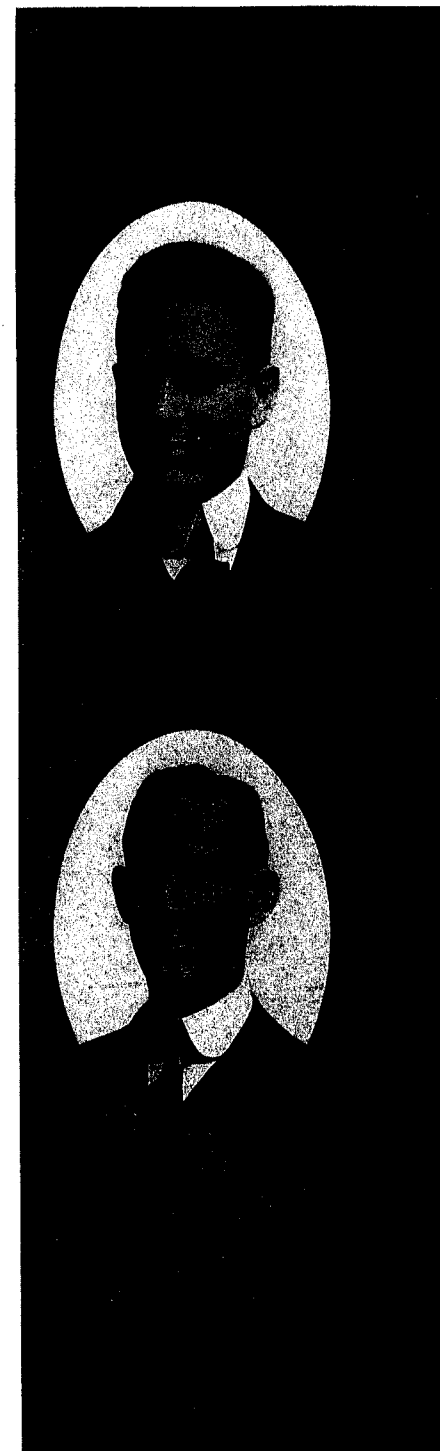
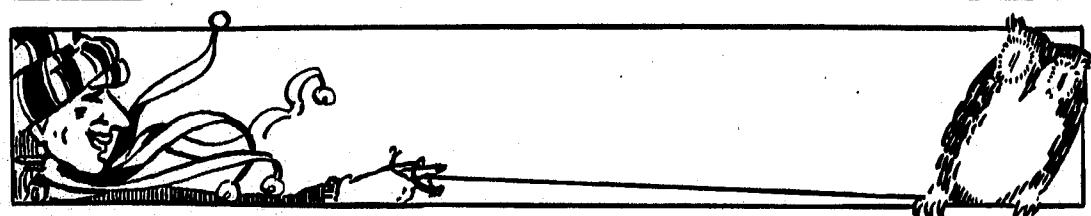
*"When Joe you initiate
Don't forget the size of his big .38."*

ROGER J. WOLFE

Muskogee, Oklahoma

Excelsior; Tatler Staff; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '14-'15; Debate Committeeman '14-'15; President Excelsiors '15; Treasurer Junior Class; Buttinsky Club; German Club; Oklahoma Club.

An Oklahoma Wolfe, very tame.



FRANK HERBERT ROSE

Dearborn, Missouri

K A; Buttinsky Club; Spanish Club; German Club; F. L. E. Club; Freshman Football Team; Class Basketball Team '13-'14, '12-'13; Band '10-'15; Manager Band '12-'13; Glee Club '12-'14.

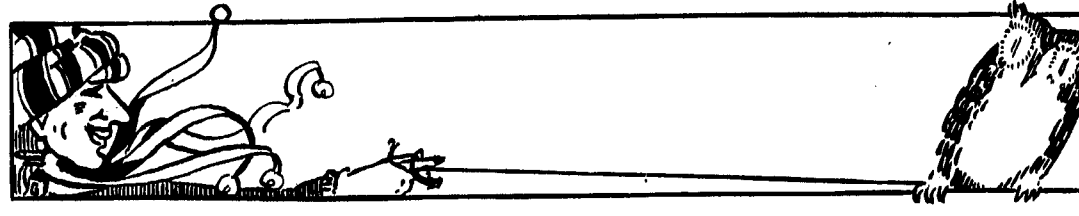
Who relieved us of his presence early in the year.

JOEL ERNEST BRUNER

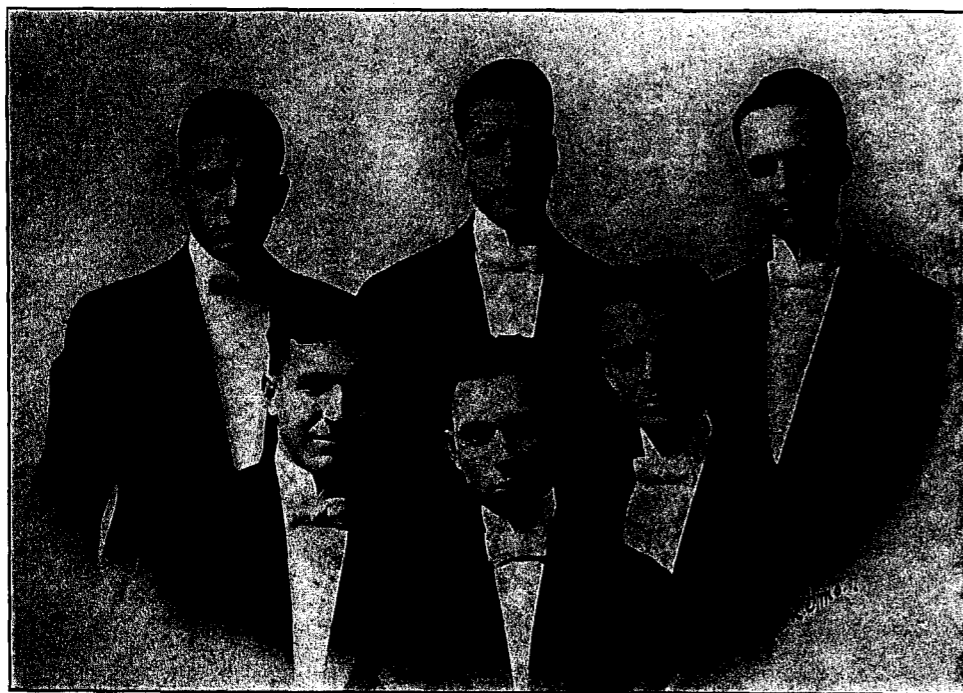
Ekron, Kentucky.

Kentucky Club; Minister; Philomathian.

*The extravagant blowing of Bruner
Would fill the sails of a wind-driven schooner.*



The Aeons



W. J. Matherly

W. F. Bell

G. E. Harris

Ludwick Graves

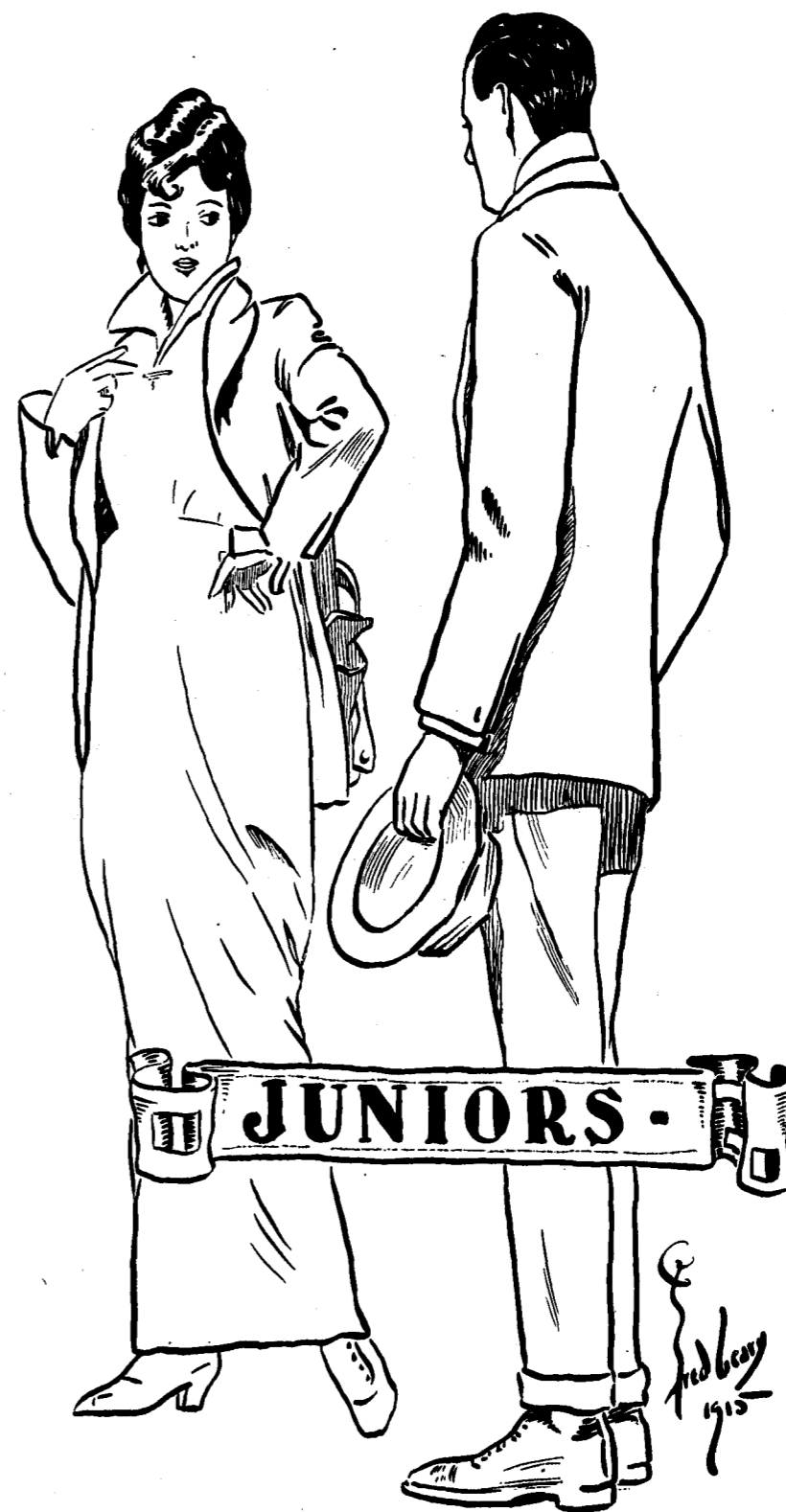
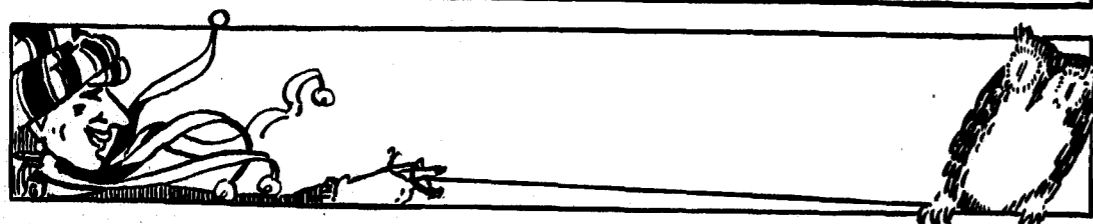
V. E. Tatum

Mc Gee

SENIOR HONORARY SOCIETY

PURPOSE: To further the best interests of William Jewell.

MEMBERS: V. E. Tatum, W. J. Matherly, Grant McGee, Ludwick Graves, G. E. Harris, W. F. Bell.



Junior Class



R. H. EWING

Colors

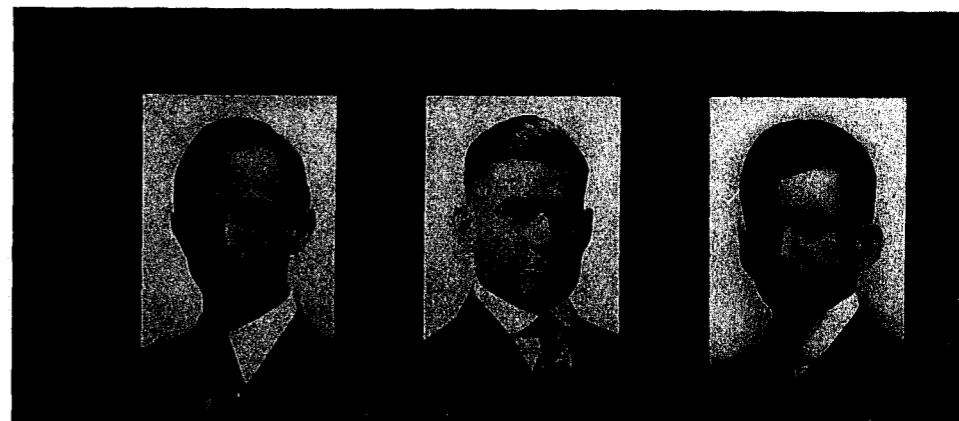
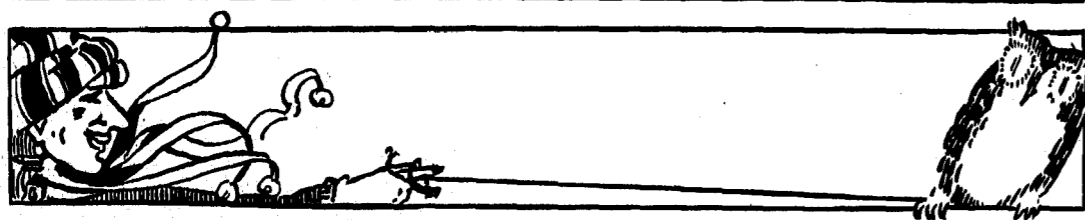
White and Navy Blue

Yell

Hi, rickety, rickety, rix!
 Hi, rickety, rickety, rix!
 One—Nine—One—Six!!!
 Sis—Doom—Junior.

OFFICERS

- R. H. Ewing.....President
- E. A. Hood.....Vice-President
- W. J. Chase.....Secretary
- R. J. Wolfe.....Treasurer
- F. J. Dierterle.....Yell-Leader



W. R. BALLENGER

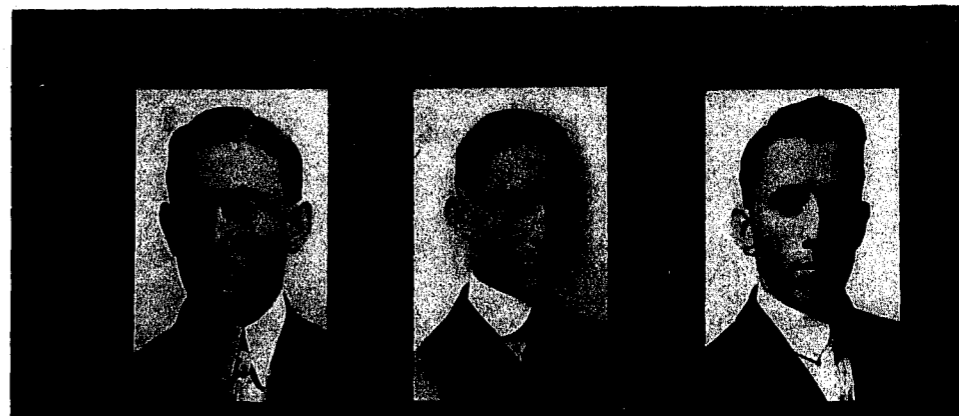
Novelty, Missouri
 Philomathian; Physics Assistant.
I confess I am a mathematician.

R. W. BELL

Kiowa, Oklahoma
 K Σ; Football '13-'14; Track Captain '14; Basketball '13-'14; President of Freshman Class.
I move slowly and surely in class room, in athletics all Missouri fears me.

J. C. BELT

Norborne, Missouri
 K Σ.
Alas, my honors are burdensome.



W. M. BENNETT

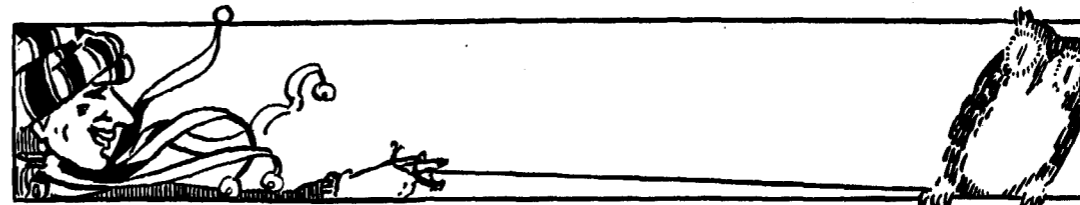
Burns, Oregon
 Excelsior; Minister; Class Basketball '13-'14; Varsity '15; Tatler Staff.
I am sincere in my convictions.

C. D. BRANDOM

Gallatin, Missouri
 ΣN; Football '12, '13, '14; Captain Elect '15; Sons of Rest; Emblem Club; Tatler Staff.
We never saw such noble fury in so small a man.

G. C. BRENNEMAN

Thompson, Illinois
 Minister; Excelsior.
Look cheerful upon me, God knowest I can't.





C. O. BROWN

Lemoore, California
Excelsior; California Club;
Glee Club '13-'14, '14-'15; Cos-
mopolitan Club; Y. M. C. A.
Cabinet.

My desire is——

CARLYLE CAMPBELL

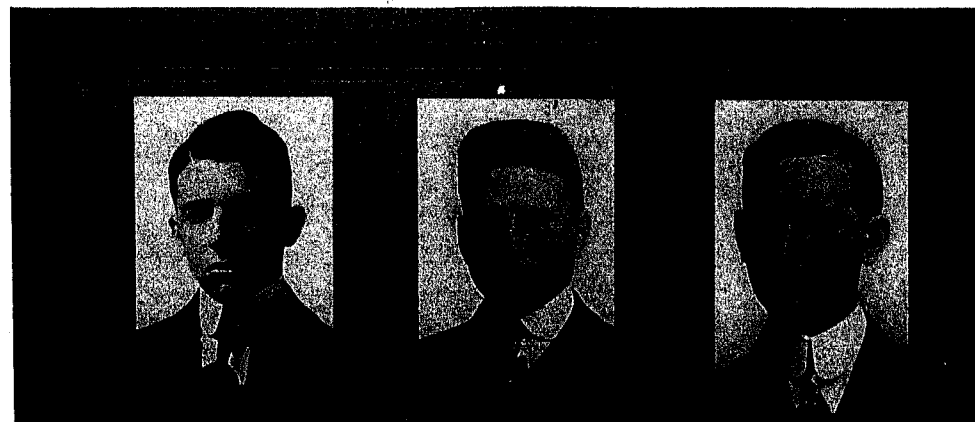
Higginsville, Missouri
KA; Sons of Rest; Freshman
Football; Scientific Club.

*My way is a silent way,
I believe and work and pray.*

W. J. CHASE

Mountain Grove, Missouri
Philomathian; Glee Club; Y.
M. C. A. Cabinet; Tatler Staff;
Tennis Team '13-'14; College
Band; Debate Council; Cosmo-
politan Club.

*Here's a fellow with an ugly
face, a long, lean body, and sur-
named Chase.*



J. H. CLARK

Kallispell, Montana
Philomathian; Assistant in
Chemistry; German Club; Fle
Club; Rocky Mountain Club;
Scientific Club.

*I am noted for my loud and
boisterous ways.*

L. C. COOK

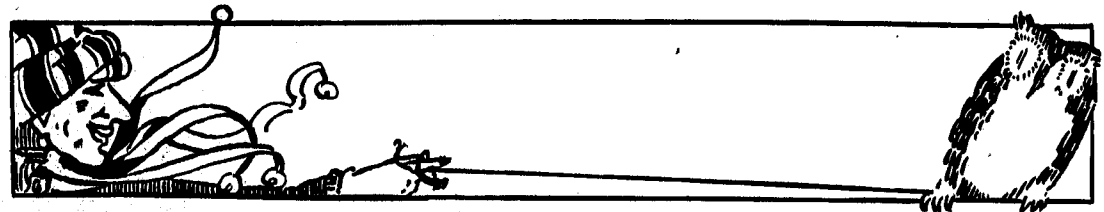
St. Joseph, Missouri
KE; Glee Club; Fle Club;
Class Basketball; Editor Tatler
1915; Civic Club.

*I am a beautiful and modest
lady's man*

EARL DANLY

Humansville, Missouri
Minister.

*I have never seen a greater
miracle in the whole world than
myself.*



F. H. DAVIDSON

Savannah, Missouri
German Club; Assistant in
Physics.

*I am slowly climbing the lad-
der of fame.*

ARTHUR DAVIS

Liberty, Missouri
Philomathian; Dutch Club;
Scientific Club; Assistant in
Chemistry; Tatler Staff '15;
Class Basketball '15.

I seek a universal solvent.

F. J. DIETERLE

St. Louis, Missouri
Minister; Excelsior; Glee
Club; Yell Leader; Tatler Staff
1915.

Dutch ist recht.



R. H. EWING

Moline, Missouri
Minister; Philomathian; Gos-
pel Team; Football '13-'14;
Civic Club; Secretary Y. M. C.
A.; Student Volunteer; Emblem
Club; Junior President.

*Handled 1000 pound mules to
train for football.*

L. W. FARRAR

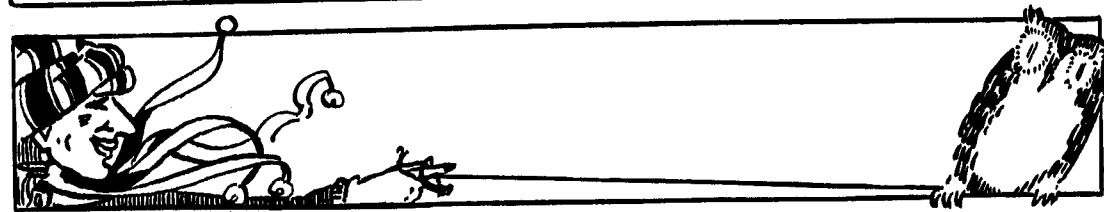
Braymer, Missouri
KA; Quo Vadis; German
Club; Football '14-'15; Track
'13-'14; Captain Elect '15;
Class Basketball.

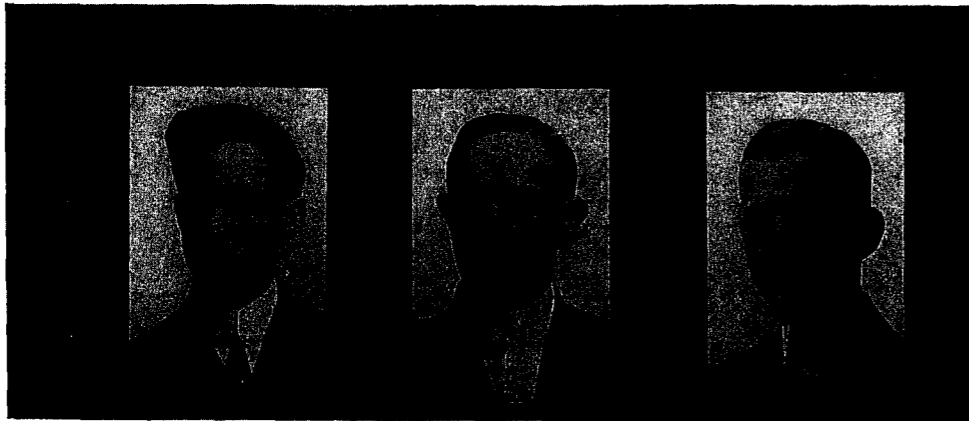
*Silence is the perfect herald
of joy.*

G. O. FAULKNER

Urich, Missouri
Minister; Excelsior; Volun-
teer Band; Inter-Collegiate De-
bate '13-'14, '14-'15; Inter-
Society Debate '14-'15.

*Boldness is never blind; there-
fore it is not ill in judgment but
good in execution.*





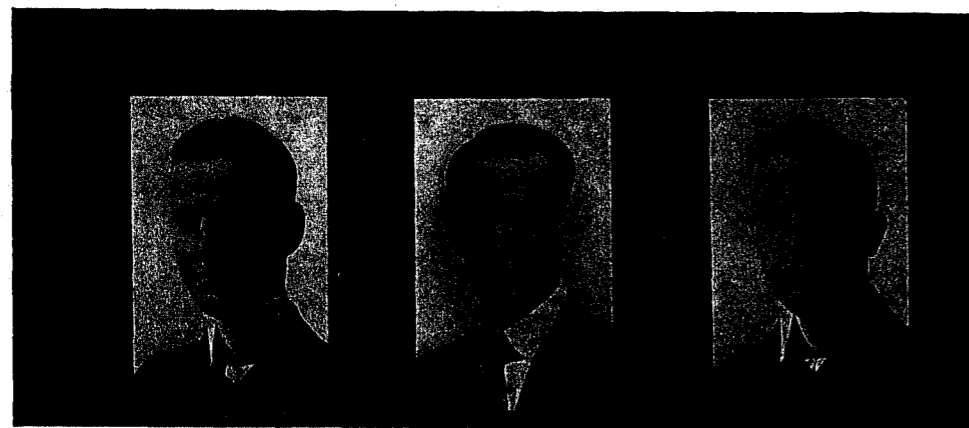
E. A. FRANKLIN
Cameron, Missouri

K E.
I know everything, except myself.

A. L. HENDRIX
Gaddiston, Georgia

Minister.
I am wondering at my advancement.

J. B. HIBBITS
Union City, Tennessee
KA; Philomathian; German Club.
Manners must adorn knowledge and smooth the way through life.



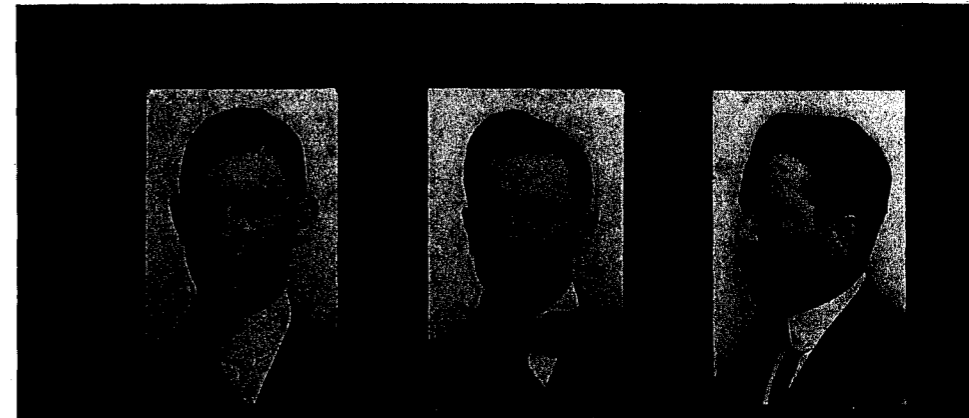
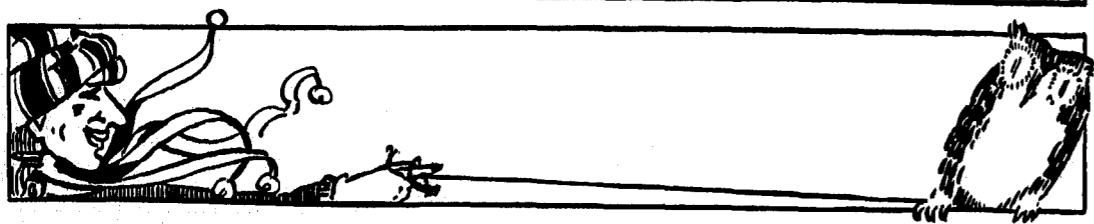
L. H. HIBBITS
Union City, Tennessee

KA; German Club.
Behold! I am one of the twins.

E. A. HOOD
Smithton, Missouri

Excelsior; Basketball '13-'14-'15; Football '14-'15; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '13-'14; Co-op Manager '13-'14; Student Council '14-'15; Tatler Staff; German Club; Eli Spelling Medal.
I have immortal longings in me.

P. L. JONES
Farmington, Missouri
ΦΓΔ; Varsity Baseball '13; Freshman Baseball '13; Tennis Team '13; Vice-President Sophomore Class; College Band '12-'13, '13-'14; Orchestra '12-'13; Glee Club '13-'14, '14-'15; Tatler Staff; Emblem Club; German Club; Spanish Club.
I love to entertain the boys at the picture show.

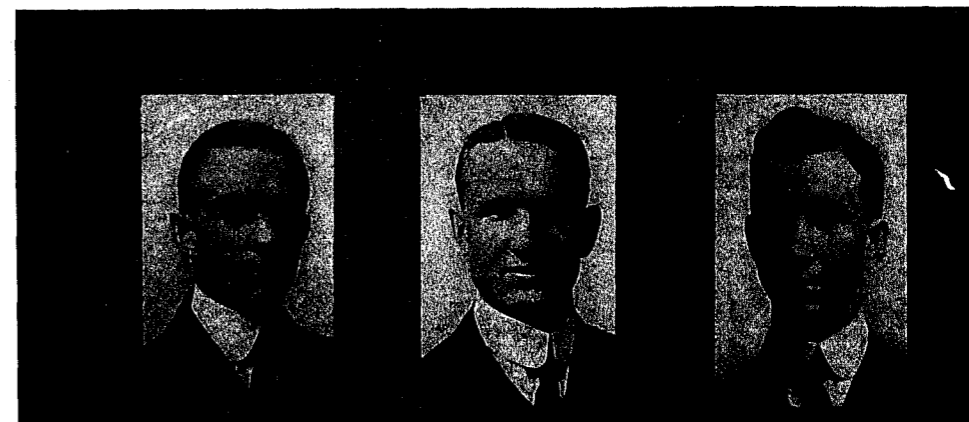


J. D. KERN
Palmyra, Missouri
Minister; Philomathian.

Come, then, expressive silence, let me muse.

A. L. LANTZ
La Junta, Colorado
Excelsior; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Student Council; Student Staff; Tatler Staff; Rocky Mountain Club; Cosmopolitan Club; "J" Club; Baseball '12, '13, Captain '14; Gospel Team.
Refused to join the keen spitters.

H. G. LEEDY
Plattsburg, Missouri
K E; Excelsior; Sons of Rest; Fle Club; Inter-Collegiate Debater '11-'12.
A necessary adjunct of the State Legislature.

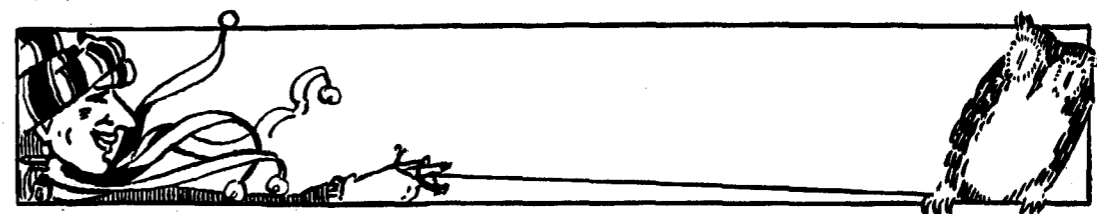


WM. F. LOTT
Liberty, Missouri

I live in a crowd of jollity not so much to enjoy company as to shun myself.

J. R. MANTEY
San Bernardino, California
Excelsior; Minister; Co-op Board '12-'13; Student Staff; President Excelsiors '14; Volunteer Band; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '13-'14, '14-'15; Class Basketball; Tatler Staff; German Club; Gospel Team; Rocky Mountain Club.
If I should BURST . . .

R. F. MARR
Liberty, Missouri
Dutch Club; Co-op Board; Basketball Class Team '13-'14-'15.
In all the silent manliness of life.





E. V. MILLER

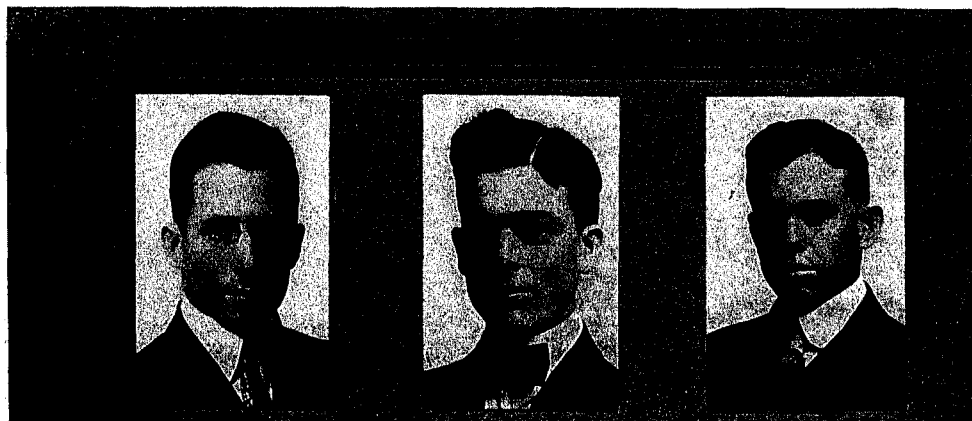
Pleasant View, Kentucky
*Joy arises within me like a
 summer morn.*

A. T. NEWMAN

Louisiana, Missouri
 Minister; Philomathian.
*I know everything, except
 myself.*

V. J. NEWPORT

Walden, Missouri
 German Club; Football '14;
 Philomathian.
*Motive in life—To sit on the
 back seat and sleep.*



C. H. NINEGAR

Killawog, New York
 Minister; Philomathian; Ger-
 man Club; Debate Council '13-
 '14; Tatler Staff; Y. M. C. A.
 Cabinet; Gospel Team; Read-
 ing Medal; Class Football '11-
 '12; Class Basketball '13-'14;
 Varsity Basketball '15; Science
 Club; June Play '10, '12.
*Shall I bid her go? what if I do!
 Shall I bid her go and spare not?
 Oh! no, no, no, I dare not.*

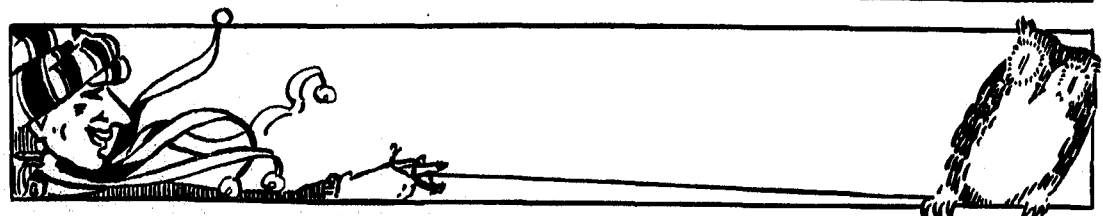
A. B. POTTER

Liberty, Missouri
 Philomathian; German Club;
 Class Basketball '12, '13, '14,
 '15.

*It is the woman that seduces
 all mankind.*

G. V. PRICE

La Junta, Colorado
 Excelsior; Wm. Fitch Inter-
 Collegiate Debate Team, '14;
 Peace Oratorical Prize '14; In-
 ter-Society Debate Medal '14-
 '15; Debate Team '15; Gospel
 Team; Lake Mohonk Essay
 on International Arbitration;
 Prohibition Orator '15.
A veritable Demosthenes.



E. J. POWELL

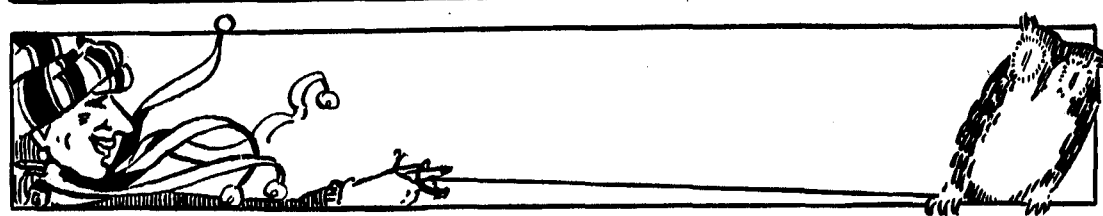
Kansas City, Missouri
 Ministerial Student; Presi-
 dent Civic Club; President
 Married Men's Club.
*Impossible to be as important
 as he feels.*

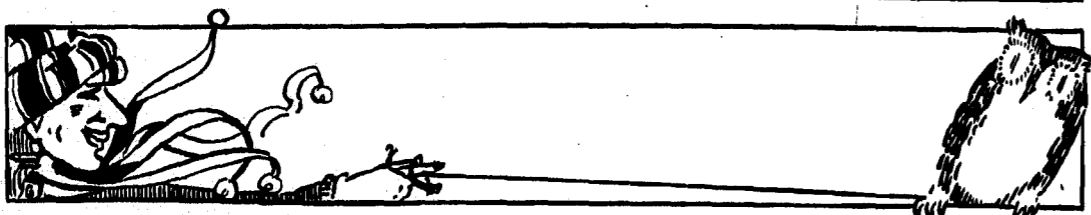
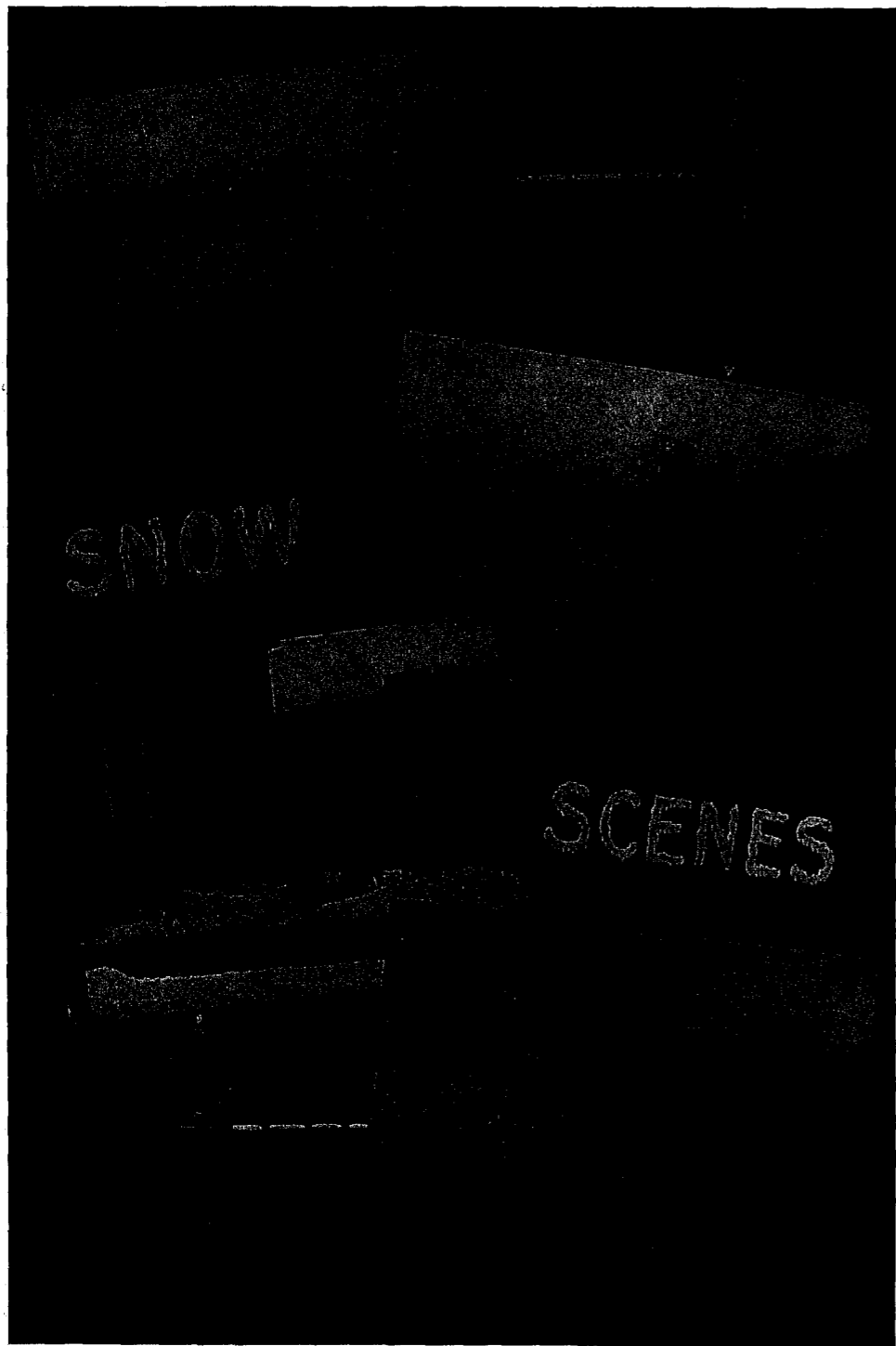
J. H. RAMSBOTTOM

Gallatin, Missouri
*Alas! I never dreamed She
 loved me.*

P. M. WALDRON

Kansas City, Missouri
 Chemistry Assistant; Bas-
 ketball Class Team '14-'15.
*Virtue is like a rich stone—
 best plainly set.*





Sophomore Class



V. J. SIMS

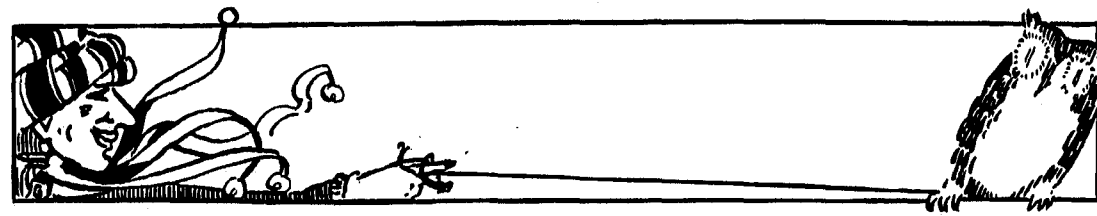
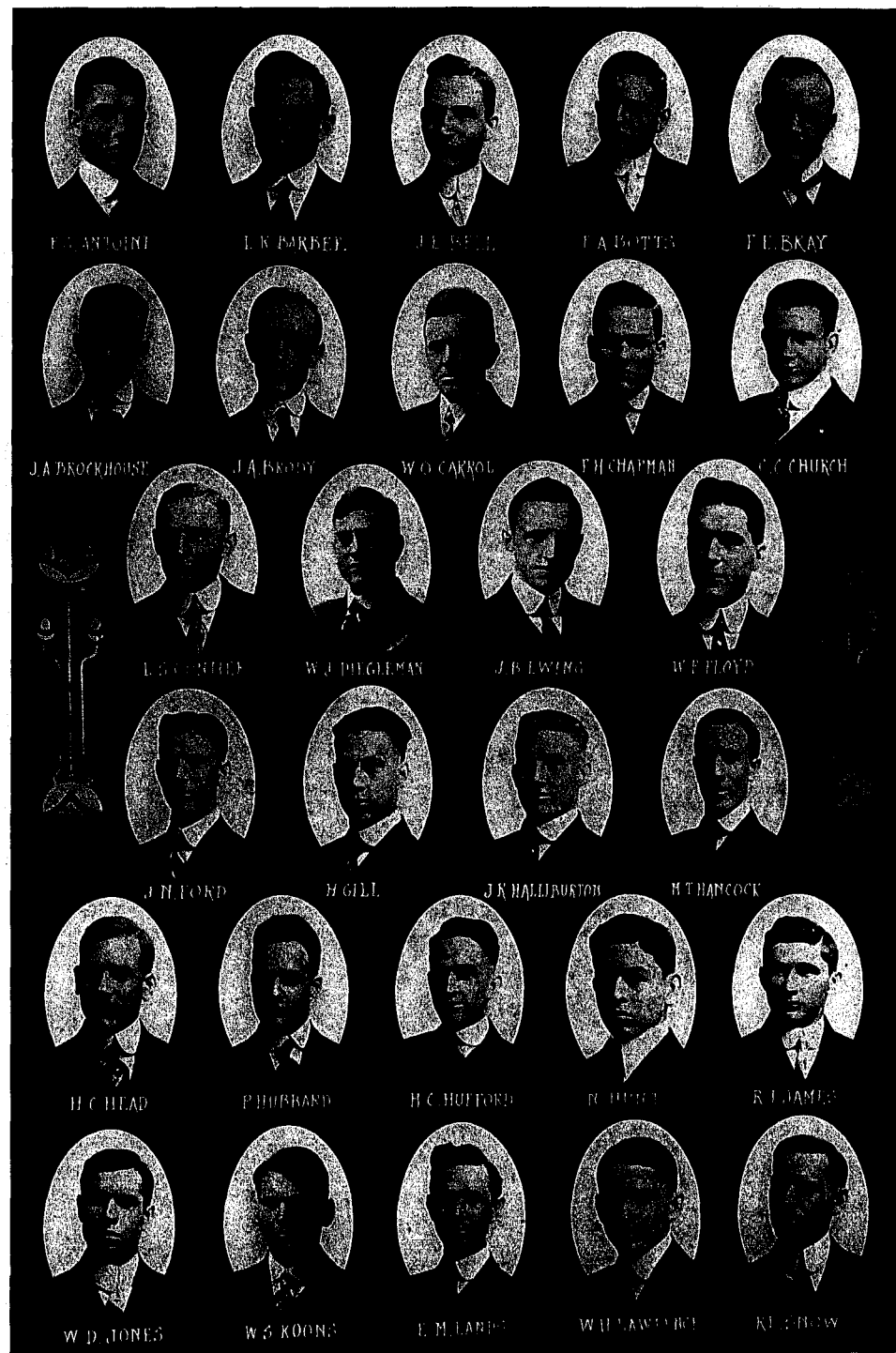
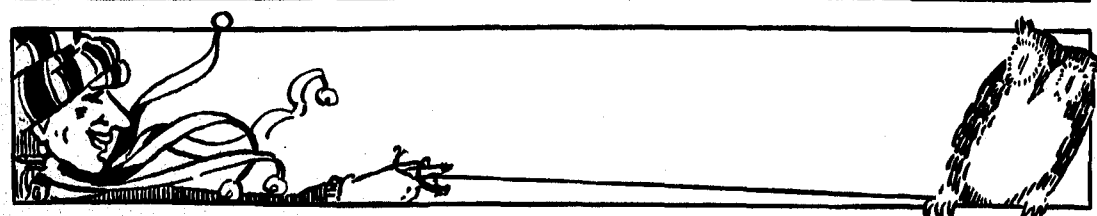
COLORS:
Silver and Old Gold

YELL:

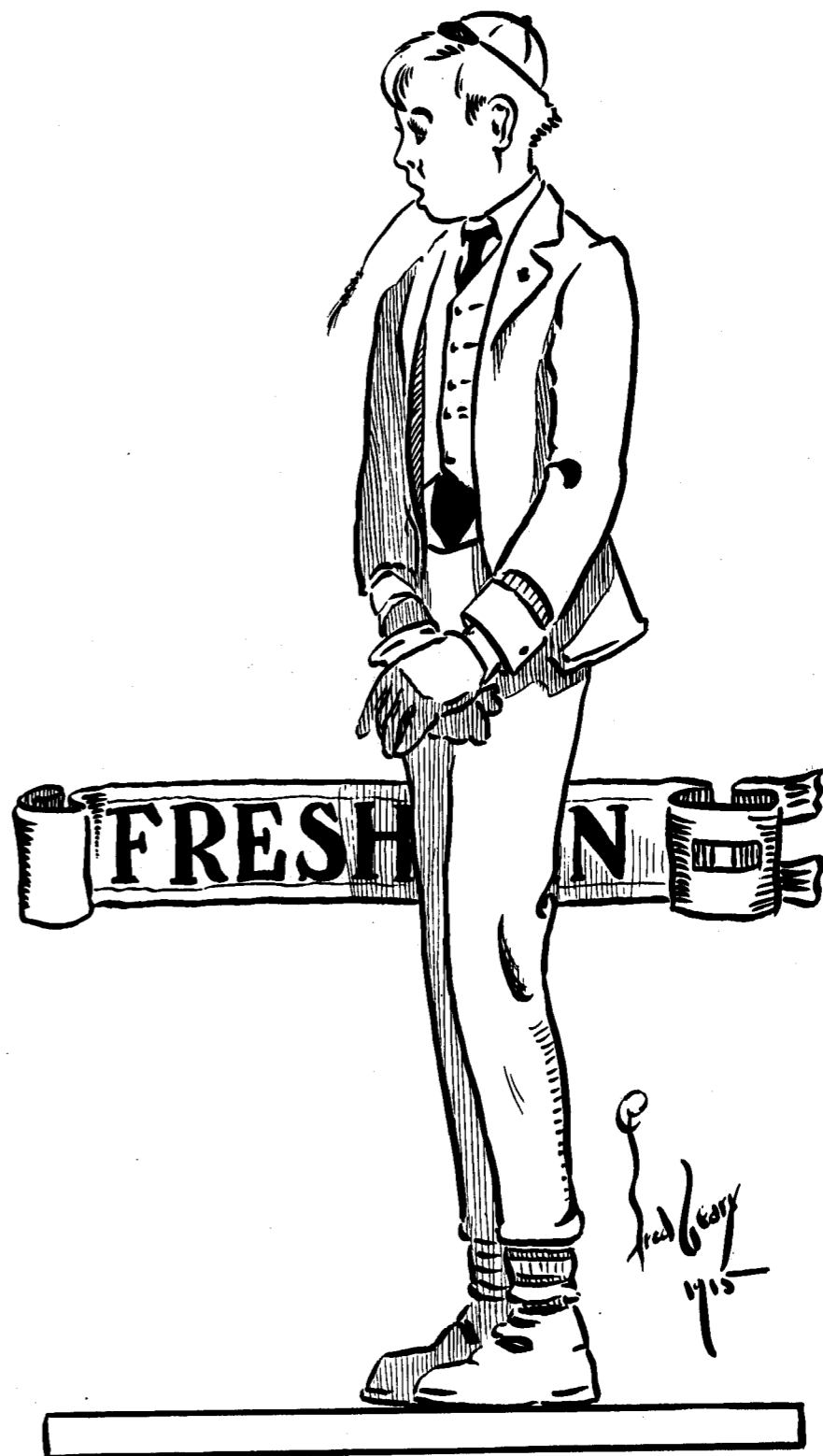
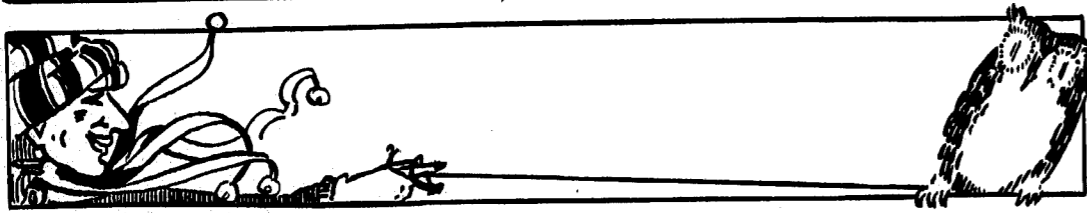
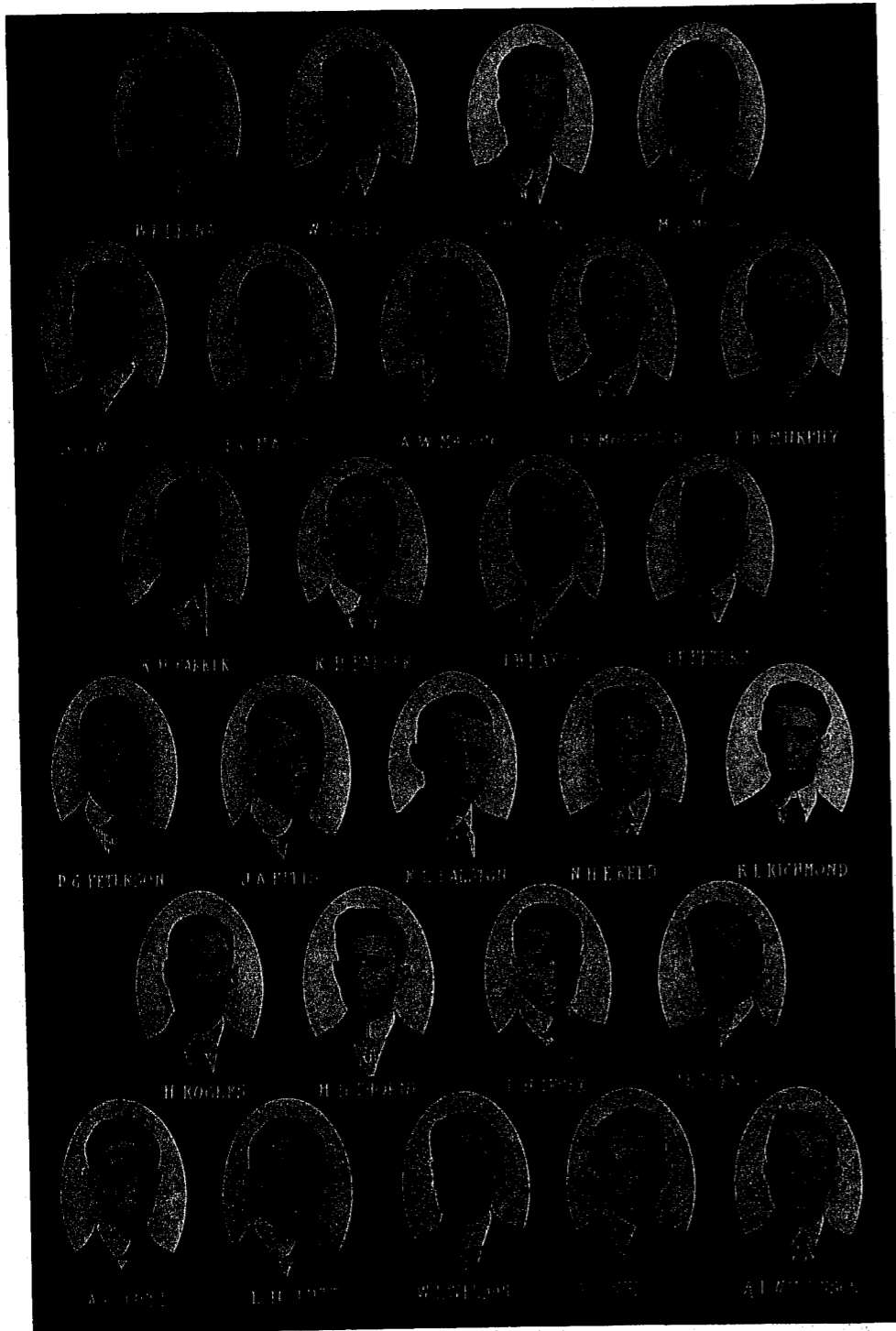
Seven:
Seven:
Come Eleven,
Seven:
Seven:
Come eleven:
One-nine-one-seven:
Sophomore.

HONORS:

Class League Champions, Basketball, 1913-1914.
Varsity Football: Magill (Captain), Billings, Shannon.
Intercollegiate Orator: A. C. Tutt.
Intercollegiate Debaters: A. F. Wherritt, J. B. Ewing.
Varsity Basketball Squad: C. C. Church, John Brody,
A. Mason.
Winner D. A. R. Medal: D. W. Jones.



THE TATLER 1915



Freshman Class



I. C. WOLFE

Class Colors: Maroon and Gold

OFFICERS

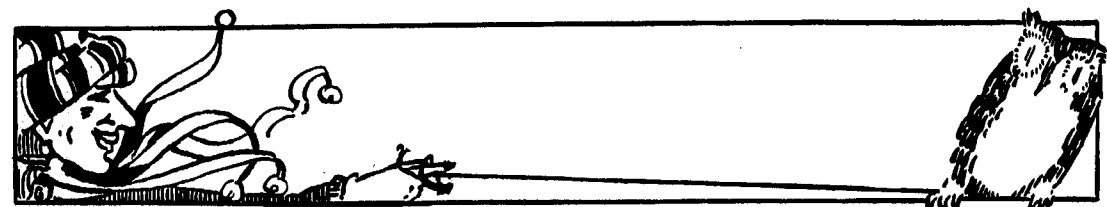
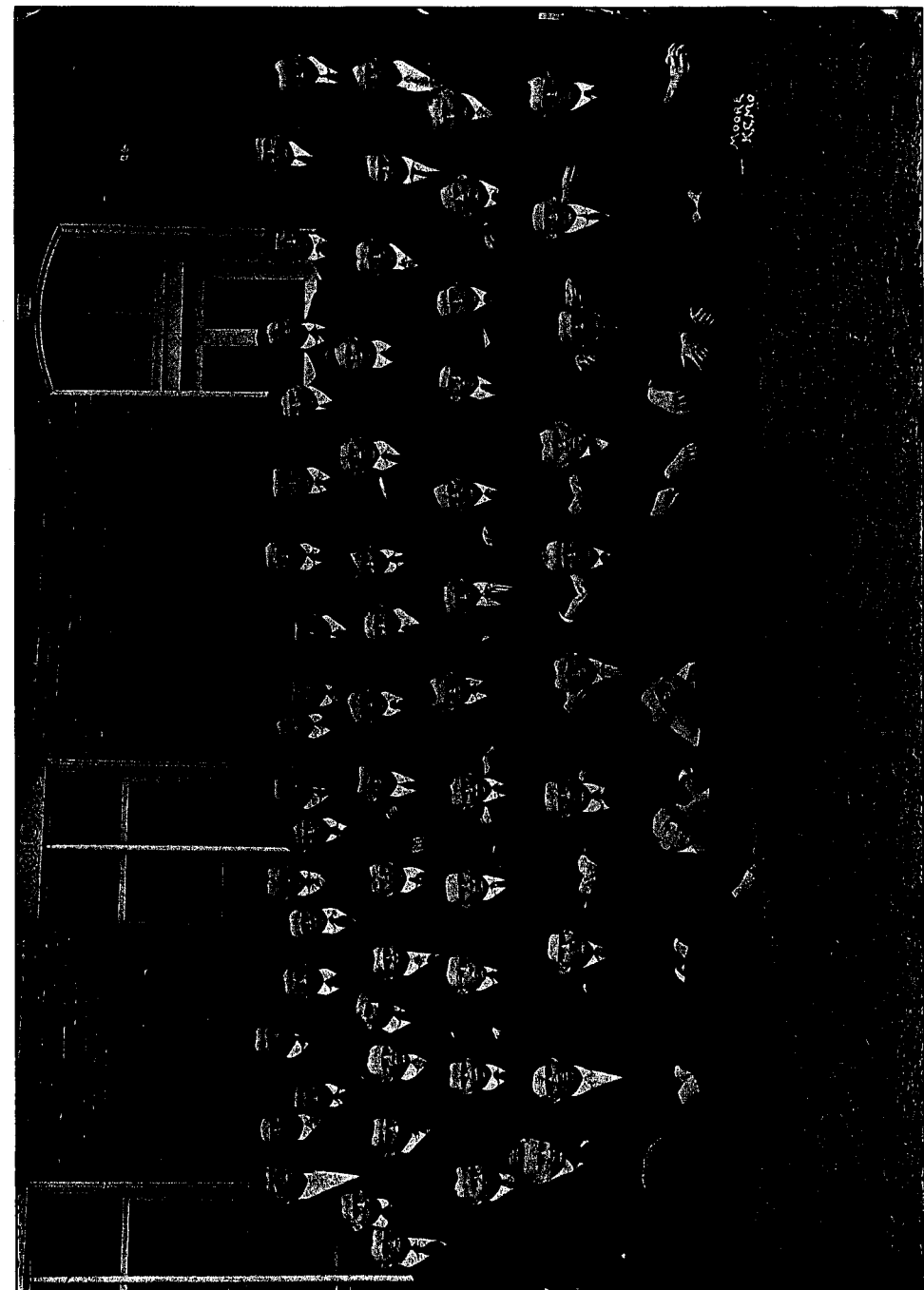
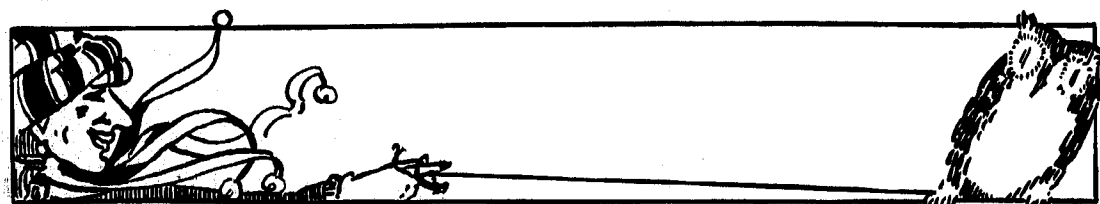
- I. C. Wolfe.....*President*
- H. L. Martin.....*Vice-President*
- R. R. Douglas.....*Secretary-Treasurer*
- W. B. McGraw.....*Student Senate*

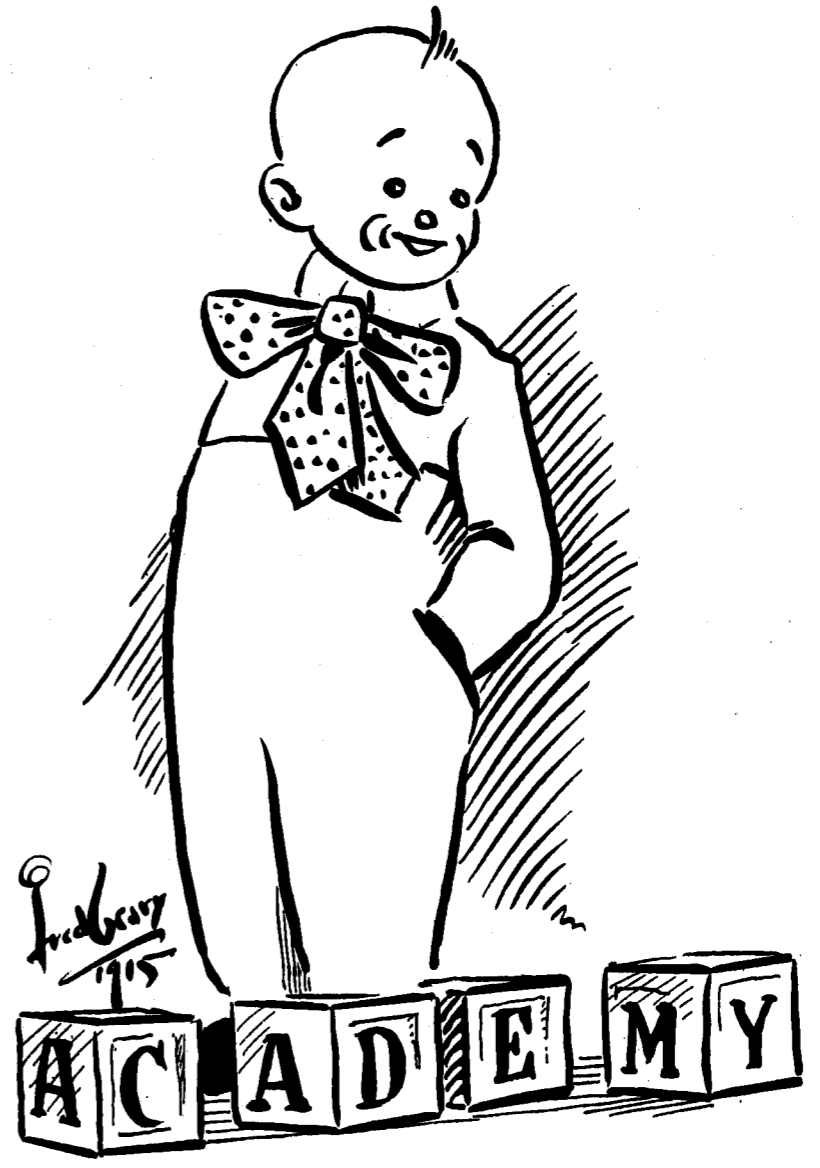
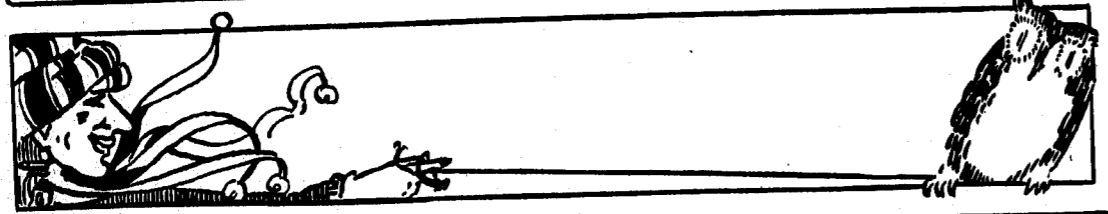
YELL

We are here never late!
We are there never late!
1-9-1-8, Freshmen!

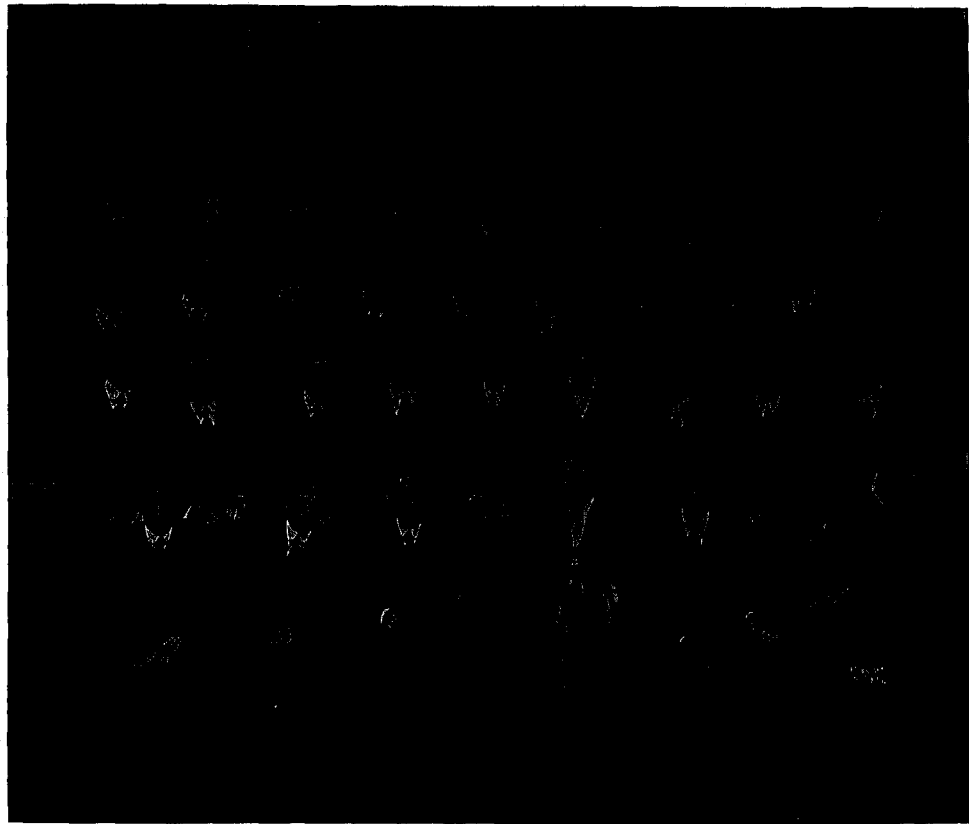
HONORS

Class fight.
Annual Basketball Game



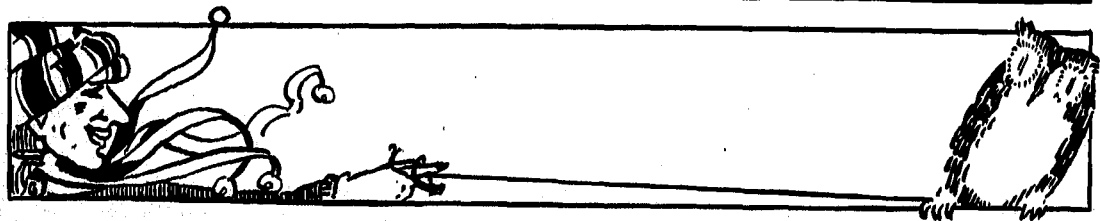


Fourth Year Academy

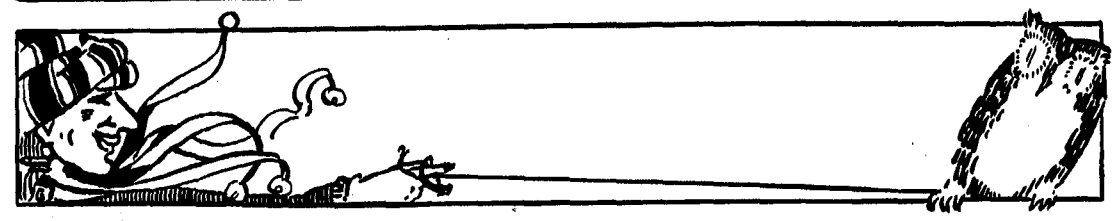
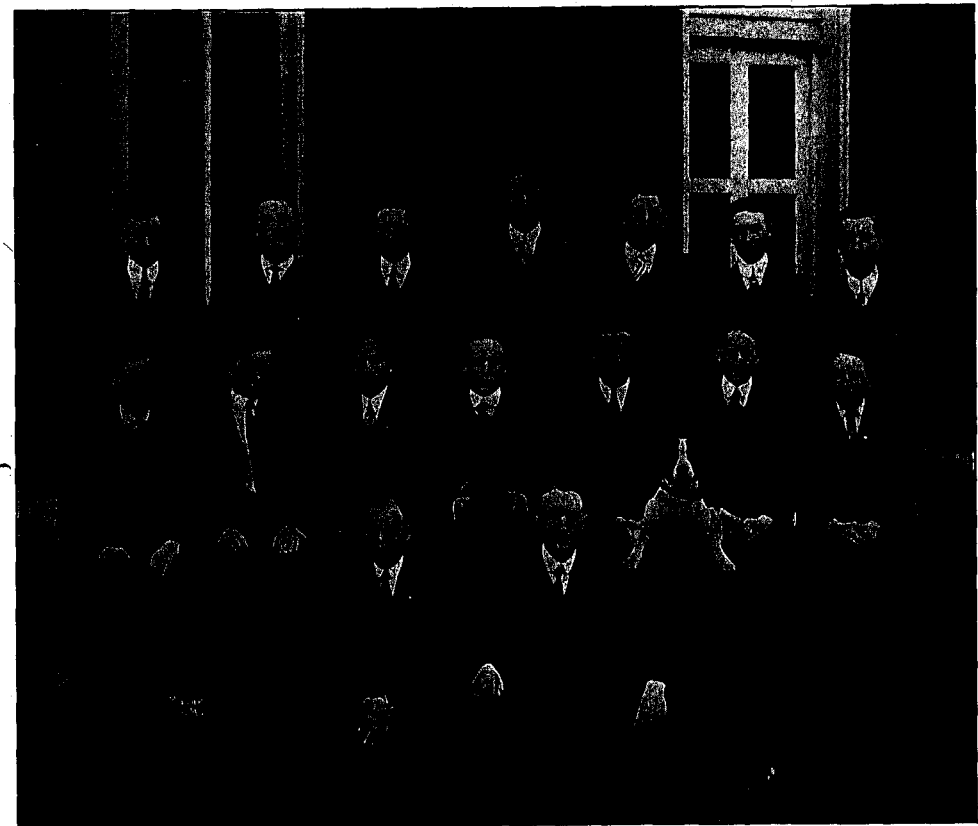


OFFICERS

- Ralph A. Stonebraker.....*President*
- W. H. Roberts.....*Vice-President*
- E. C. Crabtree.....*Secretary*
- L. T. Wallace.....*Treasurer*



Third Year Academy

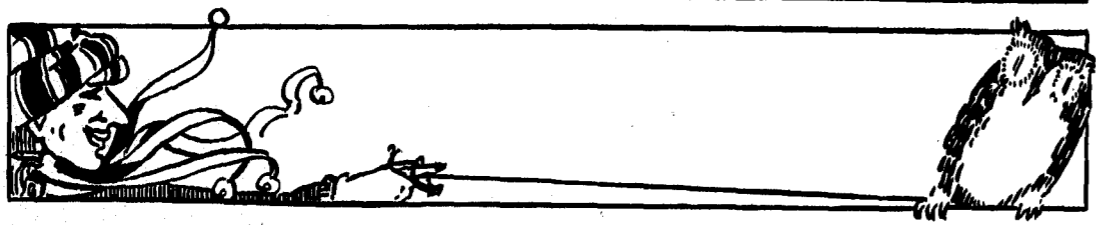


First and Second Year Academites



OFFICERS

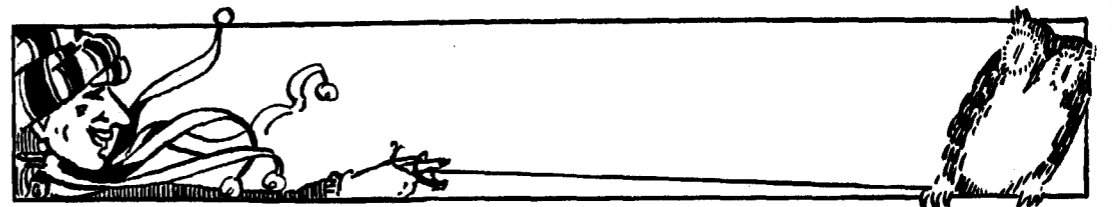
E. H. Arminstrout.....*President*
 H. C. Rice.....*Vice-President*
 Clyde Hampton.....*Secretary-Treasurer*

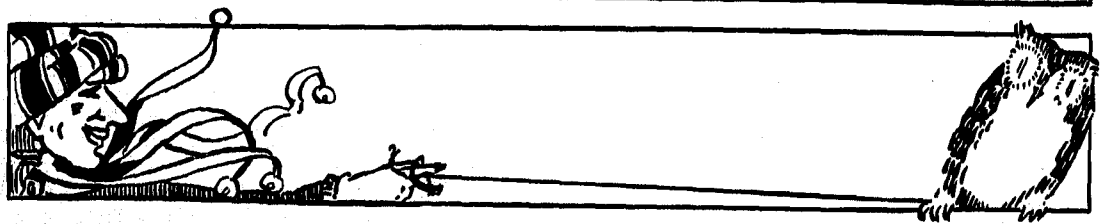
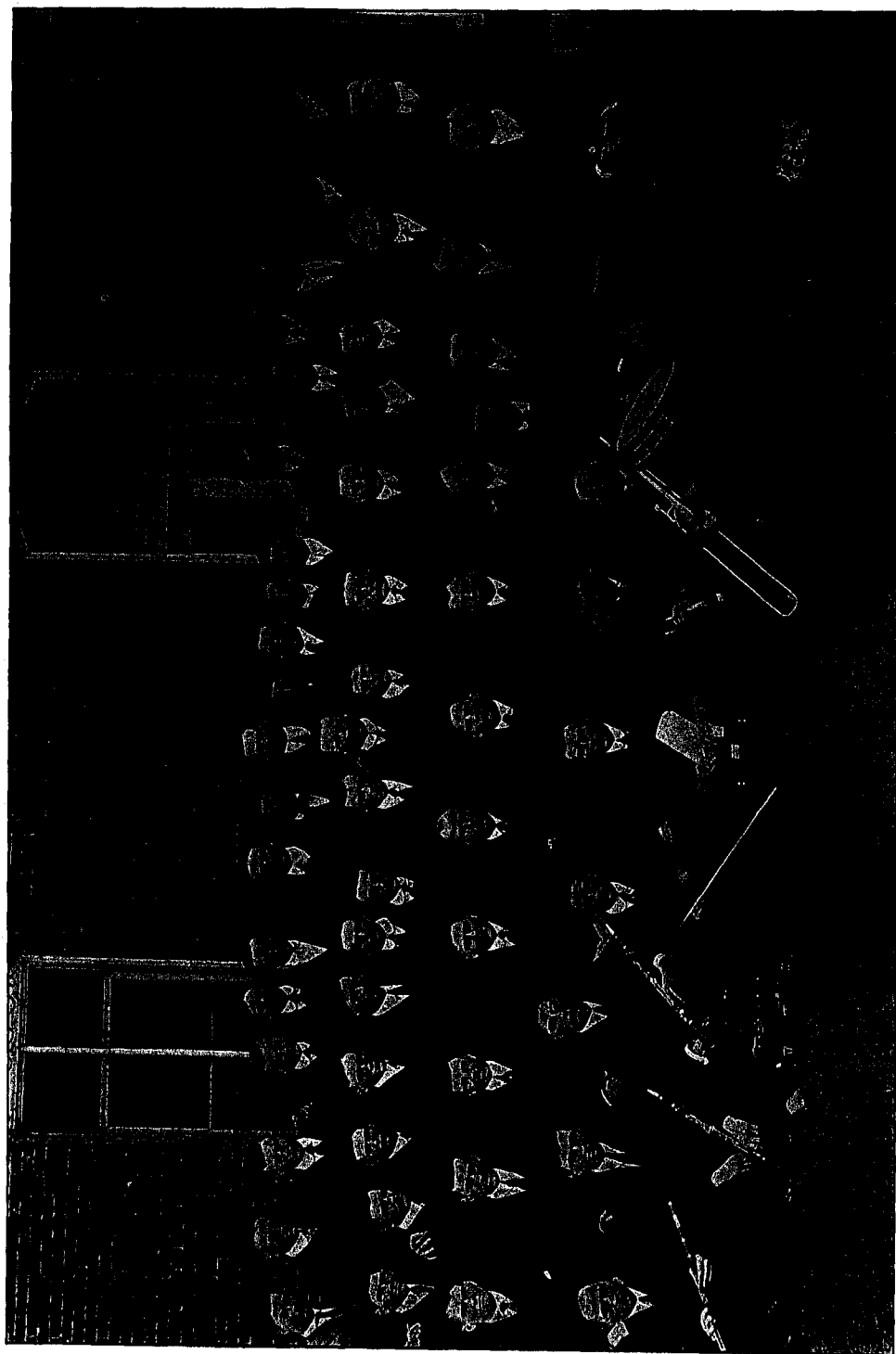


LITERARY SOCIETIES



R.L. Wilson





Senior Excelsior Literary Society

Founded 1857

Flower
White Carnation

Motto
Excelsior

Colors
Lavender and White

Yell
Haec! Cum! Zika! Boom!
Zikah! Zikah! Zah!
Excelsior! Excelsior!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR

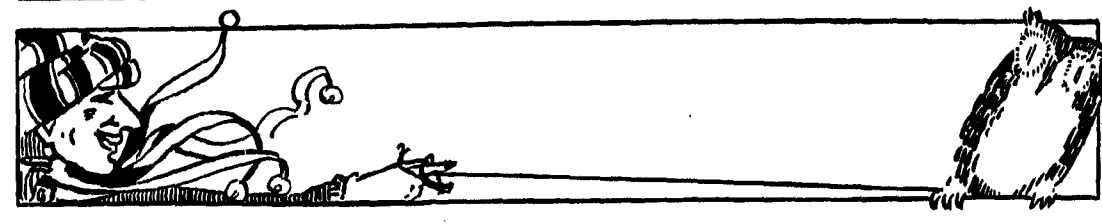
Presidents
J. R. Mantey
R. J. Wolfe
A. E. Groff

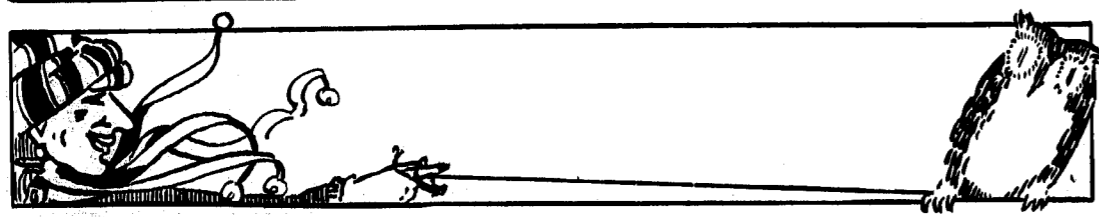
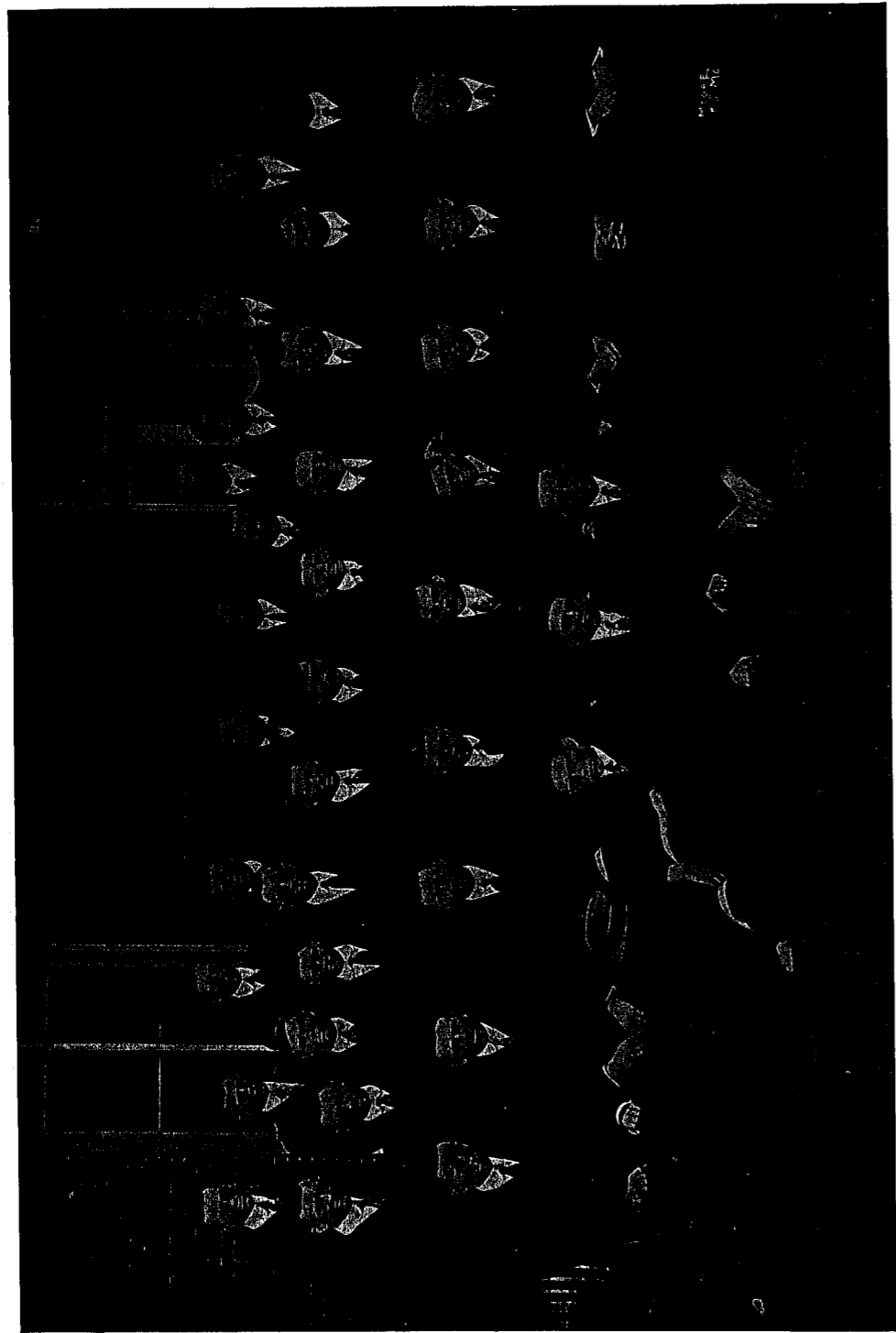
Vice-Presidents
R. J. Wolfe
G. V. Price
E. A. Hood
Treasurer, R. I. James

Secretaries
H. C. Head
A. C. Tutt
O. W. Neidert

Inter-Collegiate Debaters
G. V. Price W. J. Matherly A. E. Groff G. C. Faulkner

Medal Winners
G. V. Price.....Debate
A. C. Tutt.....Oratorical
G. V. Price.....Prohibition Orator





Senior Philomathic Literary Society

Founded 1853

Motto

Libertas et Eloquentia una Florent

Flower

Pink Carnation

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!!!!

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1914-1915

Presidents

- Asa Q. Burns
- A. W. Grammer
- G. E. Harris
- L. E. Nelson

Vice-Presidents

- R. H. Ewing
- W. J. Chase
- W. F. Standeford
- W. F. Standeford

Secretaries

- L. E. Nelson
- D. M. Trout
- J. R. Halliburton
- John Kern

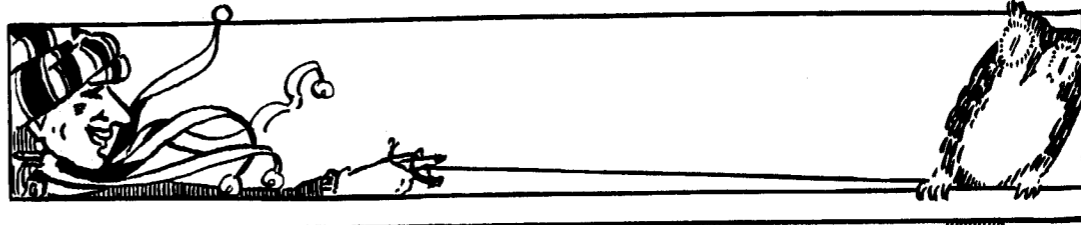
Treasurers, C. S. Billings, R. P. Douglass

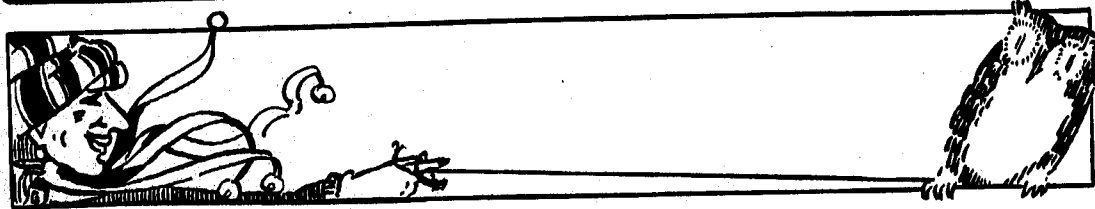
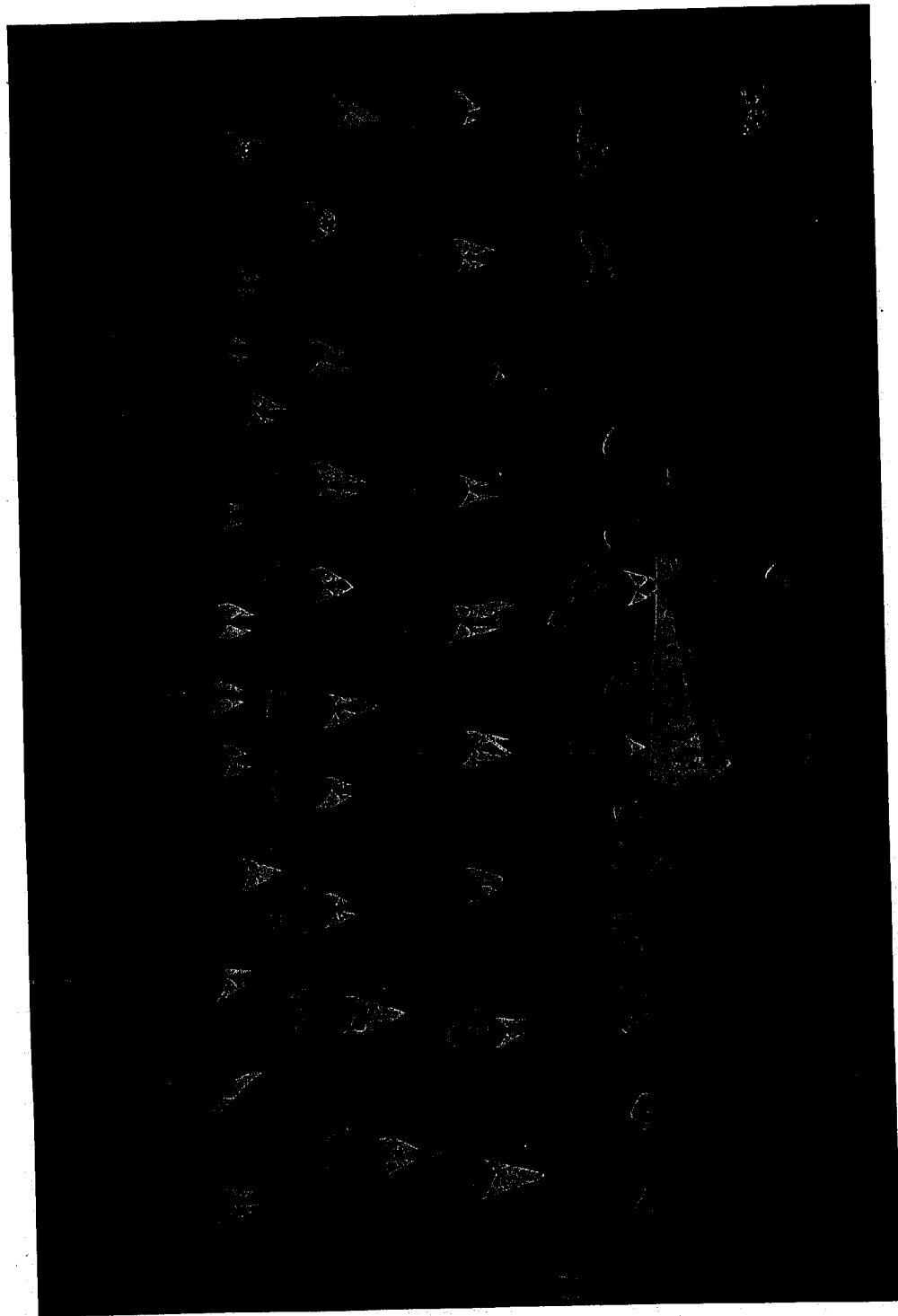
Inter-Collegiate Debaters

- | | | |
|----------------|---------------|--------------|
| G. E. Harris | J. H. Pollard | Asa Q. Burns |
| A. F. Wherritt | J. B. Ewing | |

Medal Winners

- | | | | |
|-------------------|---------|-------------------|-------------|
| Asa Q. Burns..... | Reading | Claud Warren..... | Major Prize |
| L. E. Nelson..... | | | Essay |





Junior Excelsior Literary Society

MOTTO: Excelsior

YELL:

Boomalaca, boomalaca,
Bow, wow, wow;
Chicalaca, chicalaca,
Chow, chow, chow:
Boomalaca, Chicalaca,
Who are we?
We're Excelsiors,
W. J. C.

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1914-1915

Presidents:

O. W. Neidert
W. L. Brewster
O. C. Higgins
W. H. Smith

Vice-Presidents:

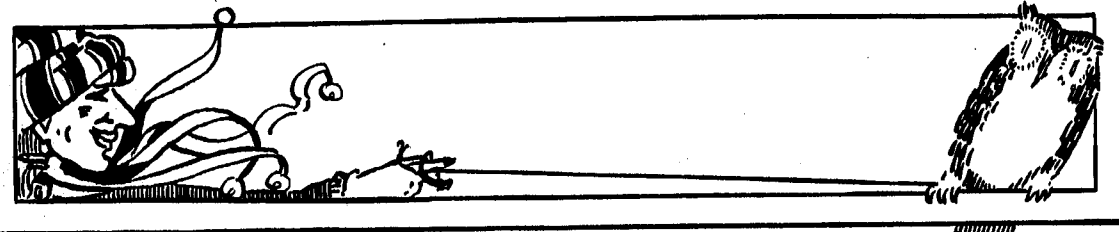
R. A. Stonebreaker
W. H. Smith
L. R. Kite
B. H. Overman

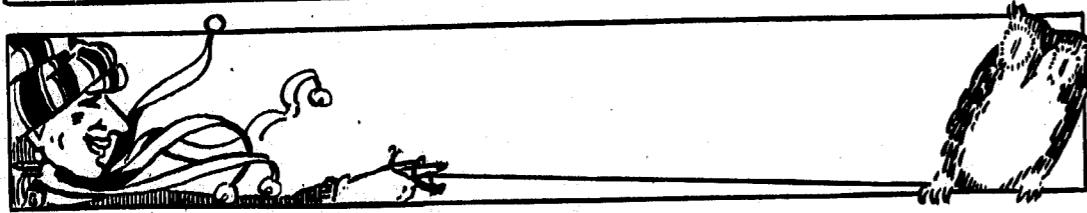
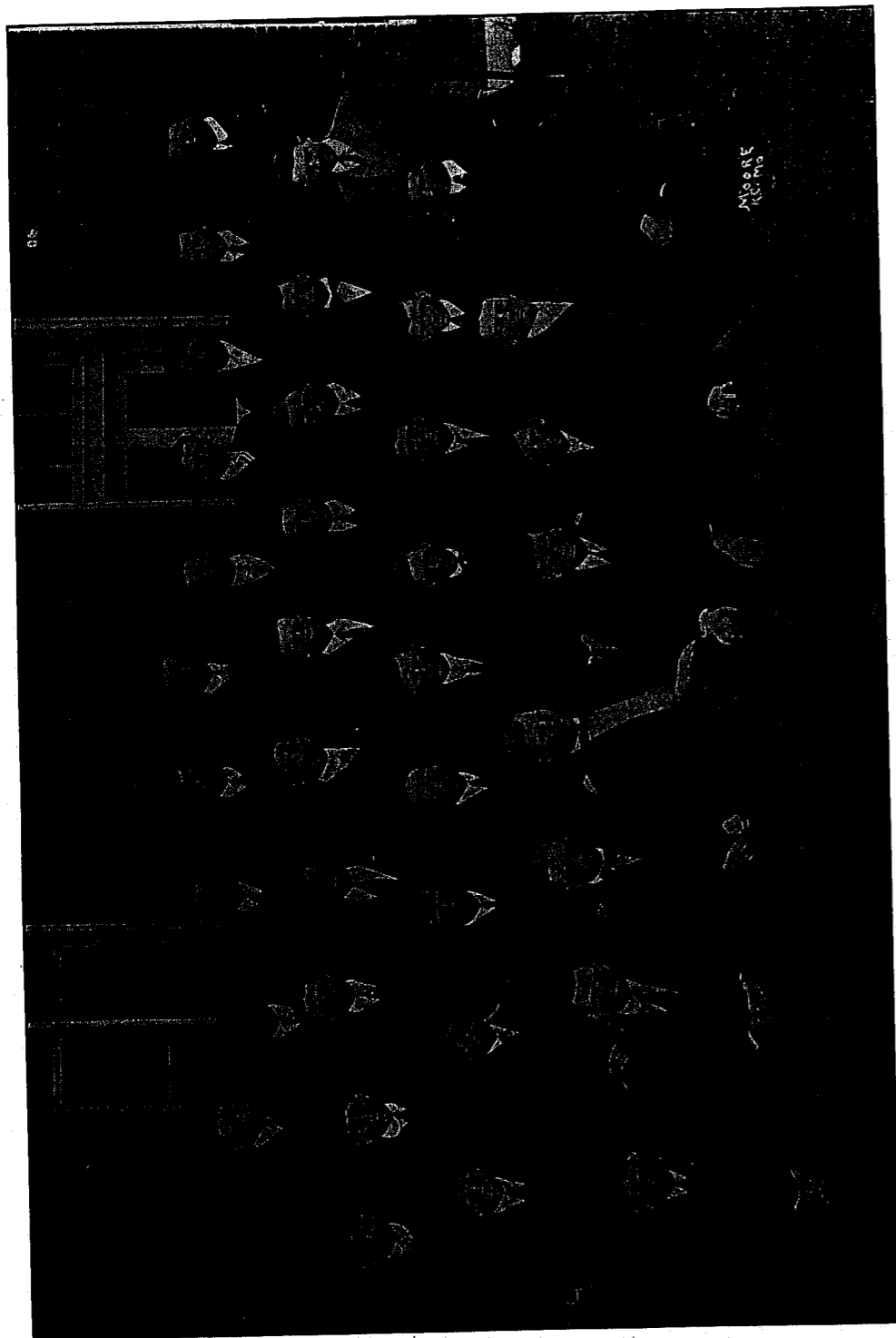
Secretaries:

D. W. Anderson
Z. Z. Brame
Lon Mayberry
H. C. Mathews

HONORS

W. H. Roberts.....*Essay*
W. H. Roberts.....*Oratorical*
H. L. Brewster.....*Debate*





Junior Philomathic Literary Society

Motto

Libertas et Eloquentia una Florent

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!!!

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1914-1915

Presidents

D. A. Dixon
E. G. Ewing
F. G. Smith

Vice-Presidents

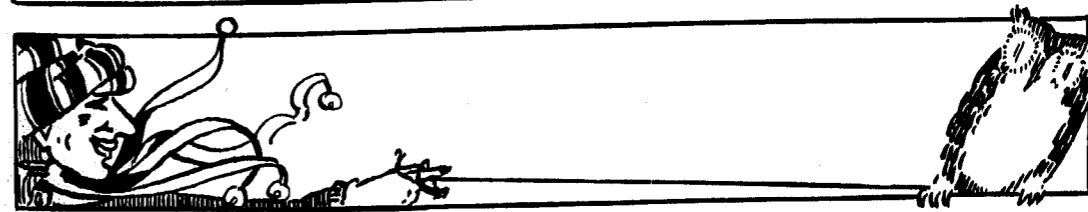
E. C. Crabtree
F. G. Smith
O. I. Clampitt

Secretaries

J. H. Moul
T. C. Kemper
E. H. Arminstrout

Honors

W. B. McGraw.....*Ready Speaking Medal*
E. G. Ewing.....*Reading Medal*
E. G. Ewing.....*Declamatory Medal*



Inter-Collegiate Debating and Oratory

Debating and Oratory has enjoyed the most enthusiastic year in its history. With the signing of the contracts there was presented a wide range of Colleges from which to select—one from California, one from Texas and several from Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri. Our past record in debating has made it possible for us to meet the teams from the strongest of the schools in the Middle West and it will be only a matter of a very short time until our schedule will include a trip to either coast.

The College was especially fortunate in returning eight debaters of last year around which to build up three inter-collegiate teams. The enthusiasm of the student body for this field of college activity is shown by the keen competition that has developed in the try-outs.

In Oratory, William Jewell is branching out. Only a year or so ago she participated in only one contest while now she is represented in three. The fact that we compete with the orators of the State University and take a higher rank is very gratifying. William Jewell won second in the State Oratorical contest this year. A. C. Tutt very creditably represented the College in this contest.

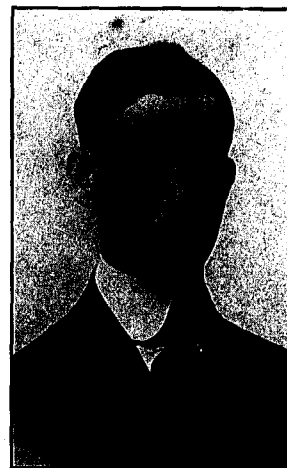
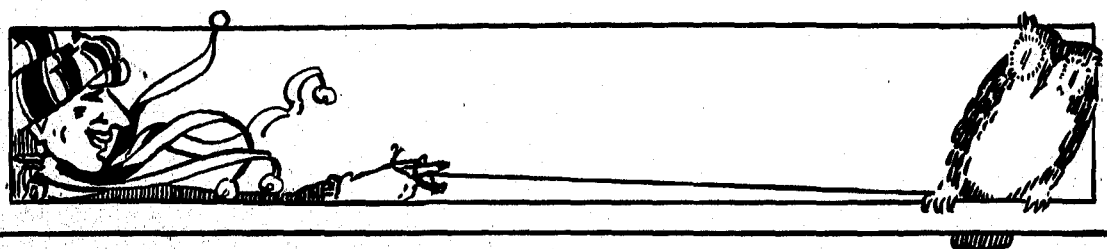
G. E. Harris has the distinction of being the President of the Inter-State Oratorical Association which comprises eleven states. William Jewell was honored by being the first Missouri College to secure this representative.

In the State Peace Contest, Asa Q. Burns very creditably represented William Jewell. Mr. Burns won second place and a prize of \$25, losing only to St. Louis University.

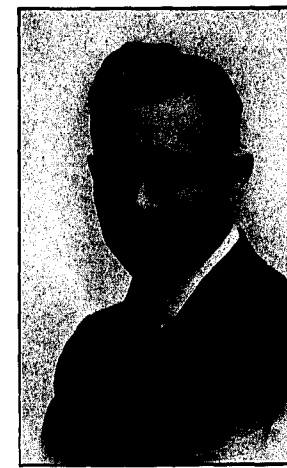
G. V. Price won second place in the Missouri Prohibition Contest held at Parkville, Missouri. This is the first time this college has entered this contest and our rank shows the quality of William Jewell forensics.

It will be of interest to the Alumni to know that the College can furnish experienced debaters and orators to towns and organizations on Peace and Prohibition and live debate questions by writing to the Debate Council.

It is with no small feeling of pride that the debaters and orators refer to "our Coach." It has been under the capable and devoted guidance of Dr. Elmer C. Griffith that William Jewell has achieved and maintained her proud record in Debates and Oratory.



A. C. Tutt



Asa Q. Burns

Oratory

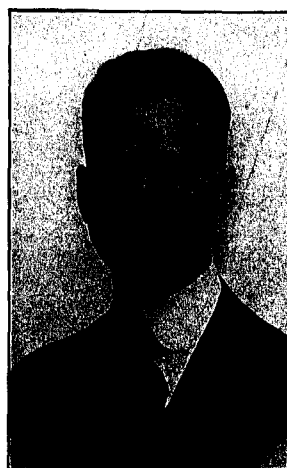
The annual State Oratorical Contest was held March 4, 1915, with Drury College at Springfield, Missouri. Mr. A. C. Tutt, a Sophomore, won the local contest with "The Progress of Democracy" and therefore represented the College in the State Contest, winning second honors.

Asa Q. Burns won the local peace contest and therefore represented William Jewell in the State Peace Contest held April 8, 1915, at Fayette, Mo. Mr. Burns won second place.

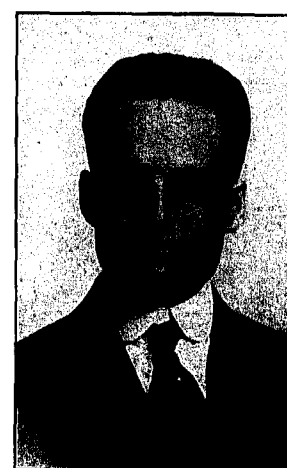
William Jewell entered the State Prohibition Contest for the first time this year. Mr. G. V. Price was our representative. Mr. Price won second place and a prize of twenty dollars.

A notable feature is that William Jewell has a good supply of orators, no one man representing her in more than one contest.

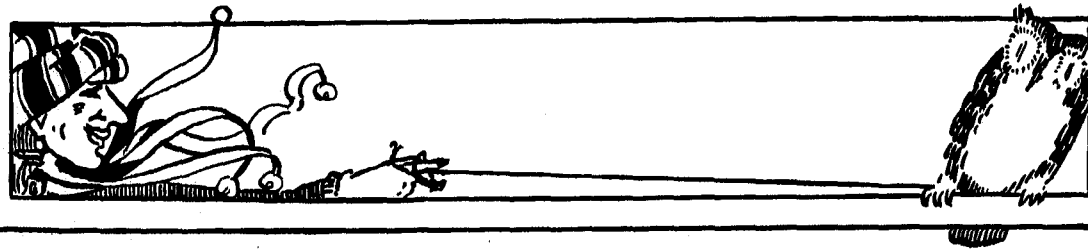
Mr. C. S. Billings is to be commended for his faithful work as a Committeeman.



C. S. Billings
Committeeman



G. E. Harris
Pres. Inter-State Oratorical Ass'n.





G. Elton Harris, *Leader*



J. H. Pollard



J. B. Ewing

Colorado College Team

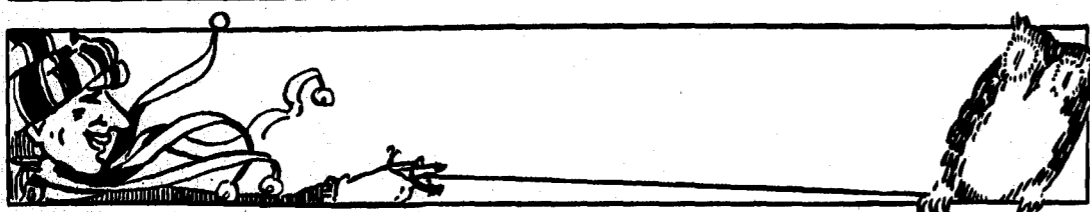
Colorado College vs. William Jewell

At Liberty, March 2, 1915

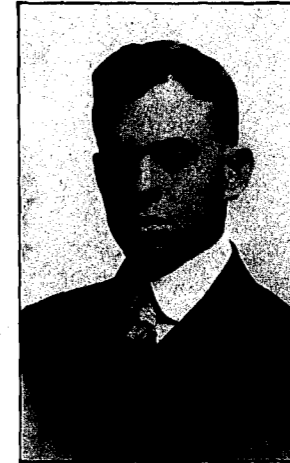
Question: Resolved, That the Legislative Commission System of State Government is preferable to the present form.



M. L. McCoy
Committeeman



Asa Q. Burns, *Leader*



Guy V. Price



Archie E. Groff

Drury Team

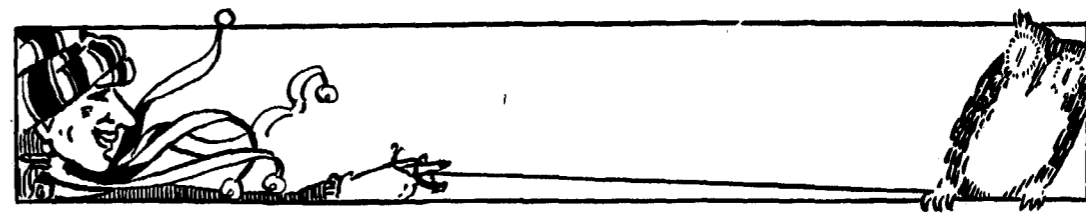
Drury College vs. William Jewell

At Springfield, April 30, 1915

Question: Resolved, That the Monroe Doctrine as developed and applied by the United States should be abandoned as a part of our foreign policy.

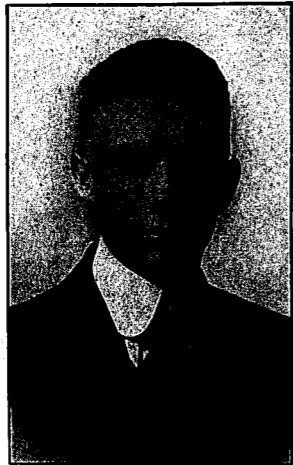


W. J. Chase
Committeeman





Walter J. Matherly
Leader



Alan F. Wherritt



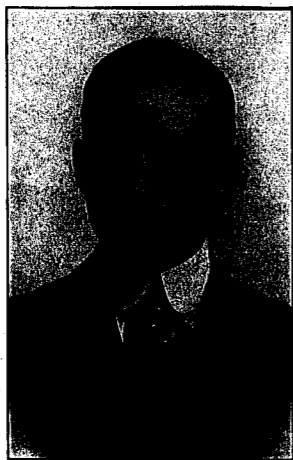
G. C. Faulkner

Kansas State Wesleyan Team

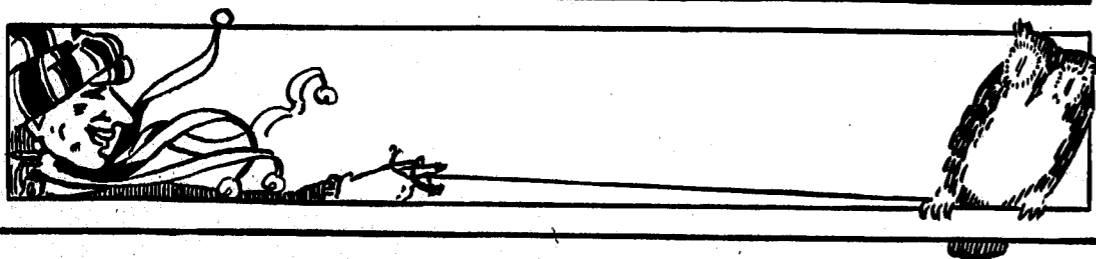
Kansas State Wesleyan vs. William Jewell

At Salina, Kansas, April 23, 1915

Question: Resolved, That all corporations engaged in interstate commerce be required to take out a federal charter on such terms as Congress shall prescribe. Constitutionality granted.

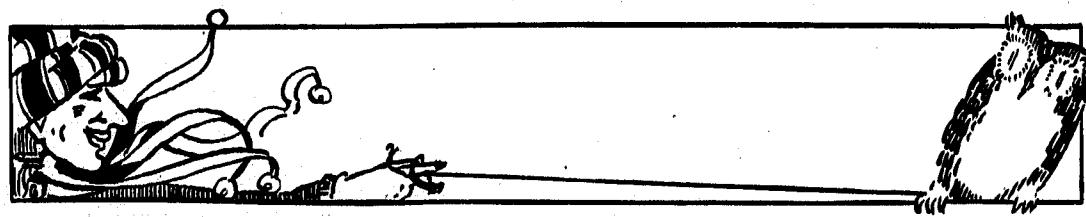
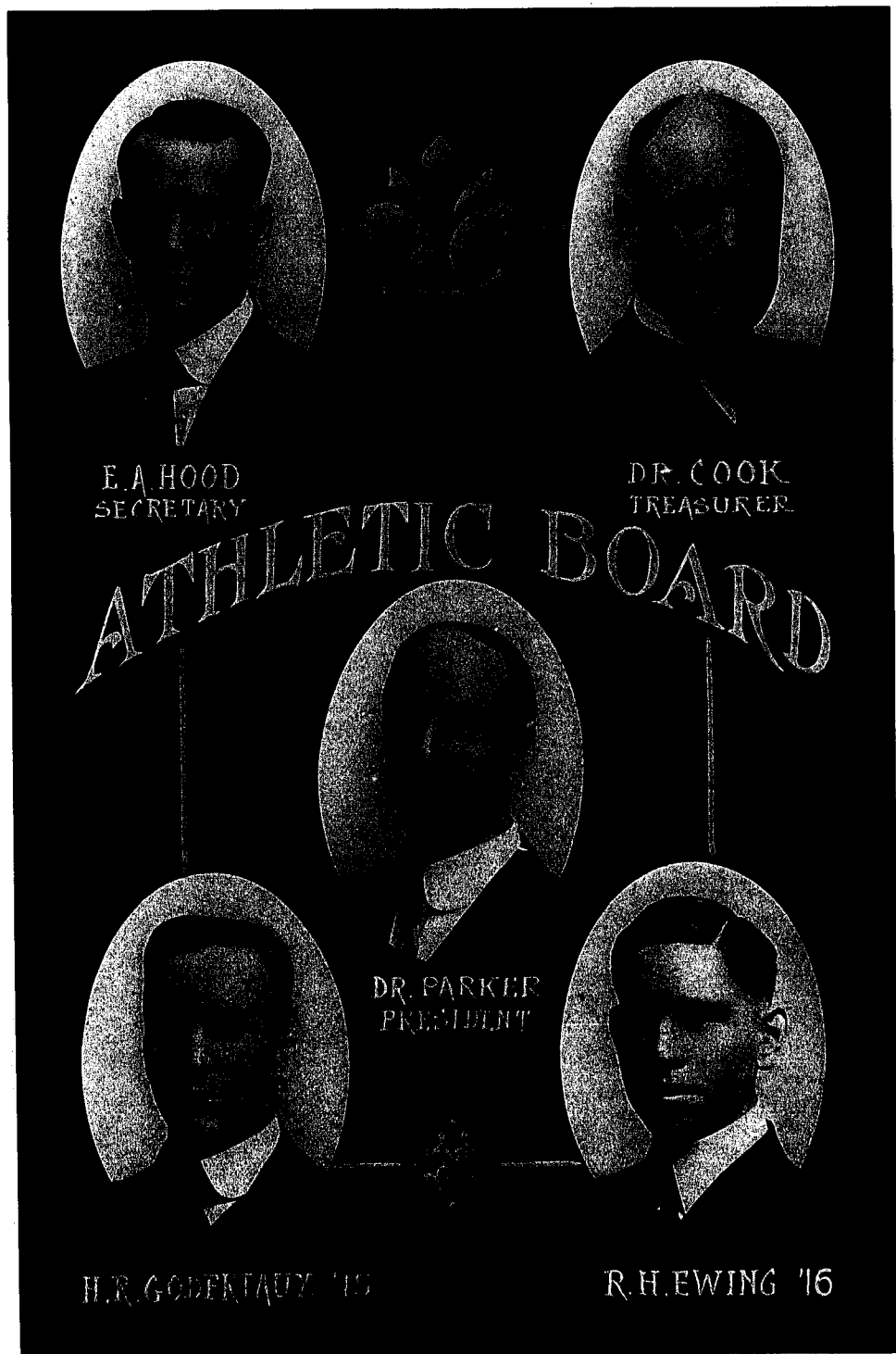


Roger Wolfe
Committeeman

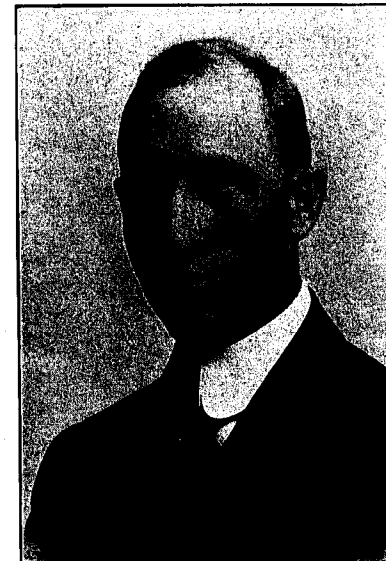


ATHLETICS





Athletic Record---General



R. E. Bowles

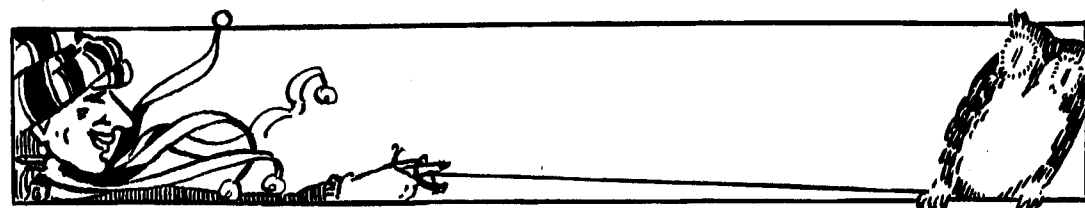
Last year William Jewell won three of the four state championships offered by the State Inter-Collegiate Conference and held second place in the fourth—basketball. Jewell won the championships in football, baseball and track. It was indeed a successful year; much credit being due Coaches Wheaton in football, Riley in track and Bowles in all in general.

This year Jewell has not as yet won a championship but has played with exceedingly hard luck, especially in football have all the "breaks" of the game favored the other teams. In basketball Jewell has not played up to her usual standard but, at that, has not played bad ball. Baseball and track have yet their schedules before them and with bright prospects now in sight will without doubt bring championships to Jewell this spring.

FOOTBALL

As soon as school opened "Dad" Bowles had his football prospectives hard at work with only four "J" men—Magill, Brandom, Waterman and Godfriaux—around which to build a team. Coach Wheaton was expected any day so not much was done except the grinding work of getting into condition. After some time hopes of Wheaton were given up but not until Jewell had lost three games, one each to Missouri and Kansas Universities and Central College.

The students then made up the money and secured the services of Dr. Reilly of Kansas City as coach and immediately things took a turn for the better, winning the next four games in a cyclone style. Here hard luck over-

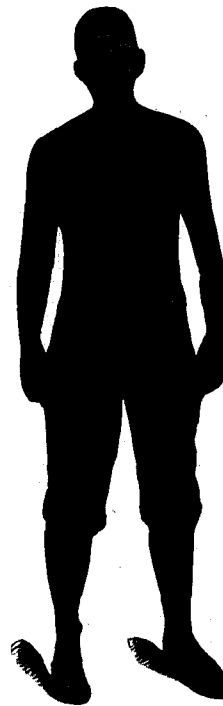
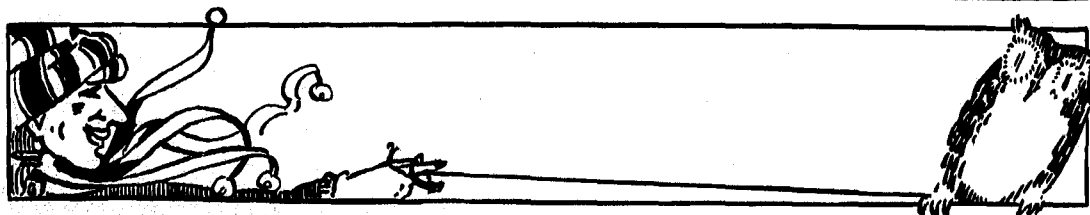


FOOTBALL



FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Jewell.....	2	Kansas.....	48
Jewell.....	0	Missouri.....	46
Jewell.....	0	Central.....	7
Jewell.....	13	Baker.....	0
Jewell.....	33	Tarkio.....	3
Jewell.....	23	Westminster.....	0
Jewell.....	20	Ottawa.....	0
Jewell.....	7	Warrensburg.....	10
Jewell.....	7	Missouri Wesleyan.....	10
Total.....	105	Total.....	124



"Chet" Magill
Captain



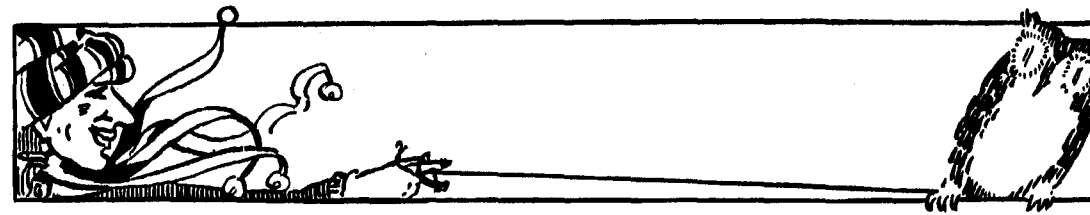
"Brandy" Brandom
Captain Elect

took the team and they were somehow, someway, beaten on the Warrensburg gridiron although they outplayed the Normals two to one. That day saw the last of the 1914 William Jewell football team, for, thinking they had lost the championship, they went to pieces and allowed the Missouri Wesleyan team of Cameron to defeat them 10 to 7 when the Cameron team had not the license for even as much as a "look-in" had the Jewells played their usual game.

Dr. Reilly deserves much credit for his work with the team. When he came things certainly looked cloudy, even the student body was ready to sneer at what was representing them on the gridiron. He gave Jewell one of the best teams ever claimed by the College and not a student thinks that it was in any way his fault that the championship was lost. The coach of the team which did win the coveted title is reported to have said, even after the season had closed, that if he were to place his hand upon the team in the state which he considered as the best team and which he considered as most deserving of the championship, he would place his hand upon the William Jewell bunch. The boys want Dr. Reilly back for next fall, so let us get him if we can again be so fortunate.

Miller held the center position with practically no opposition and he played a good steady game throughout the season.

The guard positions were filled by Shannon (second all-Missouri), Hood,



Hunter, and L. Newport. Shannon and Hood played the positions well claiming them as their berths, while Newport and Hunter switched as utility men from guard to tackle and back as the coaches saw fit.

At left tackle Waterman was given full sway. He played hard in every game and punted the ball for good distances all season. He was given a tackle position on the "All-Missouri." The other tackle was taken care of by Ewing, Billings, and V. Newport. Ewing played almost too good football for his weight. He played at both tackle and end, playing each position well. Billings was not out all season and Newport had to give up toward the last on account of a bad leg.

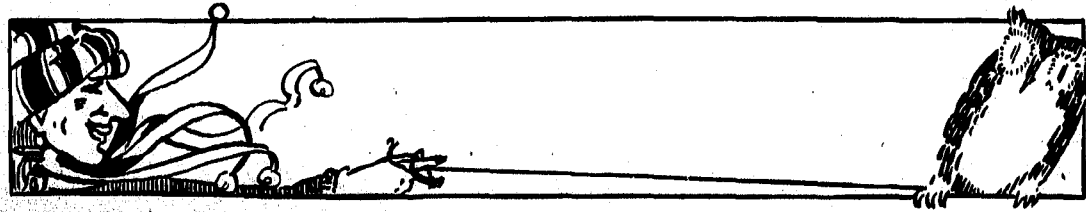
Godfriaux played the first three games at end but was luckily switched to the backfield. Ewing and Jefferies played the end positions, right and left respectively most of the season and opposing teams found them hard to get around. Klein relieved them occasionally and Farrar also played at end for a while but, as Godfriaux, was pulled back to take a position in the backfield.

Captain Magill was an excellent leader for the team and held the confidence of the players. He played quarterback and was especially strong on the defense. Seldom did they pass him.

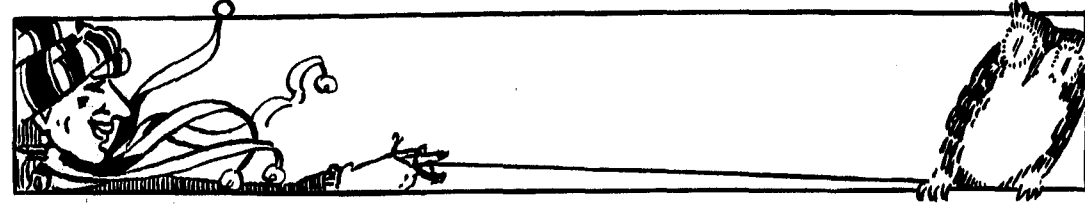
Godfriaux (All-Missouri) at left half proved himself easily the best half in the State and well deserved his place on the All-Missouri. He was great on both offensive and defensive work and was feared by all opponents. Left half for the most part was played by Farrar (3rd All-Missouri). He was exceptionally fast and was considered by many as the best man in the state to back up the line on the defense.

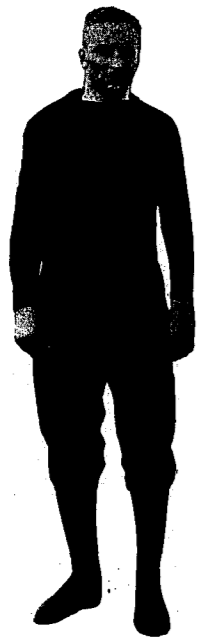
Ferguson and Koons played the halfback positions until Godfriaux and Farrar were drawn back from the ends and then they with Klein were used as utility men and could be depended upon to do the work.

Brandom (2nd All-Missouri) took care of the fullback position until an injured ankle received in the Warrensburg game forced him out of that game and the last. On account of his ability as an open field runner and his ability to run back punts opposing teams found him a hard man to handle and were ever fearful of his educated toe. His teammates have elected him to captain next year's team and we wish him and next year's squad great success.



Football Squad





Henry Godfriaux
Half-back



"Irish" Farrar
Half-back



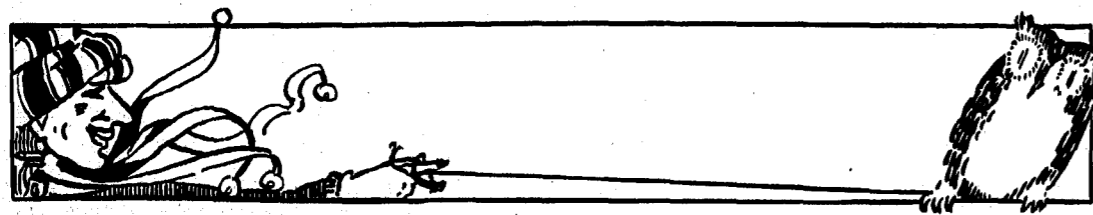
"Stuffy" Waterman
Left Tackle



"Stern" Miller
Center



Ray Ewing
Right End



"Jeff" Jefferies
Left End



Emmet Hood
Left Guard



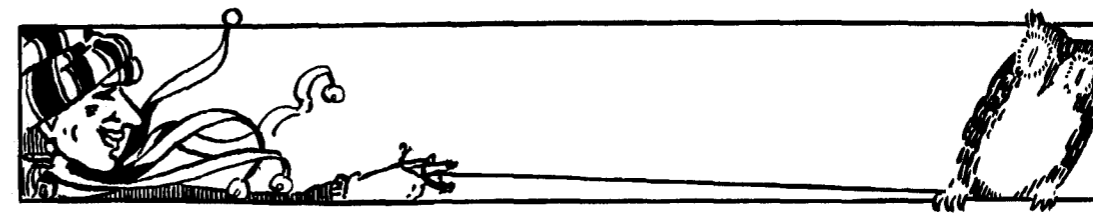
"Bill" Billings
Right Tackle

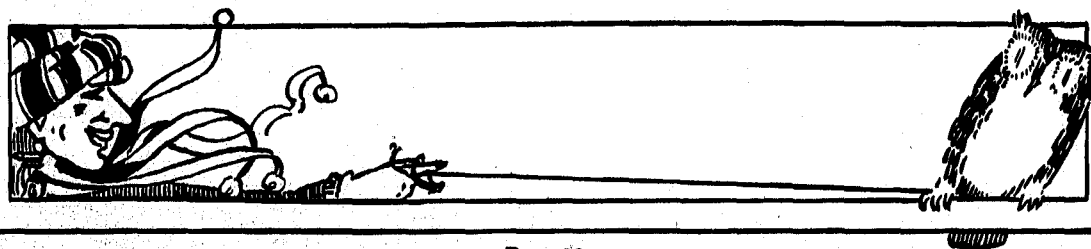
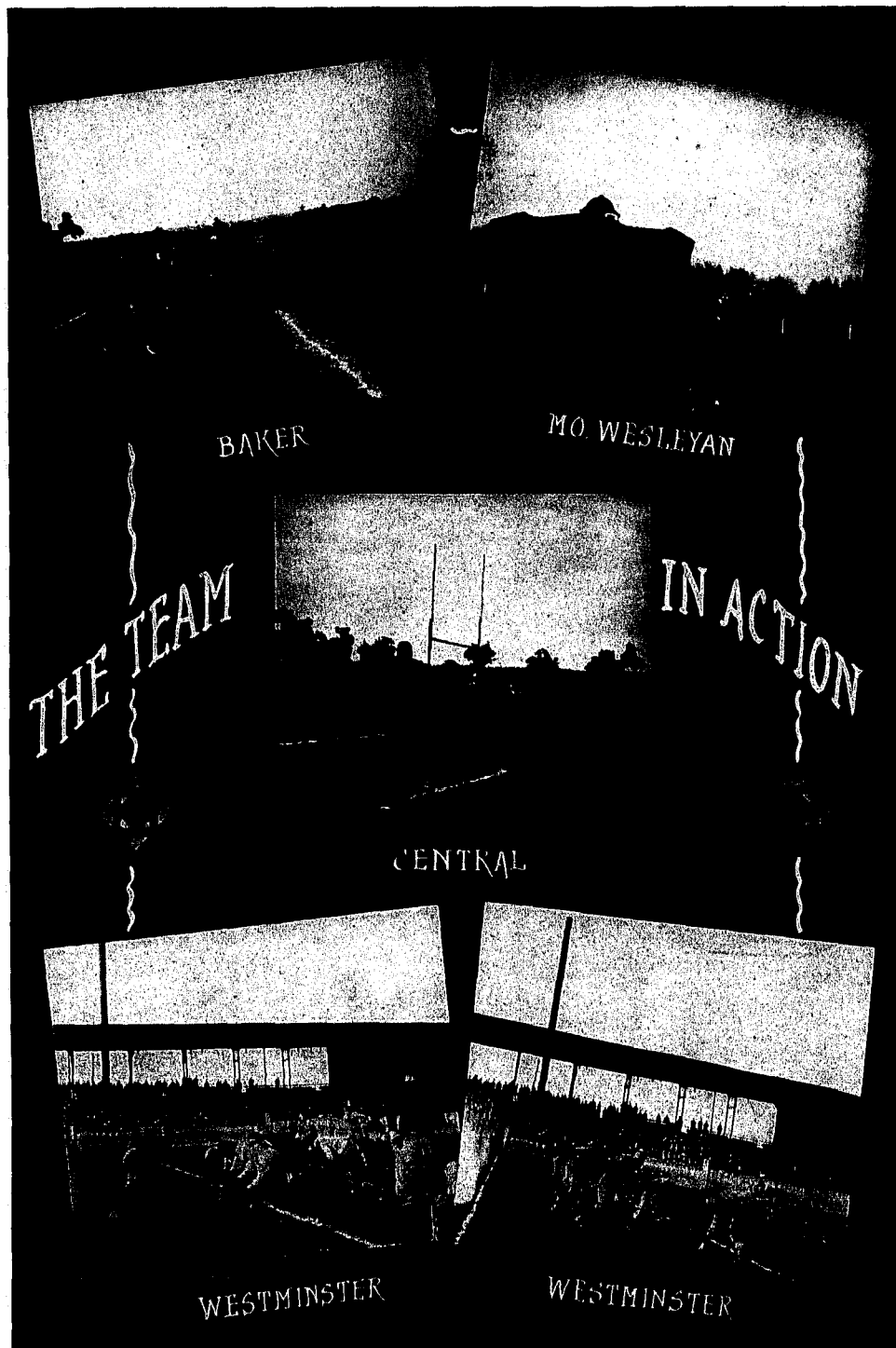


Dick Shannon
Right Guard



Otto Ferguson
Half-back





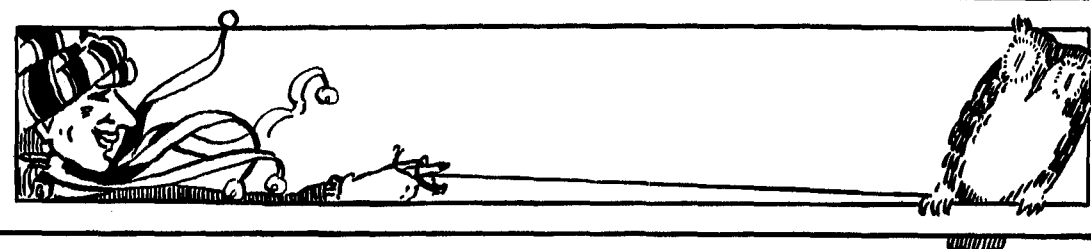
"Jeff" Jefferies
Captain



Ira Wolfe
Captain Elect

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Jewell.....	18	Central.....	37
Jewell.....	17	Central.....	23
Jewell.....	19	Kansas University.....	43
Jewell.....	21	Missouri Wesleyan.....	11
Jewell.....	26	Tarkio.....	32
Jewell.....	23	Maryville.....	27
Jewell.....	40	Central.....	20
Jewell.....	26	Central.....	24
Jewell.....	38	Missouri Wesleyan.....	12
Jewell.....	25	Drury.....	22
Jewell.....	35	Tarkio.....	18
Jewell.....	34	Maryville.....	21
Total.....	322	Total.....	290

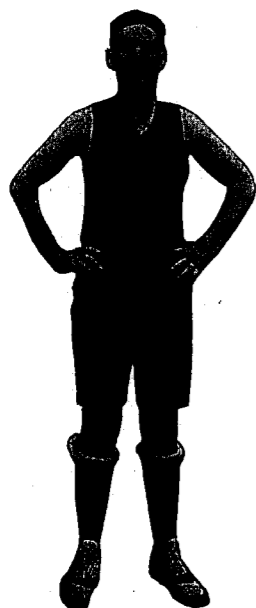




Henry Godfriaux
Guard



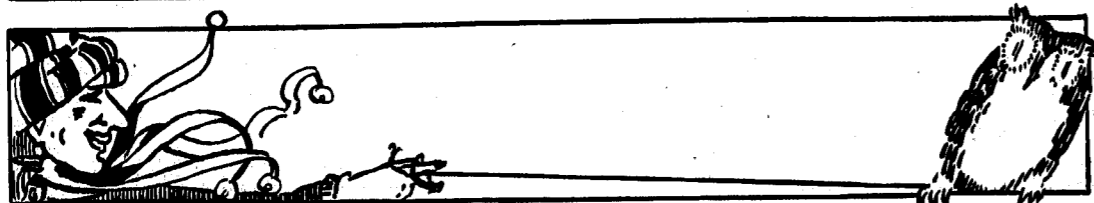
Emmet Hood
Center



Buell Hunter
Guard



Clyde Church
Guard



Basket Ball

The basketball season this year did not show the usual success for the Jewell five. But, even at that, the success was not at all poor. Jewell held third place in the ranks for the championship.

The loss of so many games at the very first put the boys in such a hole that they were unable to get out when they did get their start. They lost five of the first six games, all of which were played away from home.

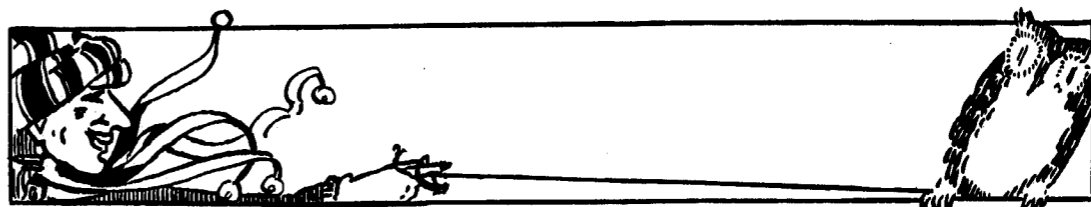
Carbaugh, one of the classiest forwards ever seen on the Jewell court and a member of the team for three years previous, was not able to show his best form at any time on account of physical disability and had to quit playing altogether after the first few games.

Captain Jefferies, forward, was always to be counted upon to show the spectators some real basketball and goal shooting, playing his usual good game at all times. He made a good captain and was well liked and respected by all. In Wolfe, Jewell this year developed a great forward and hard worker. He played well and as a reward has been selected as captain of next year's five.

Hood (center), tall and strong, "picked them" out of the air and often placed them in the basket at unexpected times.

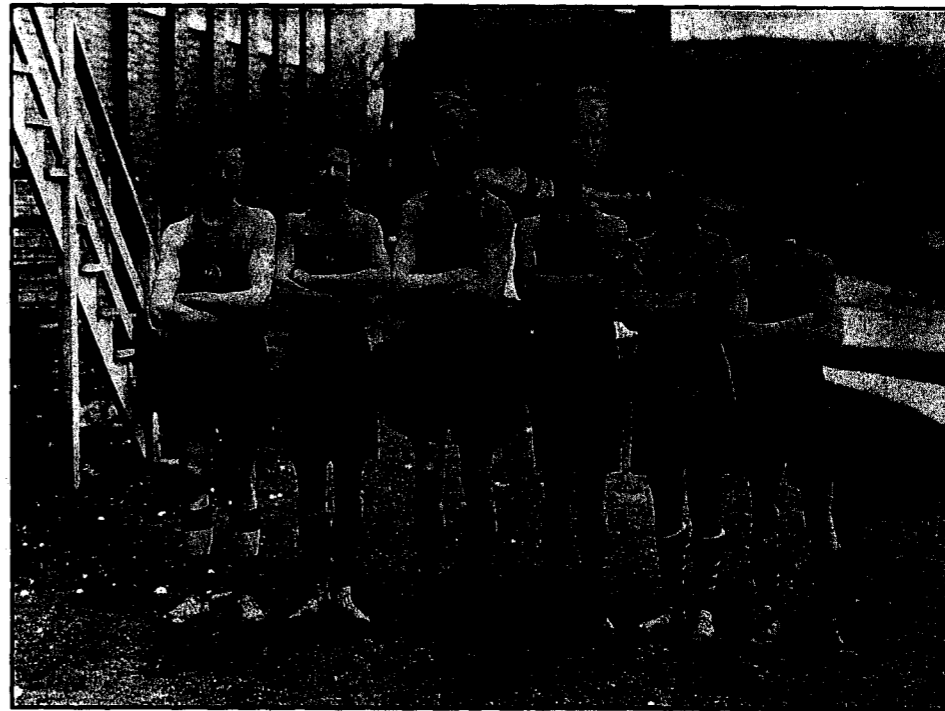
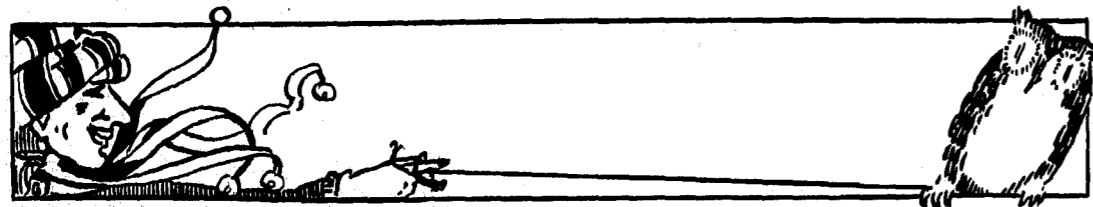
Godfriaux and Bell at guards made a strong pair. It took a good forward to get around or "over" them, each having played the positions the year before. Bell also was forced, because of injuries, to quit the game before the close of the season.

Hunter and Church at guard also played good ball and often took the places of Godfriaux and Bell. Hunter, especially, proved himself to be a great guard and those who saw him play this year are expecting great things of him next year.





Basket Ball Squad

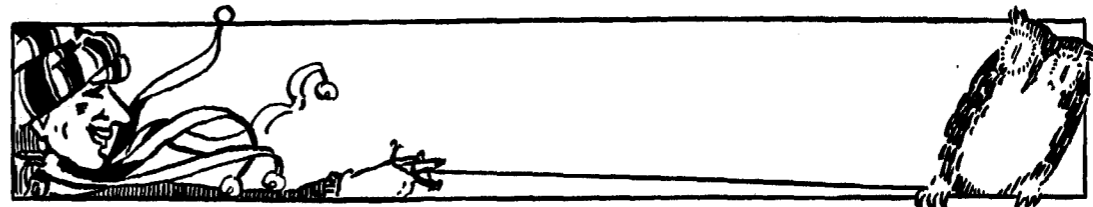


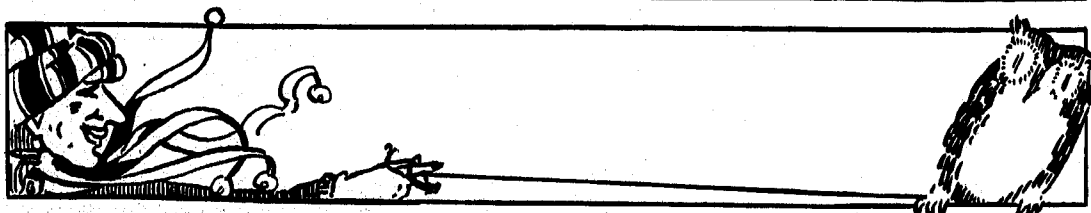
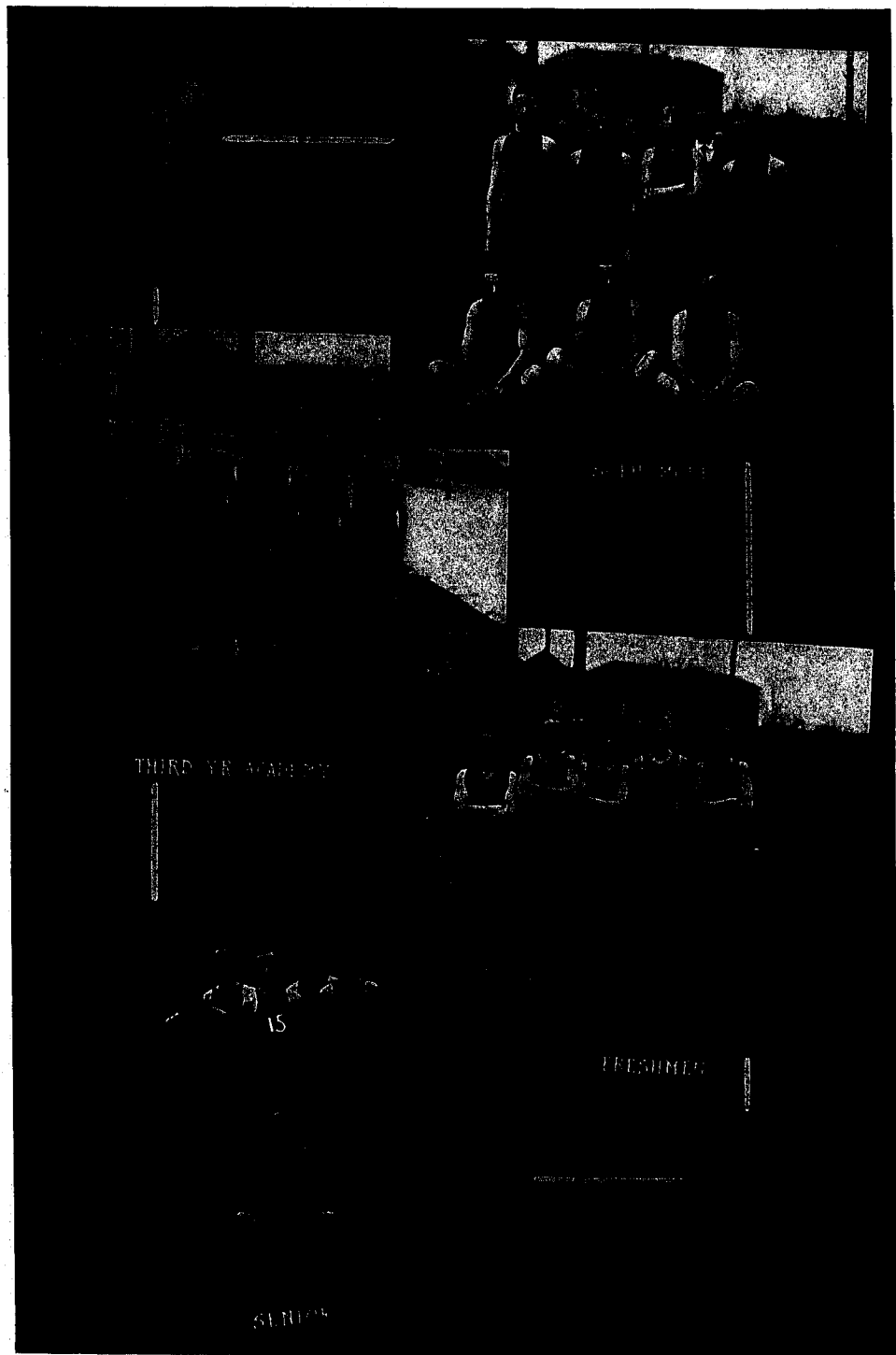
Inter-Class Basket Ball

The Class games this year were exceptionally hard fought contests and therefore very interesting. Each class had a good team representing them, teams of which they could not be ashamed.

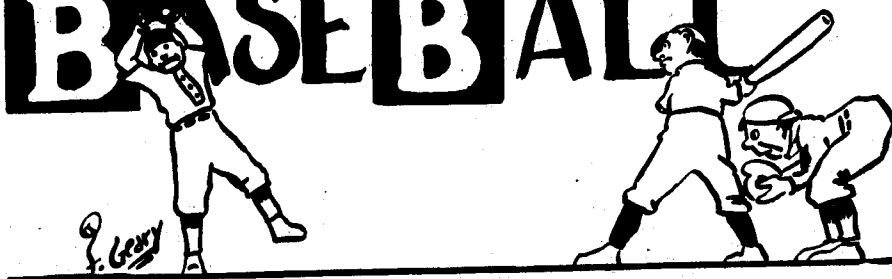
The Juniors (Champions) won "their name on the Spalding trophy" by defeating their close rivals, the Seniors, two games, each game being decided by a single point. The champions deserve much credit for their work.

The Champions: Marr, Waldron, Chase, Potter and Farrar.





BASEBALL



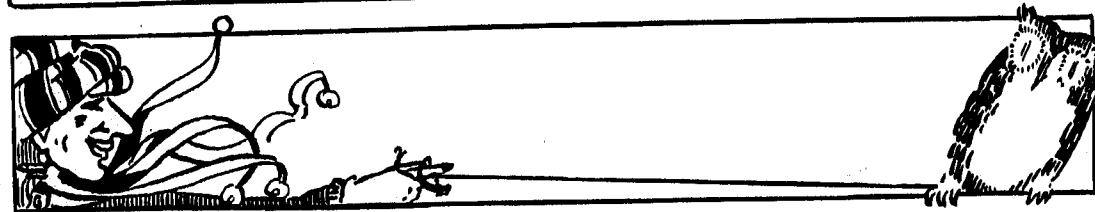
"Poop" Lantz
Captain '14



"Brick" Carbaugh
Captain '15

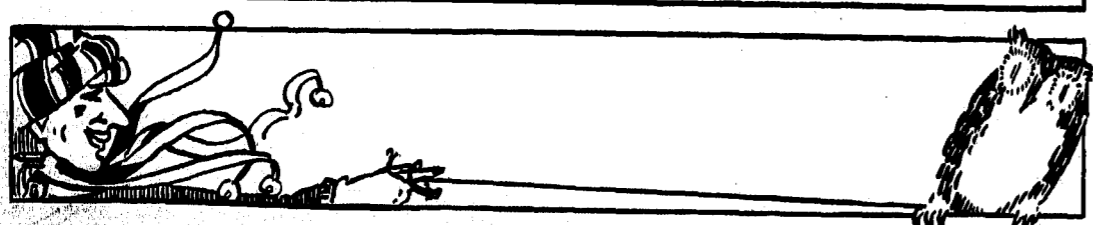
BASEBALL SCHEDULE

Jewell.....	1	Kansas City Blues.....	10
Jewell.....	6	Kansas.....	5
Jewell.....	0	Missouri.....	1
Jewell.....	8	Central.....	0
Jewell.....	3	Chinese.....	11
Jewell.....	3	Warrensburg.....	6
Jewell.....	6	Warrensburg.....	1
Jewell.....	4	Missouri Valley.....	7
Jewell.....	8	Westminster.....	0
Jewell.....	9	Central.....	1
Jewell.....	1	Kirksville.....	2
Jewell.....	10	Westminster.....	0
Jewell.....	10	Missouri Wesleyan.....	0
Jewell.....	11	Missouri Wesleyan.....	1
Jewell.....	9	Warrensburg.....	3
Jewell.....	3	Warrensburg.....	2
Total.....	92	Total.....	50





Basket Ball Team



Baseball 1914

William Jewell will long remember the 1914 baseball team—Champions of Missouri.

The team started out well by holding the Kansas City Blues to a ten to one score on the foreign diamond. Then they gouged Kansas in the side by winning a ten inning game six to five. Carbaugh and Masters got a three-base hit with three already on bases, tying the score, and thereby enabling Jewell to win in the tenth. Masters in the box was starring by making the K. U. boys lay down the "stick"—twelve in number. A few days later Masters, "Lefty" as he is called, held the Missouri team to one run and that being made because of Jewell errors. From this on, it was a steady, although at times doubtful, pull to the championship which was decided in the last game of the season—that never-to-be-forgotten fifteen inning game with Warrensburg when once more, the second time in the same year, "Phog" Allen's men lost a championship to Jewell. Lefty pitched an errorless game while those worthy wearers of the remaining eight uniforms played as well. Lantz started the supper fire with a three-base hit in the fifteenth and was soon carried to the plate by Godfriaux's single.

Each contest was hard fought from start to finish. Each man knew how to play his position, and played it well.

Hale behind the bat was to be relied upon to hold the slow ones and hot ones alike and to catch any ambitious thief who tried to steal second. He did excellent work with the bat, and got many hits at the right time.

Masters and Captain Lantz as twirlers did not find their equals in the conference. Both played with their heads as well as their hands and feet. All opposing teams feared them, and not a few were heard to say of Lefty, "When I face Masters, all I can do is to strike and trust to luck, for I can't begin to see the ball." Both were excellent batters, Masters ranking first on the batting average list of the team, while Lantz was second on the list.

Godfriaux, at first, played his usual brilliant game and stopped many of them that would seemingly go on into right field.

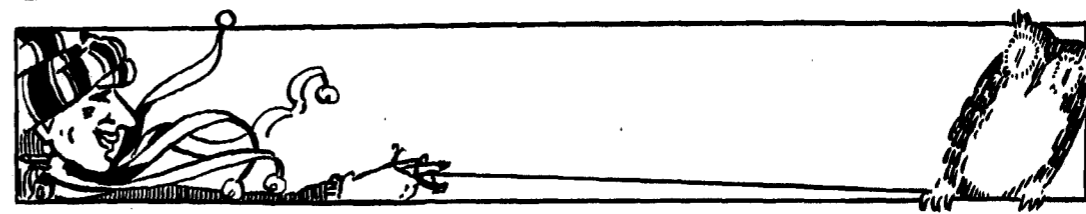
Lane, Overlees, and Lantz took turns at holding down the distant corner. All played the position well and there was not much choice between them.

Carbaugh at third upheld his good record of previous years, making quick stops and lightning-like passes. His batting ranked among the best, and it was his delight as well as his usual stunt to break up a game with a long hit.

At short was to be seen a small, fast, shifty fellow known as Harris. He fielded well and swung the bat swiftly and with accuracy.

In the field, Waterman, Jefferies, Mayberry, and Brown seldom missed the high ones and were such that the pitchers had much confidence in them when a fly was seen to start. All batted well. Waterman holding the clean-up position on the batting list, while Jefferies numbered two on the same list.

The prospects for this year are good. Led by Captain Carbaugh, the veterans who have returned and the new material are fast getting into their paces.





"Lefty" Masters
Pitcher



"Hy" Hale
Catcher



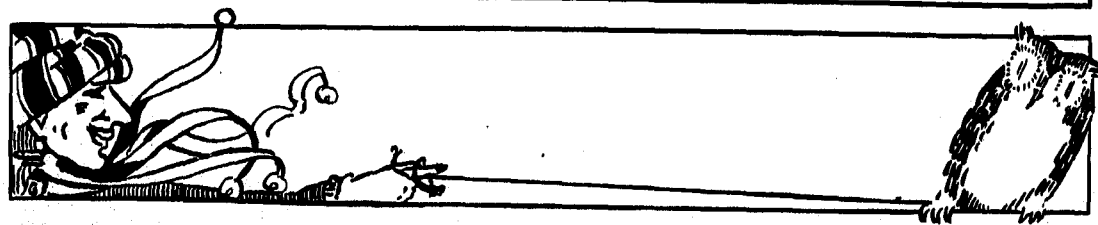
"Stuffy" Waterman
Left Field



Henry Godfriaux
First Base



"Jitney" Harris
Short Stop



"Bully" Lane
Second Base



"Kick" Overlees
Second Base



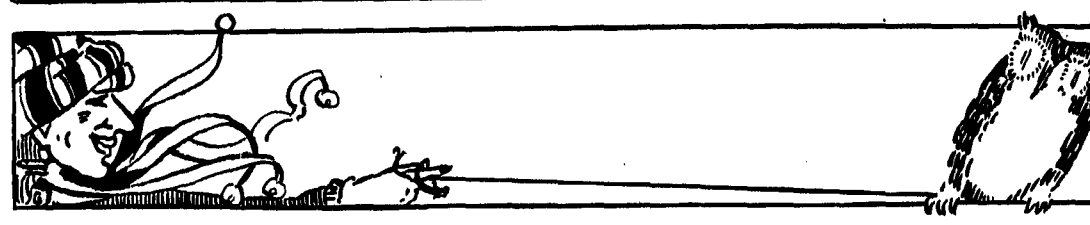
"June" Mayberry
Right Field

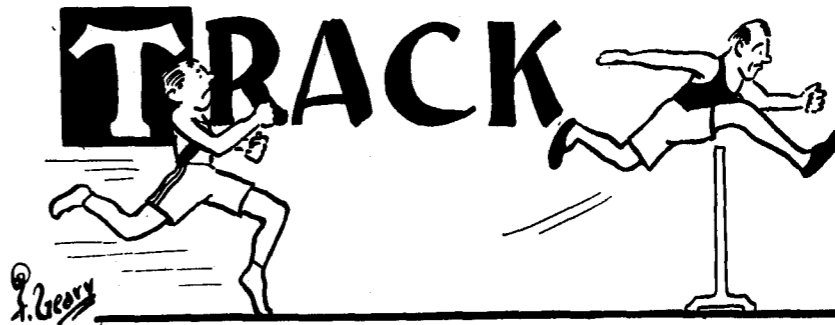
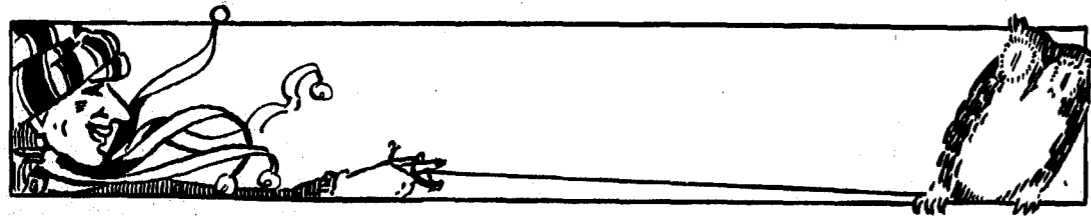
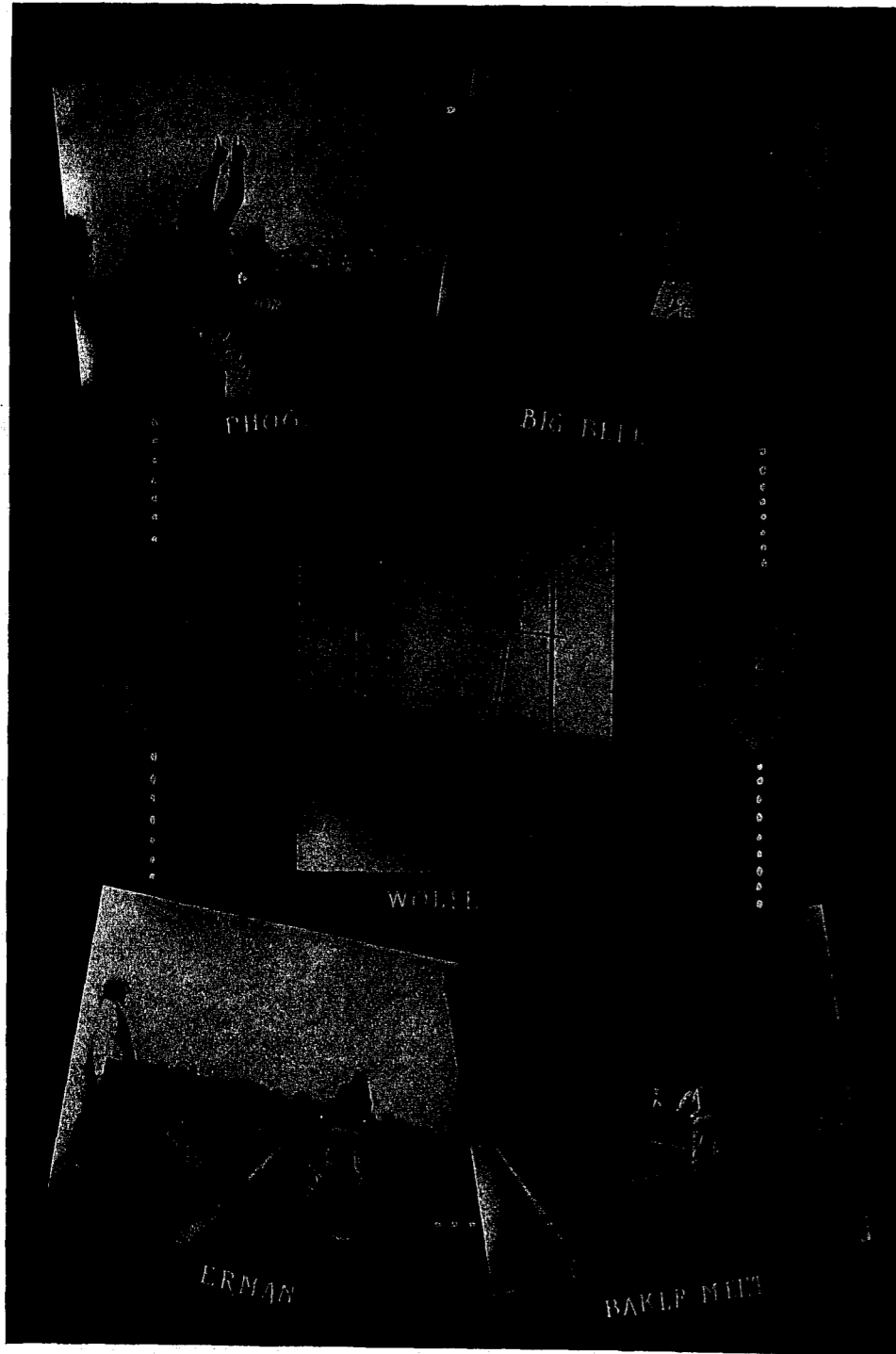


"Jeff" Jeffries
Center Field



"Skull" Brown
Right Field





Foster McHenry
Captain '14

Track Schedule
1914

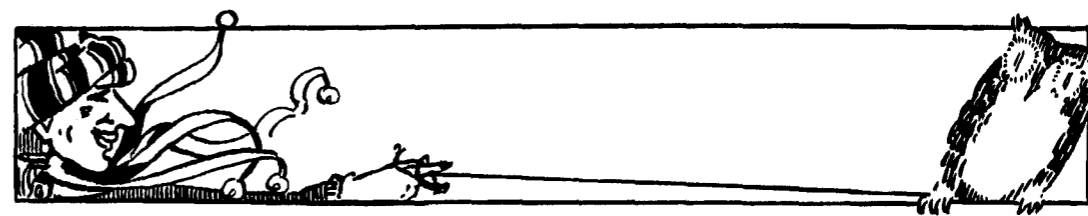


"Irish" Farrar
Captain '15

Dual Meet with Baker, at Liberty:
Jewell, 59; Baker, 50.

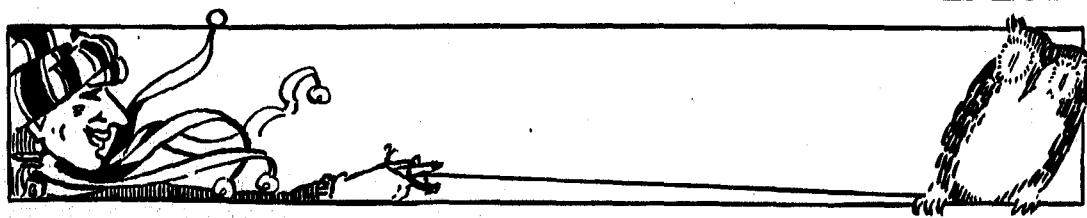
Dual Meet with Kirksville, at Kirksville:
Jewell, 73; Kirksville, 31.

State Meet at Fayette, Missouri:
Jewell, 53½; Westminster, 17; Drury, 13; Central, 11;
Warrensburg, 6½; Tarkio, 5; Missouri Valley College, 1.





TRACK TEAM
 Jeffries McHenry Koons Sims Canaday McGee Bell Peterson Geissing Farrar Coach Bowles

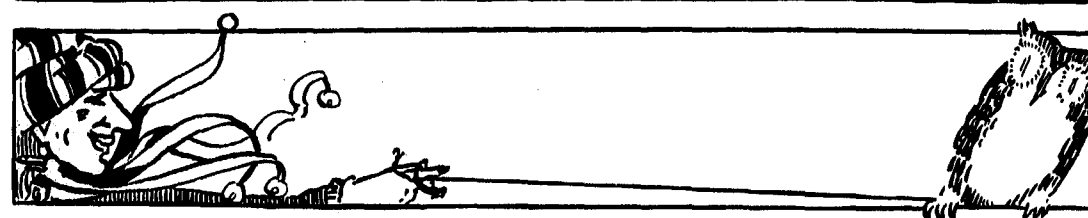


Track---1914

Last year's team, composed of Captain McHenry, Peterson, Jefferies, Farrar, Sims, McGee, Canaday, and Bell finished the season with great success. They won all the meets in which they competed, winning from Baker University 59 to 50; Kirksville Normals 73 to 31; and the State Meet at Fayette by 53½ points to 52½ points the latter being the combined scores of all the other colleges in the state.

Peterson was easily the star of the Track. He won three first places at the state meet and broke as many state records. Jefferies was a close second, pulling with him two first places from the state meet, while Captain McHenry carried away one first, one second, and one third. Each of the other members of the team won places at the meet. Farrar and Sims each won a first.

With the exception of McHenry, who graduated last spring, all the 1914 track team are back for this year and are now getting themselves in shape to win the next State Meet.

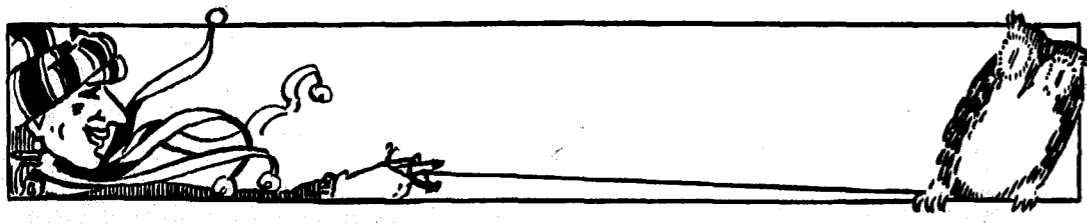


Half-Mile Relay Team



McHenry Koons Peterson Farrar

Cup won at the Missouri State Inter-Collegiate Track Meet.

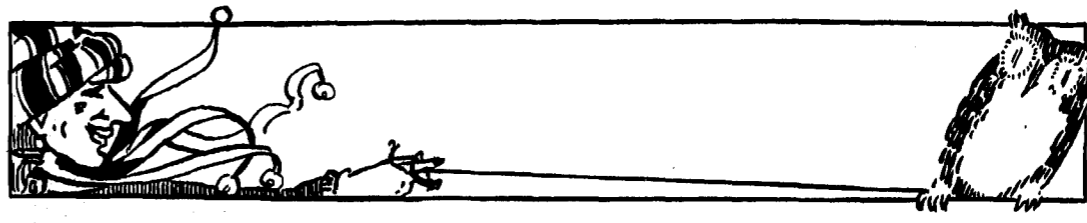


Mile Relay Team



Farrar Koons Canaday Jefferies

Cup won at the Missouri State Inter-Collegiate Track Meet.

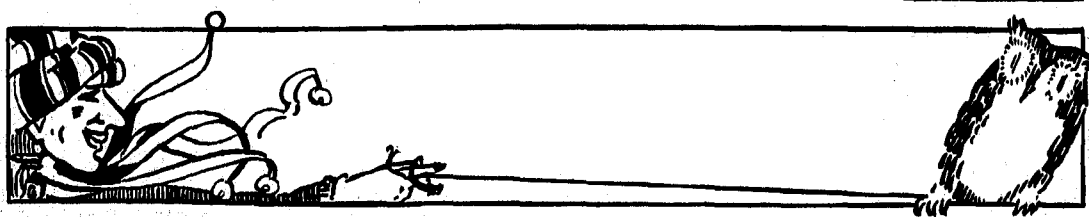


College Records

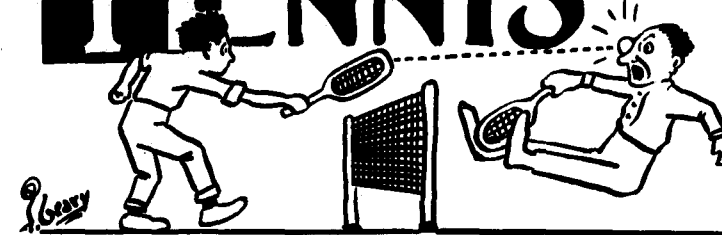
Barbee '16.....	Shot Put.....	36 ft. 9 in.
McConnell, ex-'13.....	High Jump.....	5 ft. 9¼ in.
Custer '07.....	Standing Broad Jump	9 ft. 11¼ in.
Jones '10.....	Pole Vault.....	10 ft. 4 in.
Motley '09.....		
Burnham, ex-'13.....	100-yd Dash.....	10 1-5 sec.
McHenry '15.....		
Simmons ex-'11.....	220-yd. Dash.....	23 sec.
Simmons ex-'11.....	440-yd. Dash.....	51 sec.
Farrar '16.....	880-yd. Dash.....	2 min. 6 3-5 sec.
Bell '16.....	One-Mile Run.....	4 min. 57 sec.
Jefferies '15.....	Two-Mile Run.....	10 min. 44 sec.
Martin '12.....	120-yd. Hurdles.....	16 sec.
Martin '09.....		
Peterson.....	220-yd. Hurdles.....	25 2-5 sec.
Bell '15.....	Discus Throw.....	114 ft.

STATE COLLEGE RECORDS

Peterson.....	100-yd. Dash.....	10 sec.
McHenry '14.....	220-yd. Dash.....	22:3 sec.
Cocke ex-'14.....	120-yd. Hurdles.....	16:3 sec.
Peterson.....	220-yd. Hurdles.....	26:3 sec.
Cadwell ex-'15.....	High Jump.....	5 ft. 8 in.
Peterson.....	Running Broad Jump	21.5 ft.
William Jewell 1912.....	Half-Mile Relay.....	1 min. 36 2-5 sec.
William Jewell 1912.....	Mile Relay.....	3 min. 36 sec.
R. W. Bell '16.....	880 yd. Run.....	2 min. 7 sec.
R. W. Bell '16.....	Two-Mile Run.....	10 min. 59 sec.



TENNIS



Stevens



Chase

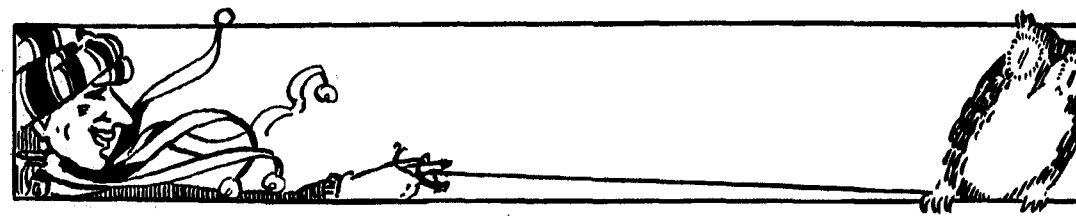


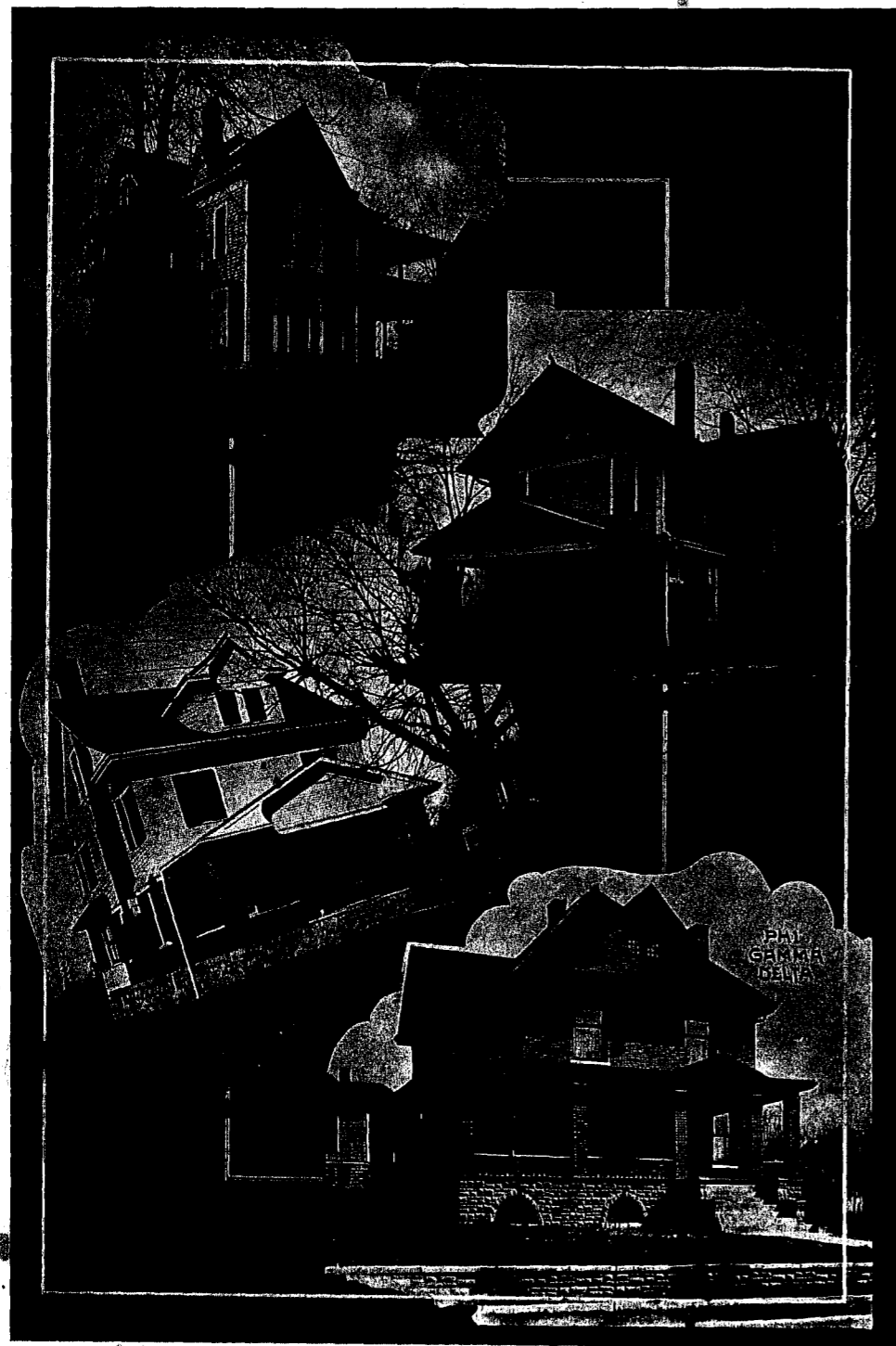
Criminger

Last year's tennis schedule looks rather bad for Jewell, since Chase was the only one who succeeded in winning any part of a contest. Chase won one single against Baker. The others, Stephens and Criminger, of the team, lost, but only by close scores.

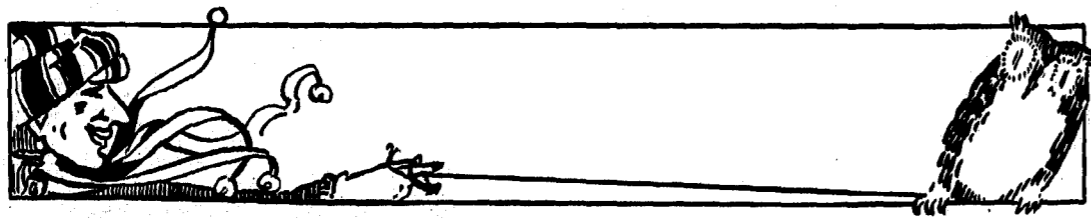
Stephens and Criminger are not in school this year, so Chase is left alone to find his colleagues for the coming season. Several old and new men are showing good form and are working hard to make the team a success.

The prospects for 1915 are good.

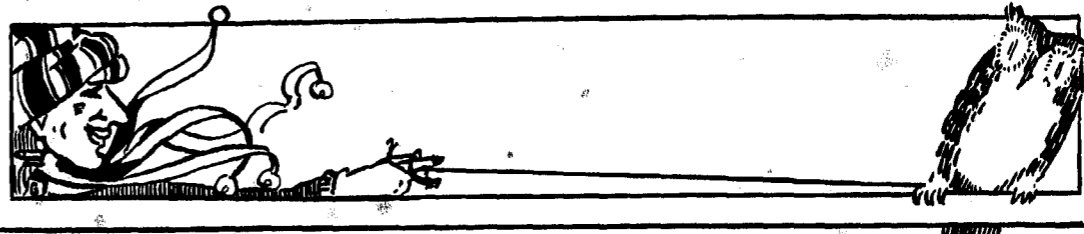
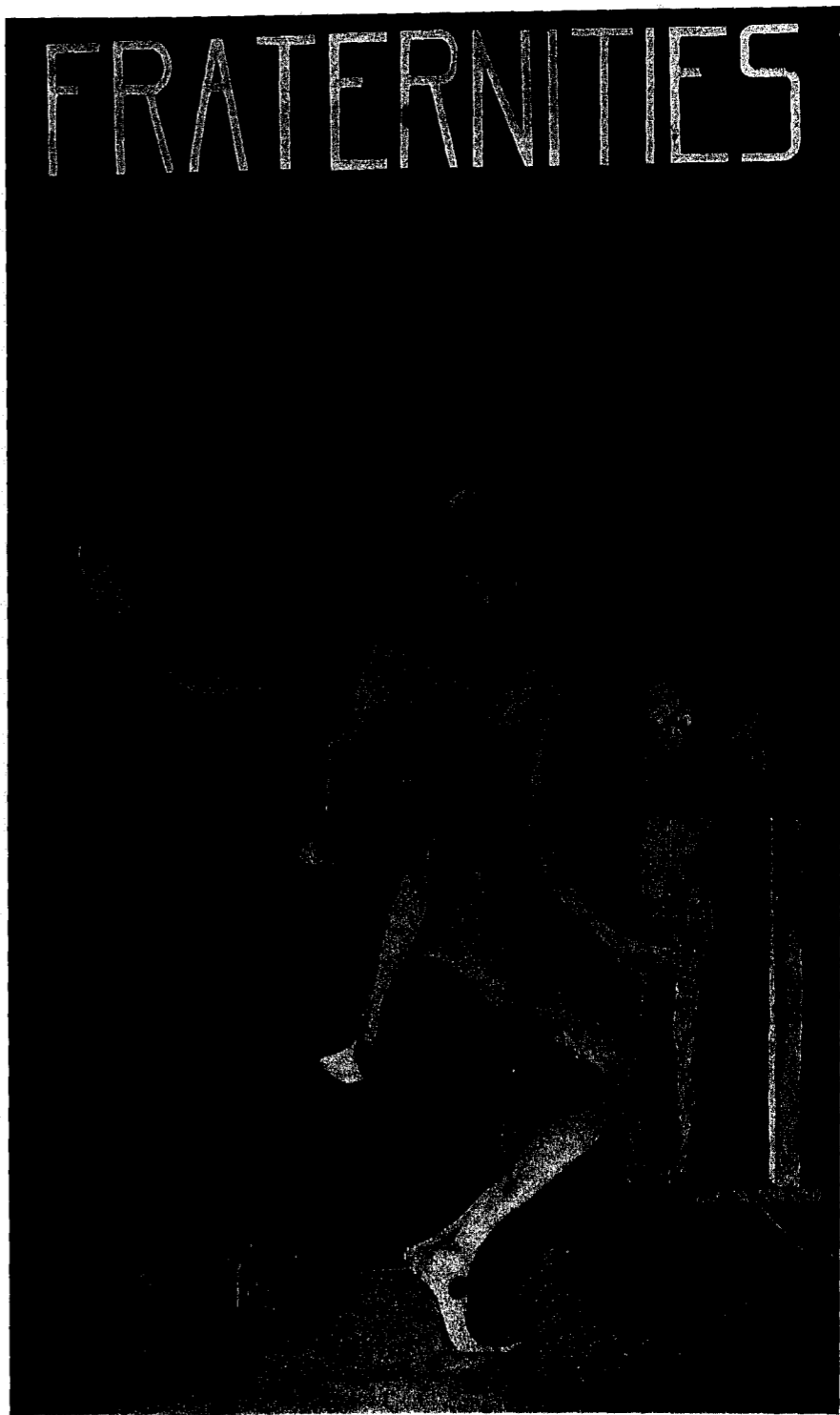


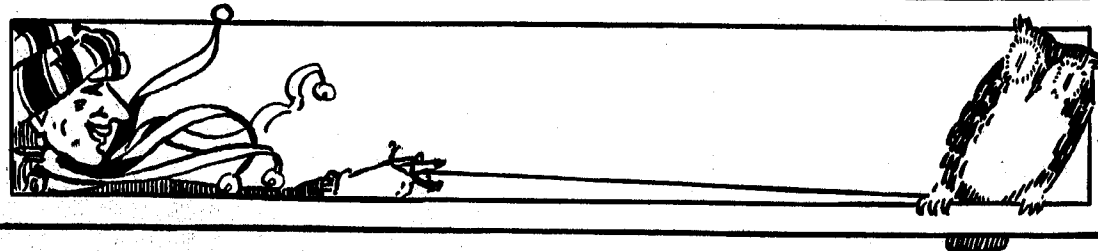
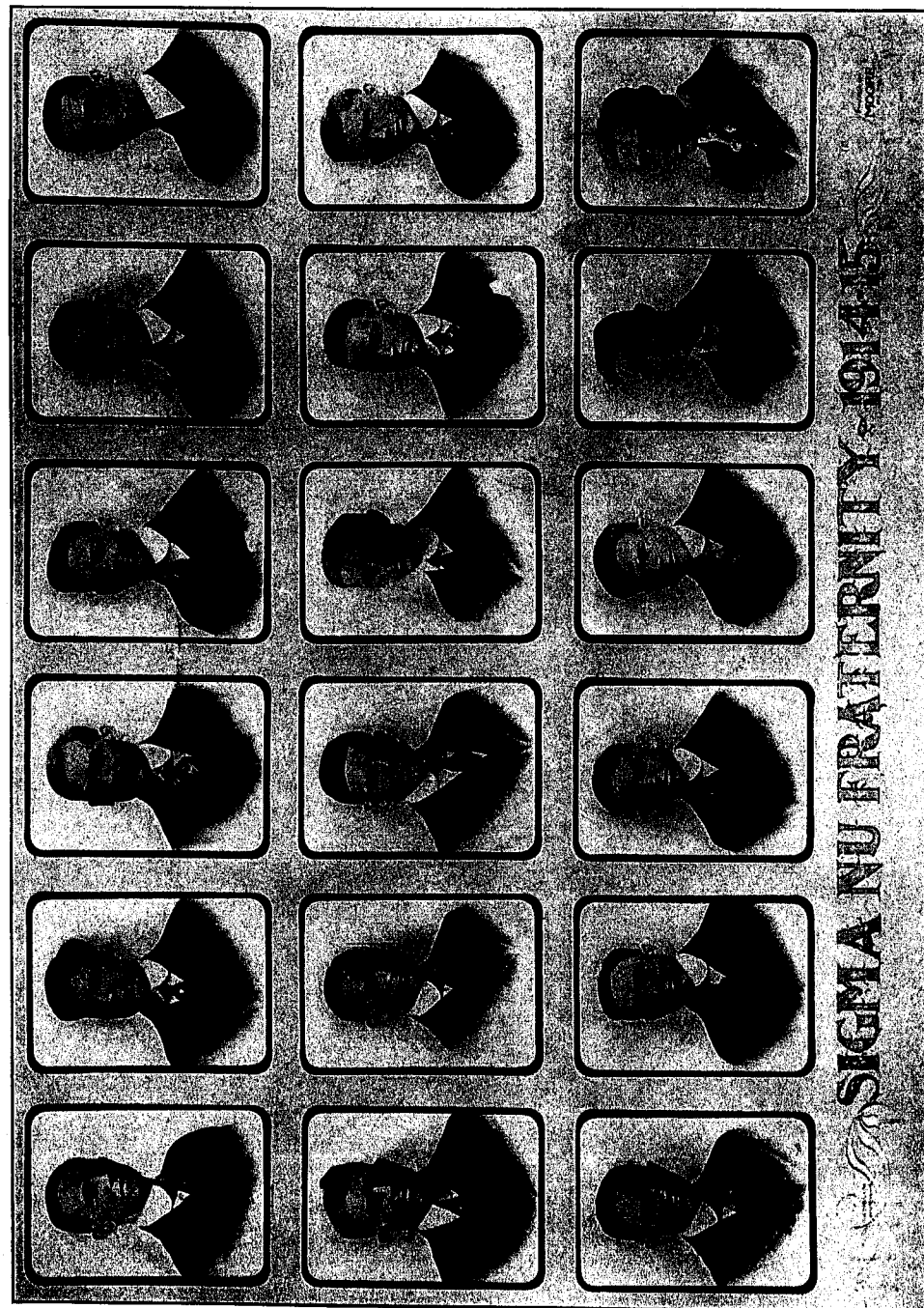


Frat Houses



FRATERNITIES





Sigma Nu Fraternity

Founded at Virginia Military Institute 1869

Flower
White Rose

Colors
Black, White and Old Gold

Beta Xi Chapter
Established January 1, 1894

CHAPTER ROLL

W. J. Matherly, '15	Noah Hunt, '17
G. C. Carbaugh, '15	Pete Trotter, '18
W. B. Gross, '15	Fred Geary, '18
C. D. Brandom, '16	S. C. Pierce, '18
F. O. Trotter, '16	F. O. White, '18
J. R. Smiley, '16	W. B. James, '18
Hal C. Head, '17	M. E. Crispin, '18
R. E. Hancy, '17	J. H. Igleheart, '18

C. R. Wilson, '18

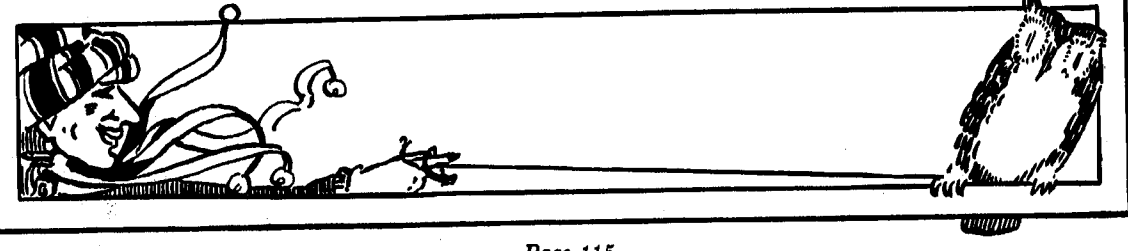
PLEDGES

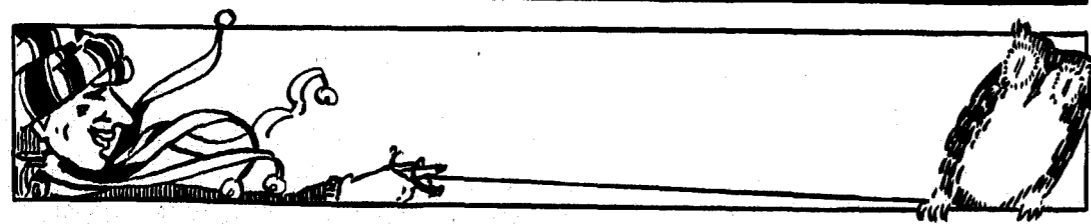
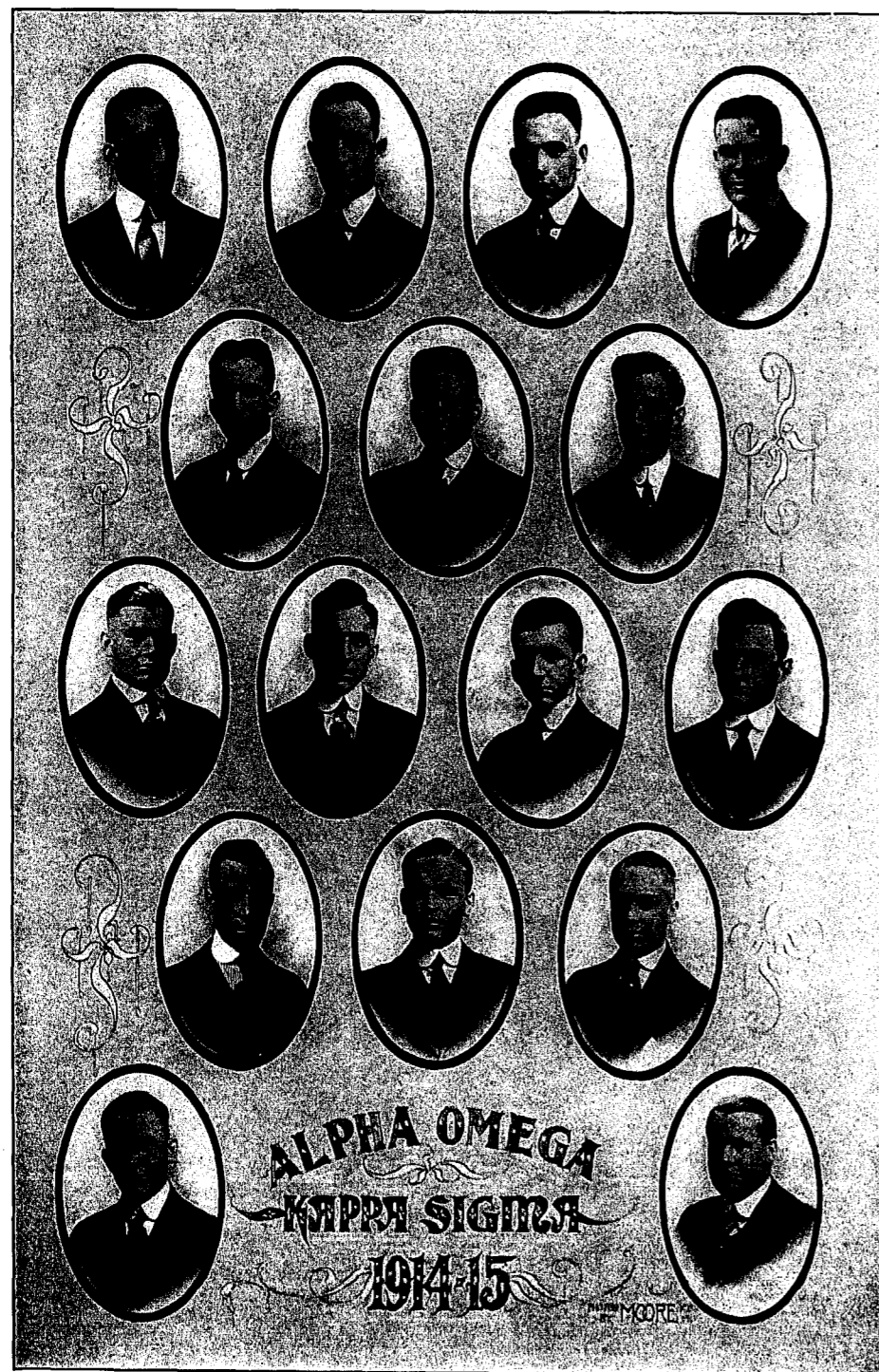
J. I. Haldeman	H. Senior
J. D. Creel	G. Williamson

FRATRES IN URBE

E. H. Norton, Jr.	R. Z. McKinley
F. D. Hamilton	S. H. Murray
T. J. Wornall, Jr.	R. B. Wornall

Willard Hall





Kappa Sigma Fraternity

Founded at the University of Virginia, 1869

Flower
Lily of the Valley

Colors
Scarlet, White, and Emerald Green

ALPHA OMEGA CHAPTER

Established May 8, 1897

CHAPTER ROLL

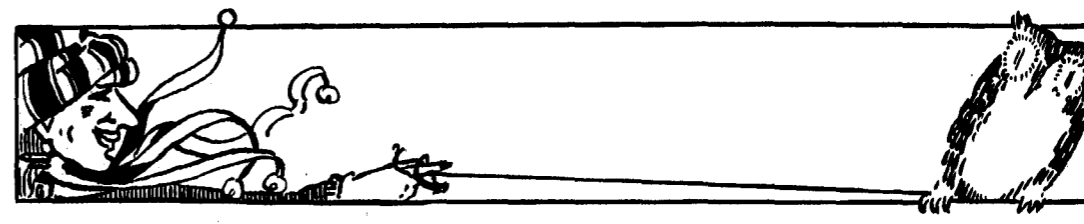
V. E. Tatum	R. W. Bell	J. C. Belt	N. P. Hamacher
J. C. Clarke	E. A. Franklin	M. H. Overlees	N. P. Brown
L. C. Pinkerton	H. G. Leedy	L. K. Barbee	I. W. Bull
R. M. Mitchell	L. C. Cook	D. G. Peterson	L. D. Gittings

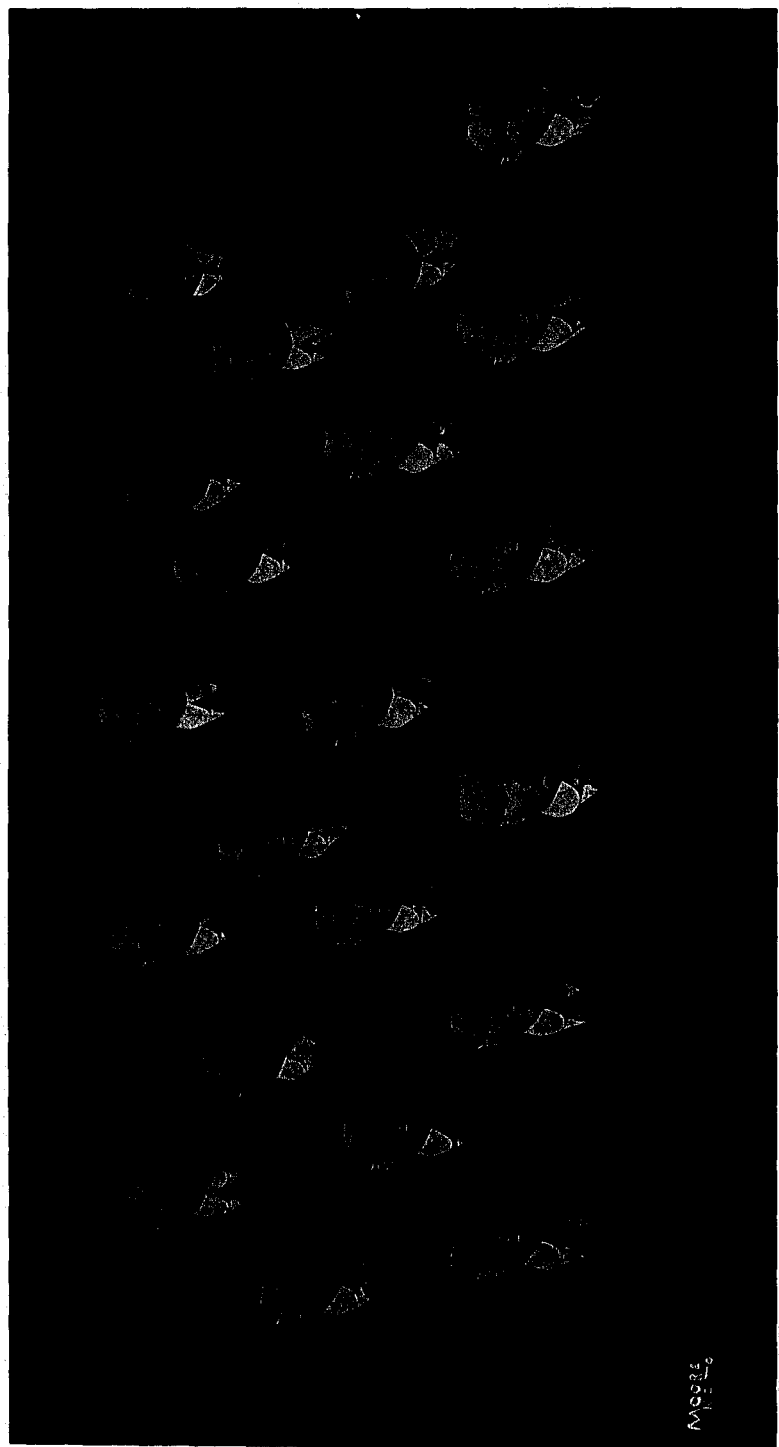
PLEDGES

D. B. Dale	Mott Keys	W. J. Wood	Don Morrill
R. G. Juhre	B. R. Hunter	Lewis Carr	W. F. Collins
	L. W. Casebolt	W. H. Bell	

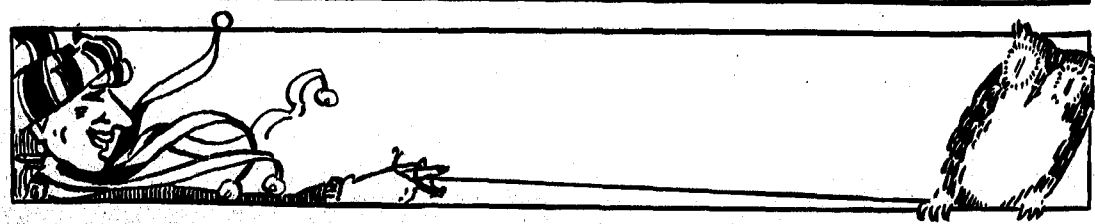
FRATRES IN URBE

R. I. Bruce	A. B. Crawford	J. S. Simrall	W. C. Crawford
Dr. R. G. Frank	S. M. Hunt	G. D. Trimble	J. C. Loos
E. E. Bell	E. S. Simrall	R. G. Gilmore	W. E. Merritt
E. K. Bell	H. F. Simrall	W. H. Arnote	





Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity



Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity

Founded at Washington and Jefferson College, 1848

Flower
Heliotrope

Color
Royal Purple

ZETA PHI CHAPTER

Established April 24, 1886

CHAPTER ROLL

William F. Bell, '15	F. Gilbert Antoine, '17
Clarence J. Miller, '15	William W. Billings, '17
George Elton Harris, '15	Forrest E. Long, '17
George C. Giessing, '15	Chester T. Magill, '17
Henry R. Godfriaux, '15	Eldone H. Truex, '17
Paul L. Jones, '16	Lloyd Waterman, '18
J. Herman Clark, '16	H. Latimer Martin, '18
Edward N. Nutt, '17	Ralph E. Merritt, '18
A. Crafton Tutt, '17	R. LaRue Cober, '18
William B. Floyd, '17	Carl C. Jenkins, '18
Alan F. Wherritt, '17	Albert B. Wilkinson, '18
John A. Pitts, '17	James S. Polk, Jr., '18

PLEGGED

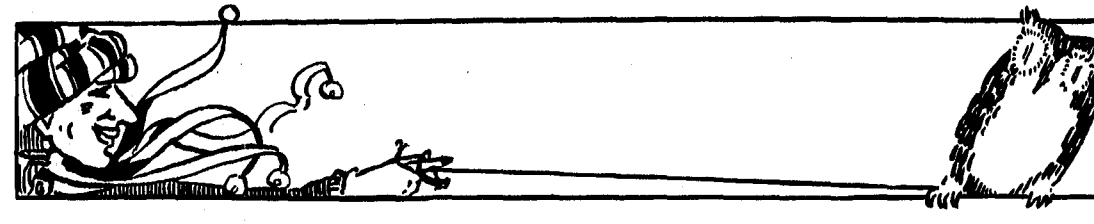
Marion L. Ross

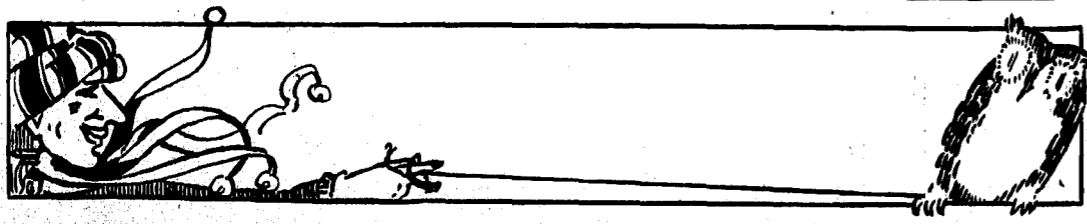
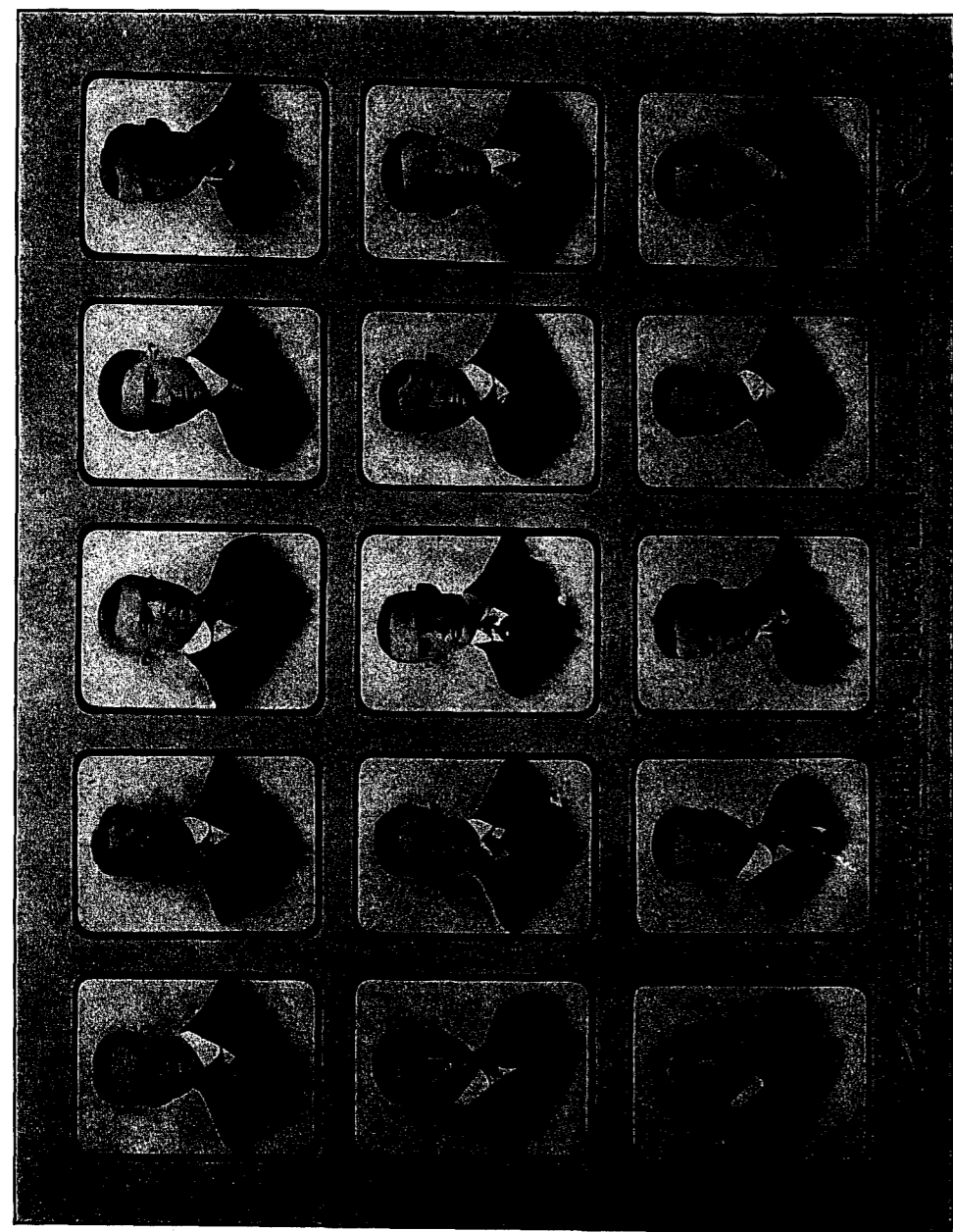
IN FACULTATE

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

FRATRES IN URBE

Dr. E. H. Miller	Lunn Shouse
Dr. J. H. Rothwell	Ed. Stone
Judge F. H. Trimble	J. Collins
C. E. Yancey	C. L. Motley
R. W. Stogdale	A. B. Merritt
R. T. Withers	Norton Hardwicke
Byron Bethune	J. J. Morrow





Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Founded, Washington & Lee, 1865

ALPHA DELTA CHAPTER

Established, January 26, 1887

Colors
Crimson and Gold

Flowers
Magnolia and American Beauty

CHAPTER ROLL

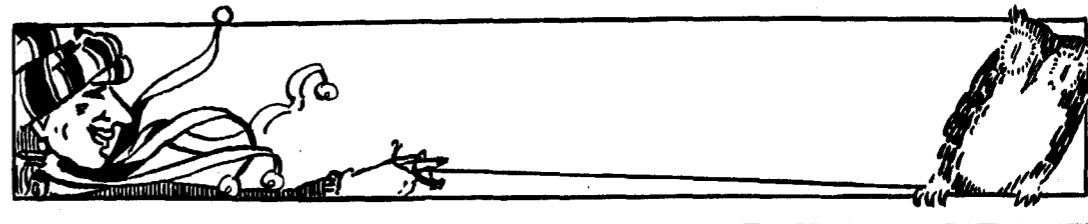
Milnor Jefferies '15.....	Whitesville, Mo.
Carlyle Campbell '16.....	Higginsville, Mo.
Lynn Woodard Farrar '16.....	Braymer, Mo.
Joe Benjamin Hibbitts '16.....	Union City, Tenn.
Louis Hankins Hibbitts '16.....	Union City, Tenn.
Marcus Demosthenes White '16.....	Palmyra, Mo.
Paul Hubbard '17.....	Albany, Mo.
Harold Calvin Hufford '17.....	Smithville, Mo.
William Harrison Lawrence '17.....	Auxvasse, Mo.
Earl Ray Murphy '17.....	Albany, Mo.
John Frederick Peters '17.....	Liberty, Mo.
John Marvin Sherwood '17.....	Plattsburg, Mo.
Frank Edwin Burchfield '18.....	Odessa, Mo.
Waller Washington Graves, Jr. '18.....	Jefferson City, Mo.
Charles Brady McCart '18.....	Richmond, Mo.

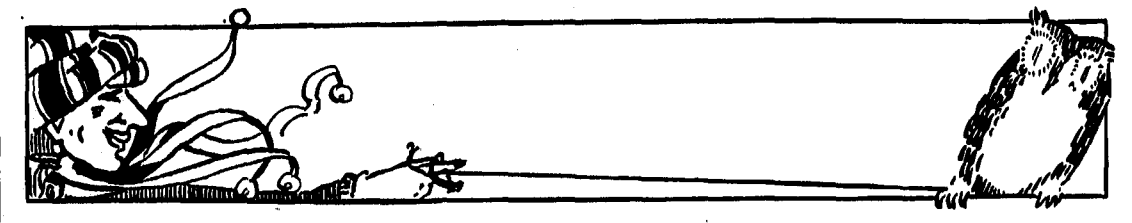
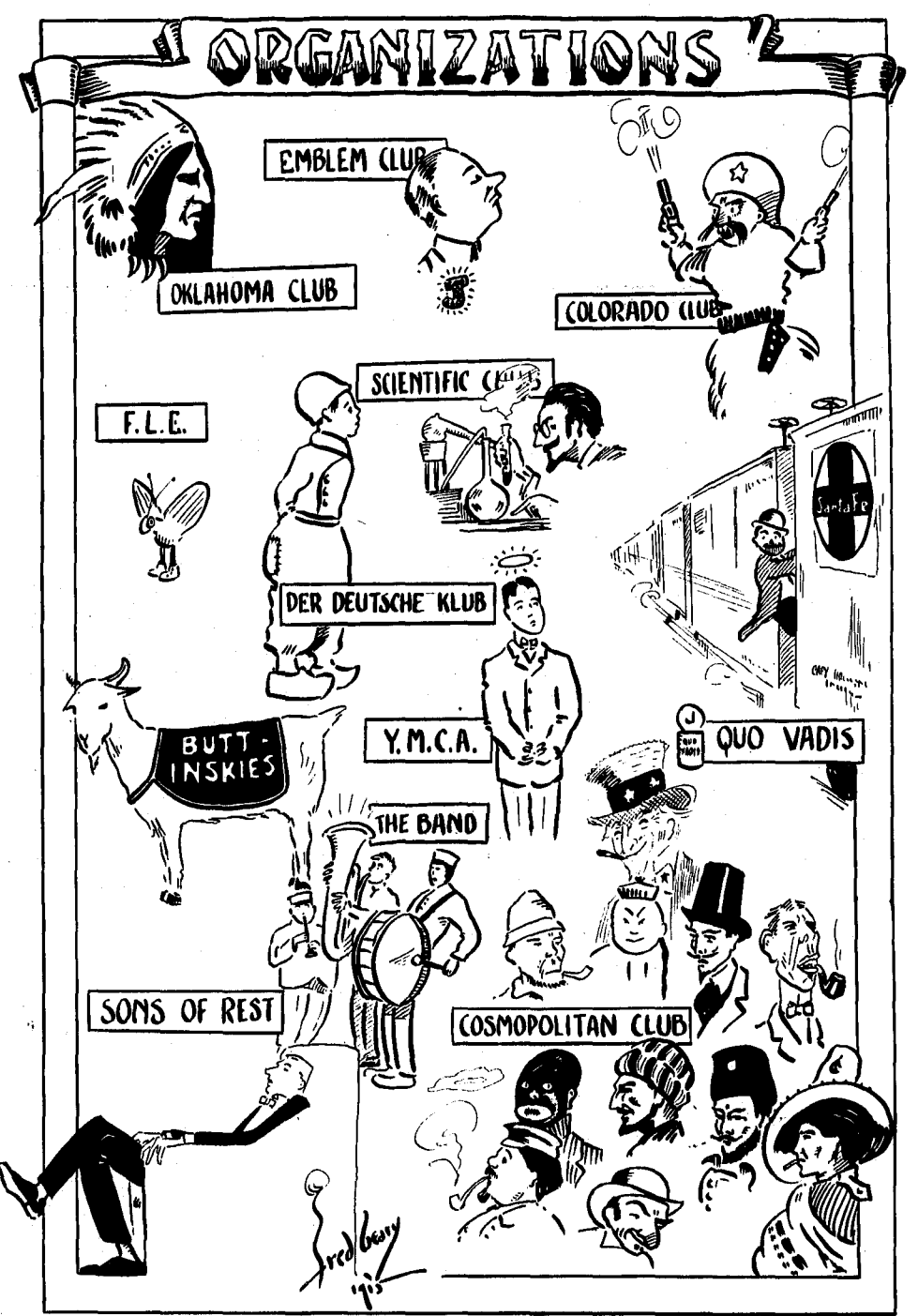
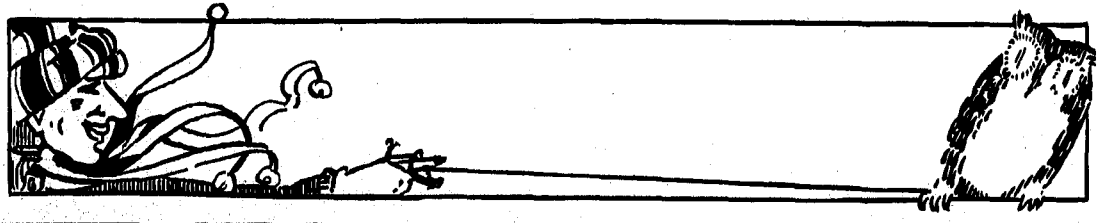
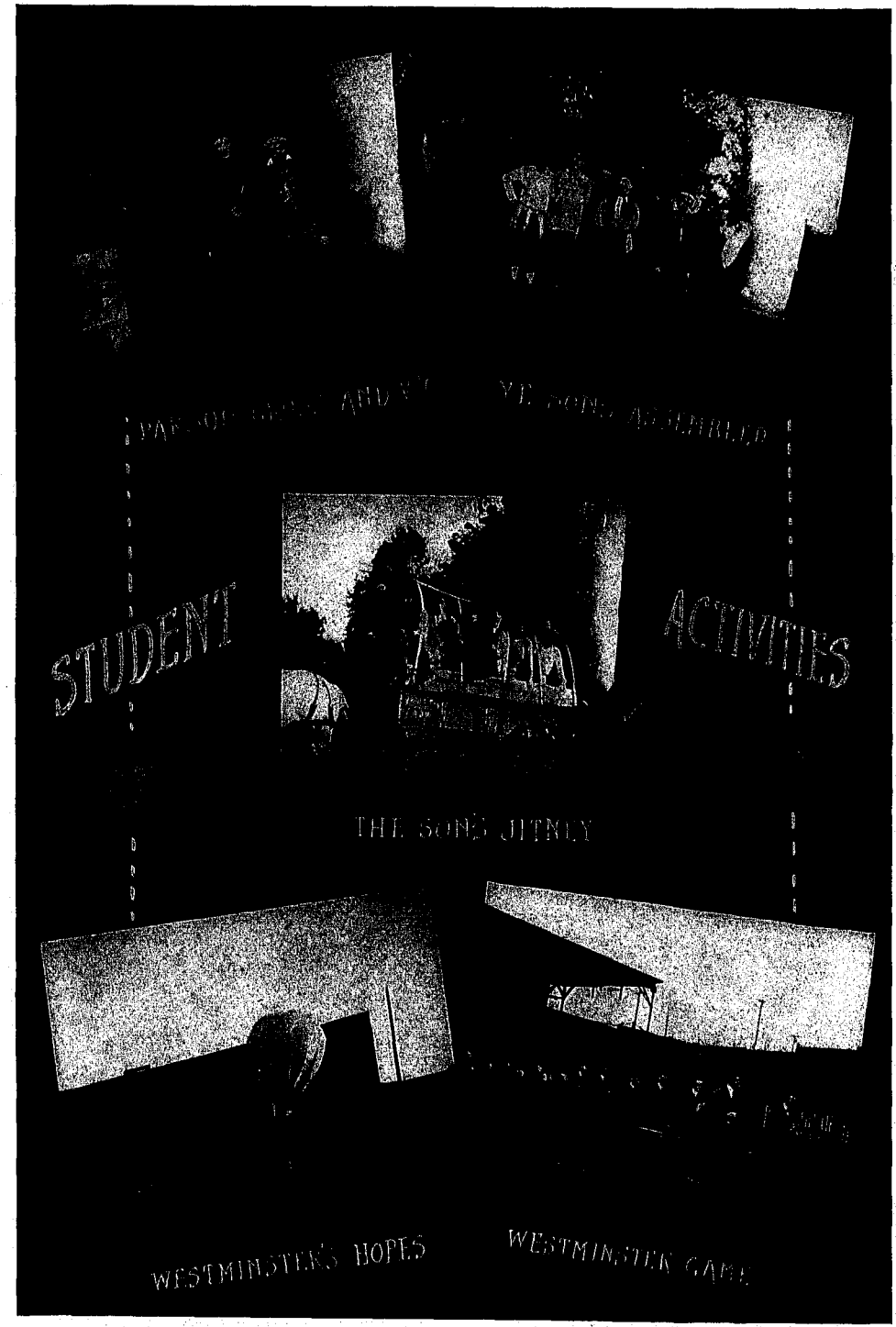
PLEDGES


Lawrence Cravens.....	St. Joseph, Mo.
Dale Walter Duke.....	Kansas City, Mo.
George Lester Foley.....	Corbin, Ky.
James Enoch Lawson.....	Liberty, Mo.
Simpson Mae Long.....	Odessa, Mo.
Ira Butler McClure.....	Lamonte, Mo.
Noel Eward Thurber.....	New York City, N. Y.

FRATRES IN URBE

W. E. Campbell	Rev. C. M. Williams
E. Kemper Carter	Rev. J. H. Dew
J. L. Dougherty	Arnold Y. Pitts
Dr. Arthur Tutt	Ralph Hughes






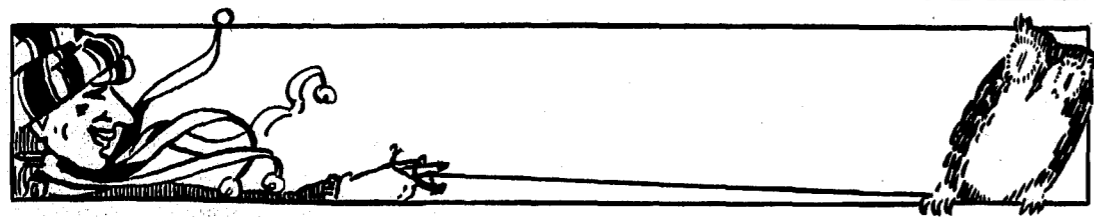



C. S. BILLINGS H. R. GODFRIAUX
PRESIDENT A. L. LANTZ


STUDENT SENATE



E. A. HOOD HARRY ROGERS W. B. MCGRAW W. H. SMITH





ARTHUR DAVIS, PHOTOGRAPHER A. E. GROFF, ASSOCIATE EDITOR E. A. HOOD, ADVERTISING MGR.




J. R. MANTEY, LITERARY EDITOR L. C. COOK, EDITOR IN CHIEF R. J. WOLFE, ASSISTANT BUS. MGR.

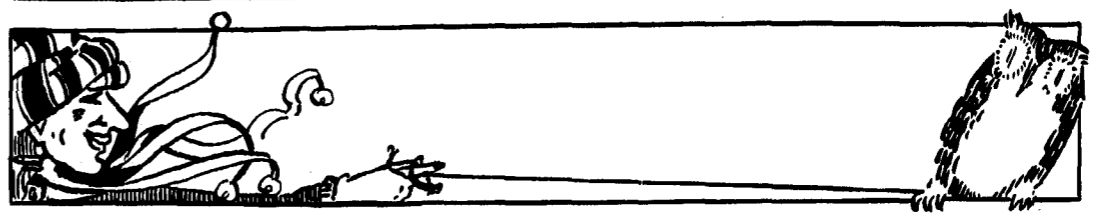
TATLER STAFF



C. D. BRANDOM, ATHLETIC EDITOR P. I. JONES, BUSINESS MANAGER W. M. BENNETT, ASST. LITERARY EDITOR



F. J. DIETERLE, ORGANIZATION MGR. A. L. LANTZ, ART EDITOR W. J. CHASE, CIRCULATION MGR.





J. B. EWING
CHIEF REPORTER

W. F. STANDIFORD
ASST. BUS. MGR.

L. E. NELSON
ATHLETIC EDITOR

J. H. POLLARD
BUSINESS MANAGER

A. Q. BURNS
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

STUDENT STAFF

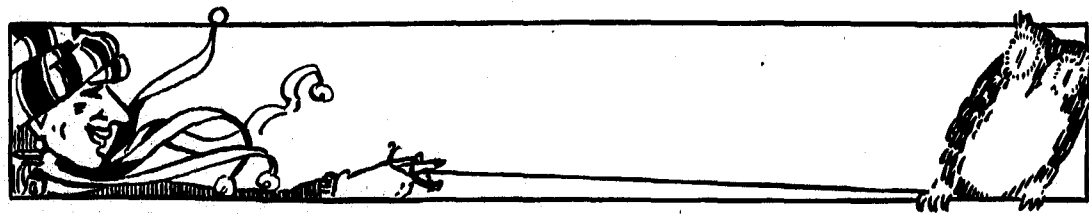
HARRY ROGERS
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

A. L. LANTZ
INTER-COLLEGIATE

W. J. MATHERLY
ASST. REPORTER

H. C. HEAD
LITERARY

J. E. BELL
ALUMNI

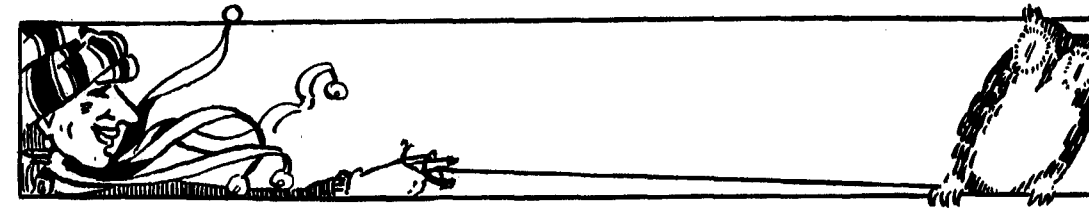


The William Jewell Student

The William Jewell Student for 1914-1915 is a product of which every Jewell man may well be proud. In it has been recorded from week to week the things that make the student's life different from that of the workaday world. The weekly issue, under the efficient management of Editor-in-Chief Burns and capable reporters, has reflected the active life of the college in all its phases, while the editorial columns have presented and given direction to the thought of the general student body in respect to college life, its aims, problems and manners.

The Business Manager and his able assistant have just closed, with this college year, the most economical administration of the Student finances that it has enjoyed for several years. J. E. Bell has brought the Alumni department up to the point where it is both interesting for the student and instructive for the graduate. The Literary Editor, Hal Head, has succeeded in putting out one of the most literary and most artistic of college magazines, in the monthly literary numbers.

Standing for clean sports, for proper literary training, for good scholarship, and for sincere and devout religion, it is hoped that in the years to come the Student will continue to be the first in these things and first in the hearts of William Jewell men.



V. E. TATUM
LECTURE COURSE

W. J. CHASE
RELIGIOUS MEETINGS

R. J. WOLFE
NEW STUDENT

C. O. BROWN
DEVOTIONAL

A. L. LANTZ
PRESIDENT

A. R. NIEMAN
EMP. BUREAU

Y.M.C.A. CABINET

C. C. CHURCH
EXTENSION WORK

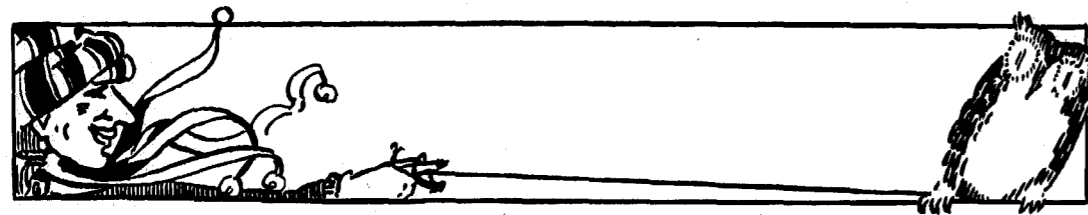
R. H. EWING
SECRETARY

I. S. CONNER
SOCIAL

C. S. BILLINGS
VICE-PRES.

J. R. MANTEY
MISSION STUDY

E. F. CANADY
TREASURER



The Young Men's Christian Association

The work of the Y. M. C. A. during the present school year has been remarkably successful.

Although we have not had a full time secretary, the activity of the organization has been well and efficiently carried on by the cabinet.

All of the committees have done fine work. Six gospel teams have been sent out, each one doing excellent work. Mission study has aroused more interest than ever before, due to the special effort of the mission study committee.

A series of evangelistic meetings was held in the college by Dr. Abernathy of Kansas City. They were very successful.

The lecture course conducted by Mr. V. E. Tatum was in every respect a success. Mr. Tatum succeeded in getting such men as Russel H. Conwell, Bishop Quayle and Dr. Porter. A lecture course of this nature is bound to be successful.

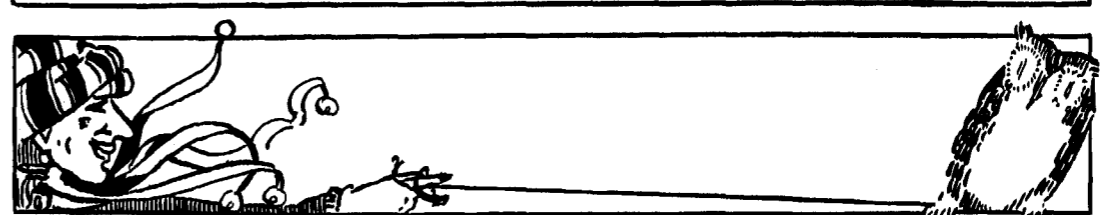
An excellent cabinet has been chosen for the coming year and the prospects for the year 1915-1916 are the brightest.

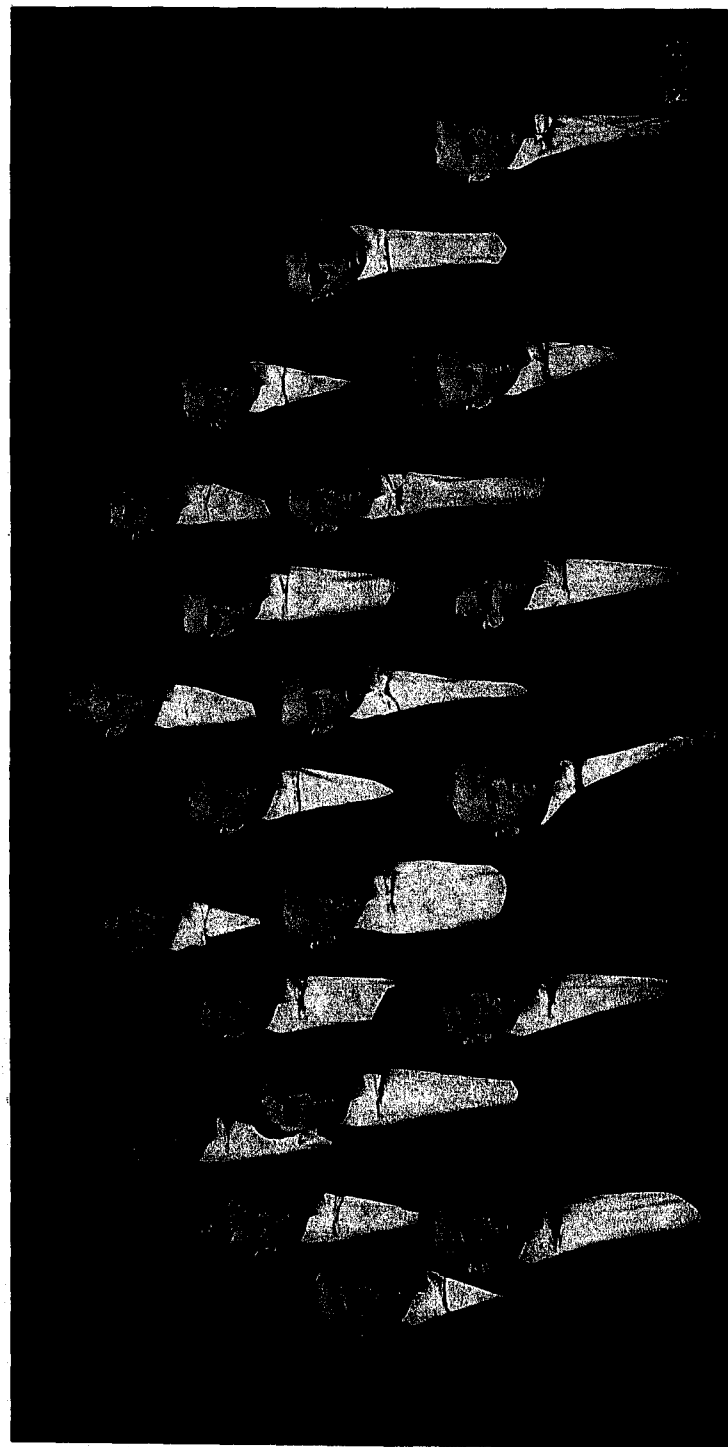
OFFICERS

- A. L. Lantz.....*President*
- C. S. Billings.....*Vice-President*
- R. H. Ewing.....*Secretary*
- E. F. Canaday.....*Treasurer*

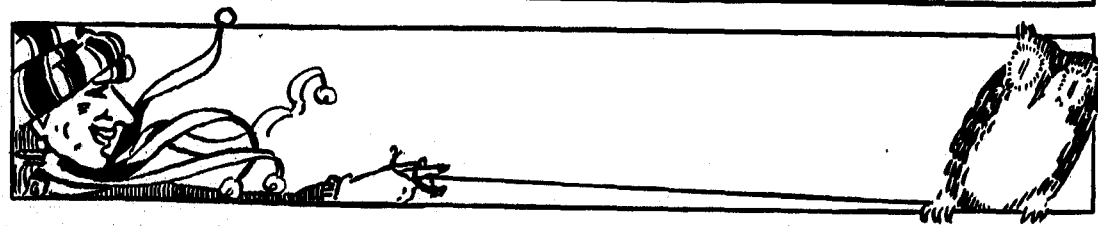
CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

- J. R. Mantey.....*Mission Study*
- C. O. Brown.....*Devotional*
- W. J. Chase.....*Religious Meetings*
- O. C. Church.....*Extension Work*
- R. J. Wolfe.....*New Student*
- V. E. Tatum.....*Lecture Course*
- L. S. Conner.....*Social*
- C. S. Billings.....*Gospel Team*





Glee Club



William Jewell College Glee Club

Professor Marion F. Dunwody.....*Director*
 R. L. Cober.....*Manager*
 John F. Peters.....*Assistant Manager*
 Wm. J. Chase.....*Secretary-Treasurer*

First Tenors

J. F. Peters
 O. I. Clampitt
 J. S. Polk
 Earl Cossairt

First Basses

F. J. Dieterle
 C. C. Church
 F. L. White
 M. L. McCoy
 R. LaRue Cober

Second Tenors

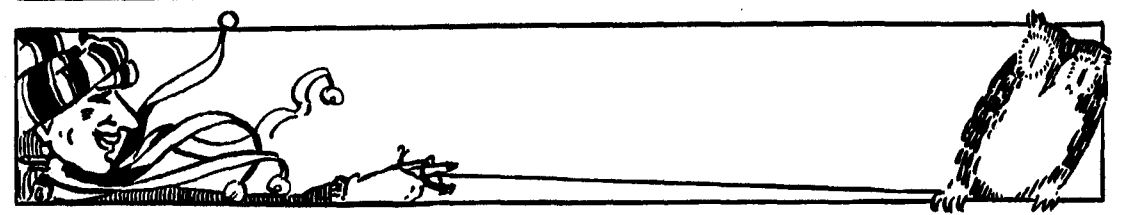
J. F. Henry
 M. L. Ross
 C. O. Brown
 N. H. E. Reed
 D. W. Jones

Second Basses

E. H. Truex
 R. E. Merritt
 G. C. Giessing
 L. C. Cook
 W. J. Chase

INSTRUMENTAL

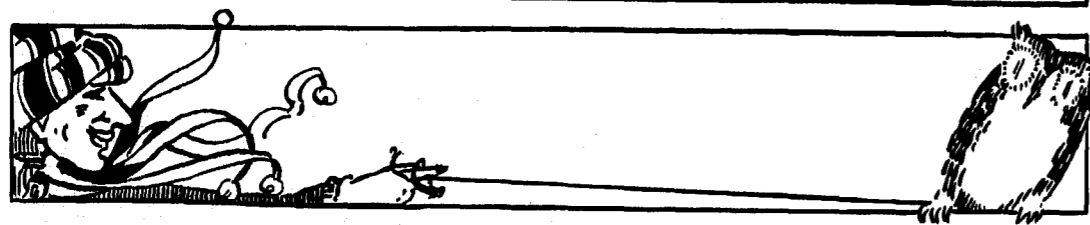
P. L. Jones, *Piano, Violin* L. C. Cook, *Violin*
 F. L. White, *Flute* N. H. E. Reed, *Violin*
 Rex Hunter, *Saxophone*



William Jewell Quartette



J. F. Henry, *Second Tenor* O. I. Clampitt, *First Tenor*
 R. L. Cober, *First Bass* Eldon H. Truex, *Second Bass*

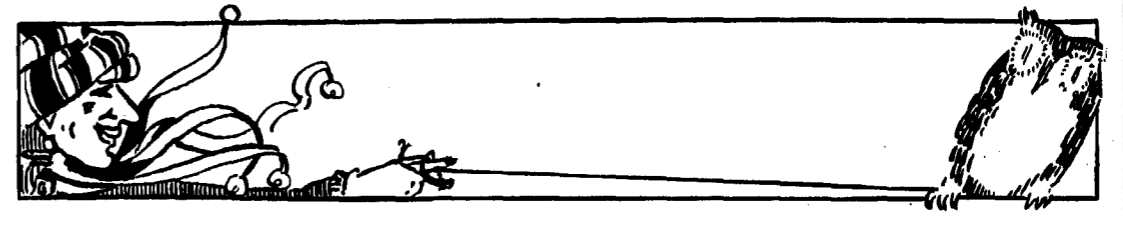


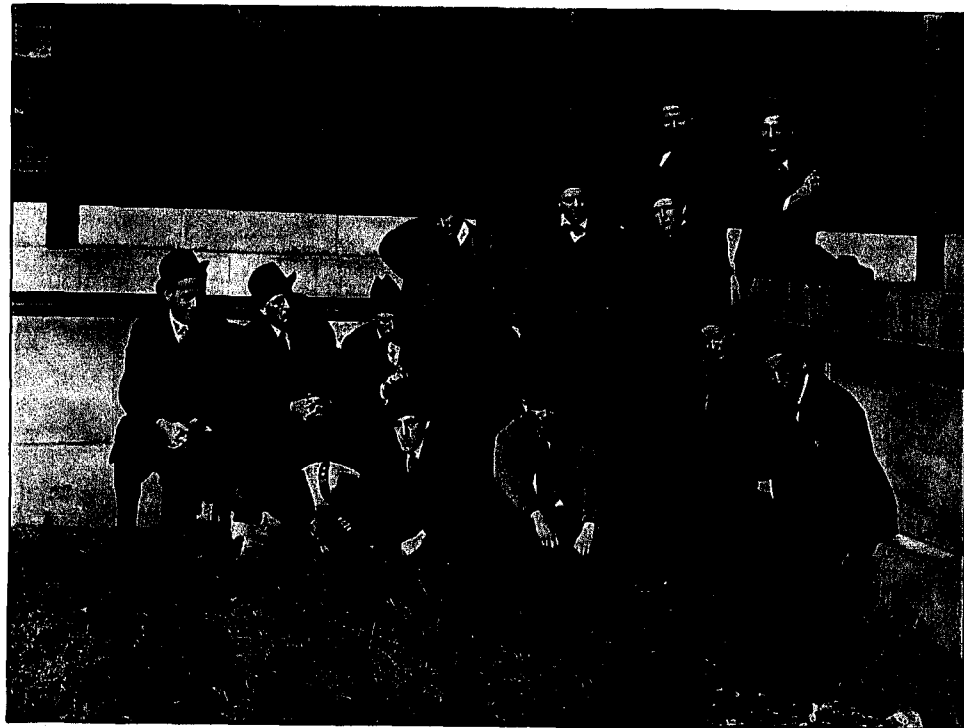
Band

Prof. M. F. Dunwody.....*Director*
 J. R. Halliburton.....*Manager*
 A. E. Groff.....*Secretary-Treasurer*
 Fred White.....*Librarian*

INSTRUMENTATION

<i>Solo Cornets</i> J. R. Halliburton Asa Q. Burns J. H. Igleheart	<i>Drums</i> R. L. Cober (Bass) Casebolt (Snare)	<i>Piccolo and Flute</i> Fred White
<i>First Cornet</i> Archie Groff	<i>Eb Tuba</i> Walker	<i>Clarinets</i> Hunter Hoffman Hale Chapman
<i>Second Cornet</i> R. W. Porter Boney	<i>BBb BASS</i> W. J. Chase	<i>Eb Horns</i> Young Mason
<i>Baritone</i> Lackey	<i>Trombone</i> S. S. Major Tibeau	





Ye Sons of Rest

Founded at the University of Eden, 7000 B. C.

OBJECT—Live ever, work never.

ROLL

"Speed" Clarke '15	"Chirp" Campbell '16
Josh" Billings '15	"Demosthenese" White '16
"Dolly" Tatum '15	"Broad" Leedy '16
"Stub" Gross '15	"Kick" Overlees '17
"Brick" Carbaugh '15	"Snail" Peterson '17
"Seedy" Brandom '16	"Stuffy" Waterman '18

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

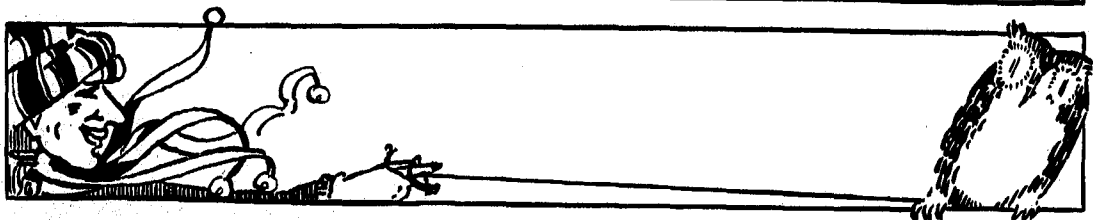
"Foxy Granddaddy" Fruit "Honey Boy" Evans

FRATRES IN URBE

Edwin "Slim" Moore Chas. "Prof." Williams
Jackson "Shoe" Petty Robert "Garrulus" Frank

YAWN

Raw-Buck, Saw-Buck,
Malum Labor Est,
Live Ever, Work Never,
Sons of Rest.
A-h-h-men.



Butt Inshies

Organized October, 1913

Flower
Buttercup

Motto
Butt and Boost

Mascot
"Bill" Jewell

Object

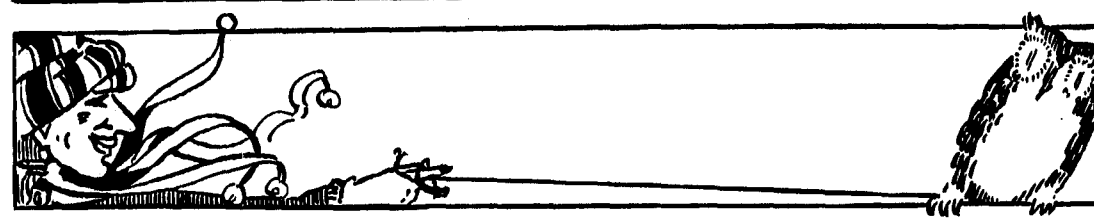
To butt and butt and butt and butt

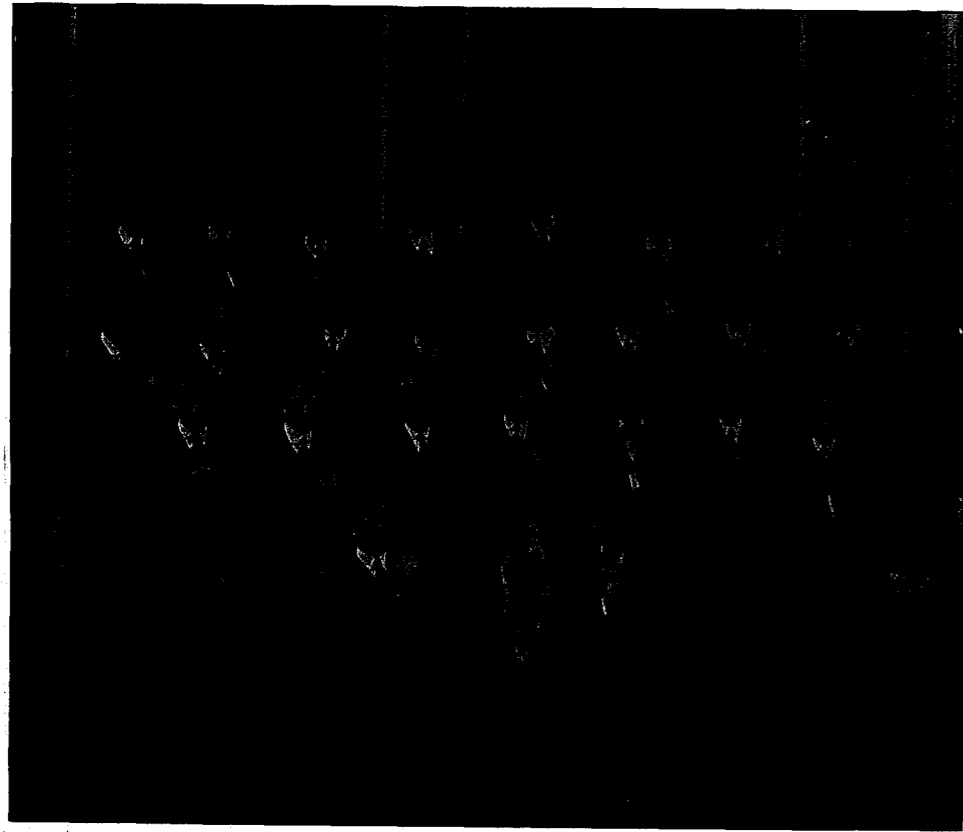
OFFICERS

"Lute" Robinson.....Presiding "Butter"
"Shorty" Groff.....Recording and Collecting "Butter"
"Daddy" Fruit.....Oleomargarine

"BUTTERS EN MASSE"

Dr. J. E. Cook	P. L. Jones	J. R. Halliburton
J. L. Robinson	F. H. Rose	J. S. Mosely
A. E. Groff	R. H. Parker	V. E. Tatum
H. L. Godfriaux	R. E. Snow	R. H. Ewing
R. W. Bell	A. W. Grammer	J. B. Ewing
W. J. Chase	Milnor Jeffries	H. C. Head
E. G. Ewing	C. D. Brandom	C. H. Ninegar
C. S. Billings	Otto Rothwell	A. T. Mayberry
Walter Koons	R. Greene	Dutch Dieterlee
Roy David	R. J. Wolfe	M. Thorne
V. J. Sims		Ira Wolfe





Gelasimus Pugnax

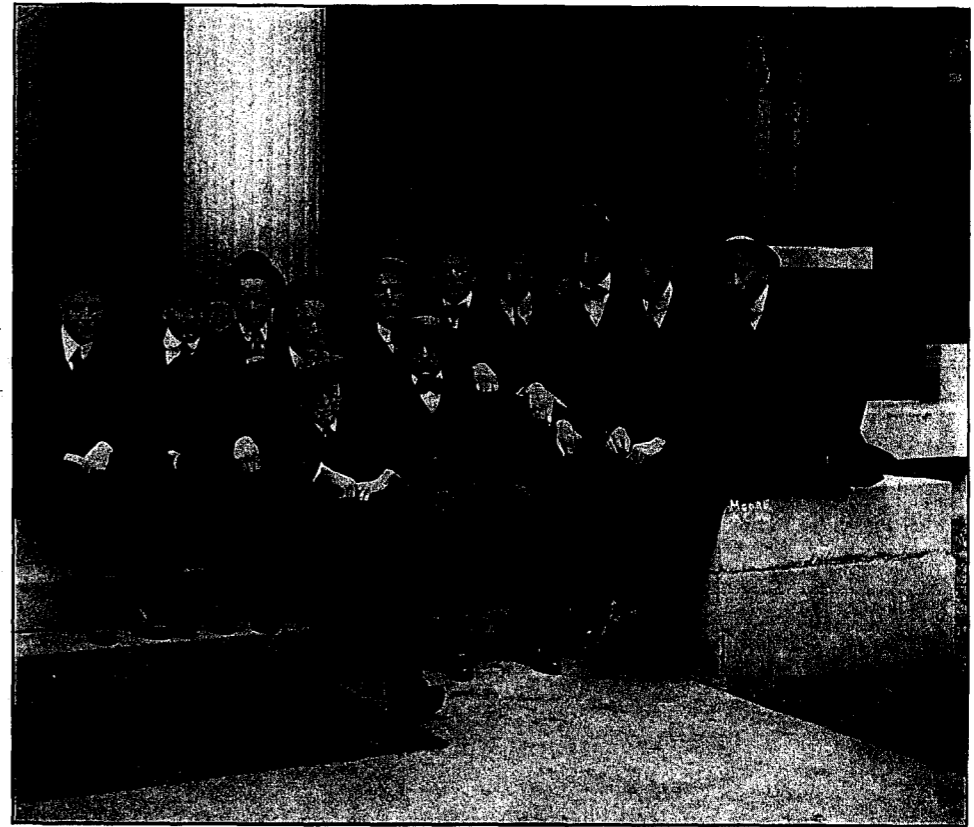
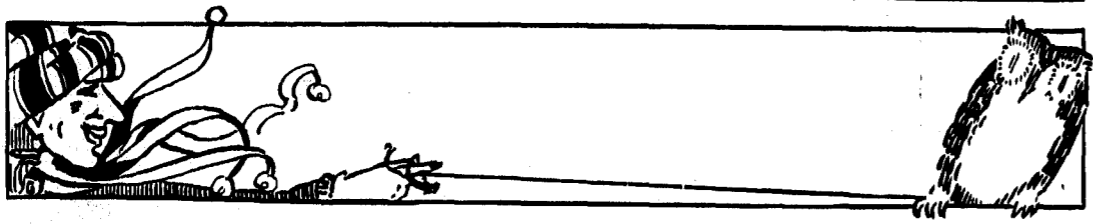
Prof. Richmond, *King Crab*

MEMBERS

- | | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|-------------------|
| "Van" Van Hook | "True" Truex | "Empty" Hancock |
| "Squaw" Bell | "Tubby" Wilson | "Nig" White |
| "Bob" White | "Steve" Pierce | "Sadie" Botts |
| "Pablo" Lowe | "Virg" Sims | "Lucy" Brockhouse |
| "Ikey" Igleheart | "Hoss" Carr | "Jimmy" Harris |
| "P" Connor | "Erskine" Franklyn | "Carlo" Brown |
| "Nitrate" Neidert | "Osage" Clem | "Funny" Newport |
| "Happy" Crispin | "Perky" Turner | "Crabby" Crabtree |
| "Casey" Casebolt | "Hoot" Wood | "Indian" Bell |
| "Scabby" Turner | "Elder" Head | "Preach" Matherly |

BLACKBALLED

- | | | | |
|----------------|--------------|---------------|----------------|
| Dieterle | Ralston | McConnell | W. E. Crabtree |
| <i>Colors</i> | <i>Motto</i> | <i>Flower</i> | <i>Yell</i> |
| Blue and Brown | | Wild Crab | Everybody! |



Star and Horse Shoe Club

Flower
Nicotine Plant

Motto
"Chew your own"

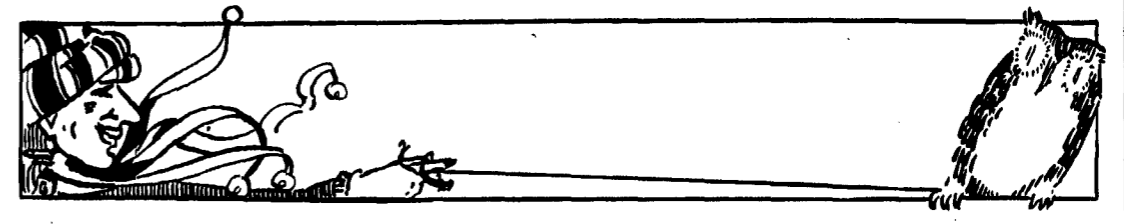
Color
Amber

OFFICERS

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| <i>Chief Chewer</i> | "Piper" Peterson |
| <i>Keeper of Kuspadors</i> | "Battle Axe" Farrar |
| <i>Organizer</i> | "Old Hill Side" Matherly |
| <i>Keeper of Tags</i> | "Granger Twist" Simms |

CHEWERS

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| "Tinsley's Plug" Pierce | "Granger Twist" Simms |
| "Old Style" Barbee | "Union Leader" Keys |
| "Peachy Plug" White | "Mail Pouch" Hunter |
| "Piper" Peterson | "Old Hill Side" Matherly |
| "Honest Scrap" Senior | "Honey Dip" Creel |
| "Battle Axe" Farrar | "Natural Leaf" Campbell |





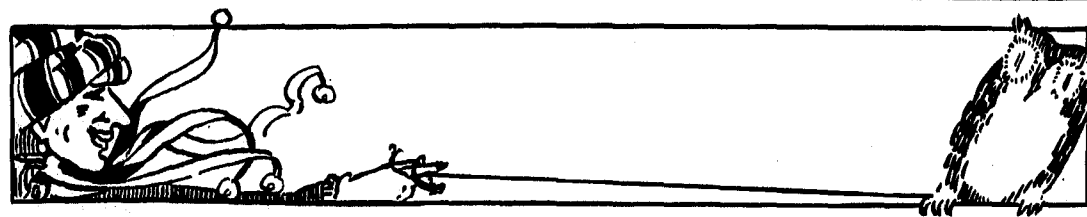
The "J" Club

OFFICERS

"Little" Brandom.....*President*
 "Irish" Farrar.....*Secretary*

MEMBERS

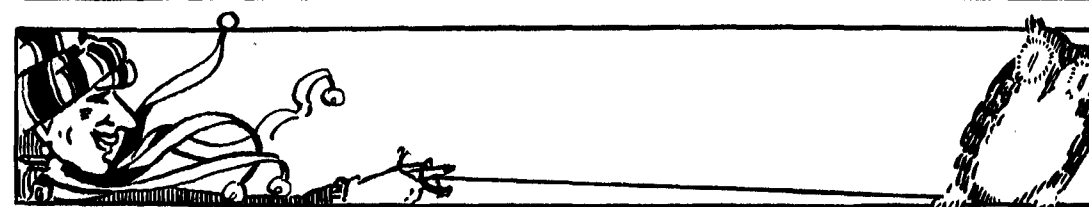
"Little" Brandom	"Jeff" Jefferies	"Poop" Lantz
"Irish" Farrar	"Shan" Shannon	"Big" Bell
Paul Jones	"Indian" Bell	"Chet" Magill
Henry Godfriaux	"Pep" Coons	"J. H." Hughes
"B. Long" Chase	"Strong" Hood	"Stuffy" Waterman
"Cuty" Ferguson	"Stub" Gross	"Bill" Billings
"I. C." Wolfe	"Pete" Peterson	"Stern" Miller
"Virgil" Simms	"Brick" Carbaugh	"Drip" Barbee
"Boliver" Hunter	"Maggie" MacGee	

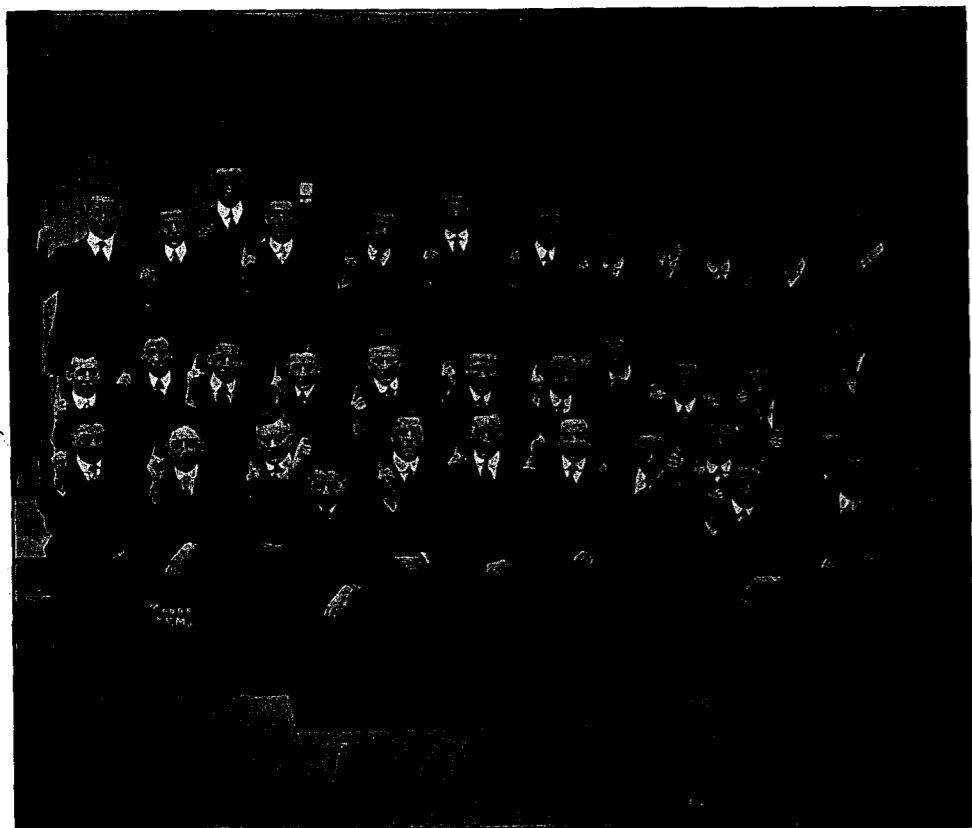


Ozark Club

OBJECT: To promote the interests of William Jewell in the Ozarks.

A. E. Groff.....*President*
 Virgil Newport.....*Secretary-Treasurer*





Fle Club

William F. Bell.....*Chief Fle*

Motto

Friendship, Love and Economy

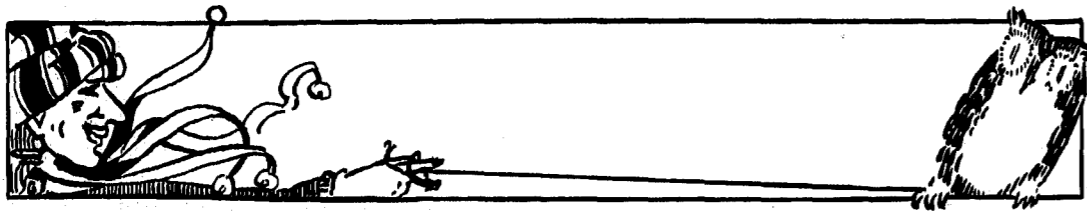
MEMBERS

In Good Standing

- | | | |
|----------------|----------------|----------------|
| F. G. Antoine | M. D. White | C. B. McCart |
| G. C. Giessing | J. F. Peters | D. G. Peterson |
| L. W. Farrar | L. C. Cook | J. D. Creel |
| W. F. Bell | J. B. Hibbitts | Ray Murphy |
| J. C. Clarke | L. H. Hibbitts | A. F. Wherritt |
| C. J. Miller | J. H. Clark | W. B. Floyd |
| G. L. Foley | A. C. Tutt | B. R. Hunter |
| C. D. Brandom | R. L. Ober | I. B. McClure |
| W. B. Gross | L. K. Barbee | G. Williamson |

In Bad Standing

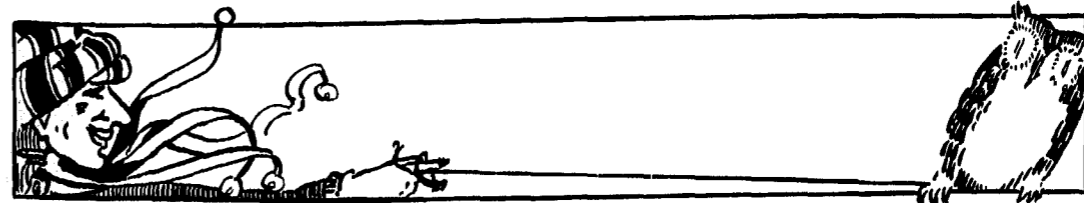
- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| Carlyle Campbell | Milnor Jeffries |
| P. L. Jones | L. C. Pinkerton |
| G. C. Carbaugh | Paul Hubbard |
| J. I. Haldeman | E. N. Tutt |



Scientific Club

MEMBERS

- | | | |
|-----------------|------------------|-----------------|
| S. E. Scott | Carlyle Campbell | J. P. Turner |
| W. S. Koons | J. B. Ewing | R. W. Bell |
| Arthur Davis | J. F. Peters | L. C. Pinkerton |
| W. F. Bell | M. D. White | J. H. Hibbette |
| W. R. Ballinger | L. W. Farrar | J. C. Clarke |
| G. C. Giessing | J. H. Clark | C. S. Billings |
| J. S. Geyer | W. B. Floyd | C. J. Miller |
| | F. H. Davidson | |



R.H. PARKER '17

H.R. GODFRIAUX
MANAGER

R.I. DAVIS '15

**STUDENTS'
CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION**

DR. BASKETT

R.E. GREENE '18

DR. FLEET

H.L. BREWSTER
ACADEMY

R.T. MARK '16



Carroll County Club

Purpose: The purpose of this club is to bring the men of Carroll County closer in a friendly way, and to bring more William Jewell influence on Carroll County men who are to attend college in the future.

OFFICERS:

- W. J. Wood, '18.....*President*
 J. P. Turner, '15.....*Vice-President*
 F. W. Casebolt, '18.....*Secretary-Treasurer*

MEMBERSHIP

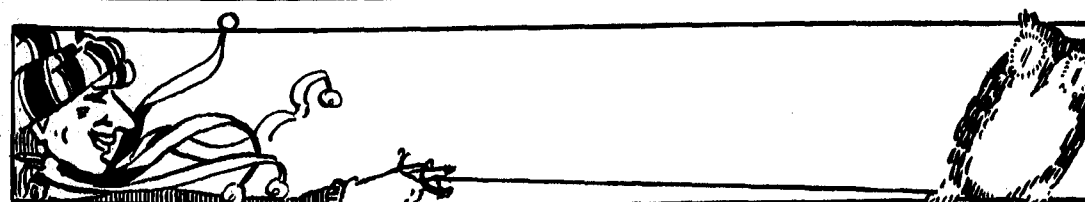
- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| "Perky" Turner, '15 | "Pete" Trotter, '18 |
| "John D." Brody, '17 | "Toots" Geary, '18 |
| "Case" Casebolt, '18 | "Happy" Crispin, '18 |
| "Hoot" Wood, '18 | "Bitty" Bittiker, '19 |

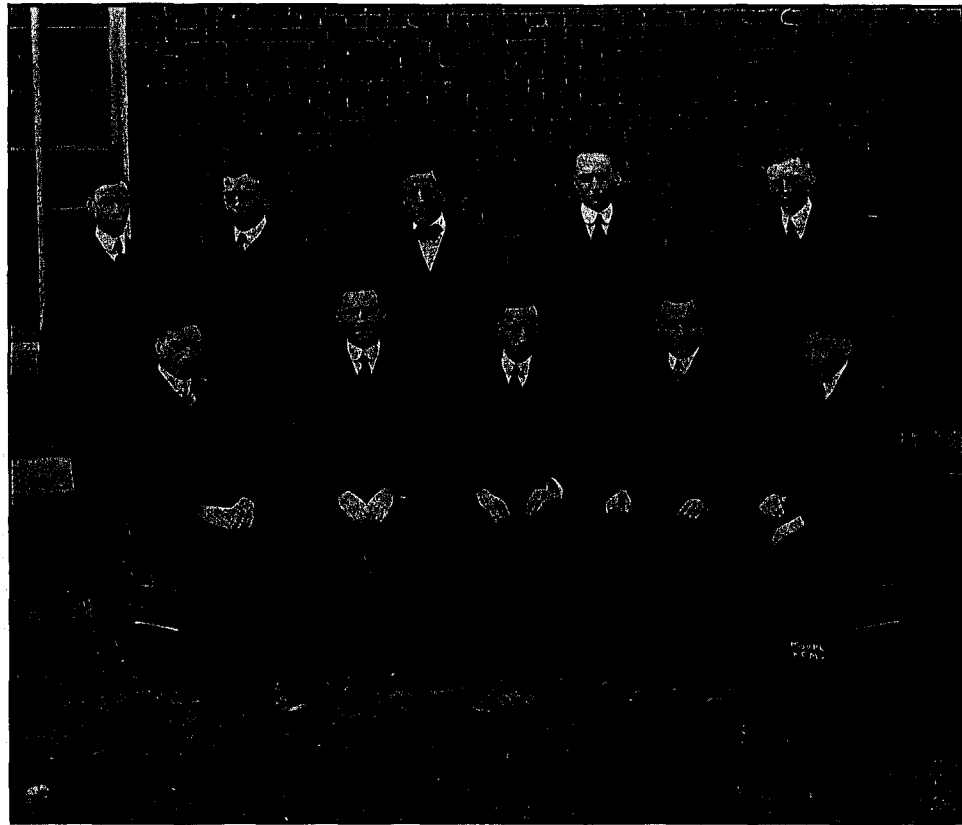
MEMBERS IN ABSENTIA

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| "Carnegie" Canaday, '15 | "Tramp" Trotter, '16 |
| "Runt" Belt, '16 | |

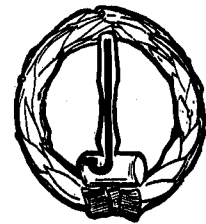
HONORARY MEMBERS

Prof. R. E. ("Dad") Bowles, '12, and Wife





Wreath and Mallet Society

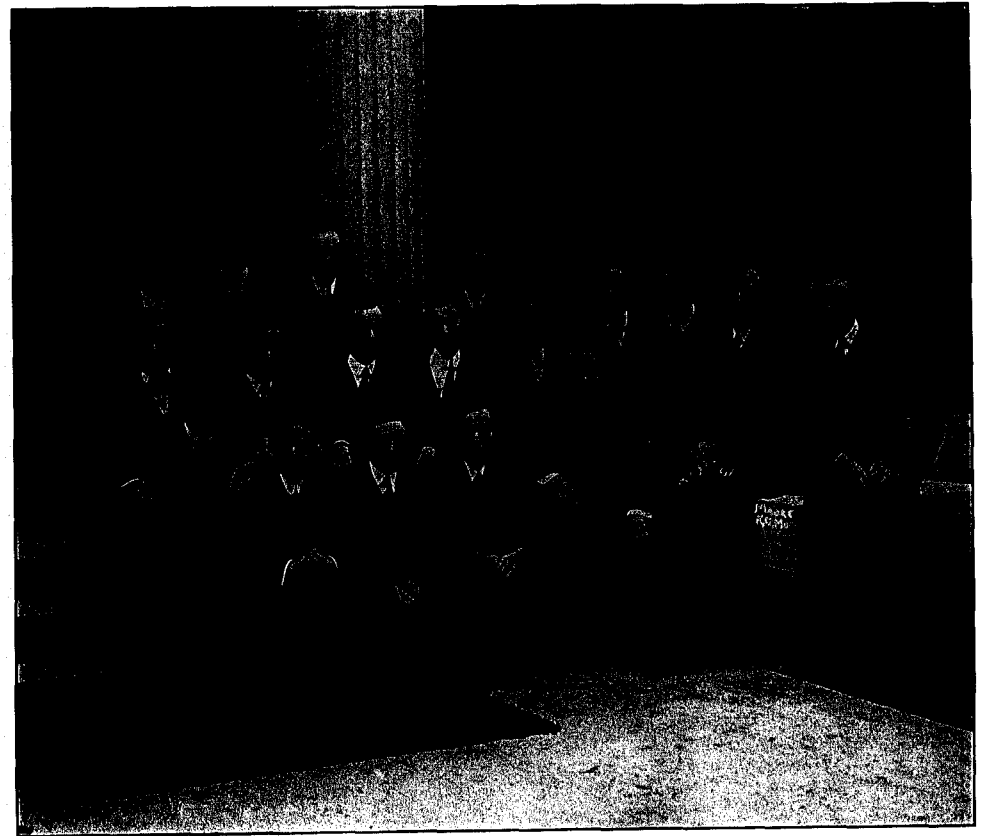
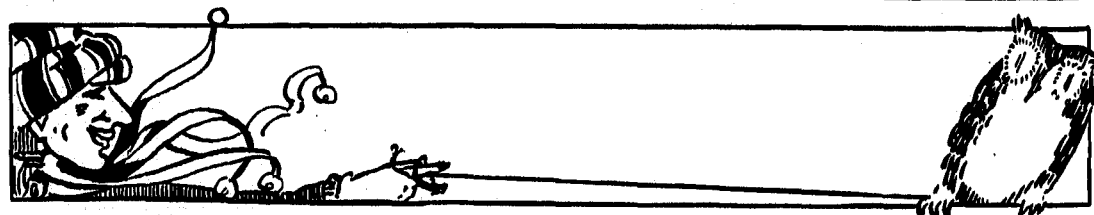


The purpose of this society is to encourage effective and sincere public speaking.
Eligibility limited to Intercollegiate Debators and Orators.

Alan F. Wherritt President
Guy V. Price Vice-President
Asa Q. Burns Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

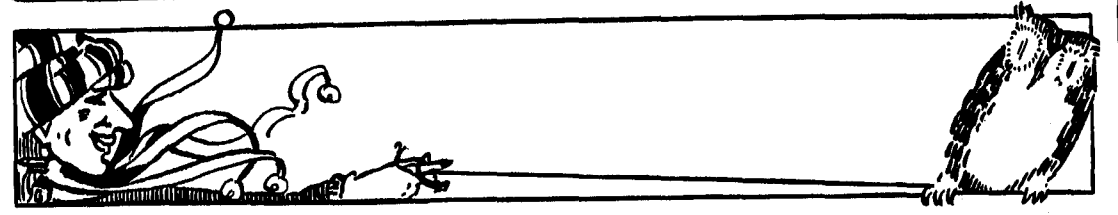
W. J. Matherly, '15	G. V. Price, '16
A. Q. Burns, '15	G. C. Faulkner, '16
G. E. Harris, '15	A. F. Wherritt, '17
J. H. Pollard, '15	A. C. Tutt, '17
A. E. Groff, '15	J. B. Ewing, '17

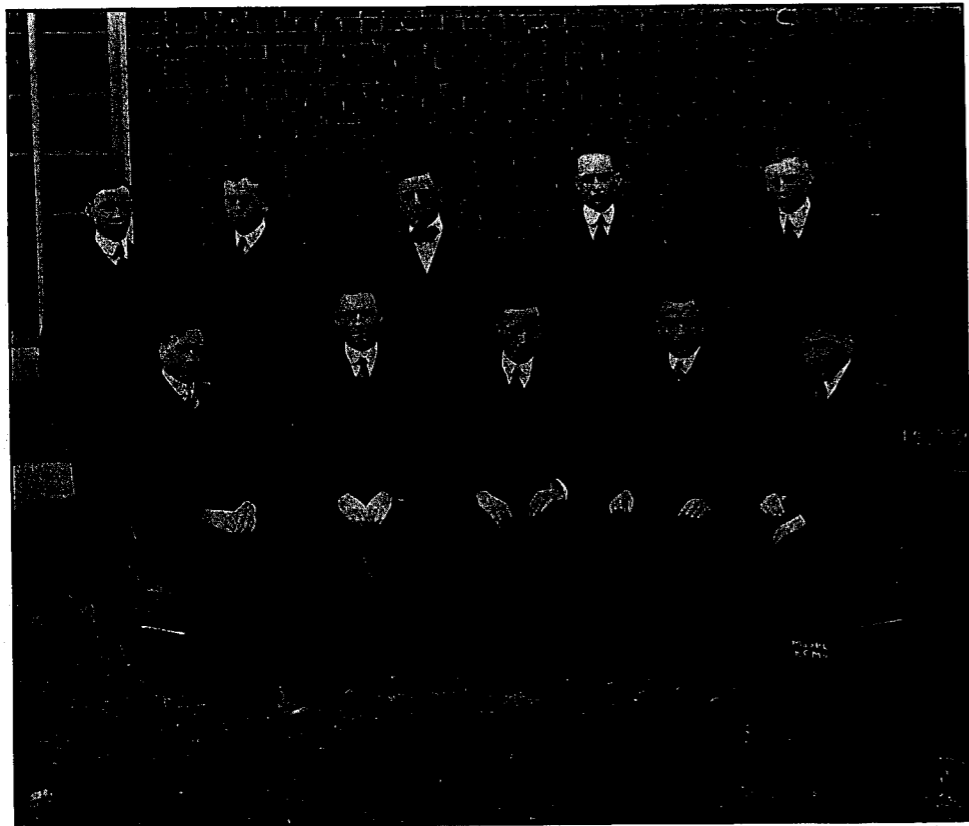


Kentucky Club

MEMBERS

J. E. Bell	Dr. J. E. Cook
Hal Head	Dr. J. P. Fruit
J. H. Iglehart	Joe Bruner
E. V. Miller	Murat Shively
W. B. Floyd	W. J. Matherly
T. R. Hunt	G. L. Foley
C. R. Scarborough	J. N. Rose
W. E. Bruner	Elmo Royalty
R. J. White	J. N. Ford
	N. E. McCoy





Wreath and Mallet Society

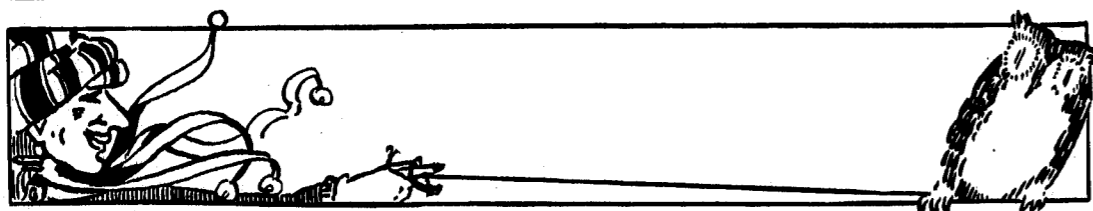


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MEMBERS

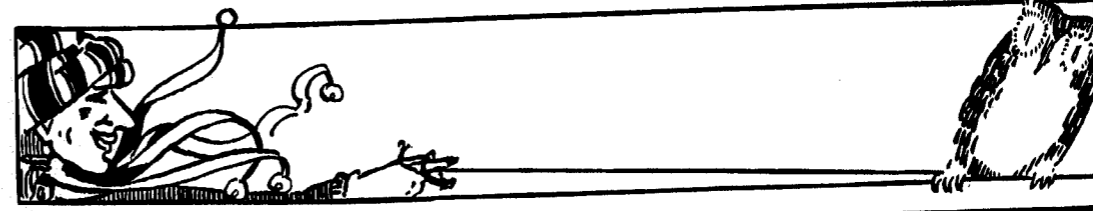
W. J. Matherly, '15	G. V. Price, '16
A. Q. Burns, '15	G. C. Faulkner, '16
G. E. Harris, '15	A. F. Wherritt, '17
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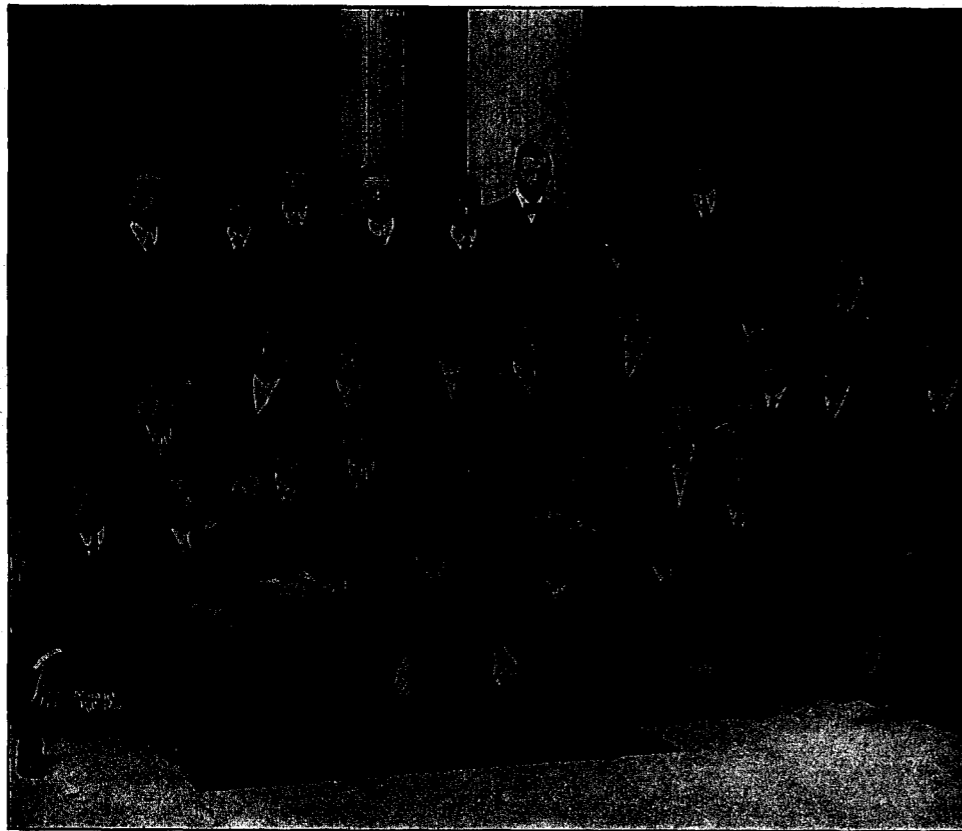


Kentucky Club

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C. R. Scarborough	J. N. Rose
W. E. Bruner	Elmo Royalty
R. J. White	J. N. Ford
	N. E. McCoy





Cosmopolitan Club

MOTTO: Above All Nations Is Humanity.
 FACULTY ADVISER: M. F. Martini.

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1914-1915

Presidents:

Tota Fujii
 A. L. Lantz
 M. R. Jones

Vice-Presidents:

H. L. Brewster
 Abel Cantu
 J. E. Lewis

Secretaries:

M. R. Jones
 M. S. Engwall
 R. L. Cober

Corresponding Secretary: H. W. Gill

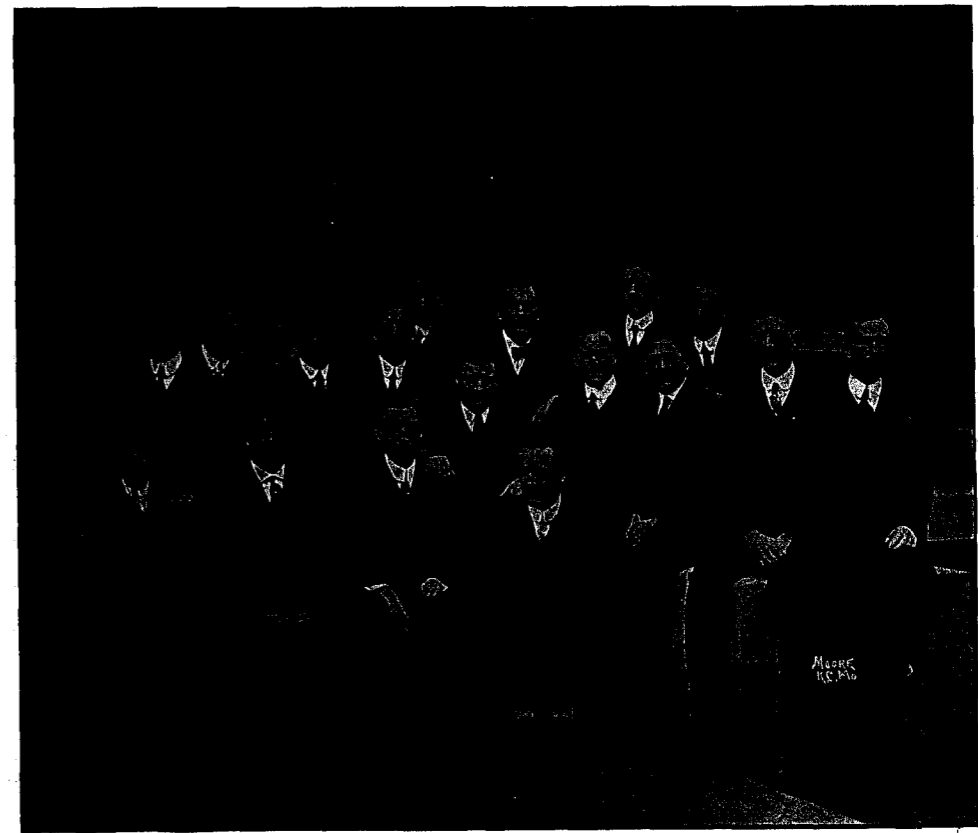
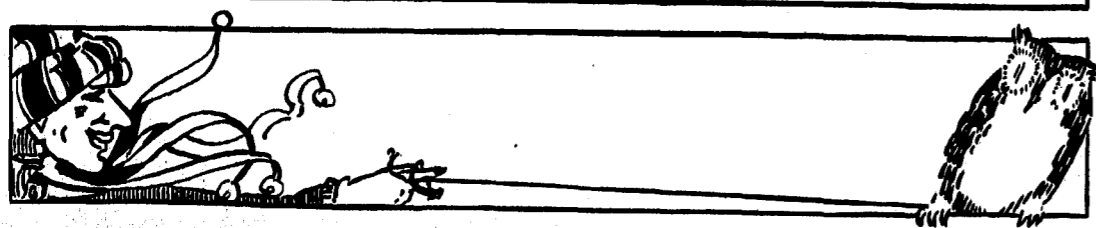
MEMBERS

J. E. Bell, *England*
 D. Boado, *Philippine Islands*
 H. L. Brewster, *Canada*
 A. Cantu, *Mexico*
 W. J. Chase, *U. S. A.*
 R. L. Cober, *Porto Rico*
 D. J. DeJesus, *Philippine I.*
 M. S. Engwall, *Sweden*
 T. Fujii, *Japan*
 H. W. Gill, *Italy*
 C. L. Wiese, *Germany*

R. W. Ginsburg, *Brazil*
 P. A. Harris, *Greece*
 J. F. Henry, *U. S. A.*
 H. C. Ho, *China*
 I. C. Holland, *Brazil*
 H. Holtzer, *Austria*
 M. R. Jones, *Canada*
 A. L. Lantz, *U. S. A.*
 J. E. Lewis, *U. S. A.*
 M. F. Martini, *Germany*
 Chong Wu, *China*

J. A. Mello, *Brazil*
 A. R. Nieman, *U. S. A.*
 A. N. Paranagua, *Brazil*
 N. H. E. Reed, *U. S. A.*
 Sam Solomon, *Russia*
 Pedro Saurez, *Mexico*
 H. Takahashi, *Japan*
 D. Teixeera, *Brazil*
 M. A. Urbina, *Mexico*
 Fred White, *England*
 Kong Wu, *China*

Honorary Member: Dr. W. O. Lewis



The Student Volunteer Band

MOTTO: The Evangelization of the World in This Generation.

FACULTY ADVISERS

Dr. David Jones Evans Dr. Elmer C. Griffith

OFFICERS

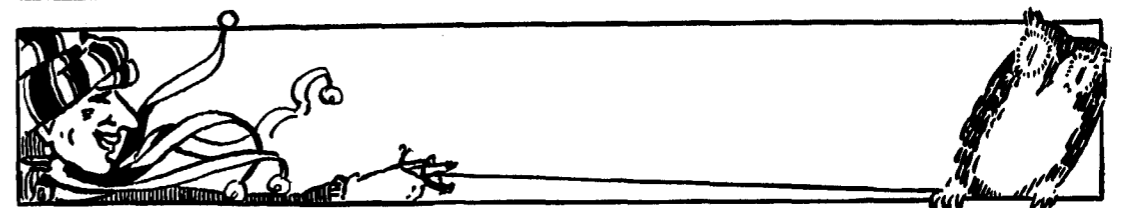
Julius R. Mantey.....*President*
 Ray Ewing.....*Vice-President*
 Novus Homo E. Reed.....*Secretary-Treasurer*
 William B. Charles.....*Extension Committee*

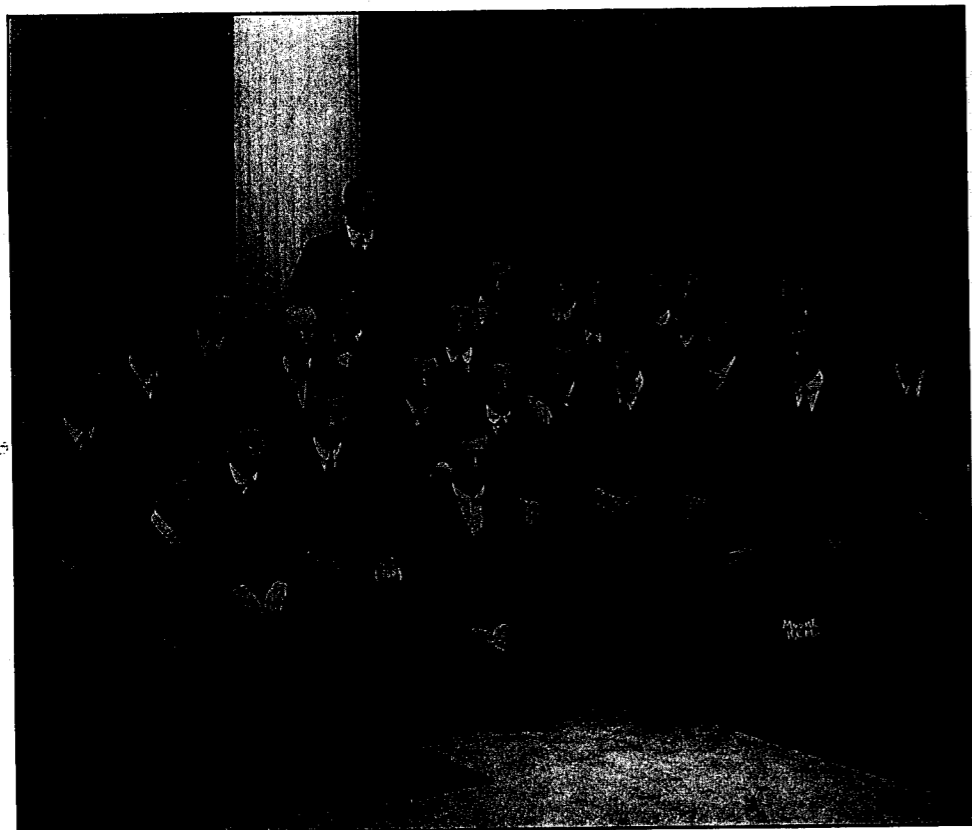
MEMBERS

F. E. Bray
 W. B. Charles
 B. F. Davidson
 Harry Day
 Wm. L. Diegleman
 M. S. Engwall

Ray Ewing
 G. C. Faulkner
 J. N. Ford
 Tota Fujii
 Robert Ginsburg
 J. F. Henry

L. T. Hites
 J. R. Mantey
 L. E. Nelson
 A. R. Nieman
 N. H. E. Reed



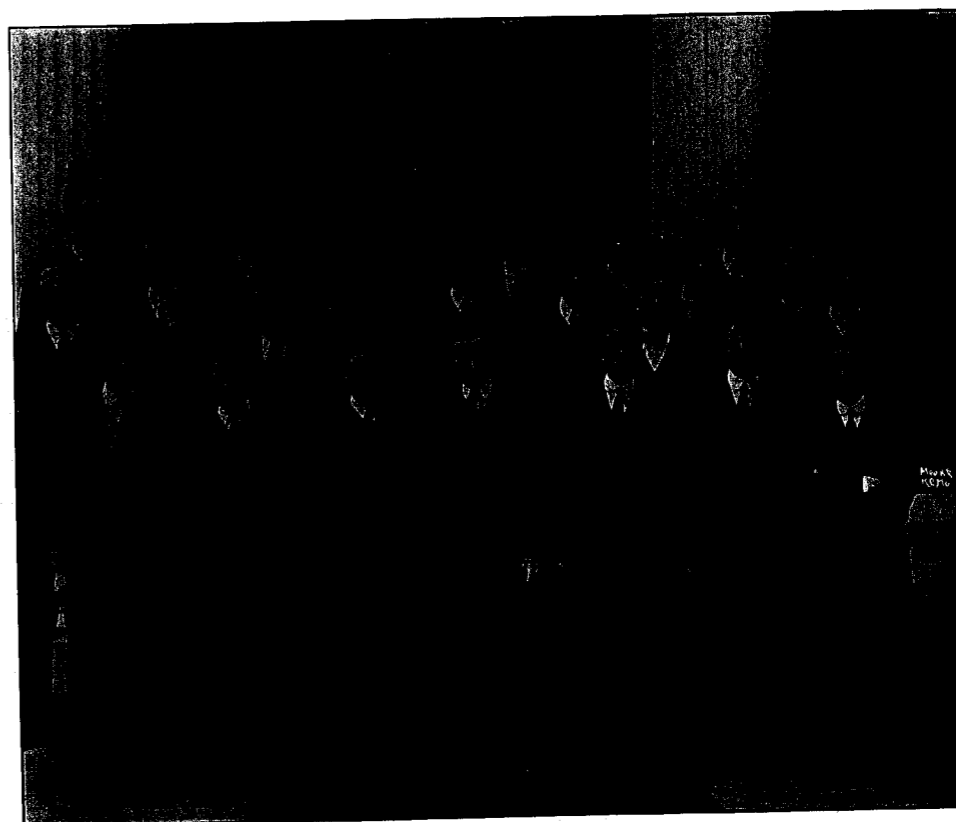
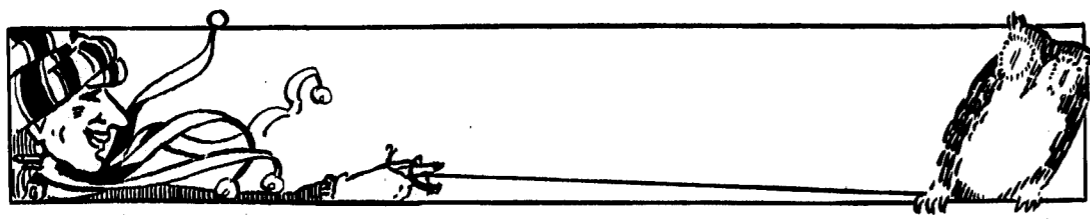


Oklahoma Club

Flower
The Clover Blossom

Colors
Red and White

R. J. Wolfe.....*President*
V. J. Sims.....*Secretary-Treasurer*



Rocky Mountaineers

Flower
Sego Lily

Colors
Silver and Gold

MOTTO: To fully develop the interests of William Jewell in the Rocky Mountains.

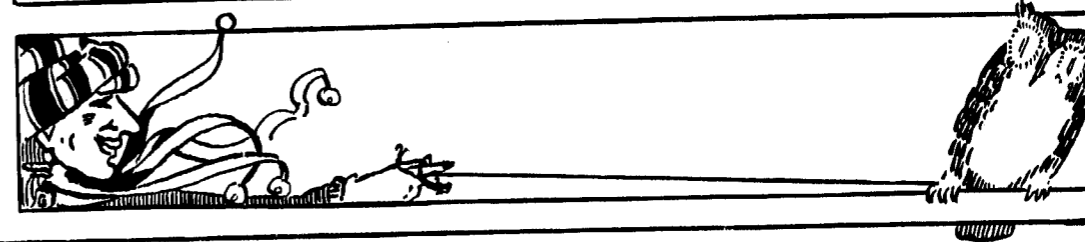
FACULTY ADVISER
Dr. J. G. Clark

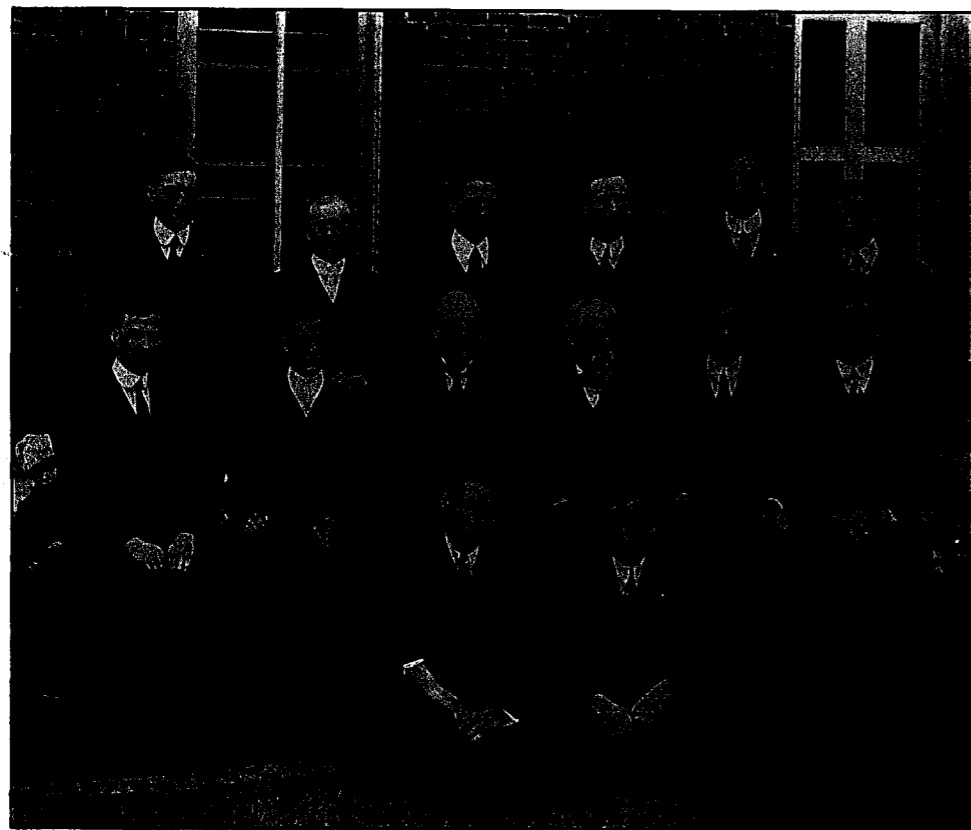
OFFICERS

C. C. Church.....	"Chief Prospector"
W. I. Welden.....	"Grub Stake Keeper"
G. V. Price.....	"Location Spotter"
J. R. Mantey.....	"Camp Guardian"

MEMBERS

C. C. Church, Colorado	F. A. Napier, Colorado	W. O. Woods, Nebraska
J. D. Creel, Colorado	R. H. Senior, Colorado	J. H. Clark, Montana
D. A. Hampton, Colorado	H. C. Smith, Colorado	S. C. Pierce, Montana
G. E. Harris, Colorado	J. G. Clark, Wyoming	C. O. Brown, California
C. E. Harris, Colorado	C. S. Billings, Wyoming	J. R. Mantey, California
W. V. Norris, Colorado	A. P. Hamerick, Wyoming	W. I. Welden, California
A. L. Lantz, Colorado	P. A. Harris, Wyoming	R. D. Ray, Oregon
G. V. Price, Colorado	H. L. Brewster, Idaho	





St. Louis Club

MOTTO:

More Men
from
St. Louis
for
William Jewell.

YELL:

Sizzle! Fizzle!
Sizzle! Fizzle!
Wow! Wow! Wee!
St. Louis! St. Louis!
W. J. C.

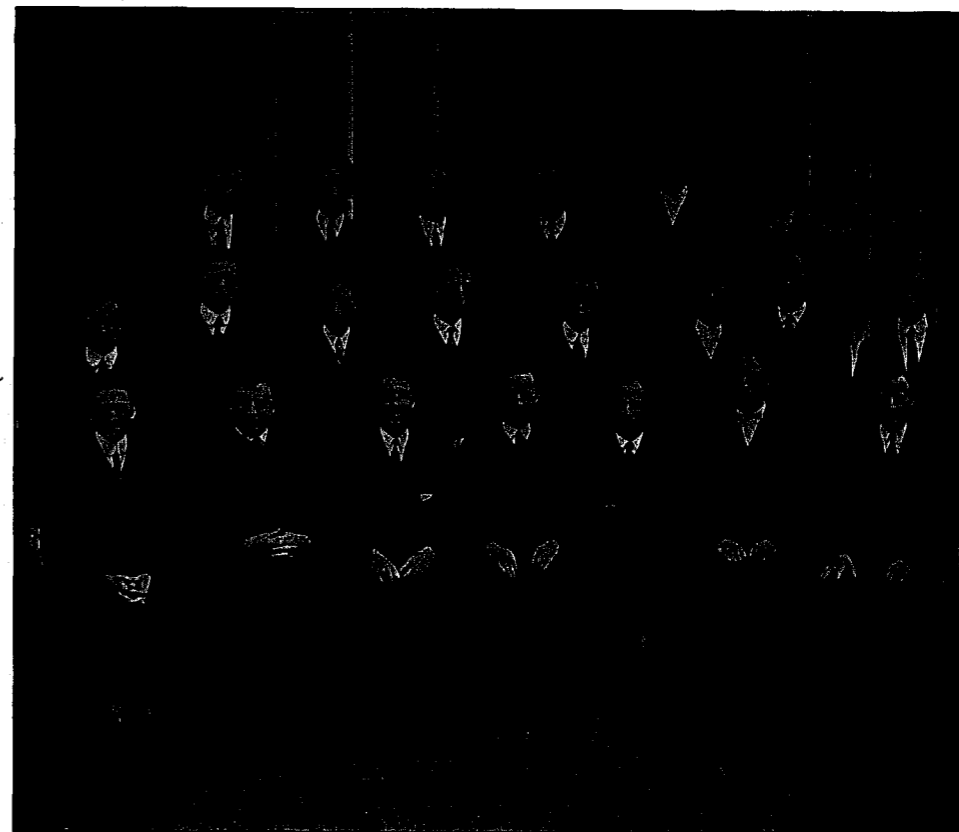
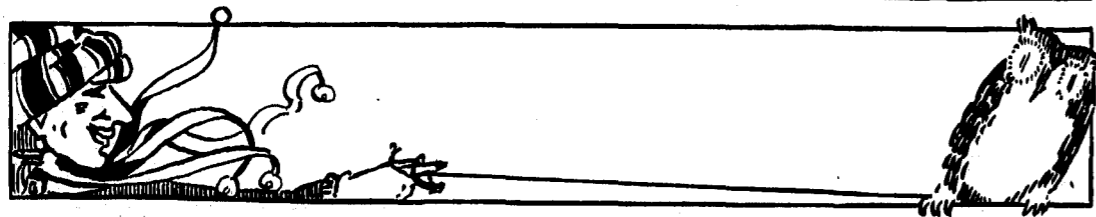
E. A. Partney.....*President* L. T. Hites.....*Secretary-Treasurer*

ONERY MEMBERS

E. A. Partney	E. H. Truex	H. M. Neff	H. Rice
L. T. Hites	G. C. Schwartz	E. J. Hamerick	Prof. R. P. Rider
F. J. Dieterle	L. T. Wallace	H. Holtzer	Dr. J. E. Cook
D. W. Jones	F. S. Wettstein		

HONORARY MEMBERS

Mrs. E. A. Partney Mrs. L. T. Wallace Mrs. H. M. Neff
Mrs. F. S. Wettstein Mrs. H. Rice



Married Men's Club

Organized February 17th, 1915

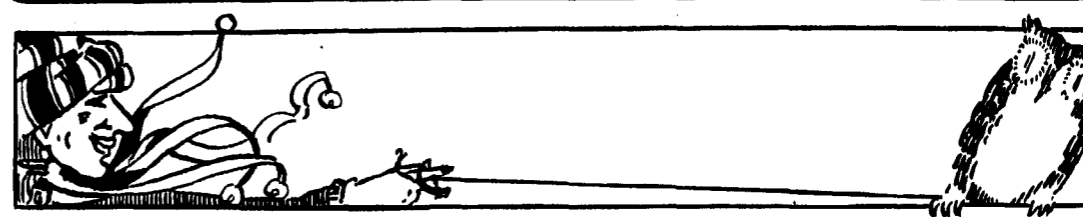
Purpose: To promote the interests of the married students in William Jewell.

E. J. Powell.....*President*

MEMBERS

O. J. Bowles	T. S. Kesterson
F. E. Bray	E. M. Lands
G. C. Brenneman	Neff
O. I. Clampitt	J. H. Paine
B. F. Davidson	E. A. Partney
T. C. Hansen	Pennington
Hargrave	Pierce
J. K. Harris	R. W. Porter
T. L. Harris	E. J. Powell
W. L. Houser	H. C. Rice

A. T. Wilkinson





Quo Vadis Club

Founded at the University of Missouri, October 13, 1907

Flower
Dog Fennel

Motto
"Please Mum"

Colors
Black and Blue

Qualifications
"A thousand miles without a red,
A side door sleeper for a bed,
At some dame's door so freely fed
And a right good fellow when all is said."

DIGNITARIES

Main Prop......"Irish" Farrar *Stake Holder*....."Canary" Church
Prop......"Little Brandy" Brandom *Buzzer*....."Speed" Clarke
Bouncer....."Stern" Miller

"Seasoned Boes"

"Brandy" Brandom
"Stern" Miller
"Irish" Farrar
"Psychie" Koons
"Buck" James
"Jenk" Jenkins
"Demos" White

"On the Division"

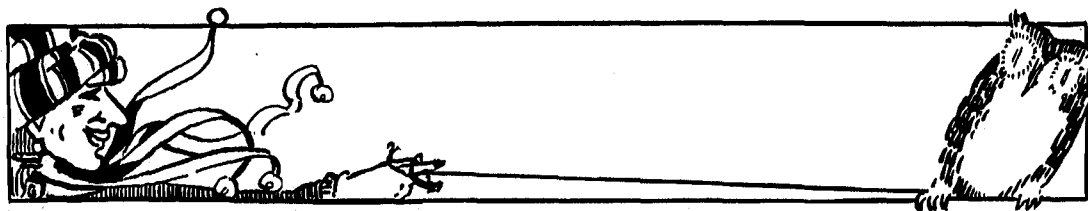
"Big" Pierce
"Chink" Richmond
"Noisy" Pitts
"Burch" Burchfield
"Canary" Church
"Huby Old Boy" Hubbard
"Pete" Trotter
"Rosie" Ross

"Onery"

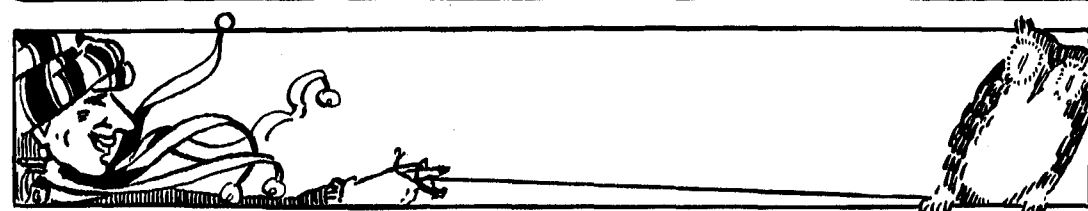
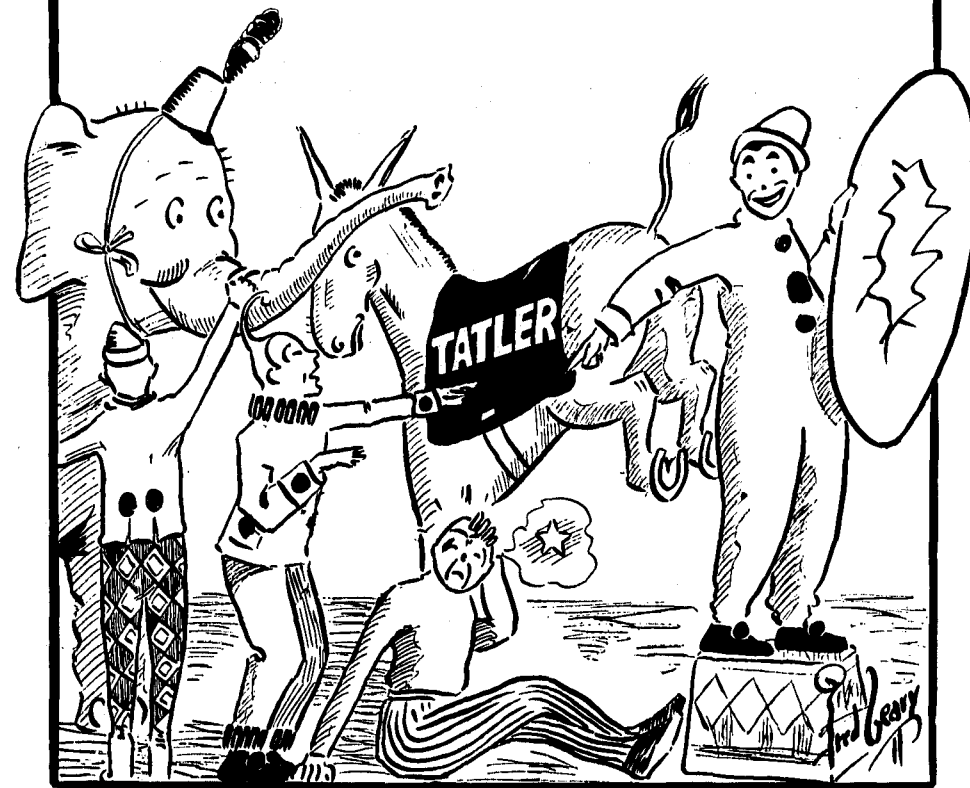
James Eads Howe
A No. 1

"Ditched"

E. Kemper Carter
J. H. Clark



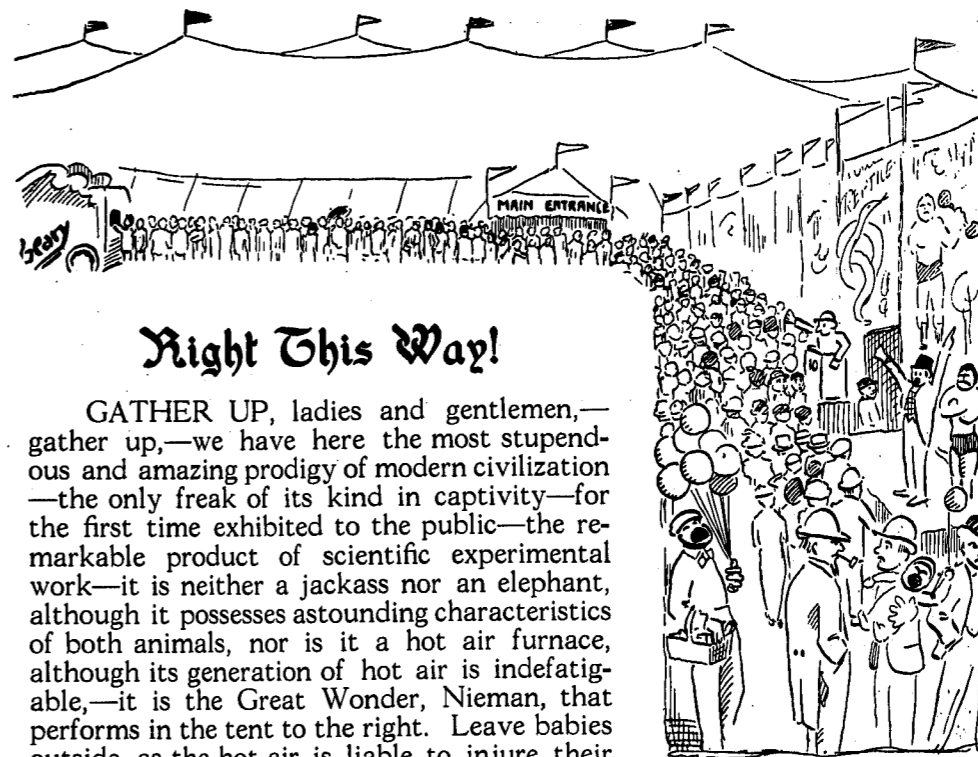
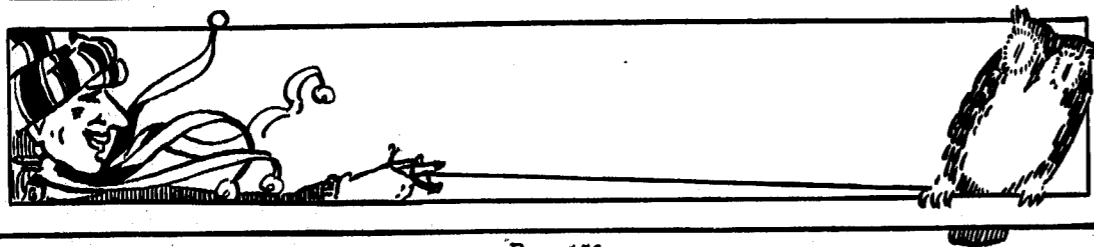
A REGULAR CIRCUS



Ground Rules

(To those who go about with chips on their shoulders.)

In this section will be found some photographs of our great and our near great. Yours may be among them. If you are insulted by it, remember that it's your picture, not ours. You posed for it and during the year impressed it on the minds of your fellows. The photographer simply took your picture, developed it and printed it in words. If you play a clown part in our circus, accustom yourself to the slap stick.



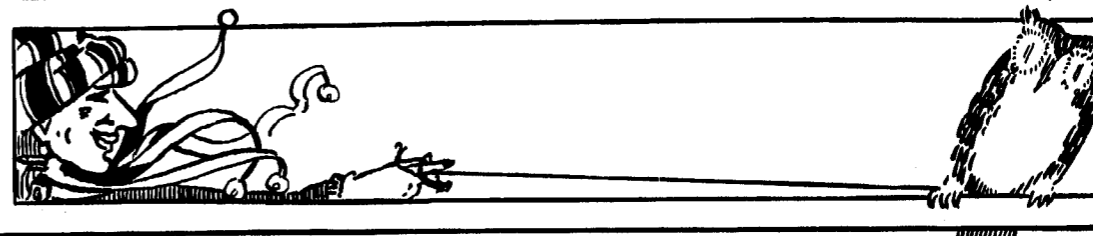
Right This Way!

GATHER UP, ladies and gentlemen,—gather up,—we have here the most stupendous and amazing prodigy of modern civilization—the only freak of its kind in captivity—for the first time exhibited to the public—the remarkable product of scientific experimental work—it is neither a jackass nor an elephant, although it possesses astounding characteristics of both animals, nor is it a hot air furnace, although its generation of hot air is indefatigable,—it is the Great Wonder, Nieman, that performs in the tent to the right. Leave babies outside, as the hot air is liable to injure their tender little ear drums.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! Stop just one moment while I introduce to you the climax of things wonderful,—a specimen of unthought of marvels,—a perpetually moving, automatic producer of self-illuminating questions of all kinds,—an unwavering believer in its own ability and firm disbeliever in the sense of anyone else,—a brilliant wit in its own estimation alone,—an egotist of the first rank, Asa Q. Burns. Hark! You can hear him talking now—step inside and don't forget to tell your friends to stay out.

I SAY! I SAY! Citizens of this magnificent commonwealth! Tarry just a second. If you pass by this tent you will miss the greatest opportunity of your life to behold the world's most original monstrosity on the market. At a vast expenditure of money we have been able to collect in one show the only real bearded women in existence,—and you can now see them for the small fee of one cent. Behold their pictures, Geissing, Pinkerton and Farrar. Just inside,—and don't kid them, please,—they are very sensitive about their hairy appendages.

STOP! STOP! Draw nearer,—crowd closer together,—every one that is interested in the real unfaked wonders of the earth. We have just within this tent the four most famous sisters in the world of showdom—Sister Harrell, Sister Rose, Sister Lewis, and Sister Royalty each one of extreme popularity on account of its own peculiar adjuncts. Sister Harrell is noted for the delicate manner of dressing her hair—Sister Rose has a daintiness of speech very sel-



dom encountered—Sister Lewis is already a popular reformer being opposed chiefly to the awful tobacco habit—and Sister Royalty is—But step inside and see for yourself.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! Right this way for a moment please! This is not a graft, no collection will be taken—but you will see the most interesting appearance of Terpsichorean art ever shown the American people. Professor Van Hook, the creator of a hundred new dances—the most notable one being the Eel Twist—will go through his tooth-pick-like motions for the small reward of a smile. Don't fail to applaud him. Step lively, please, as the professor is waiting.

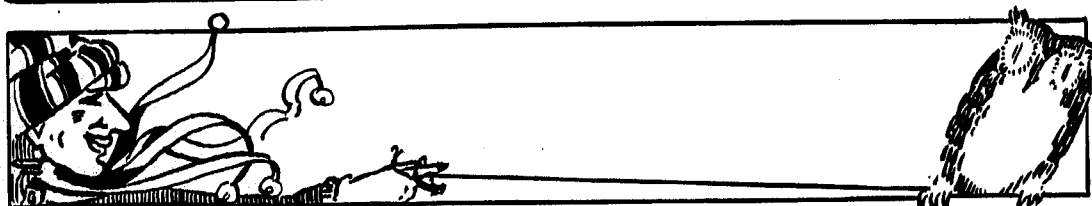
COME! COME! All ye who desire knowledge—come near. We have with us this afternoon the only compendium of universal information in existence—Lord Hites who will tell you anything and everything you know or have dreamed of knowing. His methods are unique, original, unadulterated and absolutely guaranteed to bestow unlimited learning upon the hearer. He does it all by a simple twist of the eyebrows. Hurry, hurry, as the Lord will talk only three hours.

AT LAST, ladies and gentlemen, we have the opportunity of a lifetime to learn of the accomplishments and wonders of foreign lands from a first hand source. Professor Romeo Gill, straight from the heart of Italy, is with us and will tell us all we desire and more if we'll listen. Dr. Gill has made a special study of institutions of learning and will be glad to furnish the desirous with his latest book "American Colleges Compared with European Colleges." Don't fail to secure a copy.

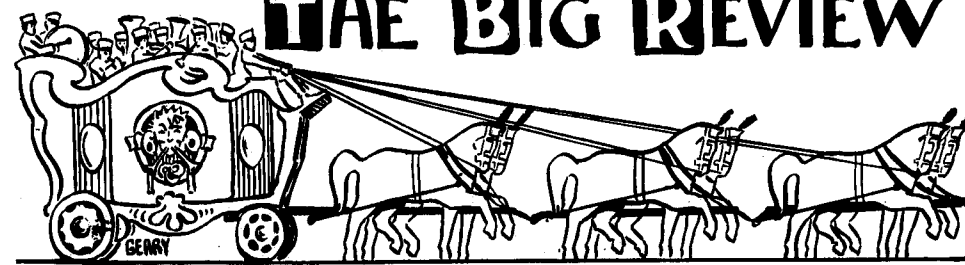
THE GREAT LECTURER in the realm of oratory! Ladies and gentlemen, may be seen and heard within this small enclosure. Dr. Powell president of many organizations dealing with the welfare of humanity is here and will deliver his lecture on "Myself, First, Foremost and Hindmost." Be sure to hear him.

IN HERE! IN HERE! Within this tent the rest of the wonders are collected. We make no fake advertisements—come in and see for yourself what we have.

(End)



THE BIG REVIEW



SEPTEMBER

Sept. 14. Whoever heard of a circus without a parade? Darkness hung over the earth. Little groups of frightened Freshmen were seen here and there. An hour passes. "Freshmen—help!" is all expressive. The Sophomores are catching and tying the Freshmen. The captured are gathered in the Gym. Another hour passes. The atmosphere is in turmoil on account of the hilarious yelling which arises from a long procession at the foot of "the Hill" proceeding townward.

Tied arm to arm in single file guarded on either side by Sophomores the Freshmen obediently march along. On, on, to the public square! paddles as applied by the strutting Sophs keep up a drumlike clatter. Mother never dreamed that her darling boy would come to this! Next year he may be more fortunate.



Sept. 15. Battle of Schwetzetwokee. Freshmen forced to retire for strategic purposes. P. Connor assumes command for the allies and immediately orders everybody out of existence. Special to Tatler 11 p. m.—Vic. Tatum salted and battered at foot of Campus while taking a shower bath through the fire hose.

Sept. 16. Hundreds of men miss prayer meeting for the first time in their lives.

Sept. 19. The Dining Club is where we live and move and have our beans.

Sept. 20-30. Studying gradually giving way to other more important activities. Football by day, picture show by night.

OCTOBER

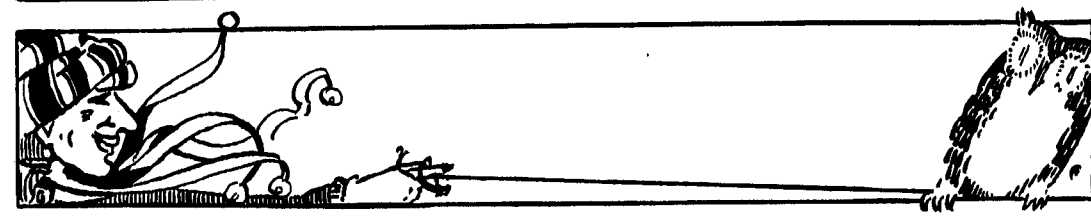
Oct. 3. Kansas U. romps all over Jewell.

Oct. 10. Missouri U. romps all over Jewell.

Oct. 13. Dr. Fruit makes talk in chapel on English Department. His talk challenged by Bennett. Not accepted.

Oct. 15. Dr. Green gives reception to students. Large attendance. Splendid music, tempting refreshments, pretty girls.

Oct. 21. More victims than in former years. Multitudes laid low—toes upward—numerous and sundry applications of ink, tar, hair brushes, whist brooms, rasps, turpentine and concentrated H₂SO₄ applied unscientifically in the longitude and latitude of the "Abdominal Regions."



Oct. 22. Abdominal massagers visit Joe Turner in the interest of sanitation and pure food law. His religious compunctions aroused. Defends his epibolic epidermis with a six shooter. Ceremony postponed indefinitely.

Oct. 23. Visual spectrum of Canaday ruined temporarily by unpremeditated collision with a verdant Freshman's rotating fist. *Brunhildum Canadorum senio derbi.*

Oct. 27. Cantu vs. Japan & U. S. Yellow peril denied rights of domestic tranquility. Sensational retreat of Mexico to Gov. Grammar's Palatial Emporium. Nine hour truce declared. Damages assessed arbitrarily by board of governors. Marines stationed near Mexican room with orders to quell any revolts.

Oct. 27. Chase and Nelson immerse Cober without singing "Shall We Gather at the River." Deluge resulted from a well planned mechanical device, at the hour of lateness. Moral: Be in on time.

NOVEMBER

Nov. 3. "By doggies! I'll show them," said Dr. Fruit as he proceeded to flunk 65 per cent. of his Sophomore English class.

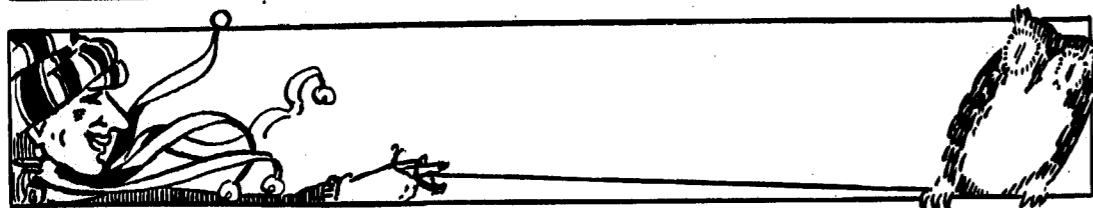
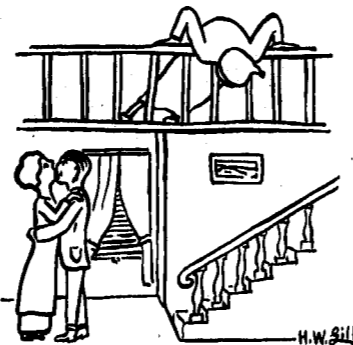
Nov. 4. 10 a. m. Milnor Jeffries resting well. Has slept soundly for sixty-three hours and fifty-seven minutes. Dr. Fruit baffled, though hopeful. Is brooding over the case night and day.

Nov. 5. Chase late to breakfast. Says he forgot and put on a collar and tie. Hair uncombed.

Nov. 9. Review of Reviews for breakfast. "We remember the fish, which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, the onions and the garlic: but now our soul is dried away: there is nothing at all, besides this hash, before our eyes," murmured the student body. Being angry, Mrs. Cook repented herself that she had known mankind, and while she was yet peeved, commanded her servant Orange, saying, "Three days each week thou shalt feed these ungrateful boys on oatmeal and fried apples. Whence should I have flesh to give unto all this people? For Thursday noon give them the garlic they crave: and upon Friday evening set before them the fish they remember having in Egypt. If they murmur yet again, then will I send snakes into their midst. This will I do, and more also, if they complain yet again."

Nov. 12. Ninegar and _____ at home of Mr. _____. Time 12—M. Alone. Mr. _____ awakened by 'issing sounds. _____ caught in the act of _____ac—ng—er. Mr. _____ retreated unnoticed. Ninegar persevered. _____ now _____ing a 'arkler. (Passed by board of Censors. ***** Later report: *There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

Nov. 13. Jeffries still sleeping. Pulse normal. Dr. Fruit worried. McConnell took a bath by order of the board of health.



Nov. 21. Four of Dr. Cook's cows milked by New Ely "Chafing Dish Club." Chocolate fudge of a commendable quality and quantity served in high brow style. This is a secret. Do not tell Dr. Cook. Wilson, Harris, Iglehart, White, etc., do not wish their names mentioned in this connection.

Nov. 23. Jimmie Harris sleeps all night over his "Trig" book. Subsequent events in the class room confirmed his story.

Nov. 27. Five beds wet. Perpetrators still at large. Damages great, though laundryable.

Nov. 30. Weldon, in German, read as follows: "He took the girl and she turned red all over."

DECEMBER

Dec. 1. Coming down the home stretch. Visions of Santa Claus, home, and "Her."

Dec. 2. Just school, that is all. Uneventful, as are so many college days.

Dec. 6. "Happy" Crispin rooted a match (safety first) across the room after being declared guilty of disturbing the peace in New Ely.

Dec. 8. "This morning only I and God knew what I was to say tonight; but now only God knows," said Capt. Magill at the football banquet.

Dec. 9. John Kern hit himself in the eye with the hard side of the floor of his room. The floor was not seriously injured. Brody was put through the usual ceremony of the Abdominal Order.

Dec. 11. Old Ely besieged by the standing army of the new dorm. R. D. Ray captured and put in the bull-pen. Invaders poorly organized. Capt. Cober a deserter.

Dec. 14. "I want to probe this case a little further in your absence. You governors are excused. I cannot bear to have any liars around me."—Dr. Cook. The governors took the hint.

Dec. 17. "Josh" Billings flunks in Imaginary English.

Dec. 18. Back to the farm movement begun—three days continuous performance. Holidays.

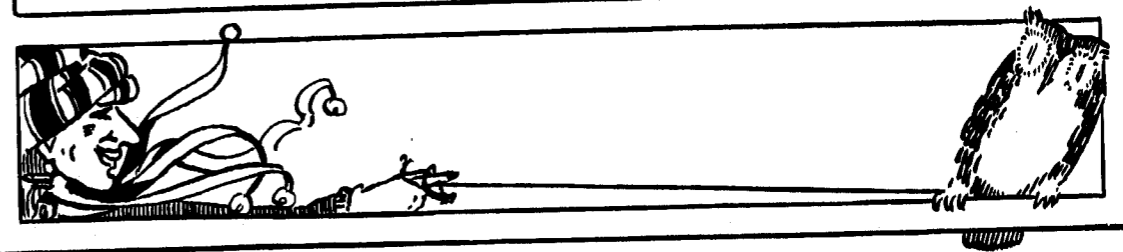
Dec. 24. Kesterson-Massey parade through the temple of Venus and return by way of Hymenial Arch. Commenting on the wedding The William Jewell Student said, "Miss Massey is entirely worthy of the man she got."

JANUARY

Jan. 1. Special wire to Tatler from Drexel: "Dutch Dieterle, member of the Jewell Gospel Team now showing here, said last night that it was deathless enthusiasm that caused Moses to sail across the Atlantic in three small ships and discover America, that beautiful land where the birds stalk through the forests and the animals flit through the branches of the trees."

Jan. 1. Burlington train wrecked at the back door of Liberty. Curious students obstructed the work of the wrecker.

Jan. 10. O, the ingratitude of some young ladies! Grover C. Third Church offered two big, nice kisses to a damsel as a Xmas present and they were



not accepted. G. C. 3rd Church says the people of this planet do not appreciate him as they should.

Jan. 12. Vernon B. Smith today is wearing the Alpha Nu colors. He is deeply indebted to "Squaw" Bell for this new honor.

Jan. 13. Nothing happening and we want to tell you about it.

Jan. 19. Burchfield makes a date with a K. C. G. but fails to ask where she lives. Forgetting her telephone number he was unable to cancel the date. Nor did he fill it.

Jan. 27. Dr. Parker gives lecture to chemistry class on "Bryan will be president when Warrensburg gets back into the Conference."

FEBRUARY

Feb. 1. Beginning of the new.

Feb. 2. The Ground Hog, accompanied by his bosom companion Milnor Jefferies, awoke this morning after months of intense inactivity. The appearance of either of them so early in the year is not good news.

Feb. 5. Matherly debating in society: "You know very well that the Catholic church burned Luther at the stake."

Feb. 9. Another Question Burns discovers that New Testament Greek meets five times per week instead of four. The term is half gone. Another question,—is the joke on Burns or Dr. Lewis?

Feb. 15. "I don't care whether you like me today or not. I only want you to like me tomorrow. We must keep up the standard in this department. My success as a teacher rests in the way I get you to understand what I am trying to say."—Dr. Parker.

Feb. 19. Sixty-three per cent. of the men in Chemistry flunk miserably, while the above words of Dr. Parker were yet ringing in their ears.

Feb. 21. Dr. Evans goes to sleep in Sedalia and misses train to appointment. The joke of it all was when he awoke he dropped a penny in the scales in an attempt to get a-weigh from town.

MARCH

March 1. Hep! Hep! Hep! January, February, March!

March 2. Lion and the Lamb came in together.

March 3. Venus Huffman misses chapel for the first time in his college life.

March 5. Mumps and Smallpox flirting with the men on the hill. Col. Vaccination takes command; many innocent bystanders shot in the arm; the allied forces of Smallpox and Quarantine forced to retreat but not until they had collected a war-tax of four bits per from the terrified victims.

March 6. Beans, beans, beans for dinner; for supper beans, beans, beans.

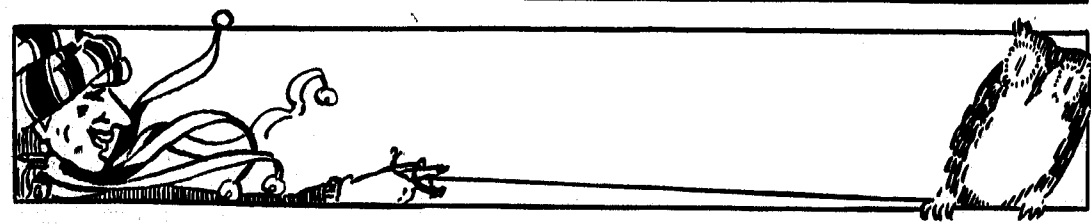
March 8. (To the Tatler, direct from Petrograd).

The Faculty unanimously voted at their last meeting to do away with all examinations, daily tests, text books, and compulsory chapel attendance. Holidays shall be granted only upon request from the Academy and signed by "Squaw" Bell.

March 16. "Scholarship" becomes the topic for all future chapel exercises when Dr. Green is absent.

March 18. A. R. Nieman and Prof. H. M. Richmond become bosom companions after a prolonged season of biological estrangement.

March 23. Friendship between teachers and pupils ceases. Exams tomorrow.



Sight Unseen

F. W. Casebolt

WANTED

A wife; must be good looking and own customary amount of hair and teeth. Send photograph. Silas Shekels, Kiowa, Okla.

With an enraptured gurgle of suppressed joy and ecstasy, Ophelia Oldun crushed the providential Podunk Press to her long neglected heart.

"At last," she murmured, anticipatively. "At last my soul shall find its affinity."

And if it is true, that "all comes to him who waits," Miss Ophelia's affinity was certainly due; perhaps somewhat behind the schedule.

It was not necessary to gaze at Miss Ophelia Oldun for an indefinite length of time to discover that the lady could truthfully, and without any pricks of conscience, admit that she was past sixteen. As she sat at breakfast with her hair wrapped about curlers, she made the appearance of an antique model for a fishing-pole factory, with a chestnut burr crest. Having not as yet restored the several masticators to their intended location, that district bore the appearance of "Rooms to Let."

Silas Shekels was busily engaged in alternately directing an amber colored spray of "Horse-shoe" saliva at an evasive fly, and carving a trowel handle from a pine board, when the local vender of postal matter made known to him that he was the recipient of an epistle.

Carefully and laboriously opening the mysterious article with the aid of his "two-bit" Barlow, he read:

My dearest beloved Silas:—

I am writing to tell you, my affinity, that I have just found that, tho thru the use of the worldly and common-place newspaper, our long separated souls are to be united in wedlock. My heart is overflowing; my joy knows no bounds. Even tho I live in far-away Podunk, Arkansas, tomorrow will I come to you.

Breathlessly awaiting the moment when I shall be clasped in your embrace, I am affectionately, devotedly,

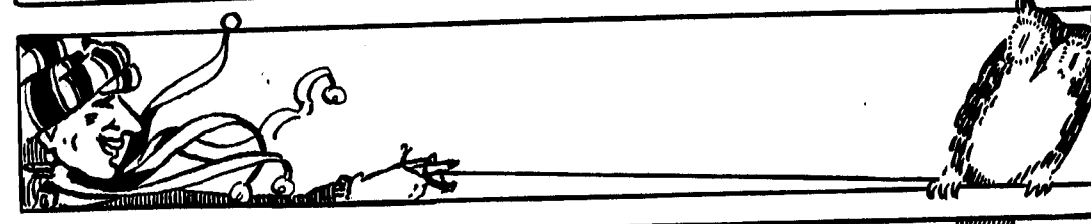
Ophelia Oldun.

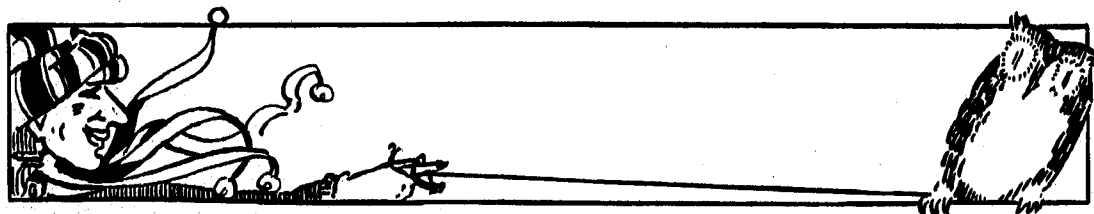
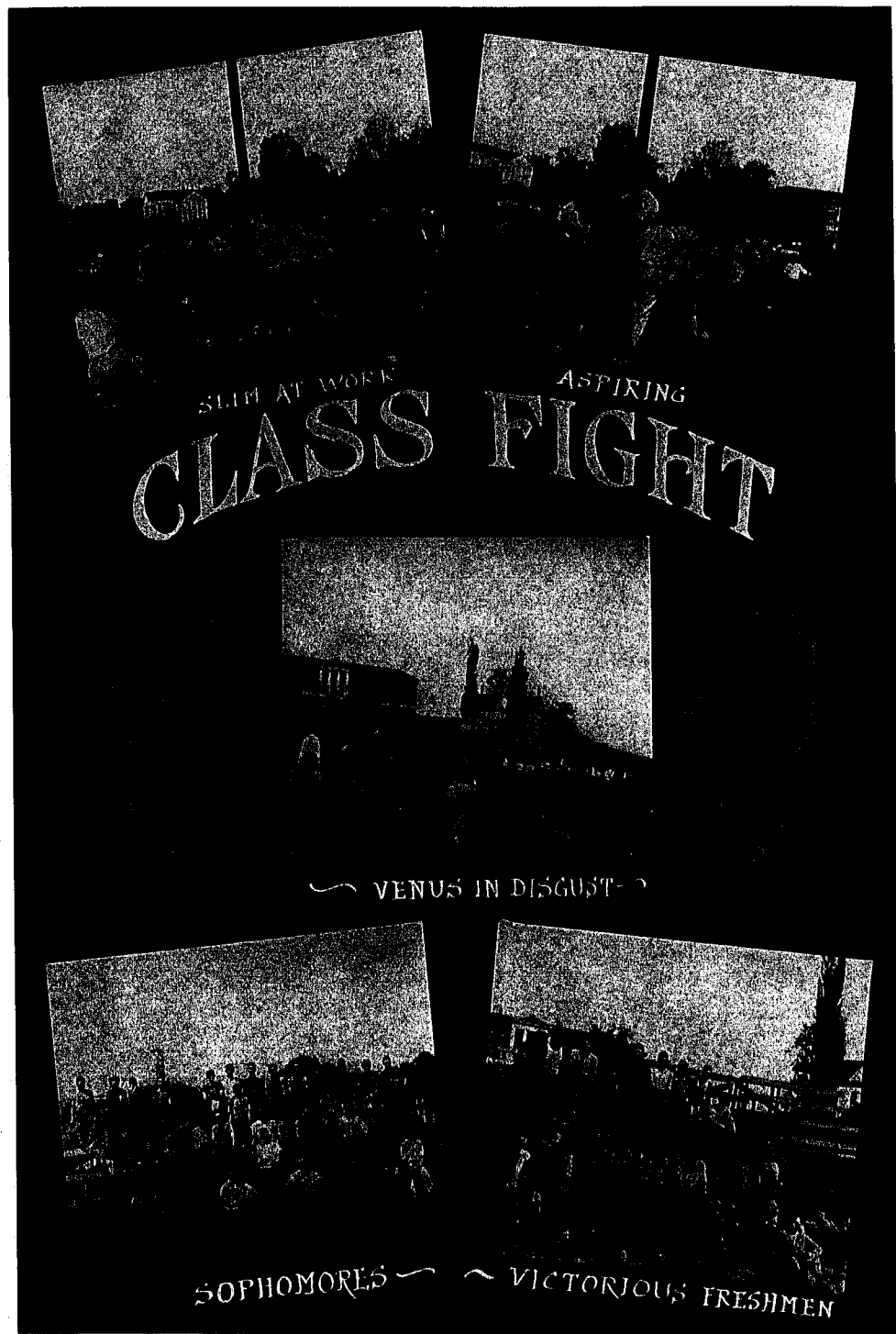
P. S.—Enclosed is a likeness of your darling.

Never once did Silas Shekels suspect that that enchanting photograph had been made twenty years previously. Consequently on the following morn he carefully arrayed himself in his "Sunday-best," dextrously clipping the ravelings from the cuffs of his black frock-coat, and applying soap and water solution to his celluloid collar. Then, having administered a cake of stove-blackening to his boots, he recklessly spent fifteen cents with the hack-driver for transportation to the depot. Having made no more than fifty tours of the platform, and explained to no less than twenty inquisitive fellow-townsmen that he was expecting his Dutch Uncle from Sweden, Silas was apprised of the fact that the Asthma Special was drawing near at hand.

Trembling with excitement, Silas waited, carefully—to their discomfiture—scrutinizing the visage of each person alighting from the coach steps. At length, a spinster person who was almost thin enough to be transparent, and whose face must have caused her great pain and anguish, descended loftily from the Asthma Special, parrot-cage in hand.

(Continued at Bottom Page 165)





Freshman and Sophomore Class Fight

The long looked for and much cherished class spirit which had given vent in midnight baths under ice cold showers, moonlight walks alone from some dark and lonesome spot somewhere in the radius of two miles of the College Hill, culminated in the regular fight, September 16th.

The morning was bright and clear, the twenty-foot pole with the colors of the Freshmen and the Sophomores nailed at the top was in readiness, and at nine o'clock all was ready. Thirty Freshmen were lined up on one side at a distance of twenty-five yards; on the other side at the same distance were thirty Sophomores each determined to be victor. The athletic field was lined with students and visitors.

Bang! and the armies were off and met in a desperate effort at the foot of the pole to gain some advantage. The heavier men on either side hugged the pole and kept anyone from climbing up, while around the outer edge the real fight was carried on. Shoes, socks, shirts, strips of pantaloons filled the air. It was a free-for-all, catch-as-catch-can; tripping, blocking, flying tackles, half Nelsons, full Nelsons, toe hold—nothing was prohibited except knives, razors, billy clubs and bad tempers. It was a beautiful mix-up; first a Freshmen down then a Sophomore, Fresh. up, Soph. down, a down up Fresh., and a Soph. up down. (The Freshmen were fresh from the country; some things that are fresh are not easily broken. The Sophs. were soft by natural treatment therefore no bones were broken.)

Attempt after attempt was made by the fleet footed Sims to climb the pole but he was too well known and watched. The Freshmen had men that were not so well known and in this respect they had the advantage. From some unknown place their hero Cober made his run and leaping from the back of some fellow colleague proved his worth. Amid the shouts of "pull him down," "kill him," "pull his leg off," "Go up!" "Stay, Freshman, Stay!" he kicked, wiggled and squirmed above the reach of all. Up, up, till at last twenty feet above the ground he reached the Sophomores' colors and dropped them to the victorious champs below.

The morning sunshine still shone darkened by the defeat for some, brightened for the others, but when the final signal was given the fight ended, the battle was won, and both Sophs. and Freshmen climbed the Hill laughing and joking united in closer friendship by the WILLIAM JEWELL SPIRIT.

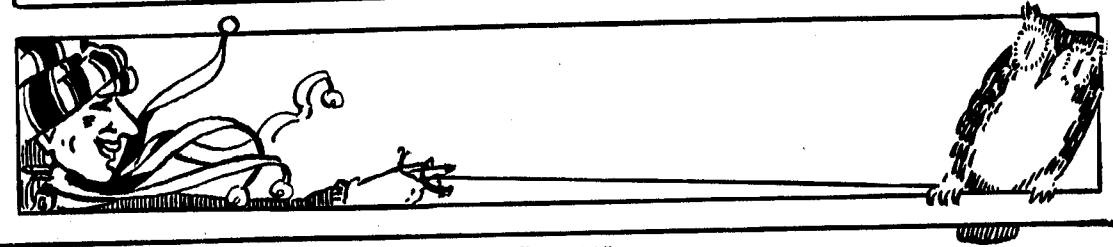
(Continued from Page 163)

"I wish to see Mr. Silas Shekels, at once," she announced in a shrill voice. Gasping for breath, Silas Shekels leaned heavily against the depot for support. Having partially regained his composure, and mustered up enough courage to win the European war, he advanced to the locality of the "relic of the past."

"Lady," he whispered. "It's awful sad and unfortunate, but this morning Mr. Shekels—now don't take it too hard—but you see this black suit of mourning I've got on?"

"Oh! Silas! My dear Silas," she wailed, throwing her arms aloft and swooning.

While Ophelia went thru a perfect course of instructions in "How To Faint," "dear Silas" beat a dejected, but hasty retreat.



The Lady and the Piano

It is an odd fact that early youth sometimes expresses the counter passions of hate and love in a most humorous, but nevertheless earnest, manner. That is to say, the vehicle on which the thought of hate and love is presented to the eyes of those interested in a certain average youth is apt to be more interesting than lasting.

I shall take the liberty of assuming that, as a boy, I could be counted in as one of the average youths of the small towns and villages. I had, perhaps, less than the average quota of clothes and cleanliness, but I was otherwise well supplied with dubious qualities of ideas and theories. I was one of those old fashioned boys who nourished an insatiable desire to thoroughly lick the excuse of a man (as I had catalogued him) who, in the capacity of a teacher, had laid the rod upon me with, what seemed to me, a masterful though unjust hand. The swearing of vengeance upon this soulless pedagogue was my idea of the passion of hate personified and expressed in the last word. It was the prime expression of the negative quality because I was planning to carry the grudge with me for years or until I was big enough to thoroughly establish my physical superiority over that of the hated schoolmaster. Other light thoughts of hate and vengeance came up but were soon charmed to oblivion by overnight, or at most, a couple of days.

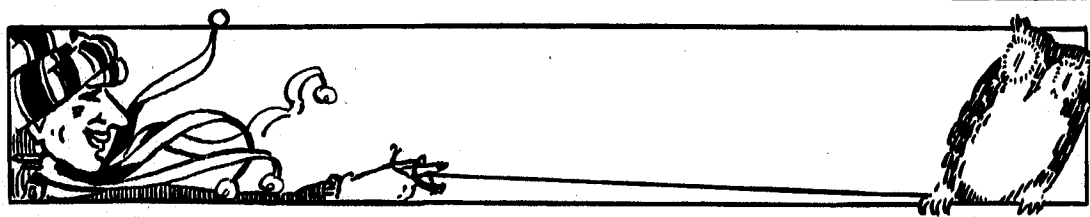
When I was a boy of ten happy, hot summers, a strange family moved into a newly built cottage next door to my home. Even at that early age I had discernment enough to note that the household goods that were being carried in by the village dray-master were high above those that graced the front rooms of our neighborhood of working people. The sight of a grand piano sitting awkwardly in a wagon, in that day when the organ was considered no mean asset to any respectable home, at once gave the unknown incoming family a place of warm and unfriendly curiosity amongst the immediate villagers.

A few days later the family came and to some extent relieved a suspended congestion in the neighborhood, but at the same time precipitated a generous amount of criticism—a sort of a cyanide process through which all newcomers must pass.

The father—a ruddy-faced man, with hair turned becomingly grey around the temples—seemed to carry withal an air of despair and staunchness, if one can imagine such a combination. The mother was a pale-faced, delicate creature with a refined air and manner about her along with a goodly evidence of pride which, in this neighborhood of simple folk, worked forward to her distinct disadvantage.

But the most interesting party of the group to me was the third and the last member of the family—a pretty girl of about sixteen years of age who had an abundance of black hair and a charming pair of dark eyes to match. She received further and deeper consideration from me on account of her ability to amuse me for hours at a time while she played the wonderful piano and I lounged lazily but alertly on the sunny side of our house. Our organ, in my estimation, now belonged somewhere along with the flint-lock musket and the discarded ambition to become president of the United States.

A few swiftly-run errands for the pale-faced lady, for which trouble I was



repaid by a wan smile and a big nickel, caused me to feel a certain amount of protective interest in the new family. One day the pale-faced lady called me into her house and introduced me to her daughter—a formality I had never before gone through with and which I shall never forget on account of the suffocating embarrassment it afforded me. But I forgot all about the hole in my trousers and the none-too-clean bare feet that loomed up in tragic muteness as they dangled half way to the floor from the big rocker I sat in, when she played, as she told me, for my sake alone. So she made another undying friend of me and I added a heroine to my long list of heroes—town boys which my worshipful heart had placed above the ordinary—and a few men like George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Jack Harkaway.

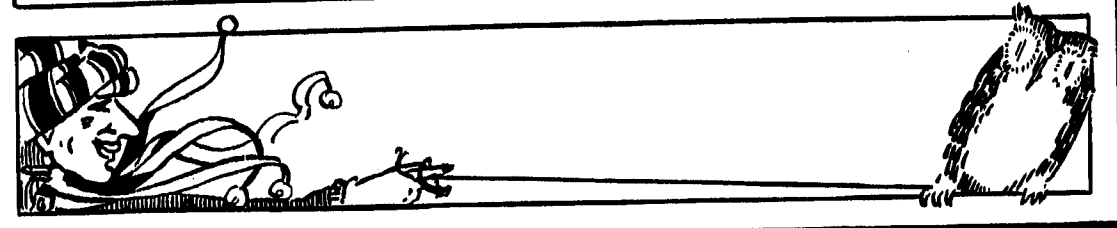
I fell in love with her—my first case. The word love lacks too much of an accepted definition for me to state emphatically that I was in real love but at any rate it awakened that feeling in my heart about womankind which, later in life, showed its most acute phase at about sixteen.

As it was I had brought forth an exemplification of the idea of love and hate. I now had a villain and hero in the persons of the schoolmaster who had trounced me and the lady who had played for me, respectively. Proving at least, to my mind, that the positive element had in due time asserted itself, not in opposition, but in the same atmosphere as the negative quality; yet in a nicely balanced juxtaposition to the negative thought, as my determination to whip the schoolmaster was no more pronounced than my oath to some day marry the daughter of the pale-faced lady next door who had fairly dimmed my other heroes by her presence in the hall of fame.

Two years slipped by and the family moved away just at about the time I began to think I was getting big enough to do almost anything—even to winning the hand and heart of the lady-of-the-piano herself. But youth is as fickle as it is fleeting and when the next family moved in with a Tartan horde of red-headed youngsters I forgot about the much lamented lady-of-the-piano who had migrated out of my little horizon. Once more the organs of the neighborhood cast their wavering, nasal notes out in the evening air—unashamed and uncensored.

Ten years had passed happily by. The admiration of womankind which had sprung into life on that eventful day on which I had been formally presented to the lady-of-the-piano had run its wild course and boiled down to an exacting and suspicious discrimination. Ten years found me a senior in the university and that girl of long ago was not even a dim shadow on the background of years. Greater things had come and gone. Long ago the organ, after holding supreme sway for a time, had yielded its once proud position to the piano that graced our home. The personnel of my hall of fame were not the same as they used to be. Excepting, perhaps, Washington and Lincoln, as I eventually turned on Jack Harkaway and ousted him summarily. Of the local heroes one lost his place when he went to prison, and another because he fanned out when the home team needed a hit to win. The rest were scattered far and wide. The schoolmaster died about the time I thought I could administer him a sound thrashing. Yet when the funeral procession crept up the dusty roadway to the little cemetery, whose shiny white stones peeped out of the rank weeds and wild flowers, he had no more sincere mourner than I.

During my senior year at school I was one of many that attended a musical recital in the auditorium of the university. I sat in a pleasant attitude of

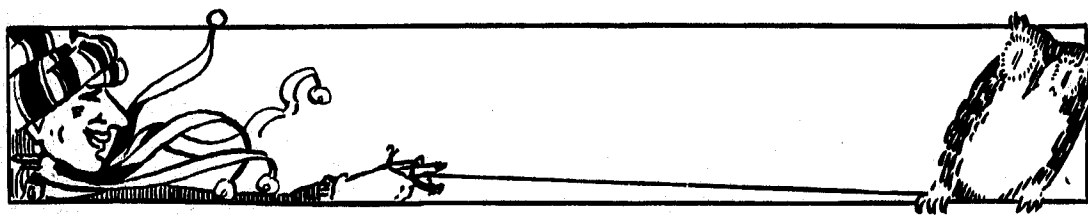


mind reading the names of the performers as each appeared with his offerings. An artist was just bowing himself gracefully out of the door after a much applauded second encore and I glanced at the program to get the history of the next performance and the performer. It proved to be a piano solo by an out-of-town artist and her name appeared in the form of Davis—Miss Irene Davis.

The young lady was seen advancing toward the piano as a wave of applause rippled over the audience. A silence fell over the throng. The angular lady in front of me punched her unappreciative spouse in the short-ribs to arouse him that he might enjoy the superb rendition of the classic that was being interpreted upon the stage by the young lady. As for me, I became all attention. I could almost feel the warm Kansas sun beating lazily on my face as the music progressed. I shut my eyes and listened. There was an indefinable charm about the playing that I felt no one else in the audience was experiencing. Ah! I knew where I was. I was lounging on the sunny side of the old home back in Kansas while someone in the next house played on that grand piano that had caused the dust to settle on the silenced organs of our neighborhood. I was not a senior in college but a barefoot boy on the sunny side of the house back home. The artist had left the stage. I knew her now—Miss Irene Davis the lady-of-the-piano.

Well, I elbowed my way through the slowly moving crowd and met her for the second time in my life, but you may believe under rather different circumstances. She was twenty-six then and somewhat handsome. Though, of course, time will play the part of the gallant old robber of youth and beauty. She was soft-voiced, with an air of delicate refinement that must have been of nature's approval rather than a superficial polish. I went to see her often, as she lived in a neighboring town. We grew more than fond of each other, apparently. I gave her my fraternity pin and she made divinity fudge for me and acted in otherwise encouraging manners. She played for me once more; but this time I had shoes on and my feet touched the floor. Nor was she playing for me alone as I saw a battery of pictures of handsome young men lining the top of the piano. They could not all have been her cousins because there were too many of them.

Here was the setting for a romance that might have well graced the period we have heard of so often, when knighthood was in flower. Though I frankly doubt if it ever was. The romance might have had a happy and brilliant culmination had the novelist been writing this. But as it is nothing more than a little record of facts I will say that I married one of the crew of the red headed Tartans that moved in after the lady of the piano moved out. I thought at the time that my future wife was moving out but, as it turned out, I guess she was moving in. I named the first boy after the schoolmaster whose memory I have long respected and honored, except the period when I lived with a cudgel in my hand and a welt across my back. And our little girl is learning to play the piano though my wife would not let me name her Irene. A little dirty neighbor boy is lounging around the outside of our house when my daughter plays the piano. Some of these days he is going to get an invitation to come and see us.



College Information Bureau

The object of this organization is to further the interests of all students in their college activities.

We are prepared to furnish unlimited information concerning Faculty Meetings, Secret Sessions, Pedigrees, everything on or off the Hill, foretold from three to five hours before it happens.

Faculty members in solving student problems will do well to see us.

Motto: We strive to please. Office hours: 6 a. m. to 6 a. m.

President.....Allen R. Nieman.

Vice-President.....Abel Cantu.

In order to assist our patrons in the selection of the best reading matter of the year, we offer the following list of recent publications. Only the worthless are mentioned.

"How to Run the College." This is a small, neatly bound volume of testimonies from our great leader, "Josh" Billings. This gentleman as an oratorical committeeman, Y. M. C. A. indulger, Co-op assistant, adviser to Dr. Greene, and general doer of odd jobs is marvelously qualified to write on such an interesting subject.

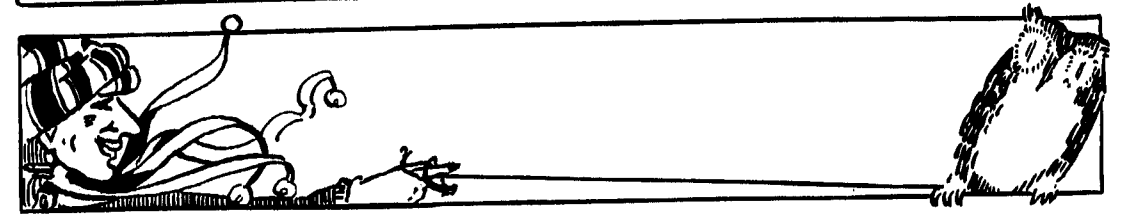
"Be a Great Editor." Asa Q. Burns, the renowned editor of that literary inquisition, "The William Jewell Student," now for the first time gives to the world his deep and profound collection of facts in regard to greatness along editorial lines. The fertility of the author's diction is epoch making.

"Imitation." Nothing is new under the sun, therefore imitate. Imitate what? Read this book by the prince of imitators, J. E. Bell, and find out. The author has made a deep study of several great men and imitates them in every detail.

"How to Run a Noiseless Library." At last, librarians, the book you need has been published, and by a real authority on the subject. Lee Conner after several months spent in working out his wonderful system of managing a library has consented to bless the public with his wisdom.

"Be a Politician." Fail to buy this work and you must be doomed to failure in life. Mr. Cober speaks with power in his first volume. The marvel is that so young a man has been able to accomplish so much. The chapter on Obtaining The Management of Glee Clubs is alone worth the price of the entire book.

"Persistency, the Masterkey of Making Love." As long as youths



love and strive to win the desires of their hearts this book will be in great demand. Raymond Ballinger, the youthful author, gives his readers a brilliant account of how in spite of his homely appearance he won.

"Raise a Moustache." This is an edition of the famous hairgrower, Giessing's, widely read work, edited with lip notes by his disciple, "Irish" Farrar. The book is a revelation.

"Practical Jokes." Having consumed the greater part of his life in perpetrating stale jokes, sells, kills, and other stunts upon his unsuspecting comrades, this wild youth caps the climax by putting his results into book form. 'Pete' Peterson tells how to be a practical joker on all occasions.

"Forceful Speaking." The world is calling for powerful speakers. The pulpit and lecture platform offer splendid opportunities for those who can fling the bull. Learn how to do it. Read this pamphlet by J. Hybrow Pollard, the eminent lecturer on everything not worth talking about.

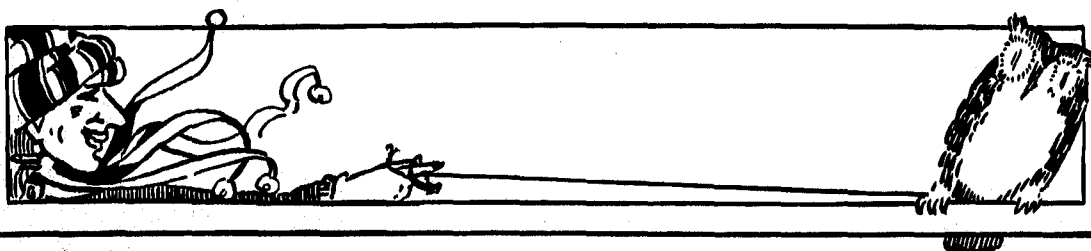
"Dance." Dance! Everybody's dancing or trying to, but unfortunately for the art of the thing few do it artistically. Now is the chance of a lifetime, boys. In this book, the latest, most profusely illustrated guide book on the market, Professors Igleheart and Van Hook make the intricacies of the mystery look like adding one and one. Beautiful photographs of the performances given by the professors in the lobby of New Ely Hall are thrown in for good measure.

"Be a Business Man." In this book, Mr. Swank, admitted by all who have seen him work, to be the swiftest and most accurate ever, sets forth a few general rules by following which any one can become a rapid, well-paid cashier

GROW A GRIN

A fellow came into our college town,
 Came and brought along his frown.
 The town was dull, the teachings out of plumb;
 'Twas quite enough to make a preacher glum.
 Another dropped with us for a while
 And brought along a well oiled smile.
 He lived four years on our old grub, by gum,
 And kept his smile,—that's going some.
 The first of June came slipping 'round,
 And still one smiled, and still one frowned.
 Then one went out and failed and died a bum.
 The other smiled, and made things hum.

L. E. Nelson



Our Professors Off Duty

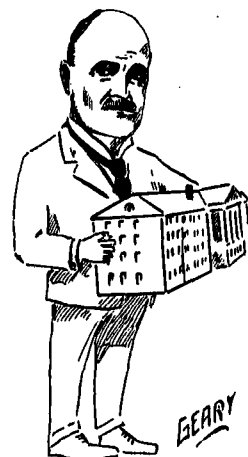
Here come the Professors, dignified, scholarly men, compendiums of knowledge, classified by subjects—Latin, Chemistry, Philosophy, Greek, etc. Such are the men to whom you have been introduced annually from time immemorial, to their much learning you have bowed your head in meekness. This stereotyped professor of the classroom, this professional professor metamorphs daily at 4:15. Emerging from his daily delving in the debris of the past, he kicks his heels together and makes a high-dive for his recreative hobby. And such hobbies they are!

Now there is Doctor Parker, for instance, who passes all the day and most of the night in "Muddytation" on how to work out a turn-the-button system in Chemistry whereby a fellow wouldn't have time to study anything else, but must fork over \$18.79 for breakage, get a minus two hours for cutting Chapel, and ten hours credit—not.

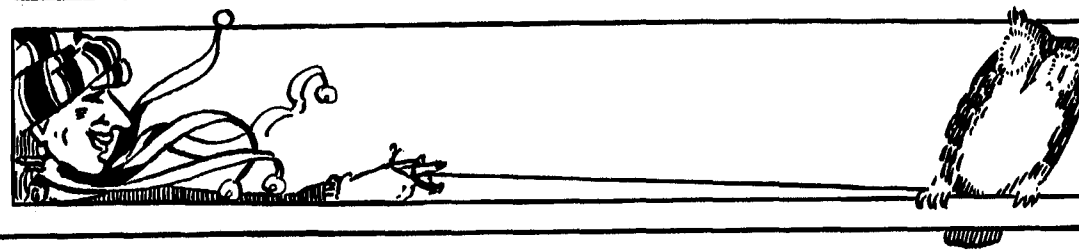
But Prof. Baskett has a different inclination. Of course we would not take him for a farmer but few ever suspected that he takes much stock in Domestic Science, but really, they say he is some Cook. If you have reason to doubt this, gentle reader, we ask you to notice the flour patches on his face or perchance a grease spot for you know it is dangerous to tamper with an engine in a dress suit.



Now if anyone asks you what they keep Dr. Cook around here for, just tell them "to run the Dormitory" and you can't miss it, for he certainly does that! But we do not envy him in the least for when such peace loving, law abiding citizens as Holt Smith and Emmett Hood go on a rampage there is certainly something doing.



Dr. Tukey is a great believer in taking plenty of exercise especially for the back. He says he has tried several things but he has found nothing that beats bending over a wash tub, especially on Monday mornings. Of course we think that is only an excuse.





If you wish to see a picture of contentment, that kind the boys long for when Dr. Sutherland assigns forty pages of Angel's Psychology and 4 books to supplement it with for one lesson, just behold Prof. Edwards some sunny afternoon with sleeves rolled up and his old cob pipe filled with "Advertiser" peacefully musing over Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass"—but we bet you a farm he can't spit in that bird's eye and drown him.

BEARY

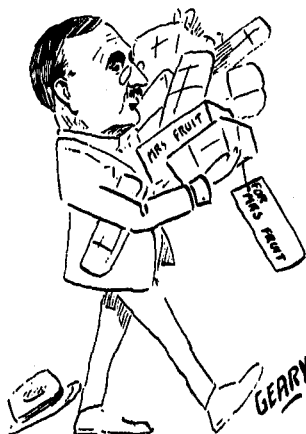
Dr. Fleet's chief occupation is going over the State making "Dry" talks. A thorough training in Mathematics is his chief asset.



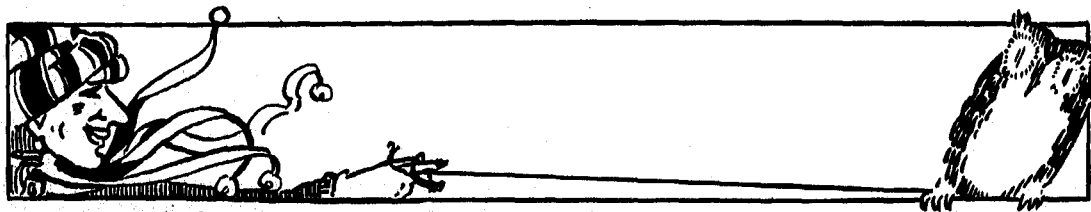
BEARY

Now Dr. Fruit's chief hobby (?) takes him far, far away from the humdrum of books and puts him in a world as it really is.

And there are others we would like to mention but it is probably a good thing for the looks of our course books that the editors limited us to two pages.



BEARY



Hackberry's Denouement

Harry Rogers '17

The faint, chill light of a December dusk filtered through the cold window panes into Hackberry's room, seemingly infusing into his spirit a clamminess which rendered impossible any success with the story upon which he was laboring his brain. Throughout the corridor there ran at apparently regular intervals spasmodic ebullitions of happy spirits from first one student and then another, which had lately become a daily noticeable occurrence; but these occasional sounds seemed in Hackberry's subconsciousness only as a linked chain, faint and broken, until a well known voice not far from his door shouted, "Hi! ho! whoop! I'm back again, whoopee!!!"

Hackberry knew the voice to be that of his roommate, John Tunder, and it aroused him from his brooding with the anticipation that the usual would happen and John would burst hurriedly into the room and interrupt him. John inserted a key in the lock, turned it, and, as the door flew back before him, came striding in with a burly, swaggering gait.

"How're yu, Hack," he began, "doin' some more o' that broodin' stunt? What is it this time?"

Hackberry hesitated to answer, hanging his head as if he felt resentment. "Blurt it out," insisted John. "You know you've got to tell me. You always do, and then I tell you where you've failed. Come! Out with it. You've failed; I can tell from the way you look."

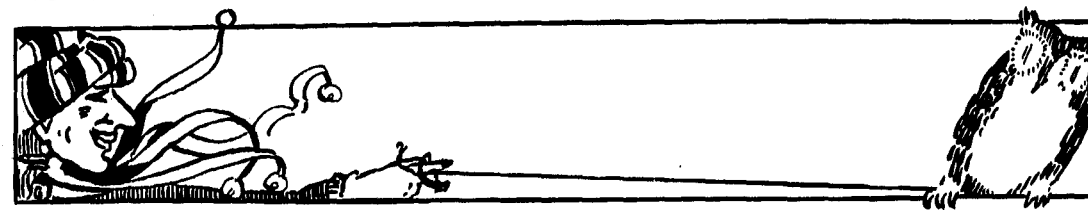
"In what way is a good-natured bully better than an ill-natured one?" interrogated Hackberry suggestively. "John, I don't think I'll ever write anything as long as I room with you. If you can't spoil my story yourself with an interruption it seems you always bring some of your friends in to do it for you. You're always comin' in and breakin' up my thought when my mind is forming a story, so I guess I'll have to leave you for the sake of peace and quietude."

"Come now, Hack, don't get crusty," replied John, amicably yet satirically. "You know that I'm interested in your success and would do anything to help you along, if you'd get something really worth while to work on. But tell me one story—I mean a real, sure-enough story—that you've ever worked on yet. You can't do it, Hack, you can't do it. As the India-Englishman says, that's another story, or a different story,—I don't know which it was he did say, but anyhow it holds good in this case. You haven't ever written on a real story, and you needn't get huffy when I tell you about it. I'm for peace, myself."

"Well, I didn't mean it, John, what I said about leavin'," resumed Hackberry, now reconciled and desisting from the quarrel, "but I have written several pretty fair stories, and you know it, too. Only I didn't succeed in putting the O. Henry denouement on them. That's the only reason why I never had 'em published in the *Student*. They were mere story-sketches. If I could only hatch out a plot and denouement like some of O. Henry's!"

"You can't do it, Hack," Tunder reasserted with emphasis. "How many times have I got to tell you that before you'll believe it? You can't do it!"

Tunder's emphasized statement seemed to have an influence upon Hack-



berry. He bowed his head and supported it in his hands meditatively. He, the idol of Pumpkin Center youth; he, one to whom parents pointed their children as an example; he, the brilliant student of Pumpkin Center High School and the hope of its English professor; had he come to college, only taken one definite thing outside of his regular course to accomplish and then failed in that? Had all the inspiration of English I failed to arouse in him a story-writing genius that would afford him an outlet for his great innate ability? A doubt spread over Hackberry's mind as he sat there covering his face with his hands, a doubt whether he had innate ability.

Boisterous, self-complacent Tunder sat regarding him as if with pity.

"Hack," he broke in, "What is your story about there that I've interrupted? I'm sorry, old boy, but perhaps if you'll tell me all about it we can mend it so as to make it go."

"John, it's about the Freshy-Soph fight," confessed Hackberry; "and how to bring the hero in on the denouement is the problem that confronts me. Tell me how."

"Tell you nothin'!" Tunder exclaimed. "Didn't I tell you when you made that foolish attempt at a story about the Freshy-Soph nocturnal scrap that that is not the proper kind of material for a short story? Such stuff presents too many characters that play an important part; it's fit only for news and nothing else. You can't make a short story out of it,—you can't do it!"

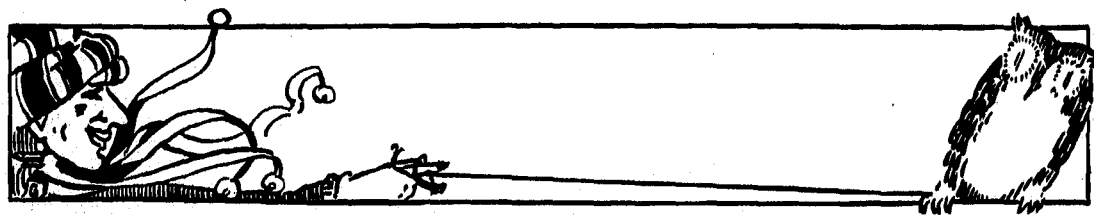
And Tunder brought his big fist down upon the table with a loud bang, by way of punctuation. But the loud bang did not carry conviction to Hackberry's mind. He was thinking. Another story that he had undertaken, he recalled, was relative to a practical joke on a Senior by a green-capped Freshman and described incidentally how a big-mouthed Junior rolled in violent laughter at seeing it played. Perhaps Tunder had suspected that he was the big-mouthed Junior in question; anyhow he had characterized it as "puerile and empty," and in consequence the piece had been consigned to the flames.

"Better burn it up and get something better, Hack," suggested Tunder, "it'll never do."

It was supertime and no more was said between the two that day about the story, though if anyone had happened to go by their door at midnight and noticed over the transom the light still shining within, he might have guessed that Tunder's advice had not been taken and that something was being said in Hackberry's story. This late hour of night not infrequently found him still at work over a story, trying to write an O. Henry denouement, but seemingly in vain and only to be met the next day with Tunder's ever recurring "You can't do it!"

One night not long after Tunder's persistent discouragement of his roommate as pictured above, he noticed that Hackberry appeared decidedly more downcast than usual and was brooding and beating his brow over a penciled manuscript in apparent despair. Here, he thought, was the opportunity to deal a knockout blow to Hackberry's craze for a denouement in the fashion of O. Henry.

"To work out a true O. Henry denouement you have got to choose characters similar to those he used," he began, with a haughty assumption of sageness, "and that you can't do for you don't know the life that O. Henry did. You can't do it. All you can create is a Louis Hackberry denouement, which is really no denouement at all. Besides, you're drawn out of line by that word



denouement. You've come to think it's the whole story. Rather a meaningless word, anyhow, if it is catchy. You've studied a little French and it's made a fool of you."

"John, don't speak such accusations against me," Hackberry replied indifferently. "I know you're in Junior English and study all about nice dramatic effects, or at least I suppose you do. Anyway I'd rather you wouldn't practice the kind you do on me. You have got about as far as you're going to with me. Besides, I think you ought to give even a Freshman credit for having a little sense. This is just a little simple life of ours here,—I've found that out already,—and I know I can put some of it into a little simple story. O. Henry first put the spirit of the life of which he wrote into his story, and then he made it go with a denouement that takes your breath. Some time I'll do the same for the little life that we are living here, you and I, and that time is near at hand."

"Near at hand!" mocked Tunder with a sneer. "You'll never do it. You haven't got the literary genius to do it. Who are you, trying to imitate O. Henry? I'm vexed with you!" he exclaimed flushing, for Hackberry had spoken with more assurance than he was willing to concede to him. "You're wasting your time and making a fool of yourself. You can't do it."

Hackberry did not reply to this, but with playful ostentation laid aside his story and took up a book. He had just done this when someone knocked at the door. Tunder, who sat nearer the door, arose and strode heavily toward it and opened it. The aperture which resulted from this act of condescension by Tunder, who would seldom open a door when he was supposed to be studying, formed a frame for the good-natured, grinning "Hank" Rhodes, in particular, and in general, behind him, the faces of fifteen or twenty who roomed in the same dormitory.

"Want to see Hackberry," drawled Rhodes, without any preliminary ado; "is he in?"

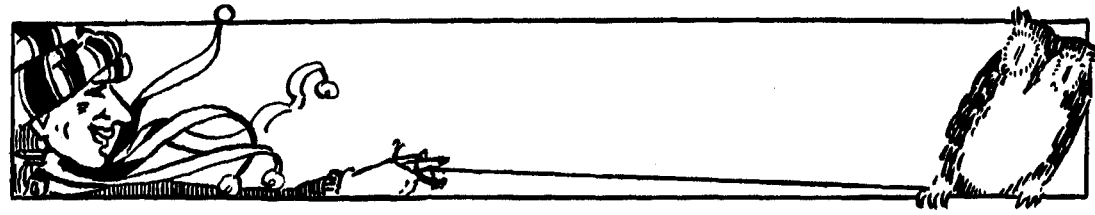
"Sure," smiled Tunder, "come right in, fellows, all of you."

The men filed slowly after Rhodes into the room and took various positions facing Hackberry. Many of them could scarcely refrain from laughing, and Tunder, suspecting that they had come to question some of Hackberry's freshness, found it needful to work his face into a variety of contortions in order to keep from committing the discourteous. When they had all settled down and Rhodes had taken a chair—the majority of those present being obliged to range themselves in some way around the wall because they could not be seated—he addressed Hackberry with an accusation.

"Mr. Hackberry, you are accused of having given much of your time to work outside the course as prescribed by the college, and of having persisted in writing stories that were of no literary value, against the advice of your roommate, an upper classman, and of having neglected your regular studies in order to do this. We stand empowered to deal with you as you deserve,—I as judge, Mr. Nolles as prosecutor, and the six men there behind him as jurors. You have heard the charge. Are you guilty of not guilty?"

The swift action of Rhodes seemed to have swept Hackberry off his feet, and for a little he kept silent. Tunder, in evident enjoyment of his obvious discomfiture, after a hasty but confident circumspective glance, cast the old triumphant look at him that was familiar as an accompaniment to "You can't do it!" Hackberry, catching the look, reddened and confessed.

"I am guilty."



"Have you anything to state as an excuse for your course of conduct?" asked the judge in a verbose and very dignified sort of way.

Hackberry sat gazing at his nervous finger tips. After a short silence he shook his head and muttered, "No."

"Then have you, his roommate, anything to say in his defense?" continued the judge, now addressing Tunder.

Evidently Tunder was anxious to be heard on the matter in hand. He cleared his throat and swelled for the effort.

"A-hem! a-hem! your honor," he began, "I do think that—well, a-hem!—I—am sure Mr. Hackberry hasn't realized what he's been doing and how he's been wasting his time. But his ignorance can't count for much, for I've repeatedly warned him. I've told him he hadn't any literary genius, and when he'd say he wanted to create an O. Henry denouement I'd always tell him 'You can't do it!' (At this a very audible snicker ran around the wall.) Time after time I've tried to turn his thoughts to profitable things and have told him 'You can't do it,' but he never seemed to believe me. (Here some of the boys laughed outright.) I see, though, that my defense is considered pretty weak, as it is indeed. He's pled guilty, and as to punishment I would—"

"We shall come to that later," interrupted the judge, who at the same time nodded to the foreman of the jury.

The foreman arose and came forward with a paper in his hand.

"We've thought best to try you informally, Mr. Tunder," he began.

"Hackberry, you mean," prompted Tunder, growing nervous.

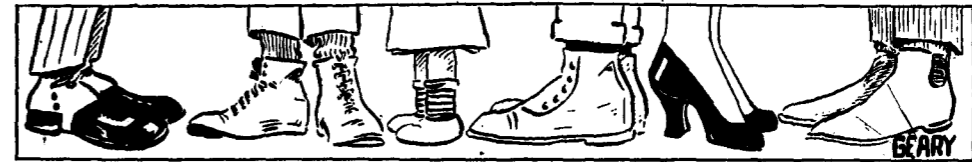
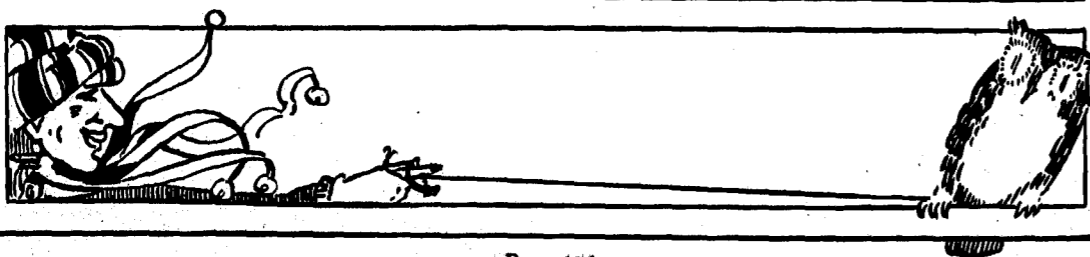
"No, Tunder, I mean," returned the foreman, looking him straight in the eye; "Tunder I said, and Tunder I mean."

Tunder wilted in his chair, speechless, and the foreman continued, while those who were around the wall bit their tongues to preserve the dignity of the occasion.

"You have now confessed your guilt of the charge we have here against you that (reading) 'You are ill-mannered in that you often interrupt your roommate in his serious meditations, and are a menace to the welfare of student life in that you persistently attempt to discourage that which in common opinion is held to be highly laudable in your roommate's character. Furthermore he has sworn to us that your persistent, ungentlemanly discouragement deserves to be given an abrupt denouement this very night, and for that reason we are here. Therefore we fix upon you the penalty of a ducking in the three several ponds at the edge of the campus, to be carried into execution immediately'."

Some forty minutes afterwards one might have found the two roommates left to themselves in their room, Hackberry sitting at his table writing, and Tunder in shivering silence near the stove trying to meditate. It was his turn to think now. The water in the ponds had been cold, very, very cold to the naked skin, a terrible ordeal. And the trial—well, he reflected, of all the adroit turning of tables! It all told of careful planning. And who else than Hackberry had planned it? Tunder studied him silently for a little while and decided that it was none other.

"Say, Hack," he at last broke the monotonous low scrape of Hackberry's pen. Hackberry looked up. Tunder smiled dryly, then concluded, "I see I've been wrong all the time about your ability to do it,—you've done it!"



"From The Top of the Head to the Sole of the Foot"

Although a discussion of the head in sometimes profitable it must be admitted that there is often nothing in it. Therefore I shall not expand the head but shall leave it and go a-head to the very heart of the discussion which is the foot. I do this because the only way to get a-head quickly is to go to the foot immediately since that is the heart of the matter and contains the body of my essay.

To write a serious essay on feet is quite a feat and the effort is likely to end in defeat. I am minded to make the attempt solely because the subject is of such STRONG human interest. The most logical rule to follow on a subject like this is the foot rule.

Various and sundry kinds manners dimensions and descriptions of feet are to-wit: Forefoot, hindfoot, leftfoot, rightfoot, squarefoot, cubicfoot, linearfoot, rabbitsfoot, clubfoot, tanglefoot, pigsfeet, sorefeet, crowsfeet and coldfeet.

The foot is measured by length, size, area, and strength. A foot usually makes twelve inches. A hand is four inches. Therefore a foot usually makes three hands. No, that is not a feat of arms. Although one foot makes three hands, foot-and-a-half a game and makes fun of it. Two feet make an odor and raise a stink about it. Three feet make a yard wide, while an additional three feet make a yard wider.

As I have said above, a foot usually makes twelve inches but not always. Some feet are twelve inches strong while others much shorter are just as strong. Their activity is known as a feat of strength.

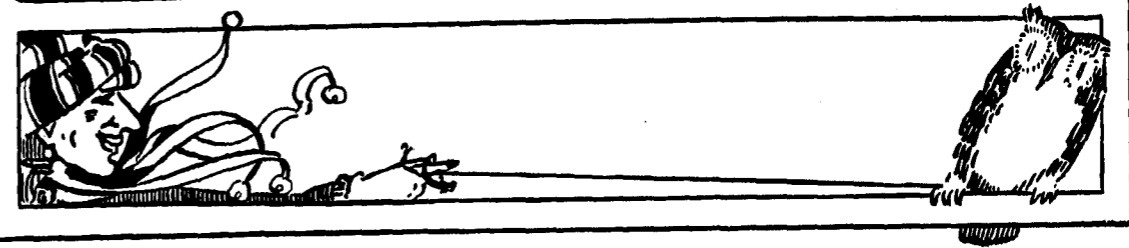
The foot-ways are many and diversified. The linear foot consists in a procession of twelve inches going in a straight and narrow path. The square foot goeth in a plane path while the cubic foot forsakes the plane path and goeth in a foot-high way. The human foot delighteth to follow a brilliantly lighted Broadway. The right foot chooseth the right way and the left foot the other way while the hind foot follows for good or ill the example of the fore foot. Pigsfeet invariably go in sauerkraut, crowsfeet in wrinkles, the rabbit's foot goeth in the vest pocket, and a sore foot in a tight shoe. Tanglefoot goeth not at all unless carried away by the strength of attachment that it has formed.

A club foot is not a wooden leg.

The shoemaker is the sole enemy of the feet. He gives feet fits.

P. S.—The above notes are mostly footnotes.

L. E. Nelson.



Love A La Science

Tom Fool

(Apologies to Fleet, Sutherland, Edwards and Evans)

Love and Reason were conversing. Love was rapturously raving. Reason was sticking doggedly to science. And I, the Fool, heard the dialogue and wrote it on my foolscap, and stuck it in my pocket, and here it is:

(Love): "My Beloved My Beloved, how wonderful, how glorious, how lovely her creation!"

(Reason): "Mere flesh and bones. A simple organization of protoplasm easily reduced to its chemical elements of which phosphorus is a deadly poison. The fumes of sulphur are scarcely pleasant; the——"

(L.): "But her perfection, her bosoms gentle rise and fall, the rhythm of her zephyr'd breath, the——"

(R.): "Let her run and then talk of her bosom's gentle rise and fall. Her lung power is miserable. The fallow deer can far outbreathe your sallow dear."

(L.): "But the beauty of form, the graceful curves! The human body is the perfection of art. She is the very epitome of beauty. She——"

(R.): "Once was an ape. The human body is the most ugly of living forms. No symmetry, no perfect curves, a haphazard jumble of inartistic angles. The eel has the true conic curves——"

(L.): "But her grace as she glides swiftly to meet me. The very poetry of motion!"

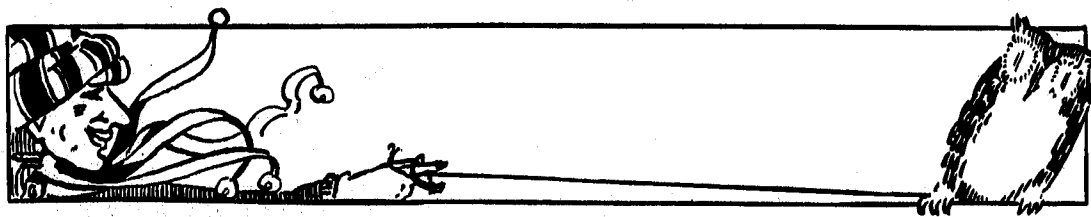
(R.): "The swiftest and most perfect glide is the sinuous curve of the slimy serpent. Your beloved is a joke among animals. The slowest and clumsiest among creatures. Consider the step of the light-footed fawn. Consider the rhythmic canter of the horse. Consider the swiftness of the slim greyhound. Graceful! Let her run gracefully beautiful! Let her exert herself. Is she a stately beauty with flushed and sweating face and dishevelled hair? Bah! A creature of crude awkward motions!"

(L.): "But her satiny skin, her soft and thrilling flesh——"

(R.): "The cuticle of which you speak perspires, exuding chemical waste. Moreover, the flesh shall perish and crumble into dust. That thrilling flesh shall be a slimy mass of mortifying putrefaction at which you shall shudder and from which you shall turn in disgust!"

(L.): "But the spirit, man! The delicate sensitiveness of her!"

(R.): "Reflex action! Reflex action! It has been shown most conclus-



ively by Angell that the so-called actions of the will result from a combination of external impulses. The single-celled Amoeba——"

(L.): "Her shell-pink ears nestling daintily in her wavy hair——"

(R.): "Would be far more perfect organs of audition if placed erect and above the head as in the Genus Lepus or common jackrabbit."

(L.): "Her shining eyes are——"

(R.): "The eyes are absolutely non-luminous. And are very poor organs too, as Helmholtz has demonstrated. A vast range of ultra colors is unrecorded by them. They afford a view of only half the circle. Why could they not have been placed one in front and one in the rear of the head?"

(L.): "The visual parallax! The visual parallax! That would have been destroyed. No easy conception of distance! No instantaneous perspective! I have you now, O Man of Reason!"

(R.): "Place them on the outer edge of her ears. The parallactic angle would thus be widened affording a more exact intelligence concerning spatial relations. The ear could be modified to curl up and protect them from a blow. No black eyes——"

(L.): "But you wanted the ears erect over the head."

(R.): "That would then increase the range of her vision too."

(L.): "But her hat, Man! That dainty creation——"

(R.): "Could easily be perforated to accommodate her ears. The ears would then be of material assistance in holding the headgear in place."

(L.): "Her crowning glory is her glossy hair, of which a single silken strand——"

(R.): "Is a fibre of absolutely dead and mummified cells differing not a whit in microscopic structure from a strand of dead Ulothrix which you know as green pond scum. Rooted and grounded in scaly dandruff, it——"

(L.): "Ah but her nose has such a dainty tilt!"

(R.): "A sewer pipe stuck in a conspicuous place. A drain pipe, a germ catcher, a dust strainer, a refuse recep——"

(L.): "But her breath, Man, her breath! Fragrant as the spices of Araby the Blest! Sweet as new mown hay!"

(R.): "Carbon dioxide, bacterial waste, noxious gas, od——"

(L.): "Her pearly teeth, white as milk——"

(R.): "Are festering in tartaric acid, breeding decay. They must be kept carefully sterilized, patched and mended to be presentable. Let her neglect them a month and the kiss of her lips would nauseate you."

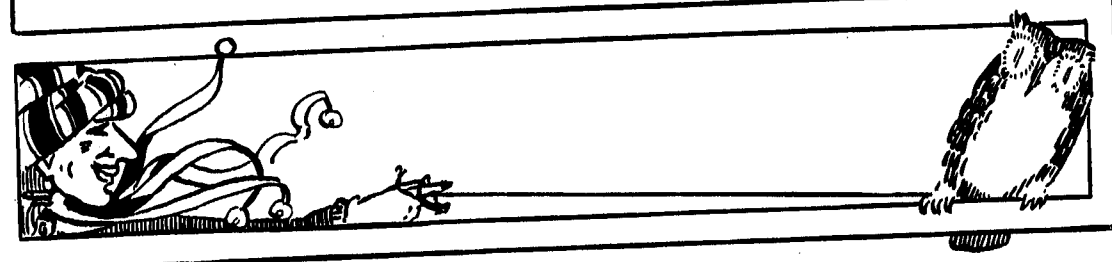
(L.): "Ah her lips! Her lips breathe sweetness. A luscious honey in them lies."

(R.): "An expanse of moist surface fanned continually by a fetid and germ-laden breeze, fanned by the ebb and flow of currents of gaseous sewage, fanned by the waste from the lungs as it hastens to the outer air to be purified."

(L.): "Ugh, Reason, you have the soul of a maggot."

(R.): "And you, sir, have its brains."

And I, the Fool, wagged my foolish head, and grinned.



Clubs

Never before in the illustrious history of Alma Mater have so many renowned clubs flourished as during the present school year. And for this reason a separate department has been propagated for the purpose of bestowing proper attention upon them,—that is, upon such as are loud enough to attract attention.

STUCK UP CLUB

MOTTO: Stick up, brothers, stick up.

COLORS: Green.

FLOWER: Pepper Grass.

Chief Sticker Up.....Henry Godfriaux

Assistant Stickers

R. L. Cober	J. E. Bell	G. E. Harris
M. R. Regan	L. T. Wallace	J. L. Pepper

APPENDICITIS CLUB

(Membership in this club while considered an honor is usually involuntary on the part of the applicant. Any student, however, who is very desirous of joining may be put thru the necessary initiation by applying to local physicians.)

MOTTO: The Appendix? Cut it out.

Founder.....Brame

Perpetrators

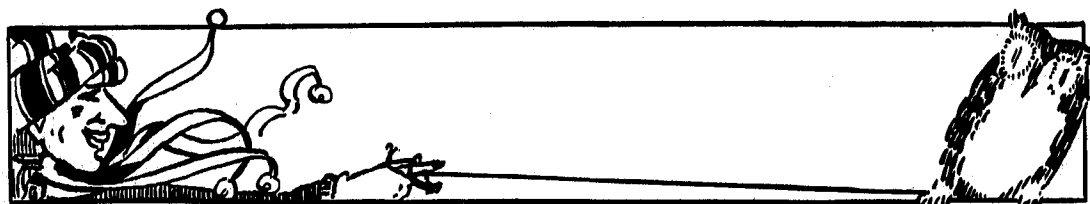
Chase	Davis	"Chet" Magill	Coissart	Bennett
Aspirant: Boney			Honorary Member: Mrs. Bowles.	

DUDE CLUB

(This is a very select organization as the name indicates and has consented to be mentioned in the Tatler only at the price of five dollars.)

MOTTO: First in Fashion—What matter the rest.

COLORS: Red Socks.



THE DUDE: Van Hook, Chairman of the Committee on Loud Socks.
ACTIVE MEMBERS:

Committee on Collars.....	Casebolt
Committee on Features.....	Overlees
Committee on Ties.....	Burchfield
Committee on Suits.....	John Hughes

PLEDGES: Files, Venus Hoffman.

QUEER CLUB

(In all communities creatures are discovered that seem to be—ah—some-what queer. It is a sad fact that in most localities such things are discarded, but William Jewell shows her democratic spirit by providing for such misfits.)

MOTTO: We are not queer, but you are queer.

Queerest.....	Asa Q. Burns
Almost as Queer.....	"Romeo" Gill
Too Queer to Mention.....	Pollard

Active Queers

Abel Cantu	Thos. H. Chapman	G. C. Faulkner
Wm. B. Floyd	Walter S. Koons	J. R. Mantey
Grover C. Schwartz	Shively	Sutleff

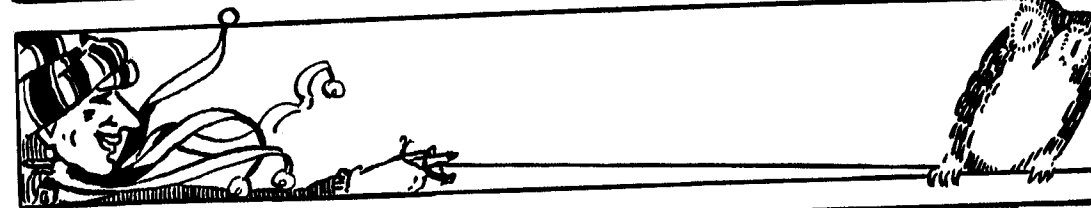
THE GRIND CLUB

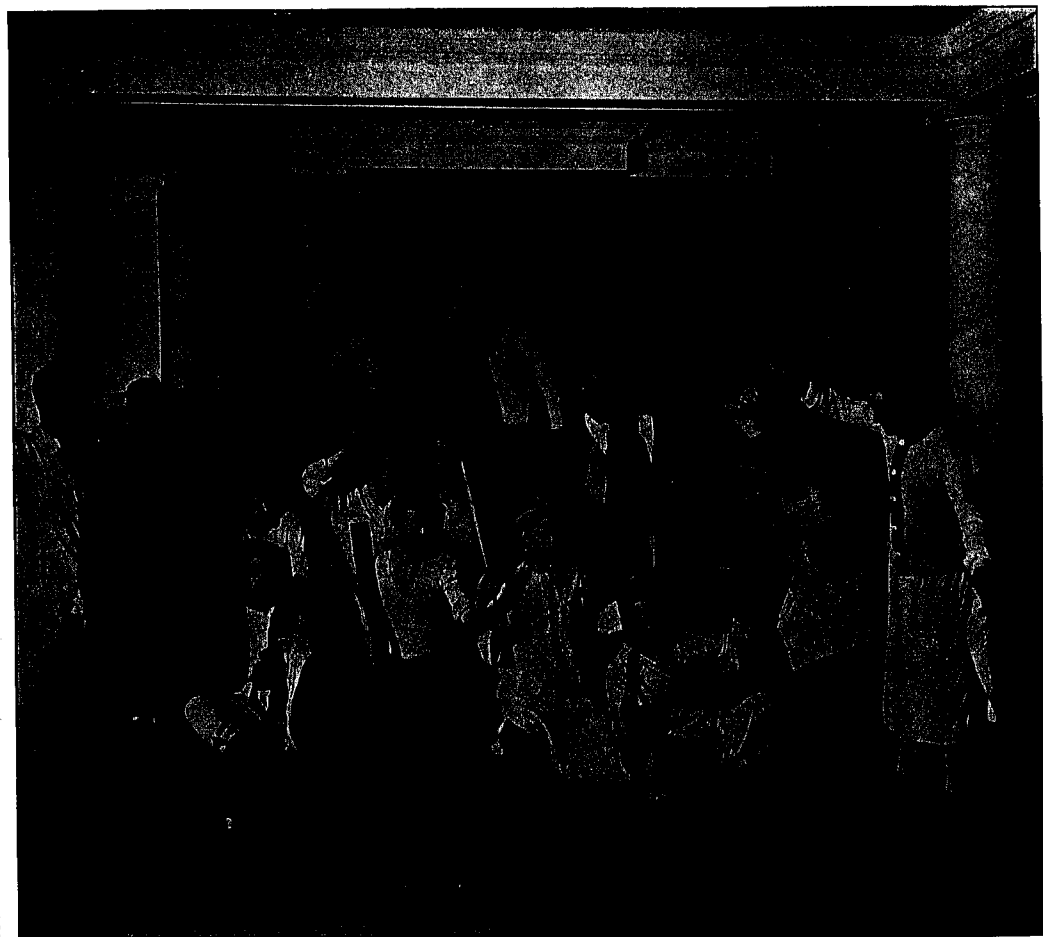
MOTTO: We love to work.

U got to grind.....	Dr. Parker
An Ax to Grind.....	Vic Tatum
Won't Grind.....	Jimmie Belt
Frat Grinder.....	Hal Head
An Occasional Grind.....	M. Jeffries
Auto Grind.....	Haldeman
A Continual Grind.....	Maret

Pledges: Foley, Nieman, Carbough, Lowe.

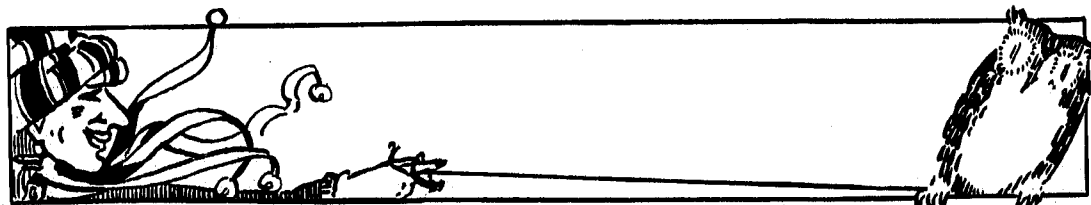
On account of lack of space it will be impossible to list other worthy clubs, such as: The Stick Around Club, of which "Dad" Bowles is president; The Cow's Tail Club, with Jefferies in charge; The Rough House Club to which the third East Corridor of New Ely Hall supplies members; etc.





Kangaroo Court

Third East Corridor



Third Corridor East

The Corridor of Quality.

MOTTO: Be prepared for anything.

PURPOSE: To brush up needy subjects.

BOAST: Impartial judgment.

PROOF: No defendant ever acquitted.

DOCTRINES: The brush in the hands of an artist is a mighty persuader.

There shall be showers of blessing.

L. E. NELSON Governor; Judge Extraordinary; Gentle Graft; Chief Goat.

W. J. CHASE Foreman of the Jury Impaneled; Chief Sly Schemer; Tough.

W. R. DAVID Windmaster; The Law; Chief Depredator; Safety-First Scrambler.

M. H. THORNE Sheriff of the Court; Bath Room Committee; Masseur.

J. H. POLLARD Chief Defender; Mighty Dissertator; Fountain of Eloquence.

D. M. TROUT Reverend Chaplain; Big Liar; Efishent Exhorter; Self Protectionist.

DALE DUKE Midnight Quartet; Roomstacker; Bureau of Information; Warrior.

JaBOAZ EDADLEWIS Heartbreaker; Head of Department of Bad Language.

C. B. McCART Beauty; Richmond Tough; Midnight Quartet; Professional Wrestler.

N. P. HAMACHER Richmond Rough; Strong Arm Chief; Midnight Quartet.

J. P. LOWE Midnight Quartet, Committee on Refreshment; Guardian of Morals.

J. F. HENRY, Trusted Treasurer; Washroom Chorus; Most High Grand Grunt.

F. WHITE, Chief Noisy Grin; Vitriolic Vituperator; Butcher of Melody.

R. L. COBER, Committee on Transoms; Cloudburst Dodger; Valorous Vagabond.

J. F. PETERS, Instigator of Vengeance; Chief Hearty Participator in Evil.

M. L. McCOY, Queller of Insurrection; Chief Busy Man; Big Brush Artist.

W. S. KOONS, Benevolent Bugler; Commissary-General of Forage; Gloomy Grouch.

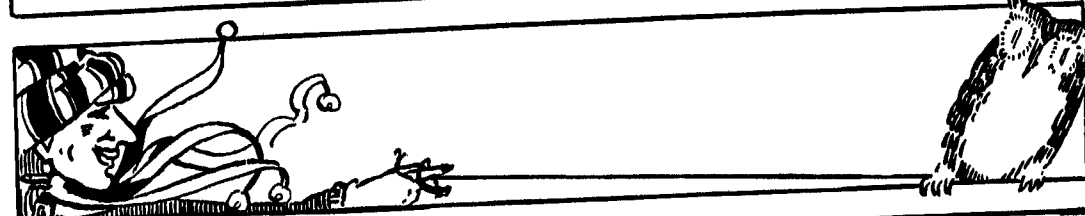
S. C. PIERCE, Hilarious Hooligan; Mob Victim; Goodly Instigator Emeritus.

THIRD EAST

A spirit of unrest was abroad in the corridor, waking an inarticulate fretting for diversion. Study was a bore, lessons dry, concentration an impossibility.

"Furriner in the corridor! Furriner in the corridor!!" Henry's warning voice brought every man up from his desk with a scramble, lined the hall with peering faces, and woke a chorus of challenging voices to form a background for the vociferous demands of Cober and Duke for a kangaroo court for the benefit of the foreigner, who wisely withdrew.

The tension was relieved, the atmosphere was cleared. The call of the clan had banished dull care and light-hearted laughter reigned supreme as some



went back to their books and others gathered in the hallway to comment laughingly on the hasty retreat of the enemy.

"Say, fellows, when're we goin' t' git Koons?"

"Let's do it tonight."

And so the clan prepared to welcome the newest cub into the full and regular kinship of Old East Third.

"Where's the Judge?"

"Where's David?"

Having secured Brother Koons without bloodshed they surged happily into Number Five while heralds pounded a lusty summons on the doors of the studious ones. Judge Nelson was discovered in Pollard's study sanctuary. He immediately put on his dignity, and entered the court-room. Seating himself at the book-littered table, he rapped for order.

"Mr. Prosecutor, you will please read the charges."

David rolled his words sonorously. "Your Honor, the prisoner at the bar is charged with having wilfully,—and *maliciously* and *unlawfully* retired at the unearthly hour of half past seven o'clock, thereby outraging the sacred traditions of this most honorable corridor."

"The prisoner will please stand, raise his right hand, and swear."

"Dern, Your Honor."

"Very good, sir. Do you plead guilty as charged, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty."

"Very well, be seated. Mr. Prosecutor, you may call your first witness."

"Mr. Lowe."

"Mr. Sheriff, please escort Mr. Lowe to the stand."

Messrs. McCoy and Hamacher hastily vacated the witness stand and acting Sheriff Peters led the witness to it.

His Honor spoke gravely. "Mr. Lowe, do you solemnly upon oath to tell nothing?"

"I do."

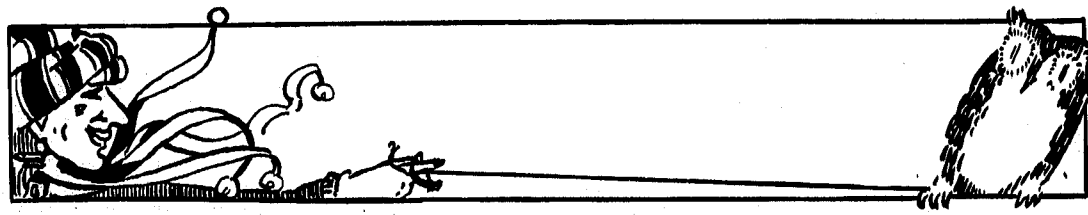
A grilling examination and cross-examination of the witnesses brought forth three facts: 1. The defendant had been heard snoring; 2. There were rats in the corridor; 3. The rats made noises much resembling the snoring of the defendant.

When the evidence was all in, David advanced with his nocturnal garments loosely draping his stocky form. "Gentlemen of the Jury! This man is guilty. He has——" And with short, smashing sentences he was off, soaring as only David can soar,—voice thundering,—eyes flashing,—arm outflung,—words hissing and crashing in dramatic fury.

Someone cast a shoe at him. Catching it deftly, in the midst of his harangue he stalked to the window, opened it wide, shifted the footgear to his right hand, raised it high above his head in an impassioned imprecation, dropped it with magnificent unconcern through the open window, brought his arm down in a withering flood of denunciation and swung onward to a fiery climax.

Pollard followed for the defense. And right zealously he pounded out pleas for mercy, for justice, and for humanity. Sturdily he stood his ground and boomed along ponderously until dragged to his chair.

As the Jury withdrew to form its verdict a meditative silence settled over



the room, until the solemn-faced line, headed by Chase, filed slowly back.

"Mr. Foreman of the Jury, have you reached a verdict?"

"Honorable Judge, we have."

"Are you all agreed?"

"We are."

"YOUR VERDICT?"

"Your honor, we find the defendant guilty as charged. We suggest as punishment a shower bath, and an abdominal massage, and a back blacking; or, that he be given a massage only, provided he express a desire to deliver at our respective rooms, within thirty minutes, such foodstuffs as we shall elect, to be purchased at our expense."

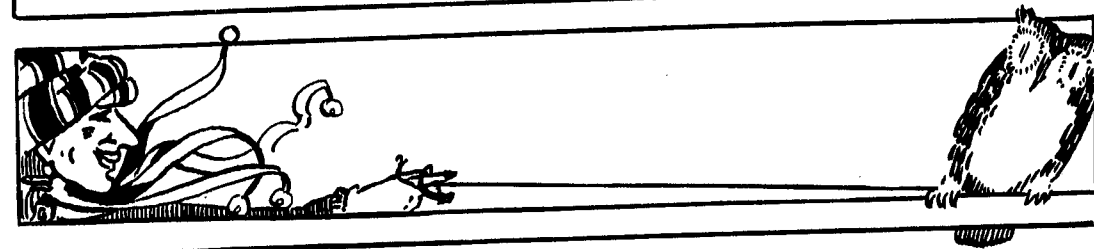
"Let the prisoner rise. You, Walter S. Koons, prisoner at the bar of justice, have heard the verdict. Have you any just cause why I should not pass sentence upon you?"

"I have none."

TO A BRASS CUSPIDOR

O, thou meek and lowly thing
 Let me thy greatness fitly sing.
 Men deem thee brazen, and, all insolent,
 Oft in thy face foul spittle vent.
 But though they foul thee to thy face,
 Yet ye retain your wonted grace,
 And with a peaceful, placid humbleness
 Lead out your life in lowly usefulness.
 Though spurned by shoe and boot aside
 Yet you in meekness still abide,
 And when you are despitiful used
 You hold your peace, though much abused.
 Indeed I'm glad to find that you
 In all things always nobly do,
 That you present a shining face,
 And hold your peace, and keep your place.

L. E. Nelson.



Uncle Rudolph

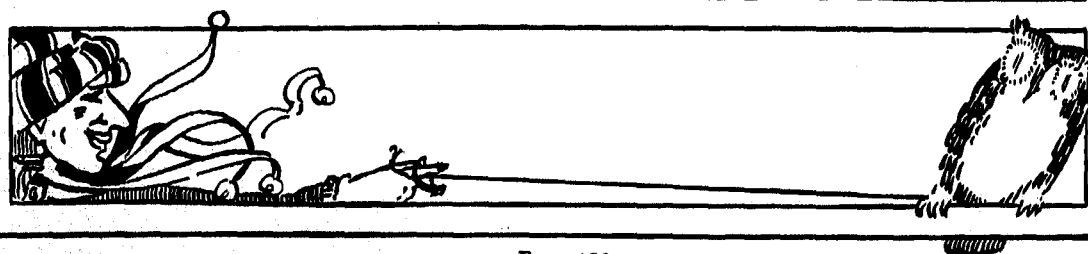
It was evening. The shaded chandelier cast a soft glow over the room, and over Uncle Rudolph, lolling luxuriously in his great arm-chair, placidly musing with closed eyes. Life had been very good to him. A fairhaired girl stood framed in the portiered doorway, smiling indulgently at this immaculately clad, handsome uncle who had been to her a shield and protector, a confidential comforter and a comrade since her earliest childhood. She loved him well. Smiling deliciously, she stole softly behind him, placed her slender hands over his closed eyes and swiftly swept a kiss light as thistle-down across his forehead.

Chuckling delightedly, he raised his powerful hands above his head and grasping her slim wrists led her 'round to the side of his chair where, dropping his arm to her waist he drew her slowly down to him until she was seated comfortably on the padded arm. Nestling nearer she ruffled his hair roguishly and then slipped her arm back of his head, as she had done since toddling days. And so they sat in silence.

As if they had been in voiceless communion he queried softly, "What is it, Babe?" She stirred contentedly, leaned down and kissed him full on the lips. Then putting her lips to his ear as in telling her childhood secrets, she whispered impulsively, "Uncle Rue, I'm so happy. I want you to know." His arm tightened about her supple waist. "What is it, Babe?" And she whispered to him the secret so sacred to a woman, the secret of the coming of the Prince in glory and beauty to claim his own, and then suddenly shy, she snuggled her blush-tinted face on his shoulder. Putting his free hand under her chin he raised the suffused face and looked a moment into the glowing eyes before he kissed her. "He will be good to you," he said quietly. And so they sat in silence.

"Uncle Rue," a tender and wistful note crept into her voice, "Why did you never marry? Did you never love?" "According to those most observing and competent to judge of my friends I have never been in love." His whimsical voice was under perfect control but a note of repression was in it. Keen with love she saw the throb through the words. "But you have been. Would you care to tell me about it? Who was she? And why—" she broke off. "I don't want to be intrusive, Uncle Rue." Uncle Rudolph considered awhile. "It was in my senior year at college. I met a wonderful girl, fairhaired, gentle, glorious. I fell madly, reverently, adoringly in love with her. I planned—" he hesitated, "I planned that as soon as I had graduated I would ask her to wed me and I resolved to make no sign until then.

"One night my—one of my college chums told me of the great happiness that had come into his life. The loveliest girl in the wide world had promised her happiness to his keeping. And as he spoke a vision of the loveliest girl in all the world rose before me and my dreams of happiness sparkled. And there in the twilight, under the spell of comradeship he whispered her name. I was best man. They were very happy together, and never knew. A little daughter came, with all the witching ways of her mother. And she called me 'Uncle Rue' and climbed up on my knee to kiss me. The mother died and the broken



hearted husband lavished his love on the little fair-haired girl. And now the little daughter is grown, and is to be married, and I shall be lonely again." They sat awhile in silence. After an interminable time she spoke in a hushed whisper, "Your chum was—"

"My brother."

She bowed her head in silence and when she spoke again it was very, very softly. "And the fairhaired girl—"

"Your mother."

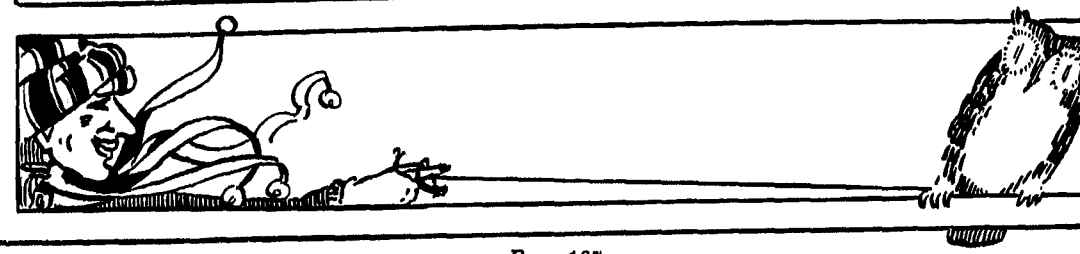
So they sat a long while in silence, with Uncle Rudolph's arm about her waist, and her arm back of his head, as in toddling childhood she had sat. And her head dropped slowly until her fair hair lay against his cheek and a tear dropped and glistened like a diamond stud on his shirt.

L. E. Nelson.

THE OLD HILL

Bathed in the moonlight the old hill lies
While the stars gaze down with pensive eyes.
And under that mystical, magical sheen
A glorified, beautiful hilltop is seen.
Gone all that is harsh, discordant, repellent,
Till the heartstrings are stirred by beauty impellent
Of the softly shaded, shadowed, silent night
That paints the hill with shining silver light
And leaves the shadows,—patterned etchings strung
Beneath the trees and in the corners flung.
O, scene that grips and holds the heart,—
O, scene that sets the hill apart!
As I sit in contemplation
On the eve of graduation
My college I visualize
And spread it wide before my eyes.
And under a mystical, magical sheen
That glorified, beautiful landscape is seen.
Gone all that is harsh, discordant, repellent,
Till the heartstrings are stirred to vibrance impellent
At the softly shaded, shadowed, glorious light
That paints the past in shining silver bright,
And the shadowed disappointments through it strung
Are precious etchings lavish flung.

L. E. Nelson



Kweery Kolum

More foolish questions are asked by foolish freshmen and other queerly constructed organisms on the Hill during the year than Solomon and a dozen secretaries as fast as Swank could answer in the course of a lifetime. It is, therefore, not the purpose of this Kolum to attempt answering more than a few of the extremely sophomoric inquiries. The names of the askers have been withheld from the public for sociological reasons, but any reader wishing to know the odd originator of any question may do so by filing a blank with the court of equity.

(a) Why is it that "Dad" Bowles cannot carry on a conversation without pawing the substance upon which he is standing with his right foot?

Answer—Little one, why does the long-eared variety of the *genus Equus* of hoofed quadrupeds paw the ground in like fashion?

(b) Several people have asked me the name of the little tin ornaments on the gables of the New Science Hall. Will you please give me the authorized appellation of said articles?

Answer—You are not the first fool to ask such a question. As to the name in question there is no generally accepted one, but the things you speak of have been called by such names as: Dr. Parker's tin toad stools; owl precipitations; mud-daubers' nests; and even, ornaments by a few inartistic creatures like yourself.

(c) What is the difference between the Phi Gam Fraternity and the William Jewell Glee Club?

Answer—Of course, a person has the legal right to ask, but this department refuses absolutely to answer any question the answer of which a blind man in a dark room at midnight could see without asking.

(d) What is scholarship?

Answer—We have no reason for attempting to answer the question when so many eminent authorities on the subject are present. Ask "Romeo" Gill, Hites, Mantey, or Milnor Jefferies.

(e) What is a good definition for Matriculation?

Answer—Matriculation is a machine or grinding process into which a hopeful, aspiring youth goes with money in his pockets and out of which he comes in an hour or two hopeless, perspiring, with nothing in his pockets and a course book in his hand, the bedraggled victim of the high cost o' larnin'.

(f) Of what use is the microscope?

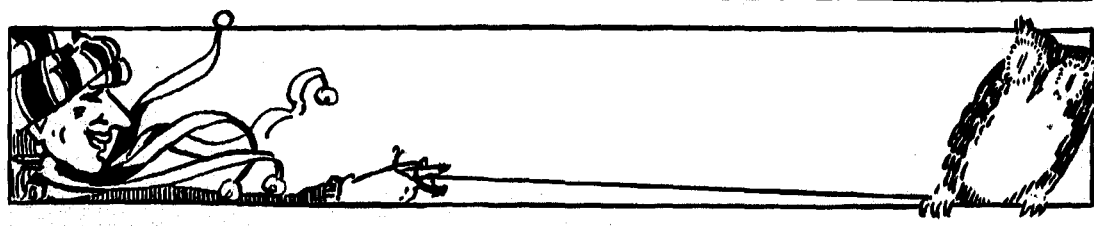
Answer—The instrument you refer to has been used, to the best of our knowledge, for various purposes, but it is generally used on the Hill for trying to locate the point in Dr. Fruit's stories. Pull the chain!

(g) Since I have been a student of this institution I have frequently heard the word "Bull." What is it?

Answer—Well, the best way to find out the intrinsic nature of the thing is to listen to Koons in Psychology, or (as is too well known to mention) Nieman whenever he opens his mouth.

(h) Can you tell me why preachers' sons become such fluent cussers when they strive for proficiency in that line?

Answer—No, we cannot answer your question. It may be that they are



merely starting where their dads left off,—but of course we do not advocate such a theory.

(i) I have been summoned before the faculty for some cause of other. What shall I do?

Answer—Go. Accept the invitation. If they accuse you of idleness and lack of study, say your eyes have been bothering you. If they ask you how often you have visited K. C. and Excelsior Springs, put on a Puritanical look and reply that you have gone but once to K. C. to have your picture taken for the Tatler, and once to Excelsior Springs to get a sample of mineral water for Prof. Richmond. If they say you dance too much tell them the doctor advised it. In other words, the faculty is a very reasonable conclave of judges and will accept most anything you have to give them. Be sure, however, to give them something.

(j) I am working on a thesis entitled "Man in His Aboriginal Haunts." Can you tell me where to secure some material?

Answer—Board at the Dining Hall for one week.

(k) Have you any idea as to what Reed is trying to do when he plays the violin in chapel?

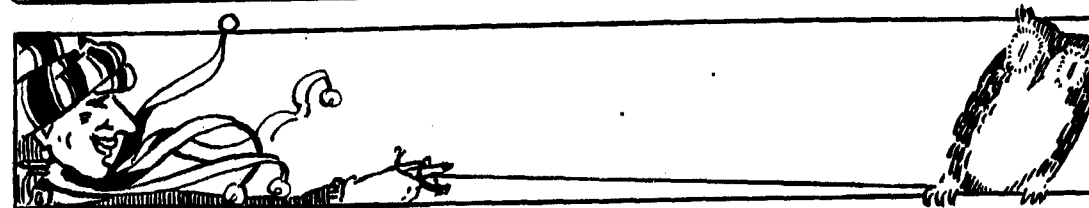
Answer—No. Have you?

Finis.

CLASSMATES

Some things there are the dizzy flight of years
 But makes more beautiful, more strong, more sure
 Of life,—things that will evermore endure
 In spite of human frailty and tears
 From fallen hopes,—things that can never know
 The wretchedness of loneliness, the fears
 Of failure and the pains no memory cheers,—
 Things that grow sweeter as time's waters flow.
 And of these fairest things,—the love that binds
 The hearts of college classmates closer than
 They ever know, the love that makes each man
 Cheer on his comrade, blending all their minds
 Into one tranquil wave of harmony
 Vibrating thru their lives eternally.

Grant McGee

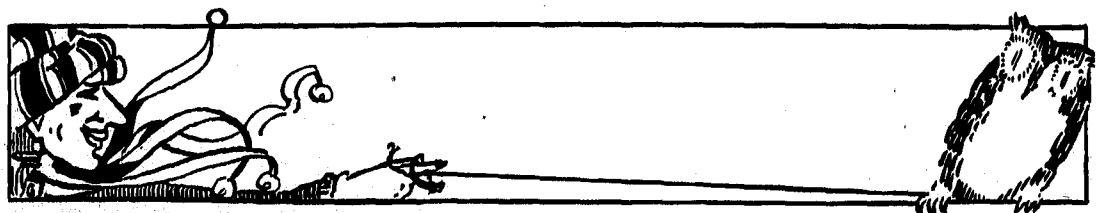


THE FRESHMAN

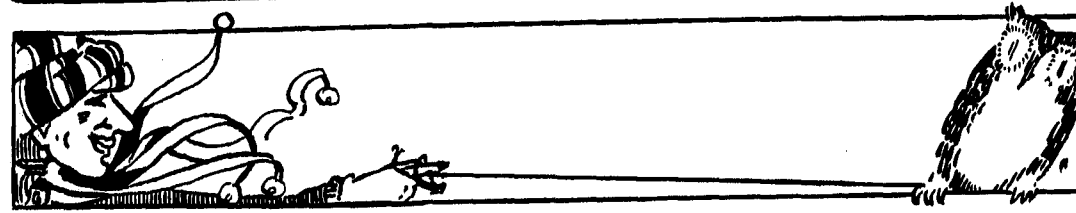
Lord, I would do some mighty deed
For which the world hath SPECIAL need.
Lord I would ask
Some greater thing,
This common task
Aside I fling.
I leave for men of common clay
These petty things of every day.
Lord I WILL NOT waste my worth
On deeds that touch but common earth.
Lord I demand of Thee
Give Thou a special task to me,
AND THINE BE THE GLORY
AMEN.

THE SENIOR

From deep humiliation I call, O Lord, to Thee;
My help and consolation I pray Thee, O Lord, to be.
Hear, O hear my humble cry,
And linger, Lord, my footsteps by.
From Thy great heart, O strengthen mine
And make it beat, O Lord, with thine.
O Lord, my pride forgive,
And let me live
And serve, as best I may
My fellow men in humble way,
FOR THINE IS THE POWER,
AMEN.
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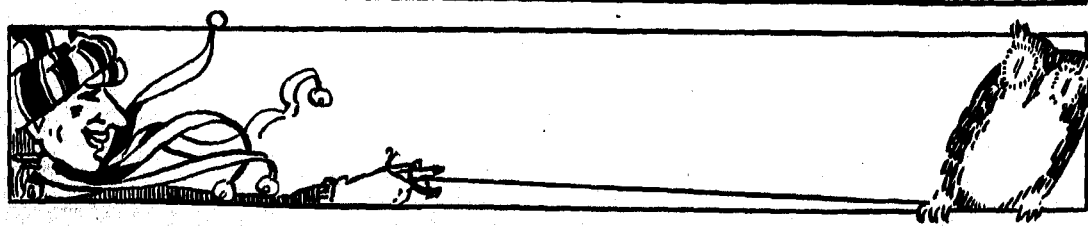


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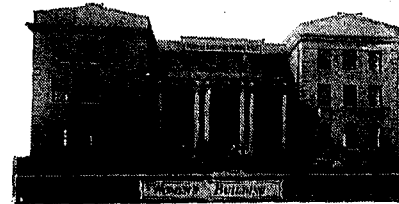
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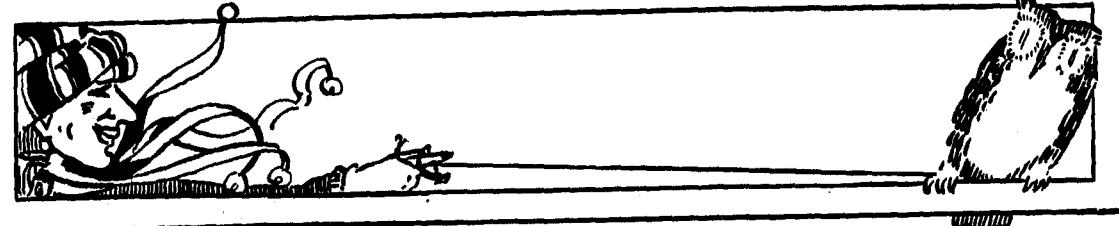
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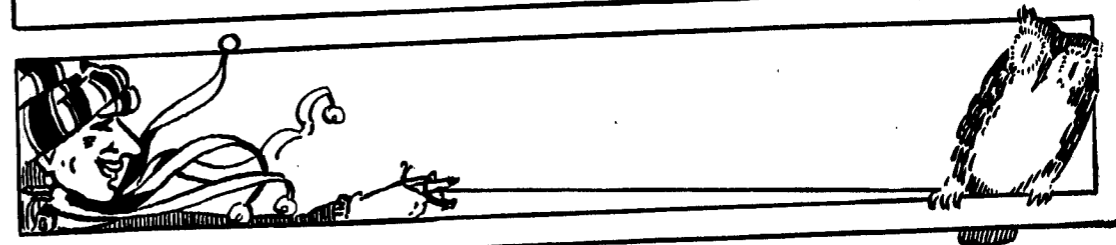
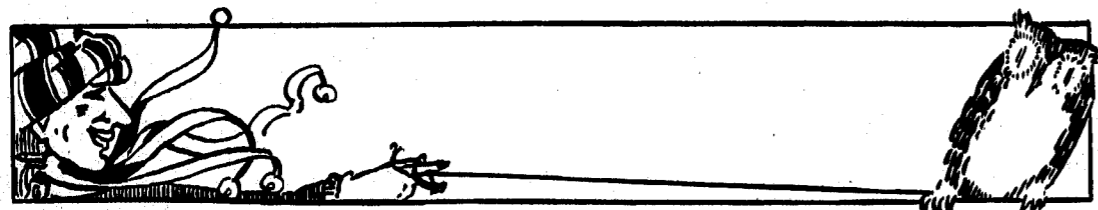
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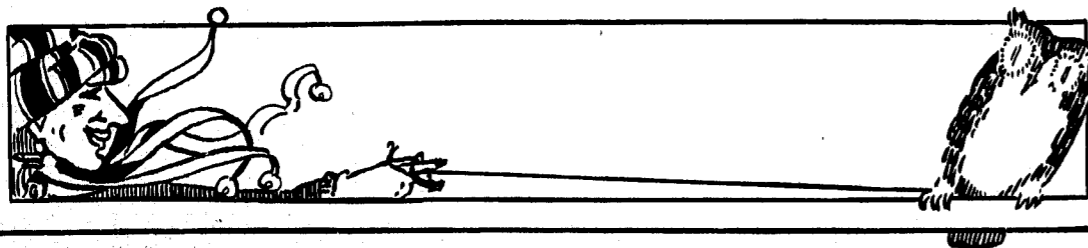
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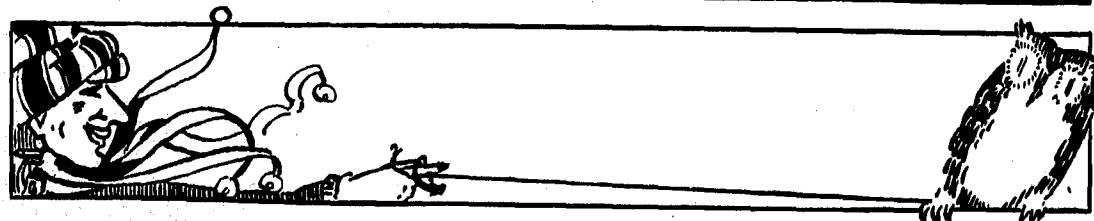
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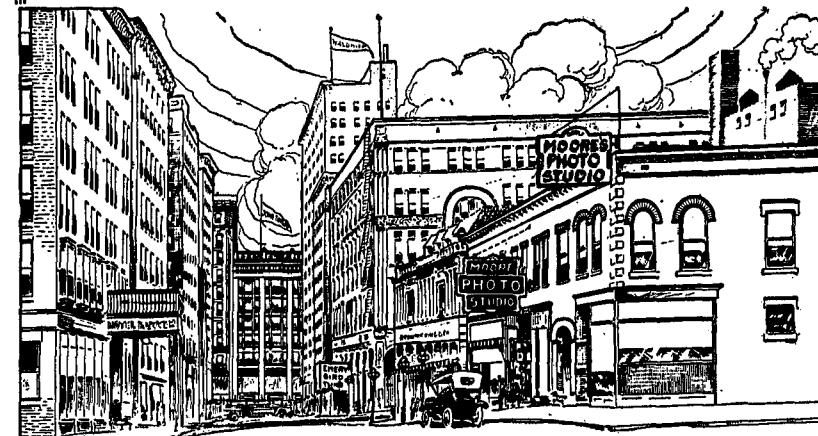


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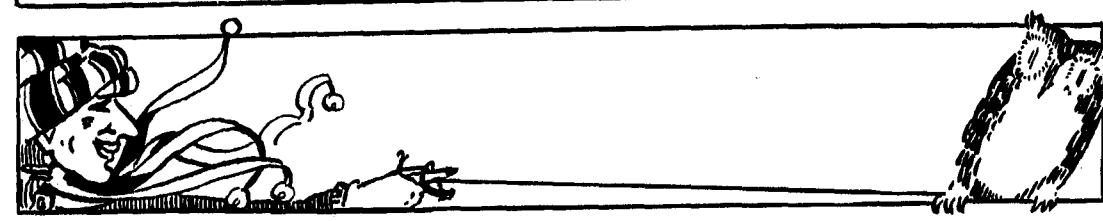
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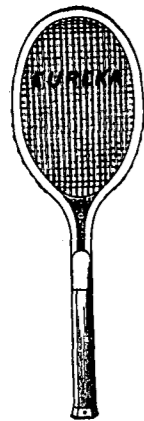
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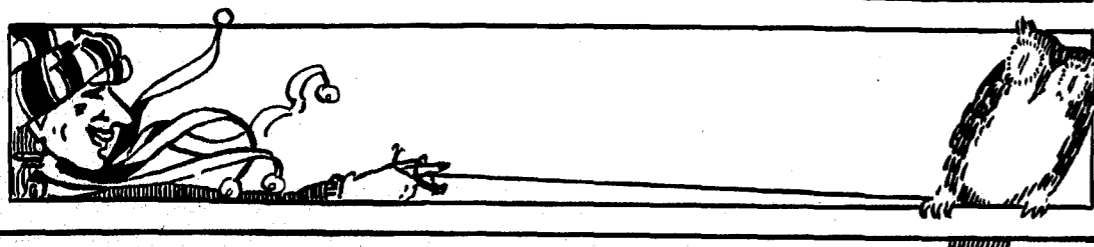
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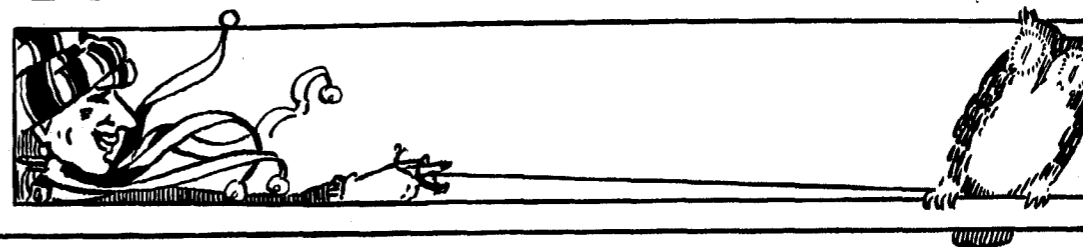
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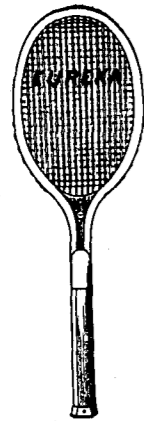
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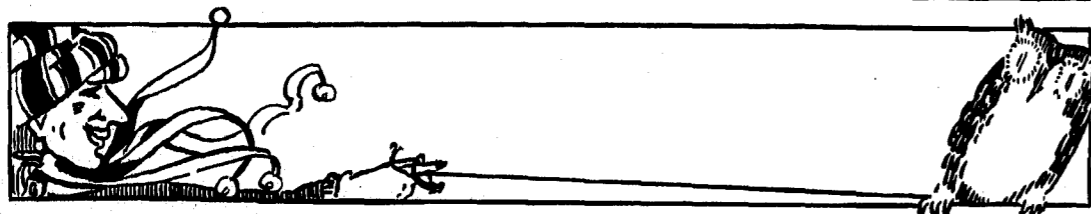
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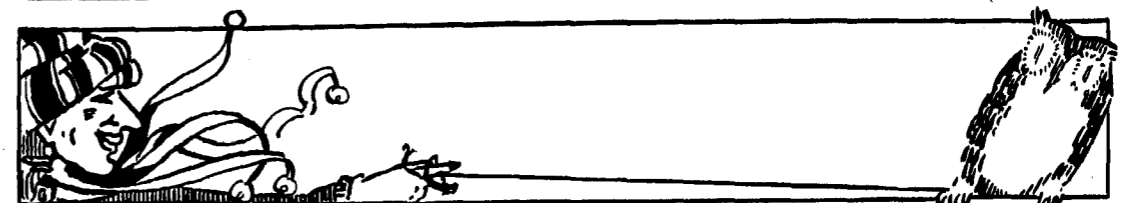
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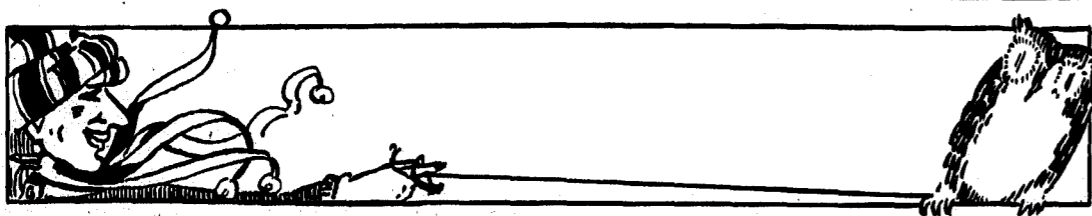
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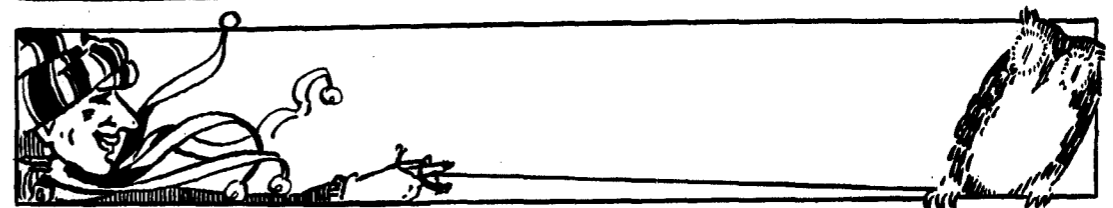
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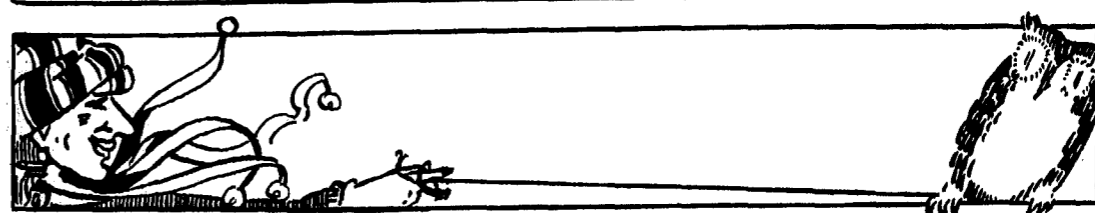
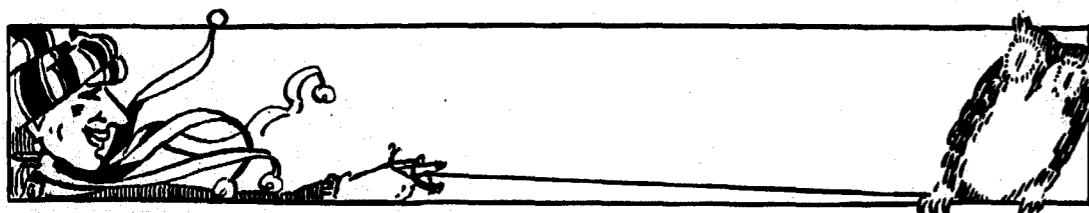
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