

H. Bull

The Tatler 1914

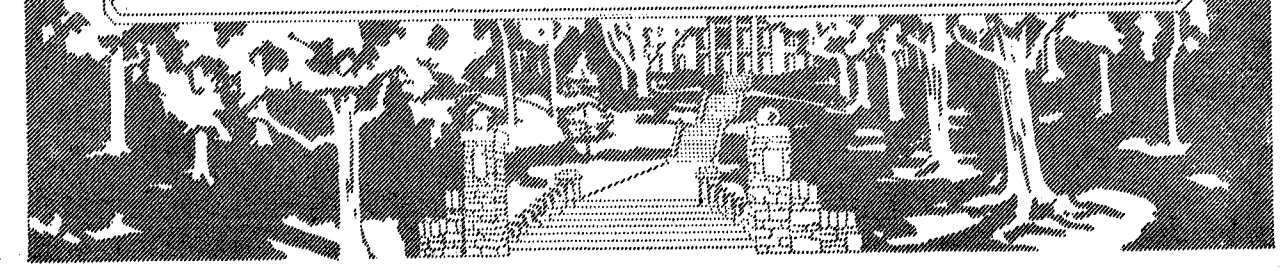
THE TATLER

1914

PUBLISHED BY
THE CLASS OF NINETEEN - FIFTEEN
WILLIAM JEWELL COLLEGE

VOLUME X

LIBERTY, MISSOURI
1914



Foreword,

The Juniors greet us with the Tatler of 1914. It is a big job to get out a Tatler, and there is no reward except that which comes from a labor of love.

We shall accept, then, with loving appreciation the Tatler of 1914. And we are sure to get the worth of our money.

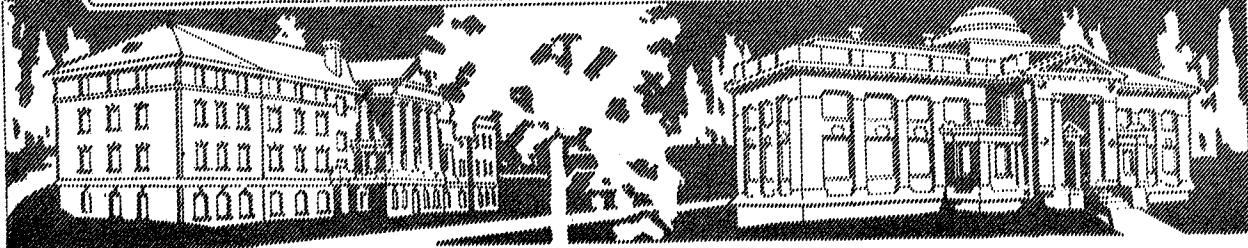
Love for the Old Hill will not produce a Tatler. Time, money, brains, toil - all unlimited - have joined hands with loyalty. The Juniors have forged the present link that will bind the future life in the Old Hill to the chain of the memory of other days.

Of course this will not be the best Tatler - though it may be the best, the regent pearl in the necklace of Alma Mater.

To-day, to-morrow, and in all to-morrow may the Tatler of 1914 reflect glory in the Cloak of 1910 and bring increasing loyalty to all William Jewell men.

J. E. Cook,

THE
TATLER



Dedication

AMONG those men of our College who guide our intellects and watch over our welfare, there stands one whose consistent example of Christian conduct is a constant inspiration to a nobler life. For almost a decade now his untiring efforts have been unsparing in the interests and activities of William Jewell men. Devoted to his work, unselfish in his aims, prudent in his counsel, his endeavors have given William Jewell College a record in Debate and Oratory that is envied and unapproached among the colleges of the Middle West. To his sacrificing spirit and manly advice is due the ambition of many a William Jewell man to serve a nobler purpose in life and to reach a higher goal.

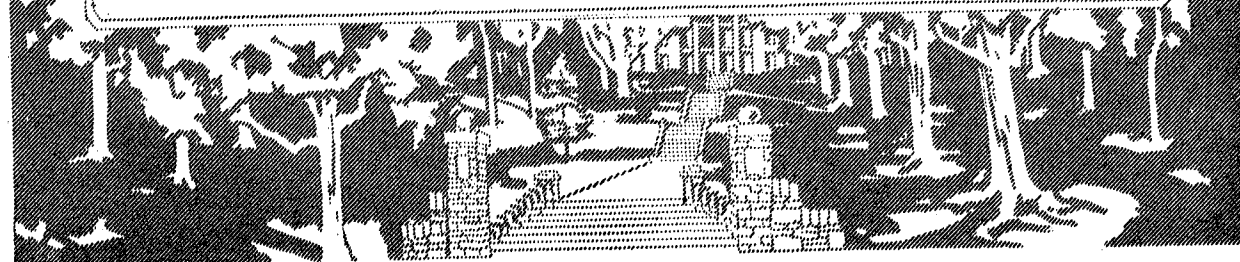
In token of our high regard for his sterling character and in cordial appreciation of his magnanimous interest in our continued welfare, this volume of the TATLER is respectfully dedicated to

DR. ELMER CUMMINGS GRIFFITH

By the BOARD OF EDITORS.



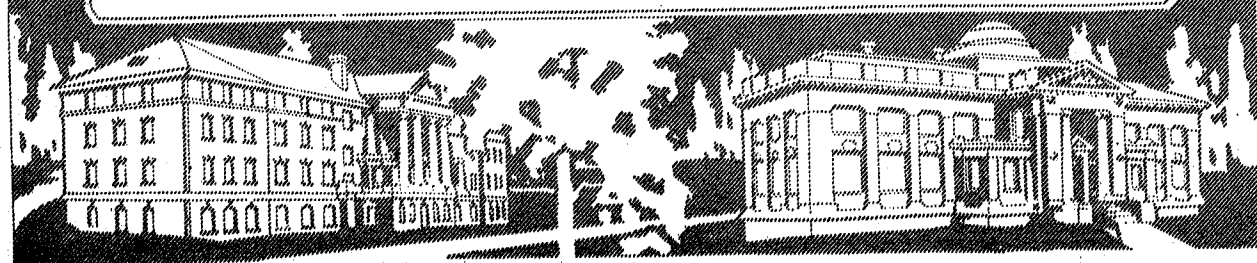
Elmer C. Griffith.



To the Faculty

To those who toil day after day that they
May lead our growing minds in proper ways.
Our youthful tongues fling forth fond songs of praise.
While in our bosoms hearts fast beating pay
A nobler tribute far too deep to say
In ordinary words. Though thick the maze
Of myriad doubts and fears their gleaming rays
Reveal the path that leads to truth's bright day.

As climb the tender woodland vines along
Great stalwart trees until heaven's mighty blue
Speaks to their wondering souls, so we on strong,
Uplifting men strive upward till we, too,
Shall with pure, trusting spirits calmly view
The beauty of a life to nature true.



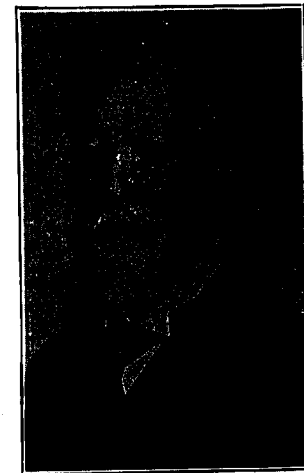
FACULTY



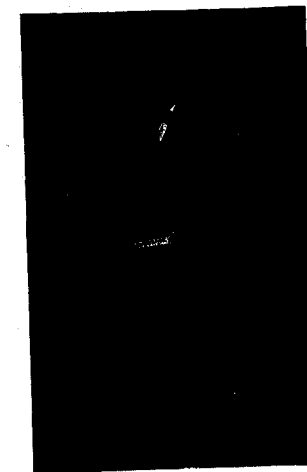
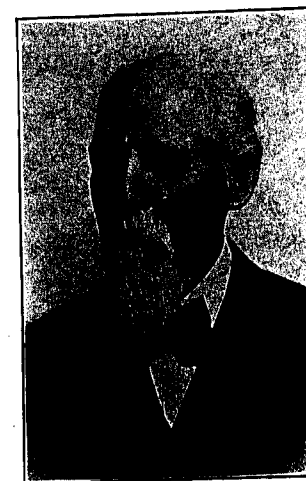


DR. J. P. GREENE, A.M., D.D., LL.D., 1892—
PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE

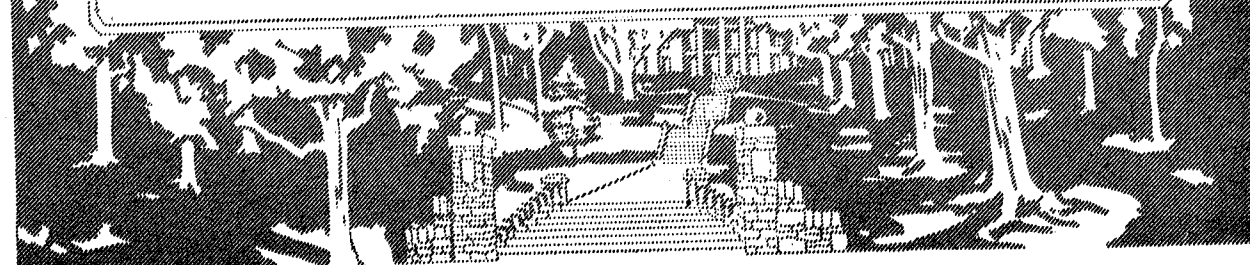
Here stands a finished temple,
Grandeur marks its visible form;
Reality adorns its inward cavity,
Truth the massive pillar.

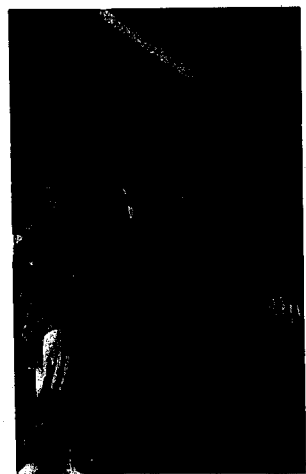


JAMES GREGORY CLARK, LL.D., 1873—
PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS, EMERITUS

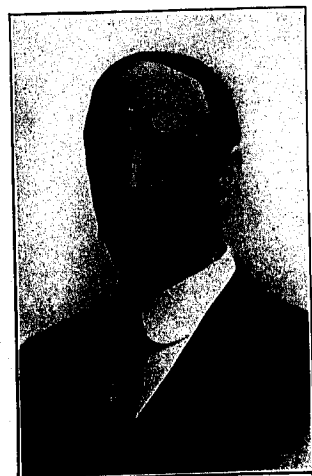


RICHARD PRICE RIDER, A.M., 1884—
PRINCIPAL OF THE ACADEMY AND ASSOCIATE IN LATIN, EMERITUS

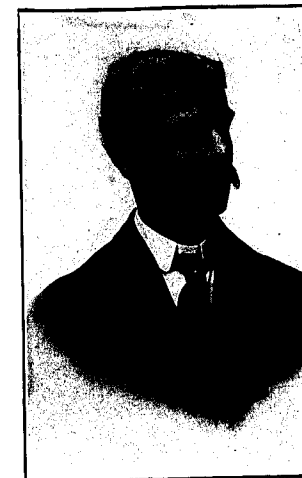
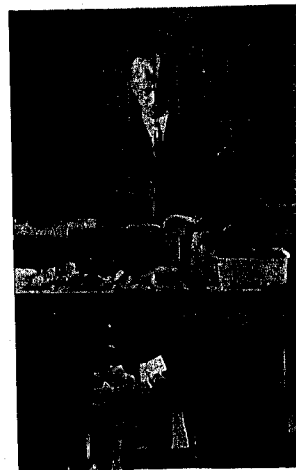




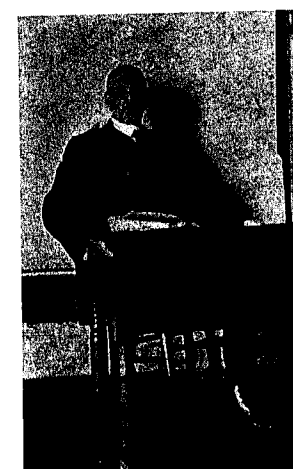
JOHN ERNEST COOK, A.M., D.D., 1903—
TREASURER OF THE COLLEGE



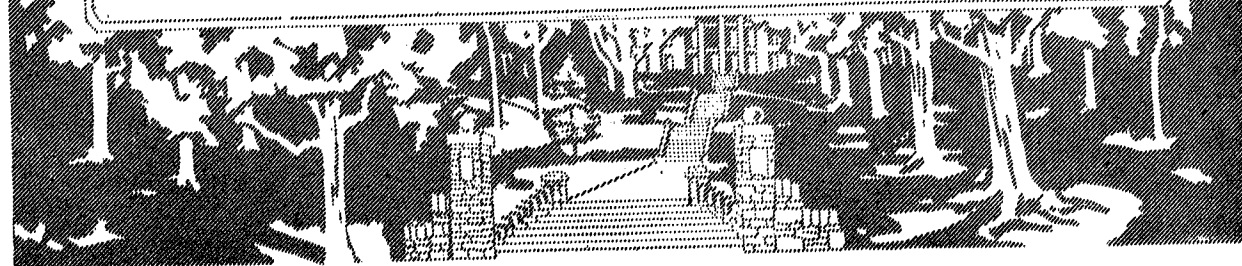
HARRY GEORGE PARKER, A.M., Ph.D., 1896—
PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY

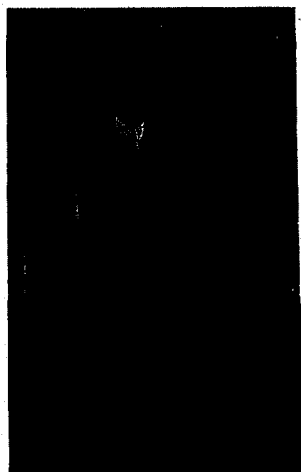
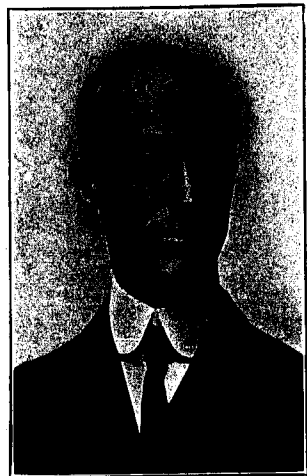


HENRY MERRITT RICHMOND, A.M., 1896—
PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY

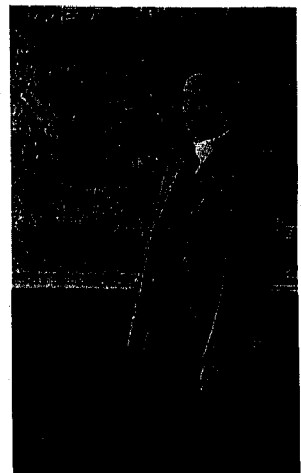


JOHN PHELPS FRUIT, A.M., Ph.D., 1898—
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

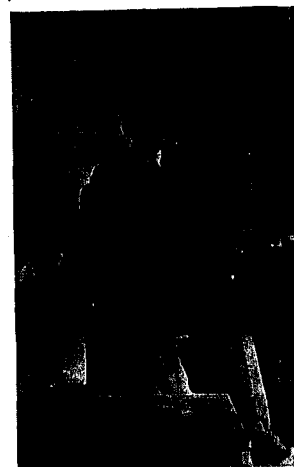




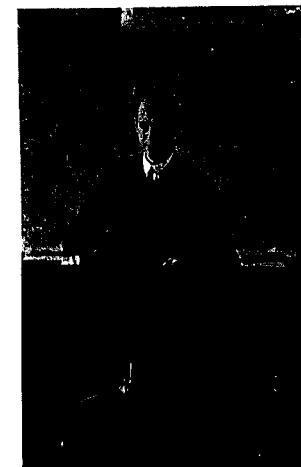
SELATIE EDGAR STOUT, PH.D., 1908—
PROFESSOR OF LATIN



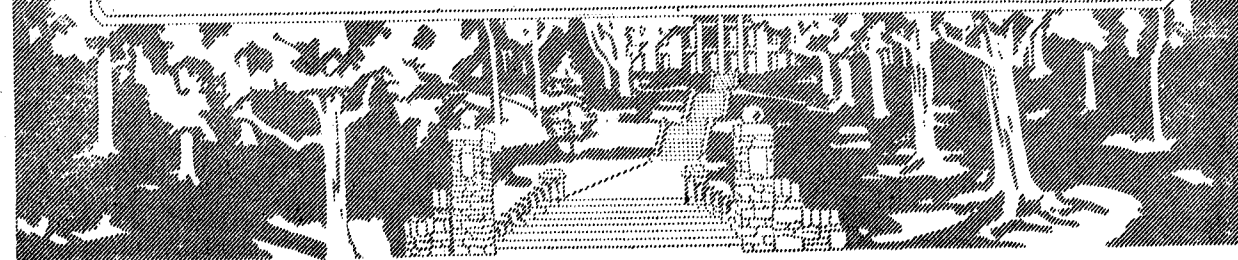
ROBERT RYLAND FLEET, A.M., PH.D., 1908—
PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS



ELMER CUMMINGS GRIFFITH, A.M., PH.D., 1905—
PROFESSOR OF HISTORY

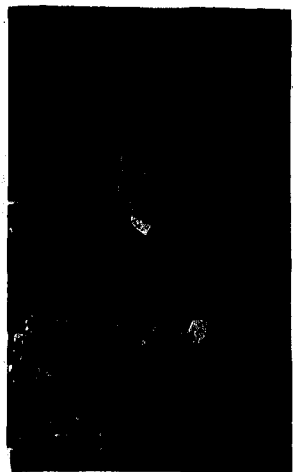


DAVID JONES EVANS, A.M., TH.D., 1906—
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH OLD TESTAMENT

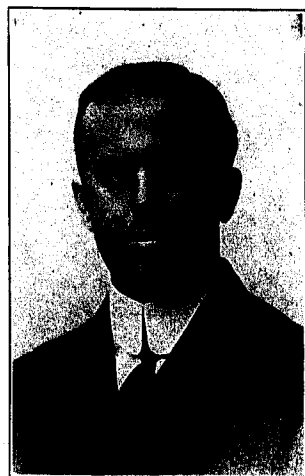




WARD HAMPTON EDWARDS, A.M., 1903—
ASSOCIATE IN ENGLISH



RALPH HERMON TUKEY, A.M., PH.D., 1910—
PROFESSOR OF GREEK



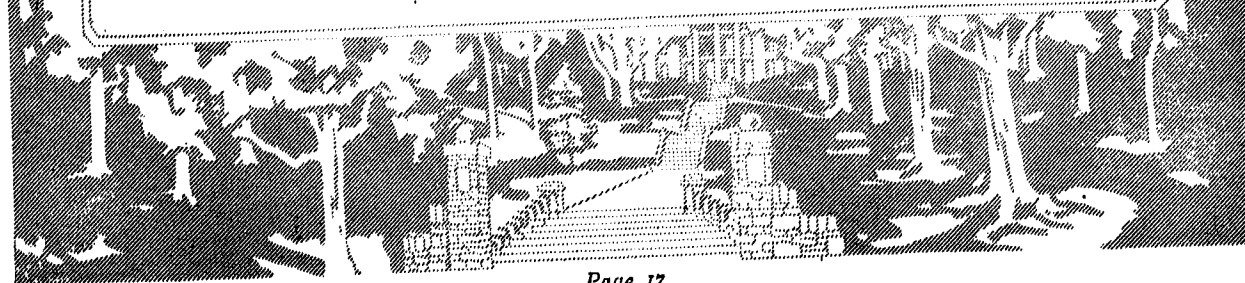
WALTER OLIVER LEWIS, A.M., PH.D., 1910—
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT AND PHILOSOPHY

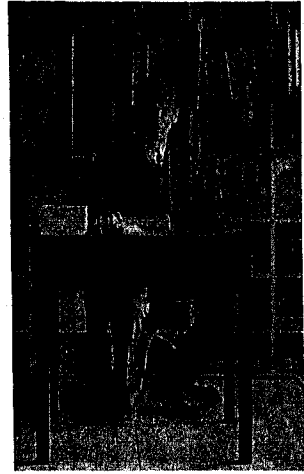


MAX FRIEDRICH MARTINI, A.M., 1910—
ASSOCIATE IN HISTORY AND MATHEMATICS

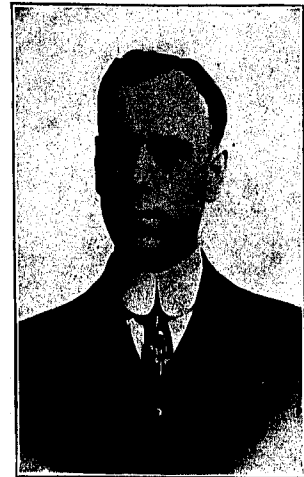


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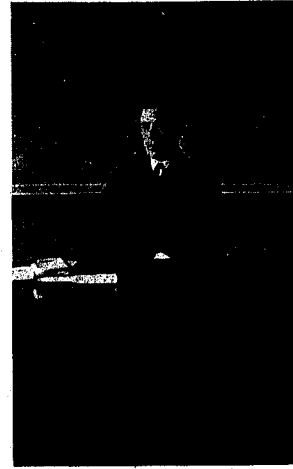




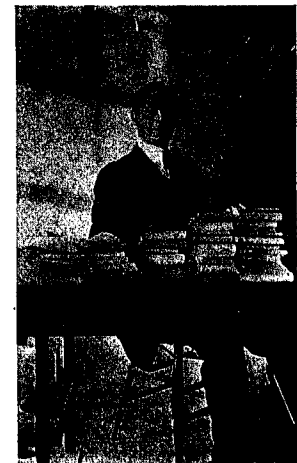
ROY IVAN JOHNSON, A.B., B.S., 1911—
ASSOCIATE IN ENGLISH



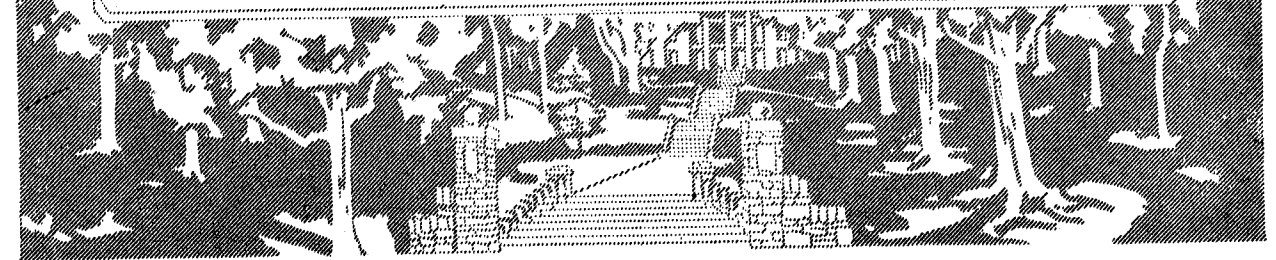
JOHN E. DAVIS, A.M., 1912—
PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS

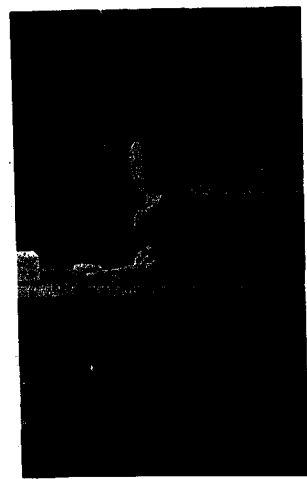


EDWIN HARDIN SUTHERLAND, PH.D., 1913—
PROFESSOR OF CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM



JOSEF FREDERICK NELSON, B.D., A.M., 1913—
PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES





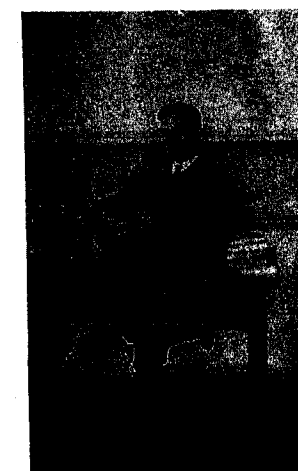
JAMES E. McATEE, A.M., 1913—
ASSOCIATE IN MATHEMATICS



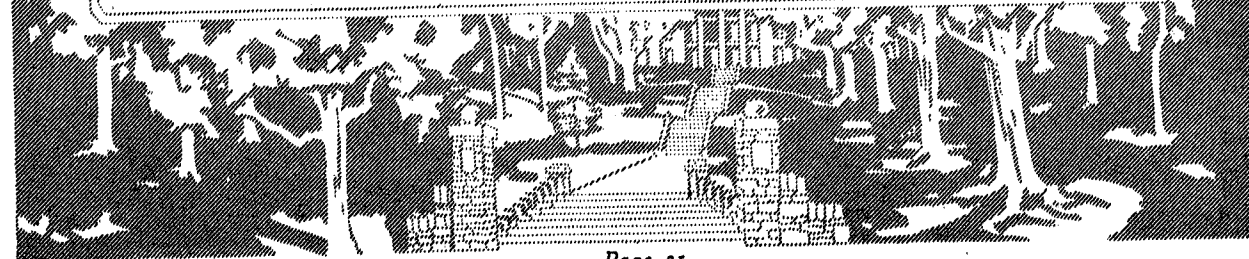
CHARLES M. PHILIPS, A.M., B.D.
PROFESSOR OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL PEDAGOGY

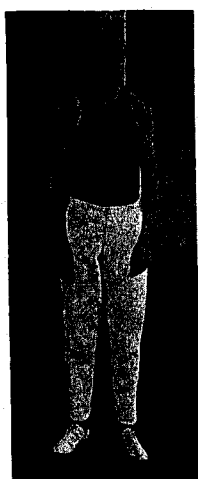


MARION F. DUNWODY, 1913—
DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

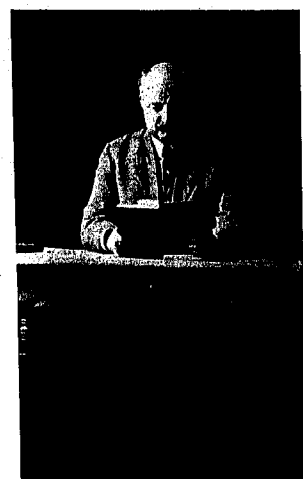


WALTER J. SWARTZ, A.M., 1913—
ASSOCIATE IN LATIN

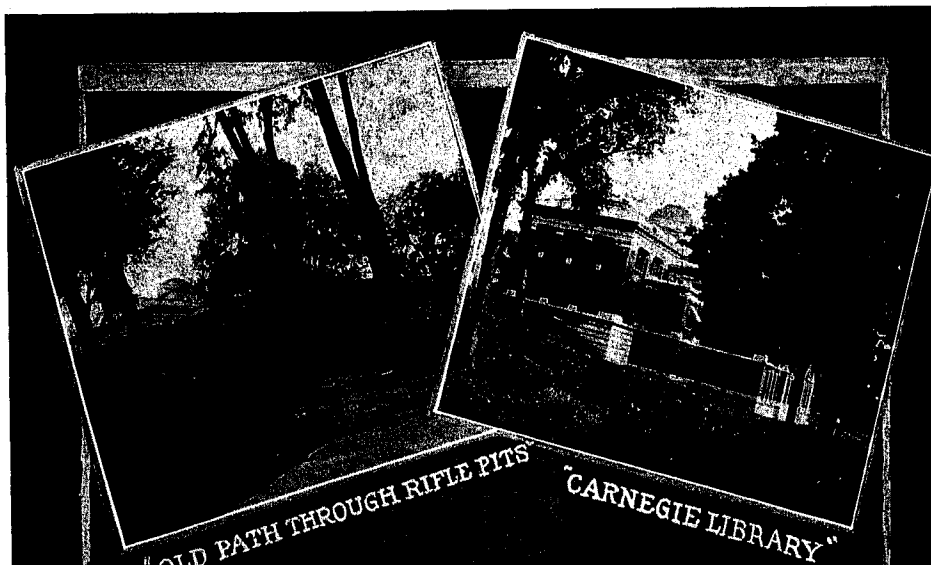




R. EARL BOWLES, A.B., 1912—
ATHLETIC DIRECTOR



E. W. SWANK, 1912—
HEAD OF BUSINESS COURSE DEPARTMENT

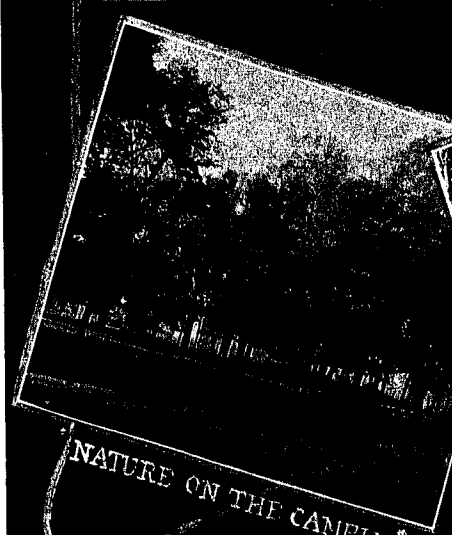


"OLD PATH THROUGH RIFLE PITS"



"CARNEGIE LIBRARY"

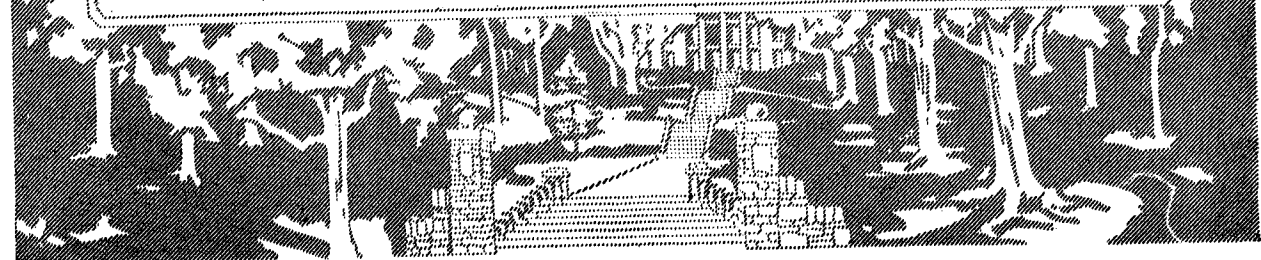
CAMPUS VIEWS



"NATURE ON THE CAMPUS"



"MEMORIAL GATEWAY"

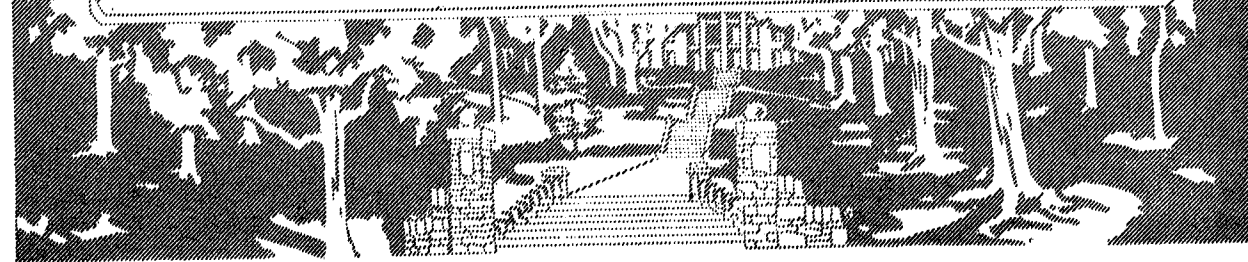


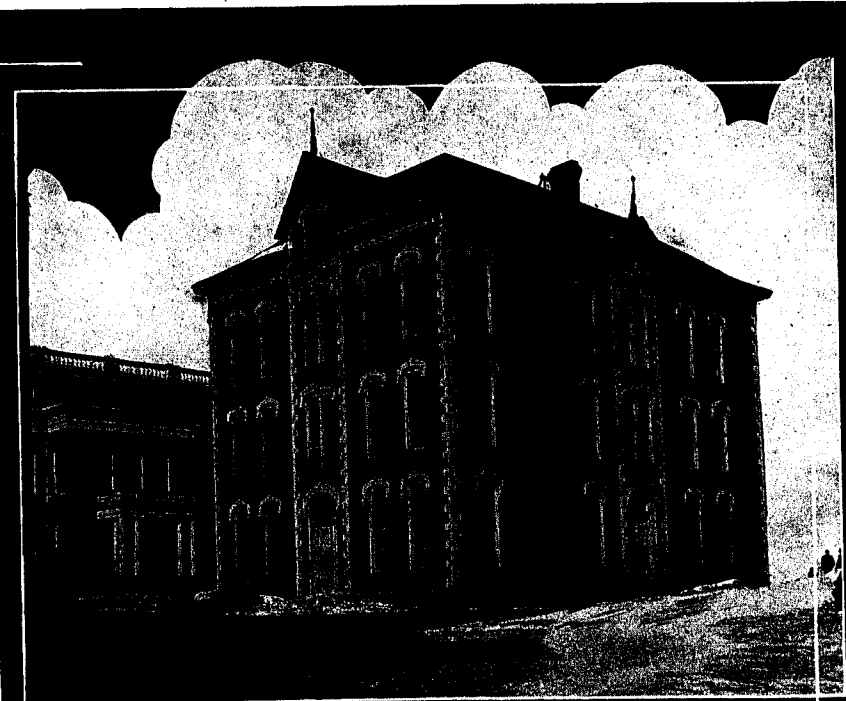


PRESIDENT'S MANSION (At Top) JEWELL HALL (At Bottom)

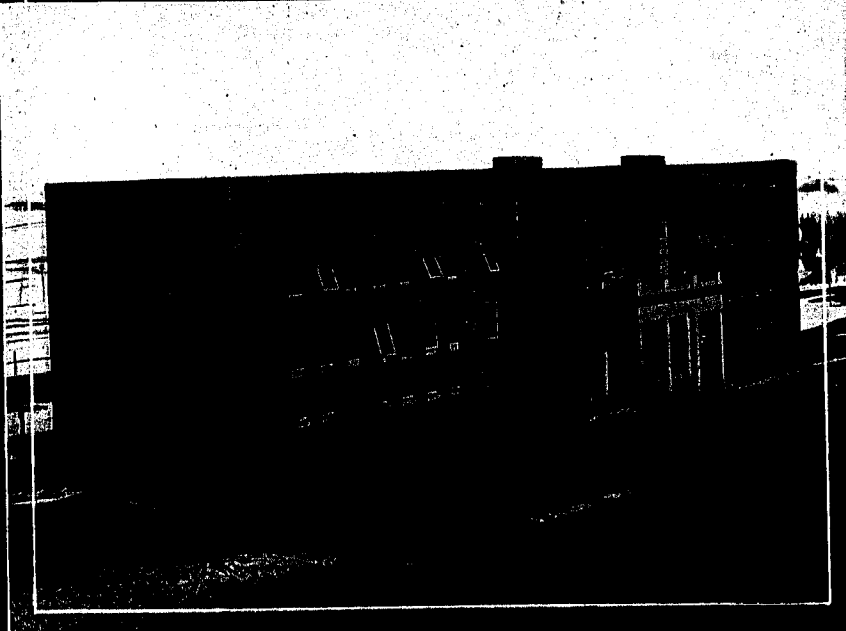


LIBRARY (At Top) NEW ELY (At Bottom)



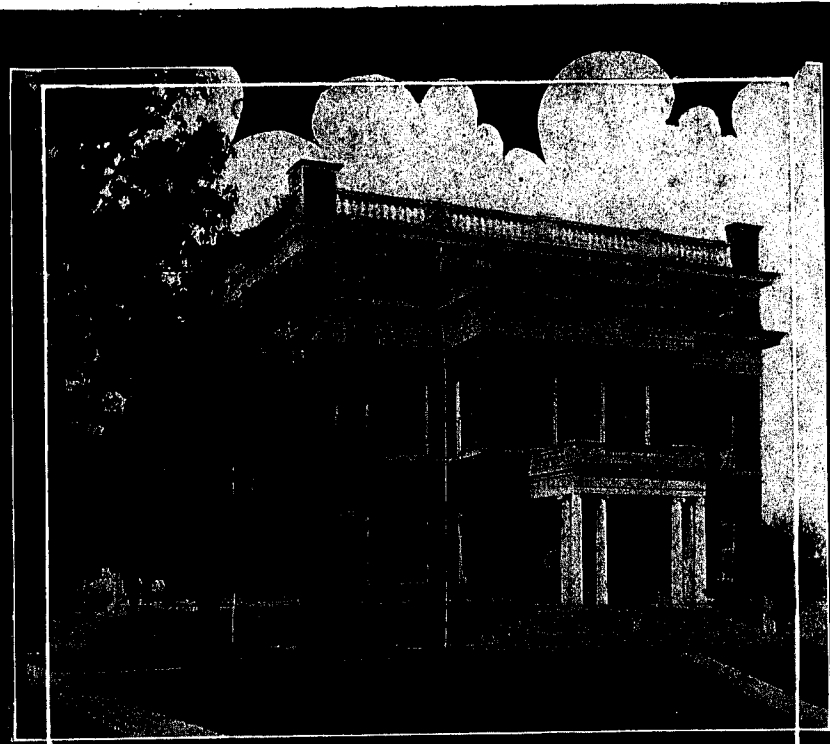


OLD ELY



GYMNASIUM

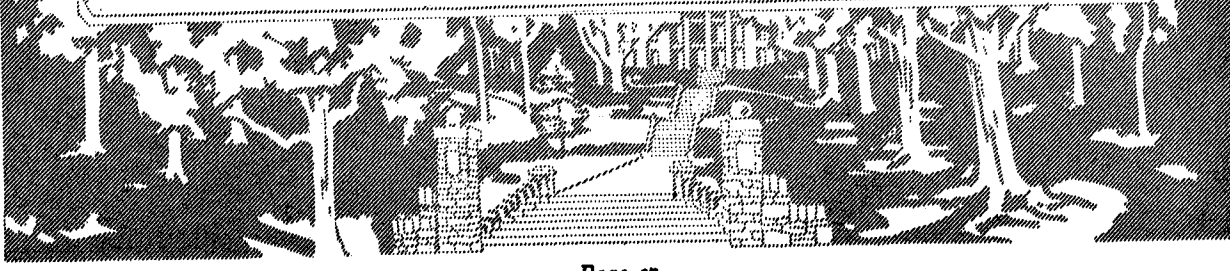
OLD ELY (At Top) BROWN HALL (At Bottom)

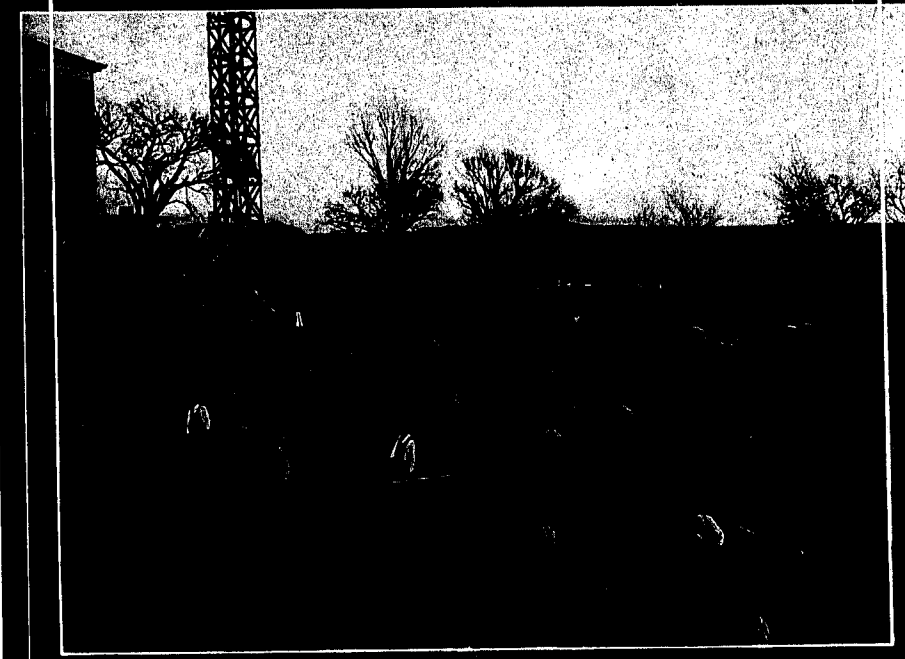


WORNALL HALL BEFORE THE FIRE (At Top)



WORNALL HALL AFTER (At Bottom)



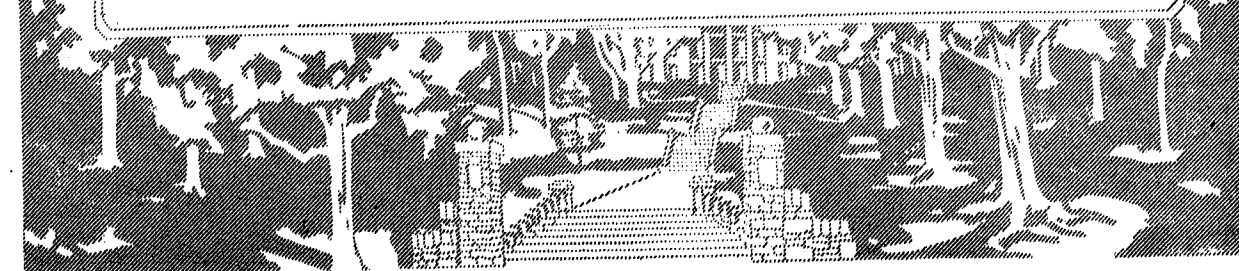
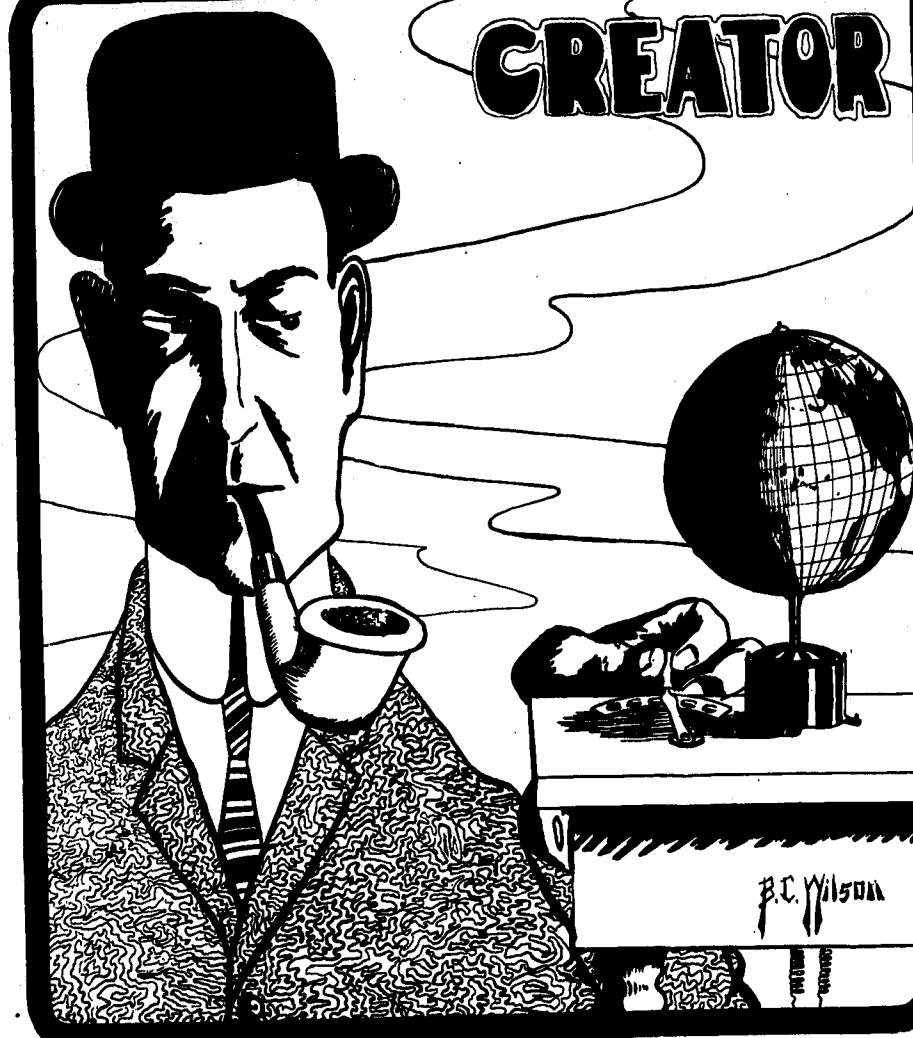


NEW SCIENCE HALL CONSTRUCTION



SENIOR

CREATOR



Senior Class

Colors

Purple and Gold



F. O. CRIMINGER

Yell

Hi-rickety-rip-ti-roar!
Hi-rickety-rip-ti-roar!
One-nine-one-four!!
Sis—boom—Seniore!!!

Officers

- F. O. CRIMINGER.....President
- L. E. MAHAN.....Vice-President
- H. P. STEPHENS.....Secretary
- N. W. TUCKER.....Treasurer
- S. Y. PITTS.....Yell Leader



Ray Vernon Boyer

Tarkio, Missouri

- Basket-ball Squad '12-'13, '13-'14
- Basket-ball Team '13-'14

*For brevity's sake call him "Toad,"
Who's struggled so long 'neath school's load
That now he declares
He'll leave all his cares
And travel postpaid "on the road."*

John Wallace Bryant

Rogers, Arkansas

- Kappa Alpha
- Foot-ball Team '13-'14
- Emblem Club

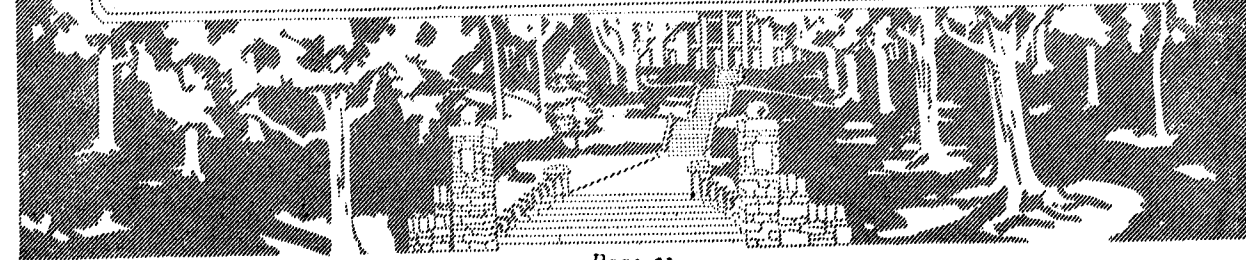
*A fiery creature is he
When he's not on his dignity.
A Senior, by gum,
Deemed learned (?) by some,—
Though in foot-ball a ram verily.*

J. K. Bright

Liberty, Missouri

- Kappa Sigma
- Foot-ball Team '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14
- Captain Foot-ball Team '13-'14
- All-Missouri Guard '12-'13, '13-'14
- Basket-ball Team '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14
- Vice-President Sophomores
- Emblem Club
- Tatler Staff '12-'13
- Aeon

*Just why they e'er called him bright
Nobody is certain quite,
But he's not to blame
For having this name,—
And in foot-ball he's certainly right.*





Charles Cecil Hankins

Fairfax, Missouri
 Secretary Athletic Board '13-'14
 Sons of Rest
 Dutch Club

*As a grind he has made a success
 Though it's brought him unending distress;
 If you ask him, he'll say,
 "Hard study don't pay—
 I would that of work (?) I'd done less."*

Truman Alexander Harvey

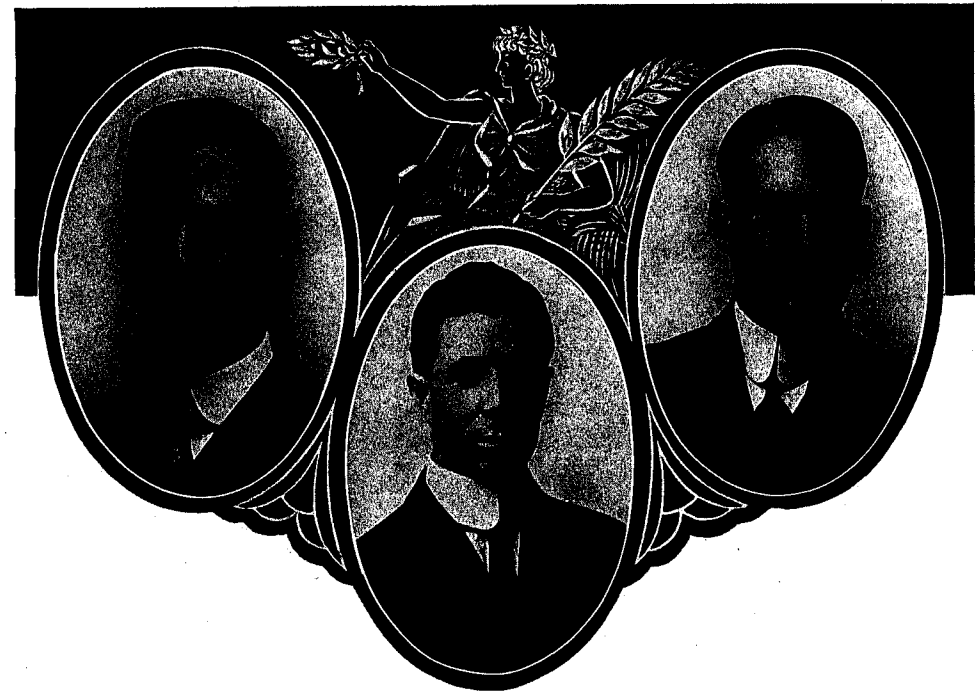
California, Missouri
 Phi Gamma Delta
 Tatler Staff '13
 O. S. B. Representative
 Colorado Club
 F. L. E. Club

*The ladies declare him a "dear;"
 He's proclaimed a "hit" far and near
 While his rivals are gnashing
 Their teeth, he is slashing
 More hearts without shedding a tear.*

Maple Talbot Harl

Canon City, Colorado
 Phi Gamma Delta
 Tatler Staff '13
 Sons of Rest
 Quo Vadis
 German Club
 Colorado Club
 Scientific Club
 F. L. E. Club

*O what is the use of books?
 Cries this lad with scholarly looks,
 I've gone through this college
 Imbibing much knowledge
 Without buying or looking at books.*



Julius R. Hickerson

Tullahoma, Tennessee
 Phi Gamma Delta
 Minister
 Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '12-'13
 Aeons
 Student Senate '13-'14
 Junior and Senior Basket-ball Team
 President Junior Class
 President Board of Governors, New El'

*There was never produced such a stick
 As this fellow we designate "Hick,"
 He longs to be great
 And dwell in high state
 But his lamp is devoid of a wick.*

Minetry L. Jones

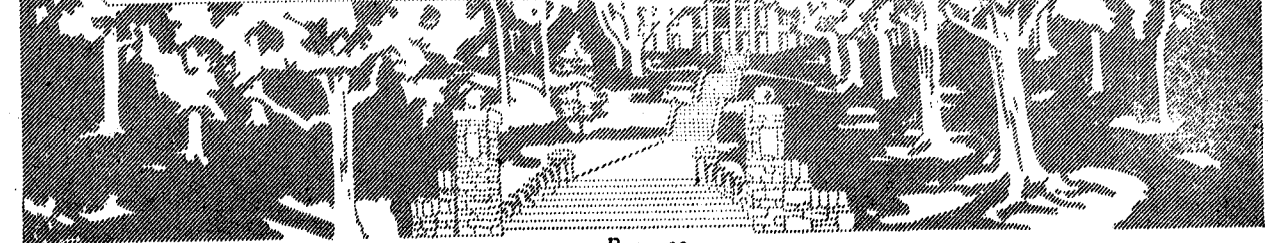
St. Joseph, Missouri
 Kappa Alpha
 German Club
 Excelsior June Play '10, '11, '12

*As to Jones there is not much to say
 Save the fact he is going away,
 Which will leave one less Jones
 To stimulate groans,
 Though our Smiths and our Browns still
 will stay.*

William Almer Hill

Maples, Missouri
 Band '06-'14
 Manger Band

*They say when this youth was born
 He called in great glee for a horn,
 And ever since then
 He has tooted it when
 He wished his companions forlorn.*





C. Lee Kenagy

Warrensburg, Missouri
 Class Prophet
 Sophomore Foot-ball Team
 Kansas Club
 Dutch Club
 Volunteer Band

*From Warrensburg Normal came he
 Their inevitable shame to flee,
 And since he's been here
 He's lived such a dear
 We'll forgive what he used to be.*

Cecil Raymond Martin

Liberty, Missouri
 Kappa Alpha
 Excelsior
 Foot-ball Team '12-'13, '13-'14
 Basket-ball Team '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14
 Captain Basket-ball Team '13-'14
 Base-ball Team '12-'13
 Dutch Club
 Vice-President Dutch Club

*The last of the Martins is "Cec,"
 We trust, who'll disturb our peace,—
 Altho' Jewell's high name
 In many a game
 Has been due to his prowess,—let's cease.*

Lawrence Elmer Mahan

Harbor Beach, Michigan
 Kappa Alpha
 Philomathian
 Secretary Junior Class
 Vice-President Senior Class
 President Philomathians
 President Joint Session
 German Club

*In daintiness Mahan excels,—
 On each cheek a red rose dwells.
 When he struggles to speak
 In Chapel each week
 Every bosom with pity swells.*



Hugh Tullock Mayberry

Farmington, Missouri
 Phi Gamma Delta
 Philomathian
 Base-ball Team '12-'13
 Foot-ball Team '13-'14
 Assistant in Physics '13-'14
 Student Senate
 Athletic Board
 Emblem Club
 F. L. E. Club

*In construction he's lengthy and slender,
 His voice is melodiously tender.
 As a senator he
 Tells us how to be
 Angel children while an Epicurean is he.*

William Edwin Merritt

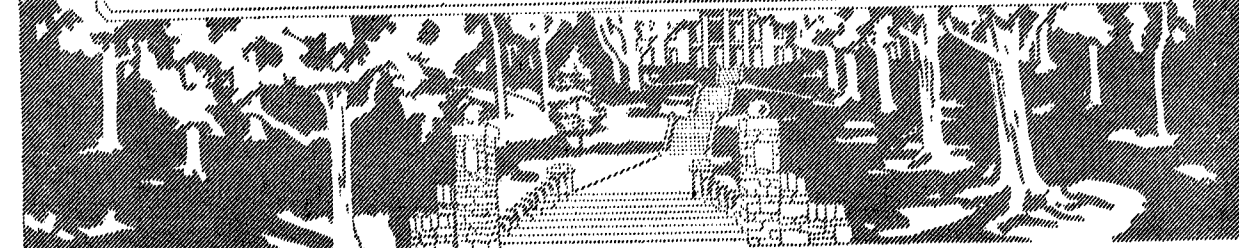
Liberty, Missouri
 Kappa Sigma
 President Excelsiors
 Assistant in History
 Basket-ball Squad '12-'13
 German Club
 Associate Editor Tatler '13
 Captain Class Basket-ball Team '10-'11,
 '11-'12
 Coach Class Basket-ball Team '12-'13,
 '13-'14
 F. L. E. Club
 Glee Club

*Long ago this young man was oft noted
 For the muchness of things that he quoted;
 To such an excess
 He spouted R— guess!
 On a sea very fragrant he floated.*

Arthur B. Merritt

Liberty, Missouri
 Phi Gamma Delta
 Tatler Staff '13
 Glee Club '12-'13, '13-'14
 Junior Basket-ball Team

*This youth is a lover of ease,—
 Earth's labors his system displeas.
 To such an extent
 Has he followed this bent
 He always refuses to sneeze.*





Seldon Howe Murray

Liberty, Missouri
Sigma Nu
Excelsior Aeons
German Club
F. L. E. Club
Freshman Scholarship

*There is nothing on earth like this Murray,
Who says it's a crime to hurry.
He used to own brains
But they gave him such pains
He threw them away to save worry.*

Foster B. McHenry

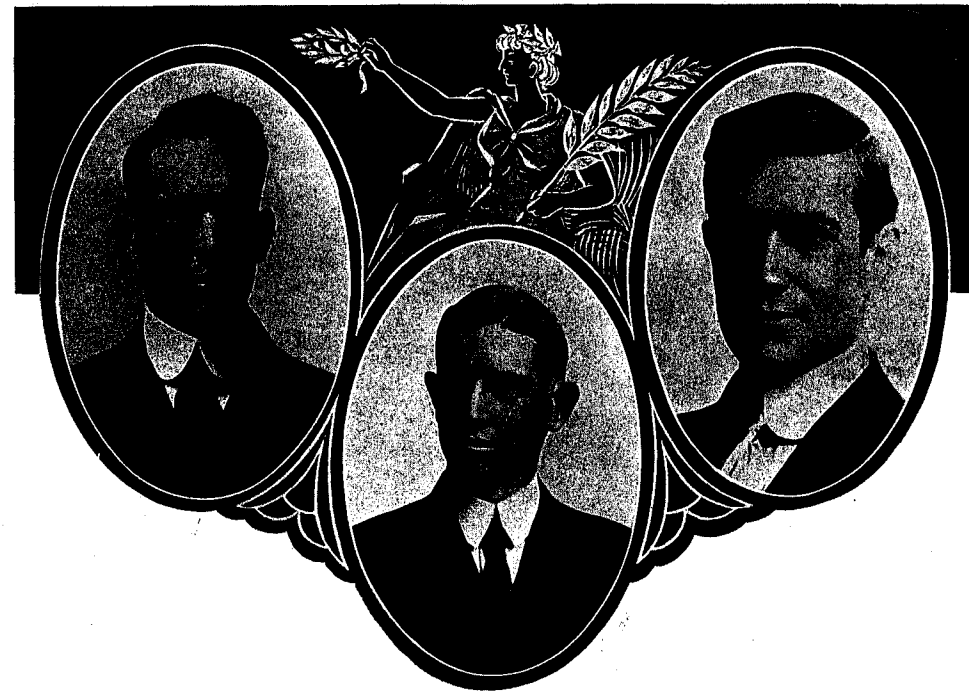
Jefferson City, Missouri
Kappa Alpha
Business Manager Tatler '14
German Club
Class Basket-ball Team '12-'13, '13-'14
Emblem Club
Foot-ball Team '13-'14
Track Captain '13-'14
Track Team '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14
Scientific Club F. L. E. Club
Buttinsky Club

*Like lightning gone mad is his speed
Tho' he's small, he's vociferous indeed,
When things go his way
He's happy and gay
But otherwise "pep" gone to seed.*

Karl Grant Neuhauser

Shidell, Louisiana
Kappa Sigma
Excelsior Aeons
Tatler Staff
Sophomore Scholarship
Student Senate
Organic Chemistry Assistant

*'Tis sad how the Sons of Rest
Attract to their club's drowsy breast
Such workers as this
To instill slumber's bliss
Till he's indolent as the rest.*



Samuel Y. Pitts

Roanoke, Missouri
Phi Gamma Delta
Excelsior
Tatler Staff
Assistant in Physics
Treasurer Junior Class
German Club
Sons of Rest Hobo Club, Quo Vadis
Student Senate
Aeons Scientific Club

*Some people are void of all wits
(Not speaking at all of "Sy" Pitts)
He'll recite even though
His words are mere blow;
"Doc" Fruit is a cinch, he admits.*

William Elijah Parks

Miami, Missouri
Minister Philomathian
Volunteer Band
Treasurer Senior Phils '11-'12
Vice-President Senior Phils
Vice-President Volunteer Band
Director Co Op '01-'13

*The wonder of earth is Park's smile
That is formed in an elderly style.
Tho' he ought to be dead
He is living instead,
Striving ever old age to beguile.*

E. Lynn Pinkerton

Louisiana, Missouri
Kappa Sigma
Minister
Student Senate
Athletic Board
Tatler Staff

*For sympathy getting come here
To this gentle bestower of cheer;
No matter how sad
He'll make you feel glad,—
Being also a star in Latin and "How To
Make Love To A Widow."*



William Wayne Pierce

Liberty, Missouri

Minister
Phllomathlan

*How these preachers get married is fierce,
For example, consider this Pierce;
Though merely a lad
He's already "Dad"
Doomsday is certainly near us.*

Frank G. Russell

Liberty, Missouri

Tatler Staff
Dutch Club

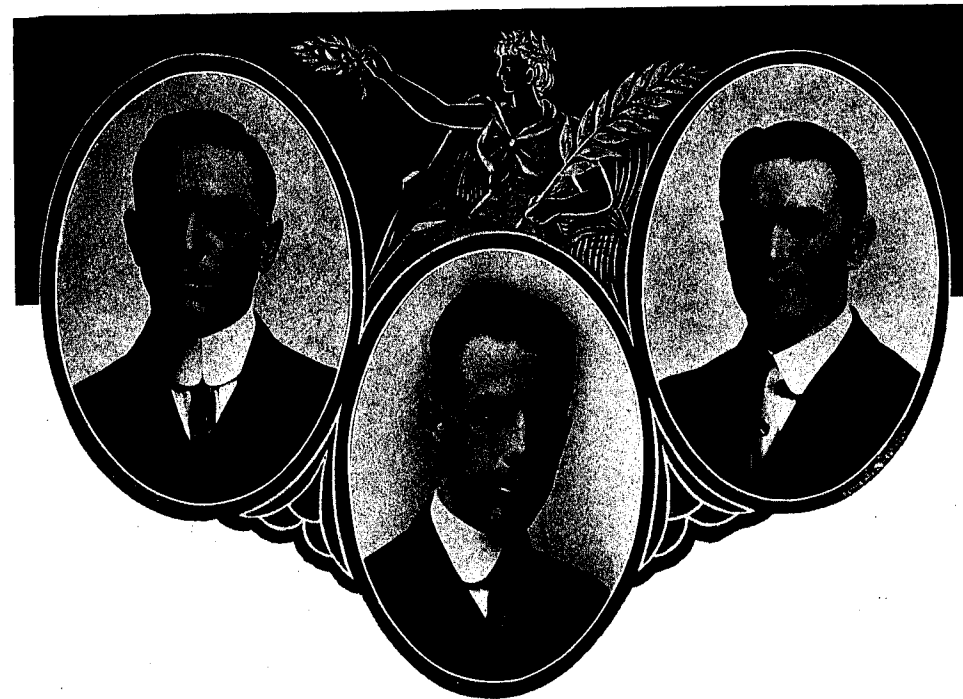
*When he walks there is always a rustle
Though he's not quite an angel, our Russell.
Taking pictures, he says,
He will spend all his days;
For the sake of Art let Death hustle.*

Alfredo Ramos

Calumpit, Bulasan, P. I.

Student Volunteer Band
Minister
Dutch Club
Secretary-Treasurer Cosmopolitan Club

*With very few words to say
He goes quietly on his way
In quest of the truth,
An honorable youth
Whom the "Hill" will be proud of some
day.*



Cortez F. Reed

Louisiana, Missouri

Phllomathlan Aeons
Assistant in Chemistry and Physics
Athletic Board
Junior Basket-ball Team

*Gaze long at this being named Reed—
He's a flower though he looks like a weed.
In chemical mixing
And weird messes fling
He's a marvel abnormal indeed.*

Joseph August Sskwor

Liberty, Missouri

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

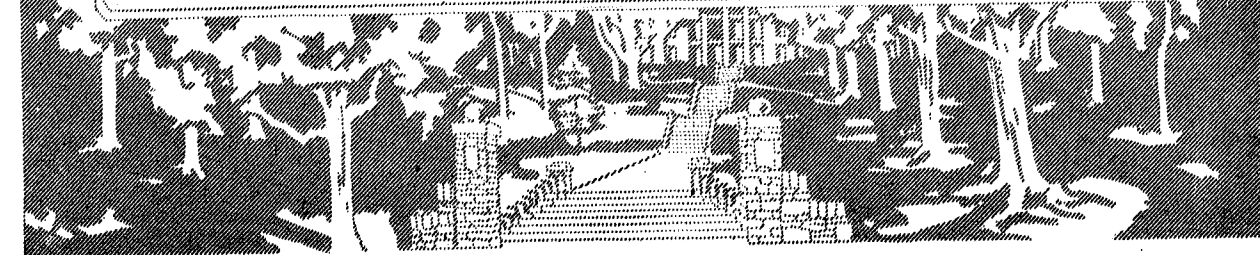
*No matter how long you've been here, Joe
Sskwor
Can boast he was here long before—
And now that he's through
We bid him adieu
With the hope that of Sskwors he'll send
more.*

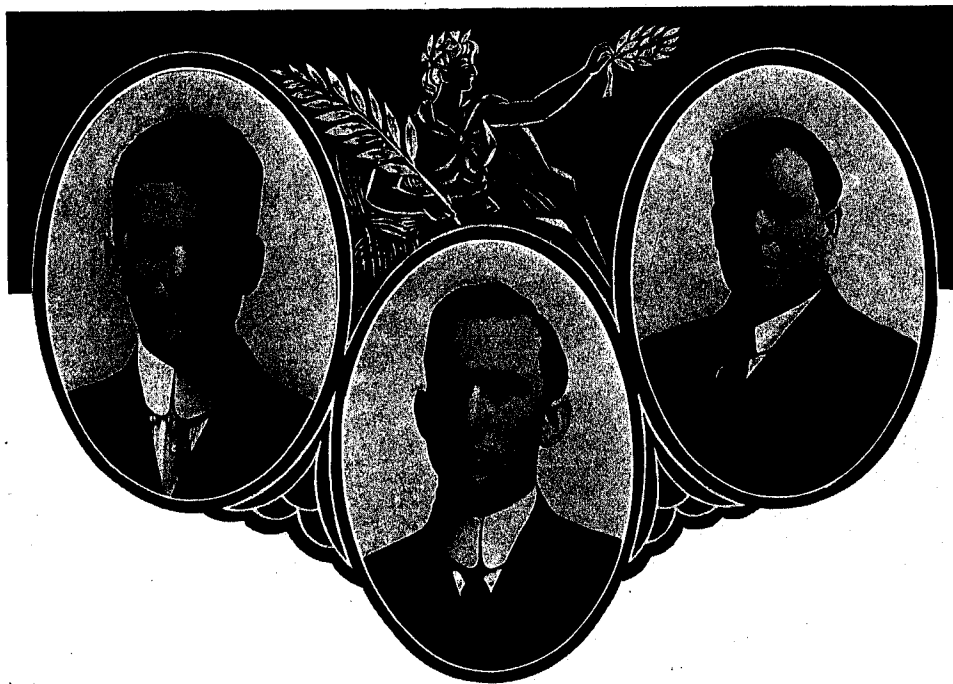
Nelson Willard Rider

Independence, Missouri

Kappa Alpha
Excelsior Aeons
Editor-in-Chief Tatler '13
Associate Editor Student '12-'13
President German Club
President Spanish Club
Treasurer Sophomore Class
F. L. E. Club Quo Vadis

*Behold the dear lass, Nell Rider,
Who drinks but one tonic, hard older,
Of course it's a sin
But pray do not grin
At her fault or too harshly derider.*





Howard Payton Stephens

Chefoo, North China
Minister
Cosmopolitan Club
Tennis Team '12-'13
Captain Tennis Team '13-'14
Class Basket-ball Team '12-'13, '13-'14
"J" Club

*A champion in tennis and chess
And Latin, and sleeping, I guess;
In fact, to be true,
Astronomy, too,
Delights him,—when asked, he said "yes."*

Thomas Alexander Wallace

St. Louis, Missouri
Minister
Excelsior
St. Louis Club
Kentucky Club
D. A. R. Medal '12-'13

*Kentucky is surely some state
To produce men so weighty and great,
For Tom is a star
In bluffing, by gar!
Which is a Kentucky trait (says Dr. Frutt).*

Nova William Tucker

Newtown, Missouri
Minister
Philomathian
Co-Op Board
Treasurer Philomathians
Treasurer Senior Class
President Philomathians
Band Librarian
Manager Band '13-'14

*This manager of the band
Admittedly ought to be canned,
Yet he's been such a grafter
In spite of our laughter
He rules with a long, hairy hand.*



Roland Russell Watts

Liberty, Missouri
Minister
Philomathian
Co-Op Board
Soccer Team

*Hoary locks adorn his young brow,
This man with a soul-binding vow
To get his degree
(He's just forty-three)
Nine rals! we're rid of him now.*

Alvin R. Young

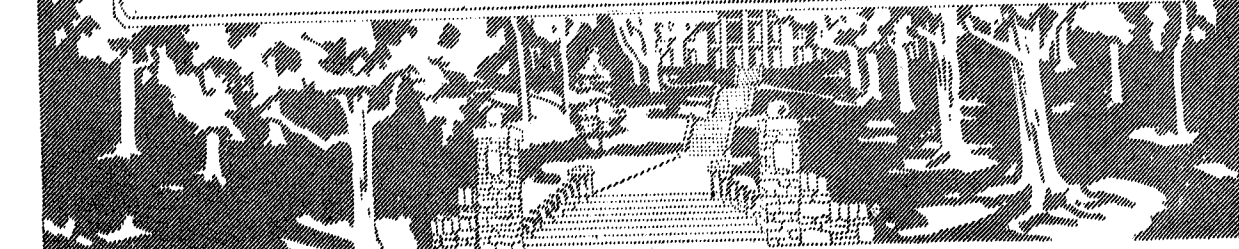
Salisbury, Missouri
German Club
Hobo Club

*He'll discuss all the problems of earth—
Of sadness, of gladness, of mirth;
And tell you the reason
Whiskers grow in their season—
Why some heads of hair have a dearth.*

B. E. Willoughby

Claypool, Kentucky
Minister
Excelsior
Student Senate
Debate Council
Tatler Staff
Y. M. C. A. Cabinet
President Excelsiors
California Club

*As modest is he as a lamb
(These words are not meant for a slam)
For bolsterous actions
And all malfections
His soul has ne'er given a—thought.*



THE AEONS



John Bright, J. R. Hickerson, Nelson Rider, S. Y. Pitts,
S. H. Murray, K. G. Neuhauser, C. F. Reed

Senior Honorary Society

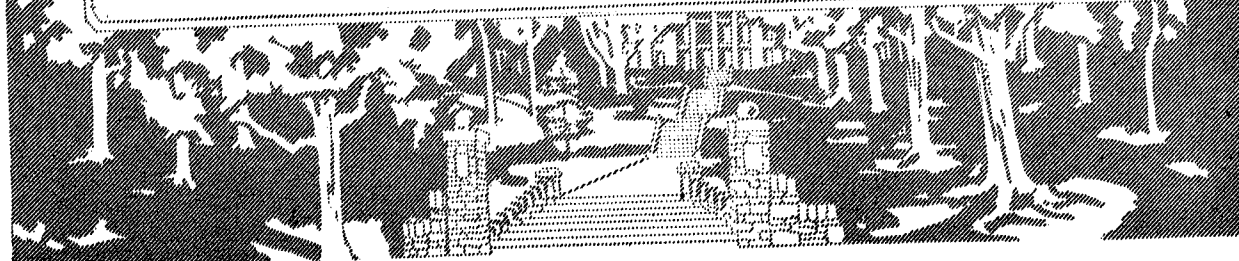
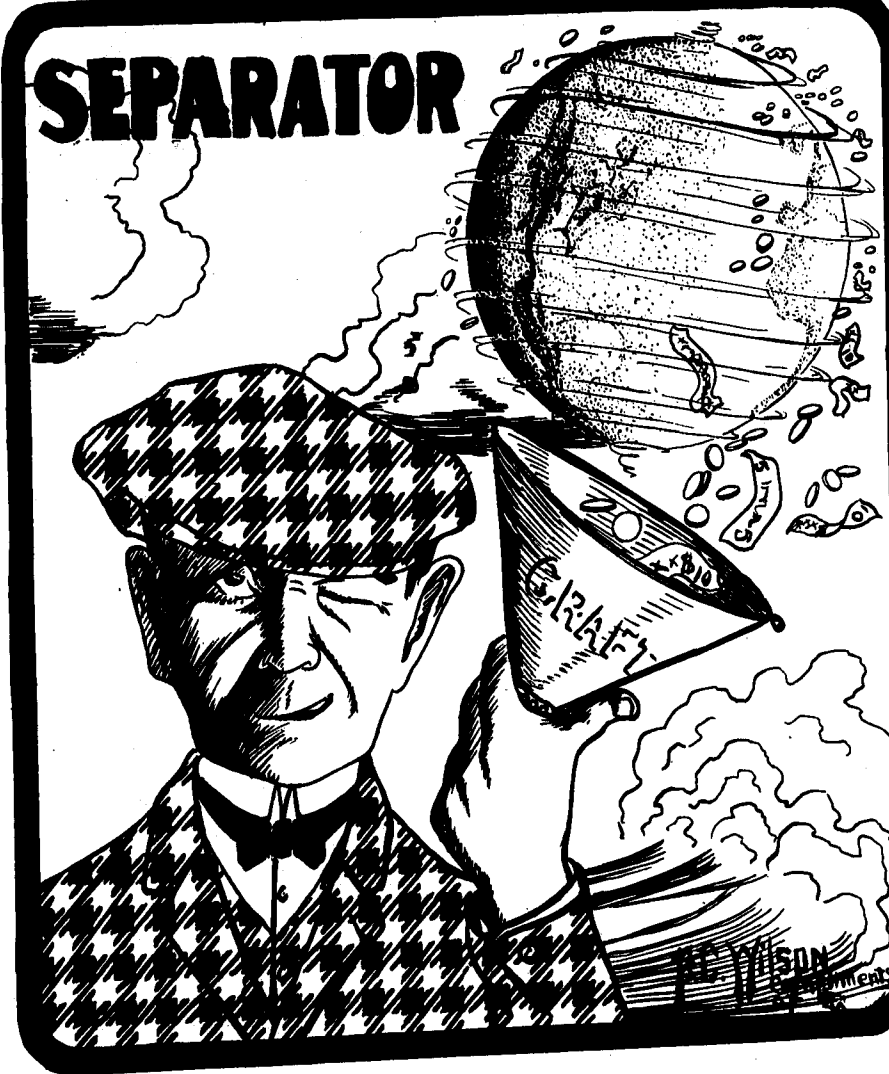
PURPOSE: To further the best interests of William Jewell.

MEMBERS: K. G. Neuhauser, S. H. Murray, S. Y. Pitts, N. W. Rider, J. R. Hickerson, Cortez Reed, J. K. Bright.



JUNIOR

SEPARATOR



Junior Class

Colors

Maroon and Silver Gray



GEORGE ELTON HARRIS

Yell

Karo, Kiro, Karo, Kive!!
One-nine-one-five!!
J-u-n-i-o-r!!

Officers

- GEORGE ELTON HARRIS President
- C. J. MILLER Vice-President
- A. W. GRAMMAR Treasurer
- W. B. CHARLES Secretary



William Francis Bell

Lee's Summit, Missouri

Phi Gamma Delta

Emblem Club; German Club; F. L. E. Club; Scientific Club; Track Team '12-'13; State Inter-collegiate Discus Record; College Discus Record; Class Foot-Ball Team.

"My mentality is not in proportion to my avoirdupois."

Herman R. Benjamin

Polk, Nebraska

Phi Gamma Delta

Philomathian; Orchestra; Student Volunteer Band.

"My excellent voice has made my way."

Charles S. Billings

Liberty, Missouri

Captain Class Basket-ball Team '11-'12; President Sophomore Class; Treasurer Senior Phils; Vice-President Senior Phils '13-'14; Student Senate; Co-Op Board; Son of Rest; President Debate Council; Buttinsky Club; Tatler Staff '14; Coach Freshman Basket-ball Team '13-'14; Vice-President Y. M. C. A.; Gospel Team.

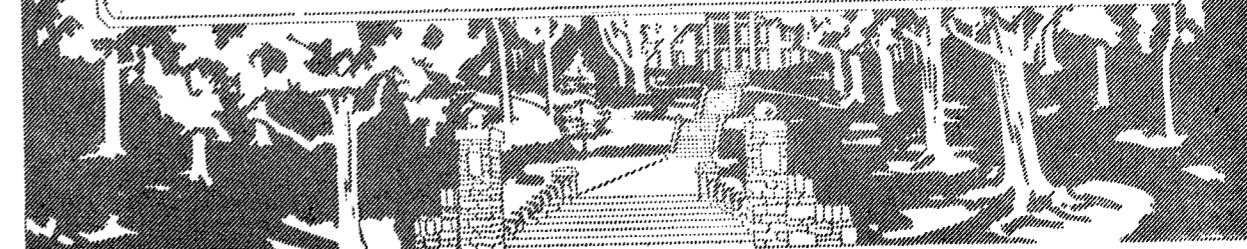
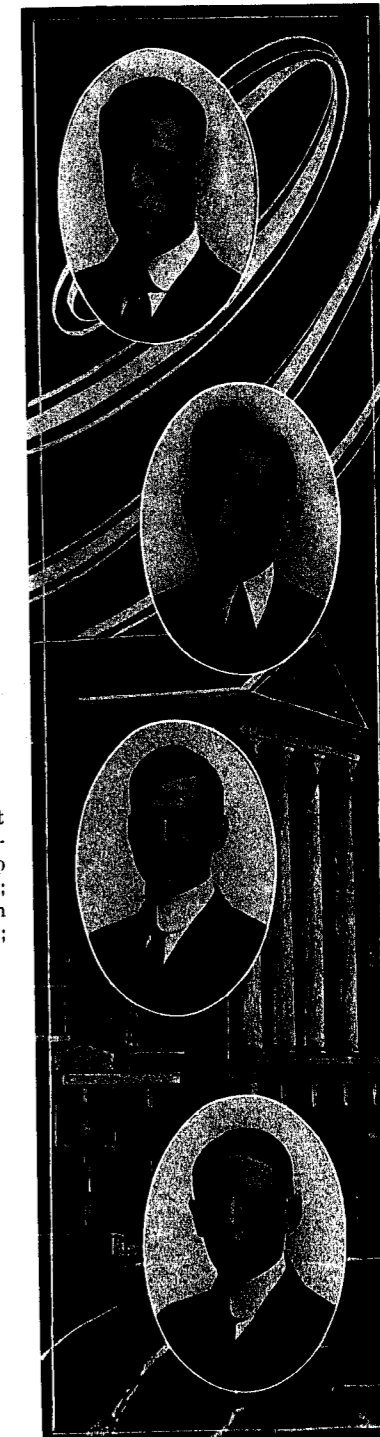
"I affectionately call myself 'Josh' Billings."

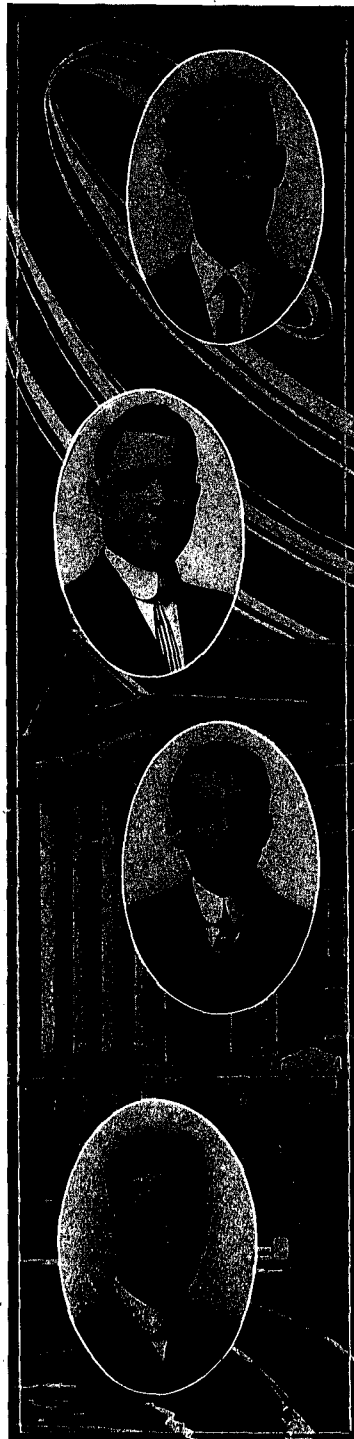
J. O. Brown

Tulsa, Oklahoma

Kappa Sigma

"I deserve the name of 'skull.'"





Joel E. Bruner

Akron, Kentucky
Minister; Philomathlan; Kentucky Club.

"In voice and manner a veritable Professor Richmond."

Asa Q. Burns

Green City, Missouri
Minister; Philomathlan; Inter-collegiate Debater '11-'12, '12-'13, '13-'14; Sophomore Scholarship; John W. Rider Sociology Prize '12-'13; W. J. C. Band '09-'13; Secretary-Treasurer Band '12-'13, '13-'14; Soccer Squad '11-'12; Student Staff '12-'13; Associate Editor Student '13-'14; Junior Reading Medal; Junior Essay Medal; Junior Ready Speaking Medal; Junior Oratorical Medal; Ely Spelling Medal; Student Representative O. S. B.; Editor-in-Chief Tatler '14; New Ely Essay Prize '11-'12; Peace Oratorical '13-'14; Secretary-Treasurer Freshman Class; Gospel Team.

"It's for knowledge that I ask another question."

Ernest Franklin Canady

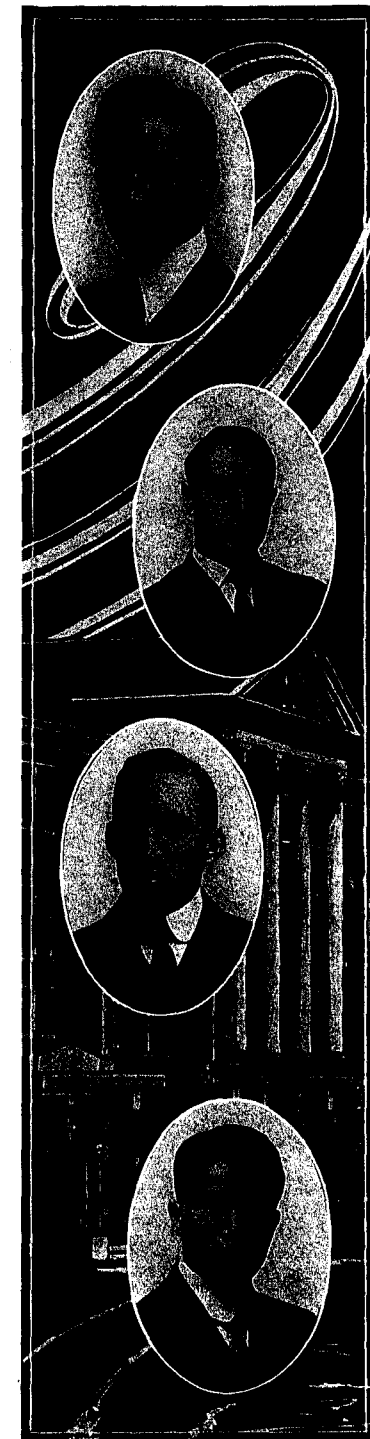
Carrollton, Missouri
Excelsior; Treasurer Y. M. C. A.; Oratorical Committeeman; Secretary-Treasurer Missouri Collegiate Oratorical Association; Assistant in Mathematics '12-'13; Student Staff; Co-Op Board '12-'13; Class Football Team '12-'13; President Carrollton Club; June Excelsior President.

"My aimless talk and shiftless walk bespeak my nature."

Abel Cantu

Teran, N. L., Mexico
Philomathlan; Minister; Instructor Spanish Westport High School, Kansas City, Missouri; Spanish Instructor Liberty Ladies' College, Liberty, Mo., and of William Jewell College 1908-1914.

"I egotistically declare I am a ladies' man."



Glenn C. Carbaugh

Kansas City, Missouri
Sigma Nu

Basket-ball Team '12-'13, '13-'14; Base-ball '12-'13, '13-'14; Emblem Club; F. L. E. Club; German Club; Sons of Rest; Hobo Club.

"Methinks my sorrel top lures the fair sex."

William Byron Charles

Farber, Missouri

Philomathlan; President Junior Phils; Junior Reading Medal; Class Foot-ball Team '11-'12, '12-'13; Secretary Junior Class; Soccer Team '09-'10, '10-'11; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Volunteer Band.

"Ofttimes my voice seems affected."

Joseph C. Clarke

Liberty, Missouri
Kappa Sigma

Dutch Club; Son of Rest; Captain All Class Basketball Team '11-'12; O. S. B. Representative '10-'11;

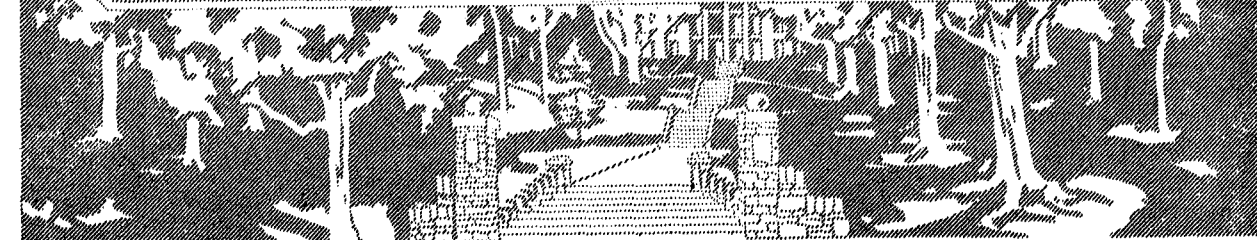
"My curiosity exceeds my length."

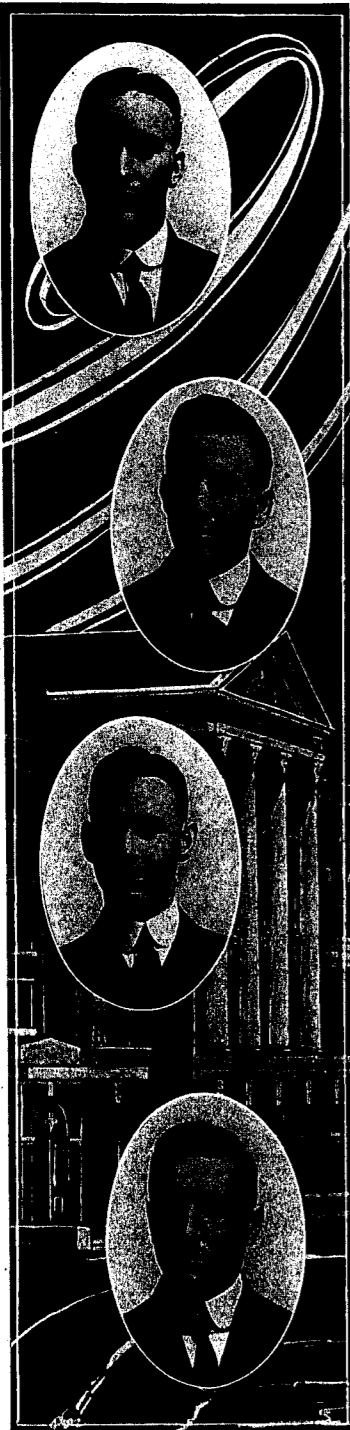
Toto Fujii

Hiroshima, Japan

Phil Emeritus; American Cosmopolitan Club; Student Volunteer Band.

"I almost consciously consider myself a pet."





Henry Renile Godfriaux

Chicago, Illinois

Philomathian; Base-ball Team '09-'13; Captain Base ball Team '11-'12; O. S. B. Representative '10-'11; Basket-ball Team '12-'14; Foot-ball Team '13-'14; Co-Op Manager '12-'13; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '13-'14; Student Senate '13-'14; Athletic Board '13-'14; Tatler Staff.

"I am big, strong Henri—the bulwark of William Jewell's Athletics."

Forest Isaac Gordon

Selma, California

Excelsior; Student Senate; Y. M. C. A. President '13-'14; Foot-ball '13-'14; Soccer Team '11-'12; Minister.

"I am sought by fame."

Alva W. Grammar

Barry, Illinois

Philomathian; Tatler Staff; Collector Dining Hall; Treasurer Sophomore and Junior Classes.

"Meekly but stealthily I bring folks to notice me."

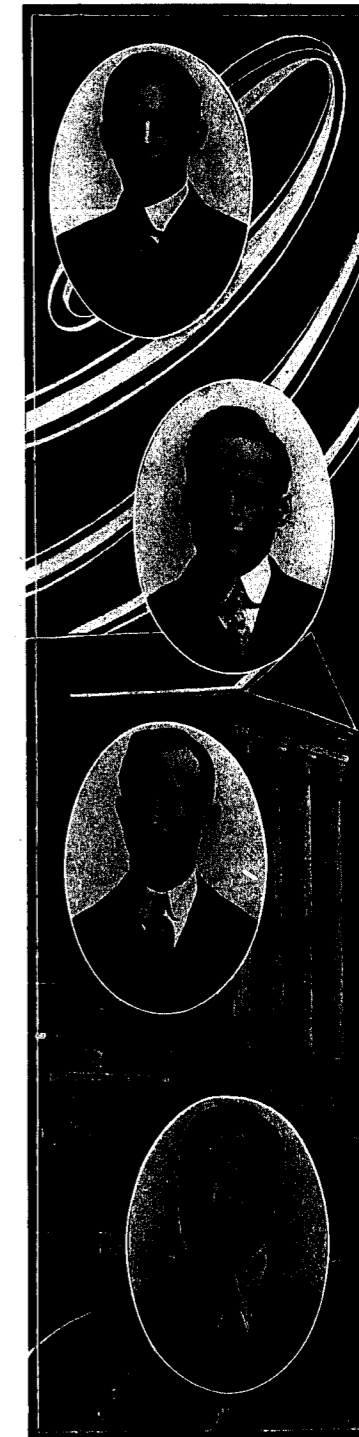
Ludwick Graves

Jefferson City, Missouri

Kappa Alpha

Tatler Staff; Instructor in Military '11-'14; Assistant in Organic Chemistry '13-'14; President F. L. E. Club; Son of Rest; German Club; Scientific Club; Colorado Club.

"I have bathed myself in the ecstatic and blissful river of love."



William Bland Gross

Liberty, Missouri

Sigma Nu

Base-Ball Varsity; Class Team; Emblem Club; Hobo Club; German Club; F. L. E. Club.

"I seen last year I could not learn English."

George Elton Harris

Fort Collins, Colorado

Phi Gamma Delta

Minister; Philomathian; Inter-society Debater '13-'14; Inter-collegiate Debater '12-'13, '13-'14; President Junior Class.

"I have mounted the glittering peaks of forensic fame."

Laird Thomas Hites

St. Louis, Missouri

St. Louis Club; Excelsior; Minister; Junior Essay Medal; Junior Ready Speaking Medal; President Volunteer Band; President Kansas City Volunteer Union; Treasurer Western Missouri Volunteer Union; Ready Speaking Medal.

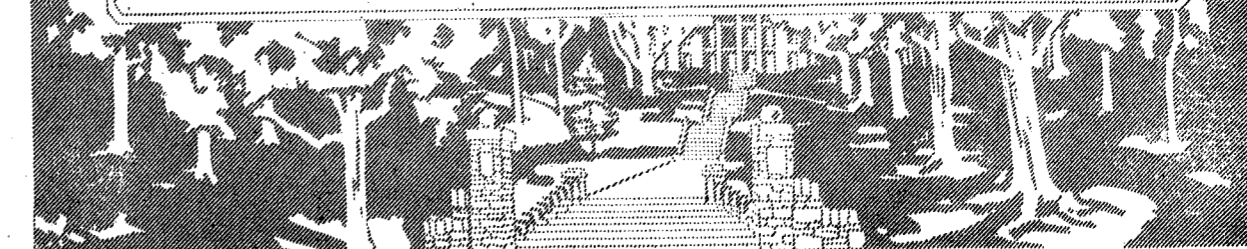
"In metaphorical oratory, I excel Vergil."

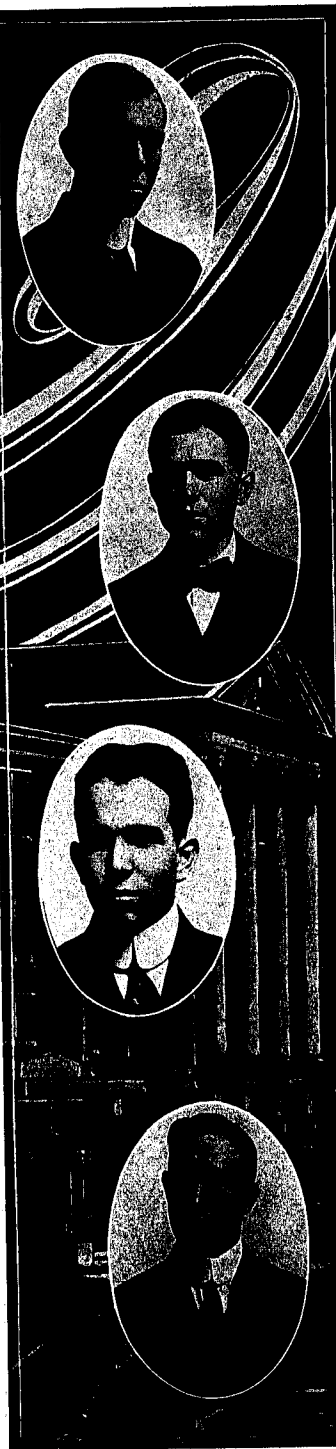
J. H. Hughes

Liberty, Missouri

Foot-ball Team '10-'11

"Loudly and garrulously I have clamored above the masses."





Milnor Jefferies

Whitesville, Missouri
Philomathian; Buttinsky; Basket-ball Team '13-'14;
Baseball Team '13; Track Team '12-'13.

*"How I became Dr. Fruit's pet is more than I can
account for."*

Alva Hugo Karraker

Dongola, Illinois
Excelsior

"My humilty is exceeded only by my delivery."

Harold Gavin Leedy

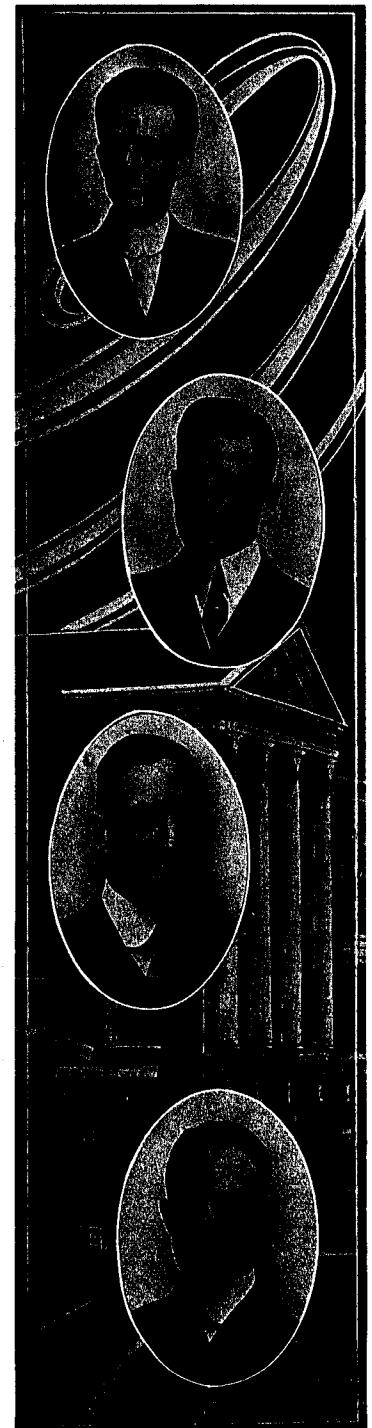
Plattsburg, Missouri
Kappa Sigma
Sons of Rest; F. L. E. Club; Excelsior; Inter-collegiate
Debater '11-'12; Clinton County Club.

"I am a self-constituted judge."

Earle F. McConaha

New Bloomfield, Missouri
Philomathian; Minister.

"I stake my faith in Plato's philosophy."



Grant McGee

St. Joseph, Missouri
Student Poetry Medal '13; Totler Poetry Prize '13;
Track Team '12-'13; Emblem Club; Totler Staff.

*"Music in my thoughts, and grace in my song,
With native eloquence I have soared along."*

Walter Jeffries Matherly

Mackville, Kentucky
Sigma Nu
Kentucky Club; Junior Debate Medal; Senior Debate
Medal; Ready Speaking Medal; Student Staff '12-'13;
Business Manager Student '13-'14; Inter-collegiate
Debater '11-'14; President Freshman Class; Minister;
Leader of the William M. Fitch Debating Team for
1914.

"I have responded to the beckoning hand of graft."

Clarence Jacob Miller

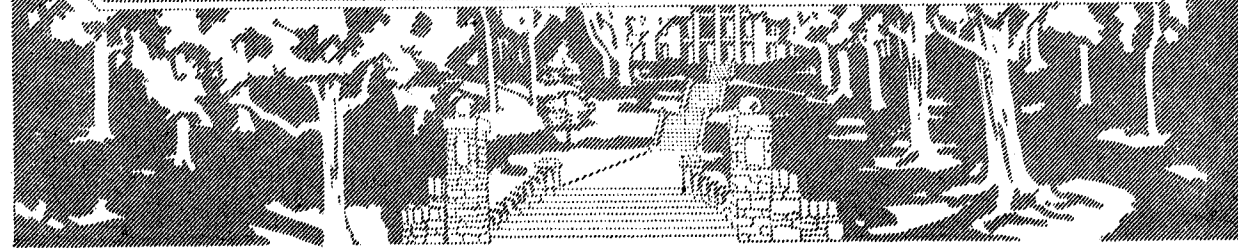
Ottawa, Illinois
Phi Gamma Delta
Philomathian; Vice-President Junior Class; Y. M. C.
A. Cabinet; Foot-ball Team '12-'13, '13-'14; Class
Foot-ball Team '12-'13; Quo Vadis Club; German
Club; F. L. E. Club; Scientific Club.

*"With stern features and heavy voice, I strove to con-
vince; but alas I have failed."*

Richard M. Mitchell

Liberty, Missouri
Kappa Sigma
Class Basket-ball Team '12-'13.

"I shall immediately apologize for my presence."





Charles H. Ninegar

Killawog, New York

Philomathian; Debate Council; Tatler Staff; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '13-'14; President of Buttinskys '13-'14; President Junior Phils; Class Foot-ball Team '11-'12; Class Basket-ball Team '12-'13, '13-'14; June Play '10-'12.

"I am Ikey by name and nature."

John L. Pepper, Junior

St. Joseph, Missouri

Philomathian; Minister; Glee Club '11-'12, '13-'14; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '12-'13, '13-'14; Gospel Team '11-'12; Tatler Staff '13-'14; Cheer Leader '13-'14; Lecture Course '13-'14.

I am the soul of student body enthusiasm.

J. Hybert Pollard

Clinton, Missouri

Philomathian; Oklahoma Club; Inter-collegiate Debater '12-'13, '13-'14.

"Fearfully ponderous, I produce my arguments."

Lowell C. Pinkerton

Louisiana, Missouri

Kappa Sigma
Assistant in Physics; Band.

"Just this year have I emerged into society."



Frank Herbert Rose

Dearborn, Missouri

Kappa Alpha

"Kand" Klub; Buttinsky Club; Spanish Club; German Club; F. L. E. Club; Freshman Foot-ball Team; Sophomore Basket-ball Team; Junior Basket-Ball Team; Band '10-'14; Manager Band '12-'13; Glee Club '12-'14; Manager Glee Club '13-'14.

"In lumbering tones I govern the world."

Sewell Edwin Scott

Liberty, Missouri

Philomathian; Dutch Club; Scientific Club.

"I can analyze anything by a psycho-chemical process."

Gerald F. Schaeffer

Polo, Missouri

Excelsior; Quartet '09-'10, '10-'11; Glee Club '12-'13; Sophomore and Junior Basket-ball Team; German Club; Spanish Club.

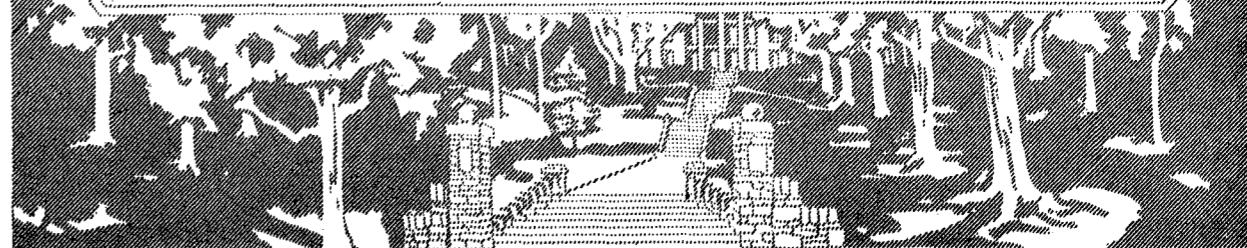
"My voice like siren's music lures the fair sex to my Bower of Bliss."

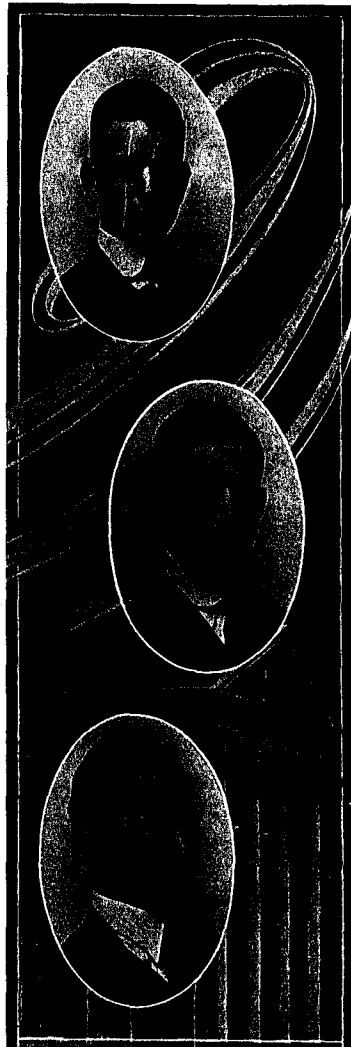
William Francis Standiford

Plattsburg, Missouri

Philomathian; Essay Medal '12-'13; Clinton County Club.

"Grand, gloomy and peculiar; wrapt in the solitude of my own originality."





James Marshall Tatum

Anderson, Missouri
Kappa Sigma
Student Staff '12-'13; Editor-in-Chief Student '13-'14;
Tatler Staff; Debate Committeeman; F. L. E. Club;
German Club; Excelsior.

*"Big, blustering, blundersome, still I love thee, O thou
my Ego."*

Victor Edwin Tatum

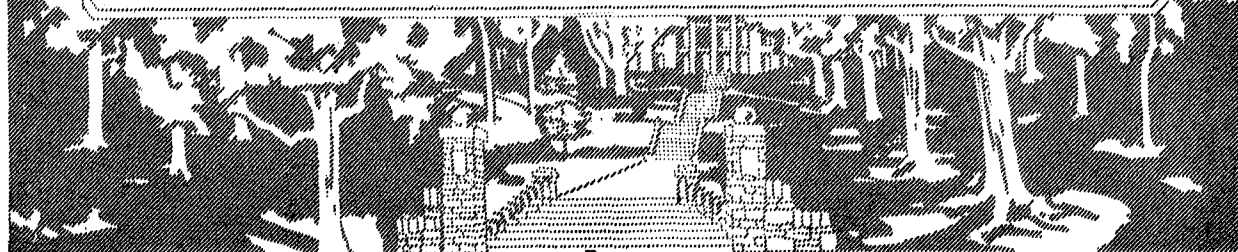
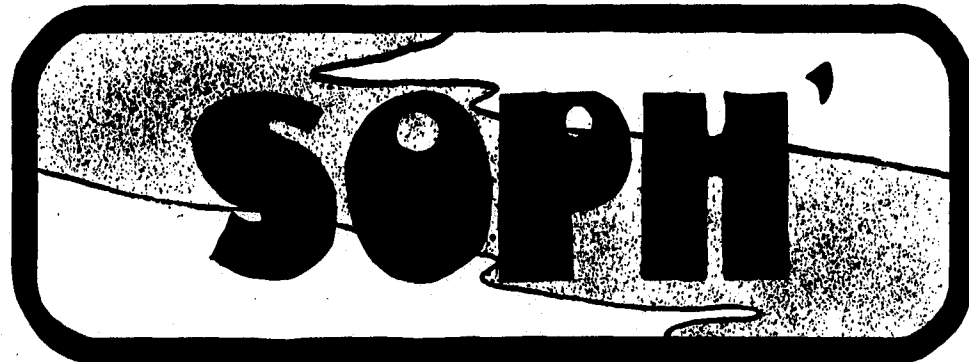
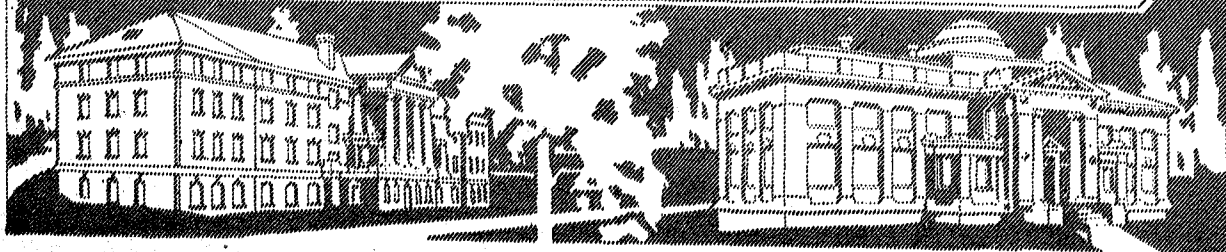
Anderson, Missouri
Kappa Sigma
Son of Rest; President of Excelsiors; Associate Editor
Tatler; Buttinsky Club; Class Basket-ball Team
'12-'13, '13-'14.

*"My extravagance has never exceeded three cents per
day."*

Joe P. Turner

Carrollton, Missouri
President Carrollton Club; Assistant in Chemistry
'12-'13; Vice-President Excelsiors.

*"Imagine my qualifications for speaker of the House of
Representatives."*



Sophomore Class

Yell

Hi, rickety, rickety, rix!
 Hi, rickety, rickety, rix!!
 One-Nine-One-Six!!!
 Sis—Boom—Sophomore.



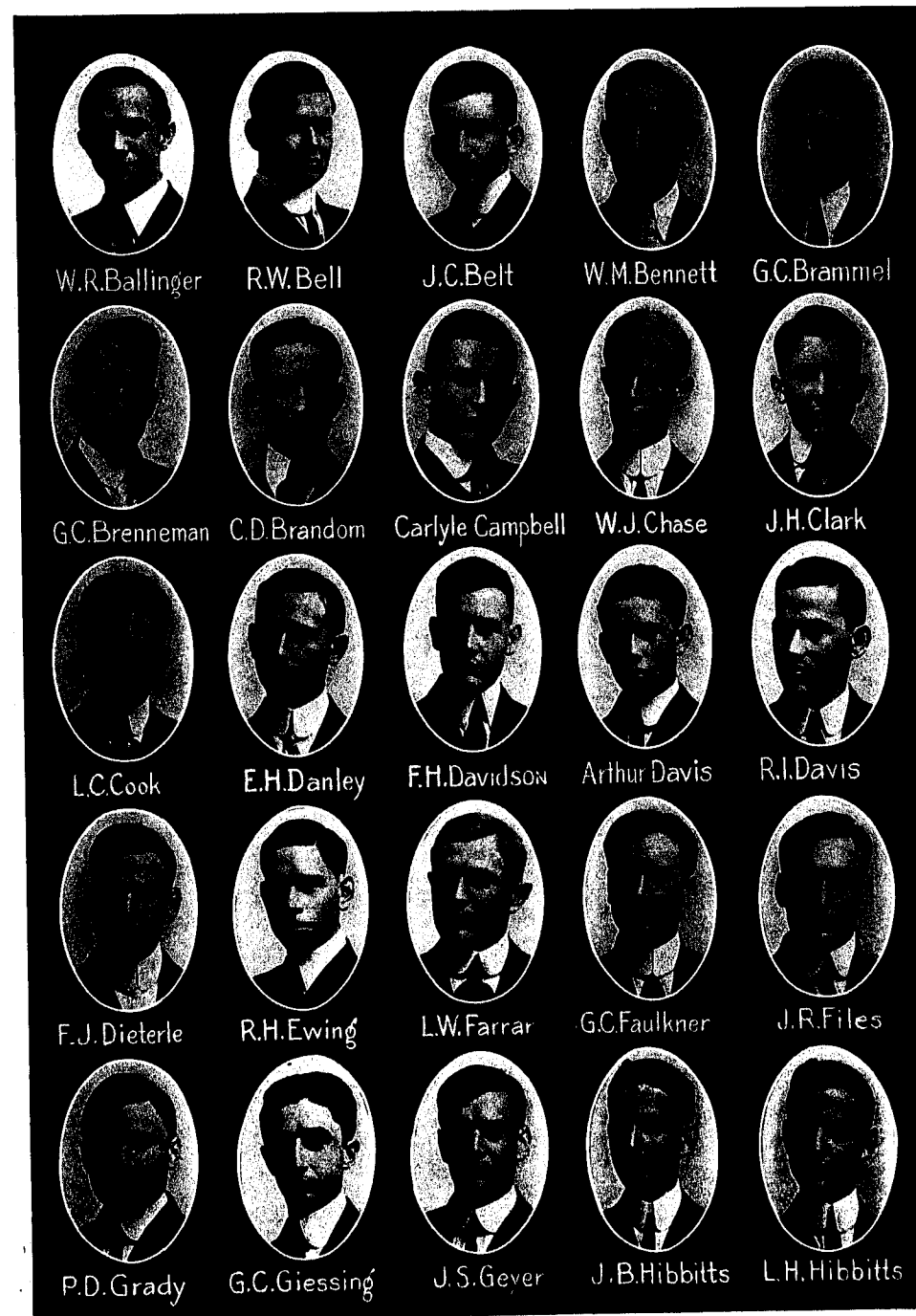
A. L. LANTZ, President

Officers

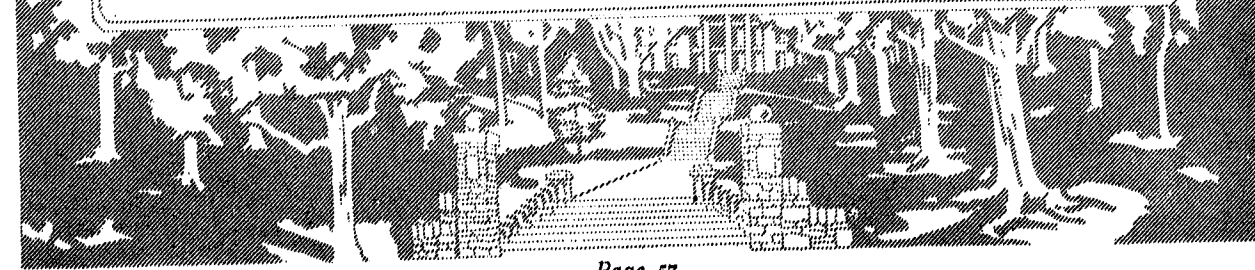
A. L. LANTZ..... President
 E. A. HOOD..... Secretary
 RAY EWING..... Treasurer

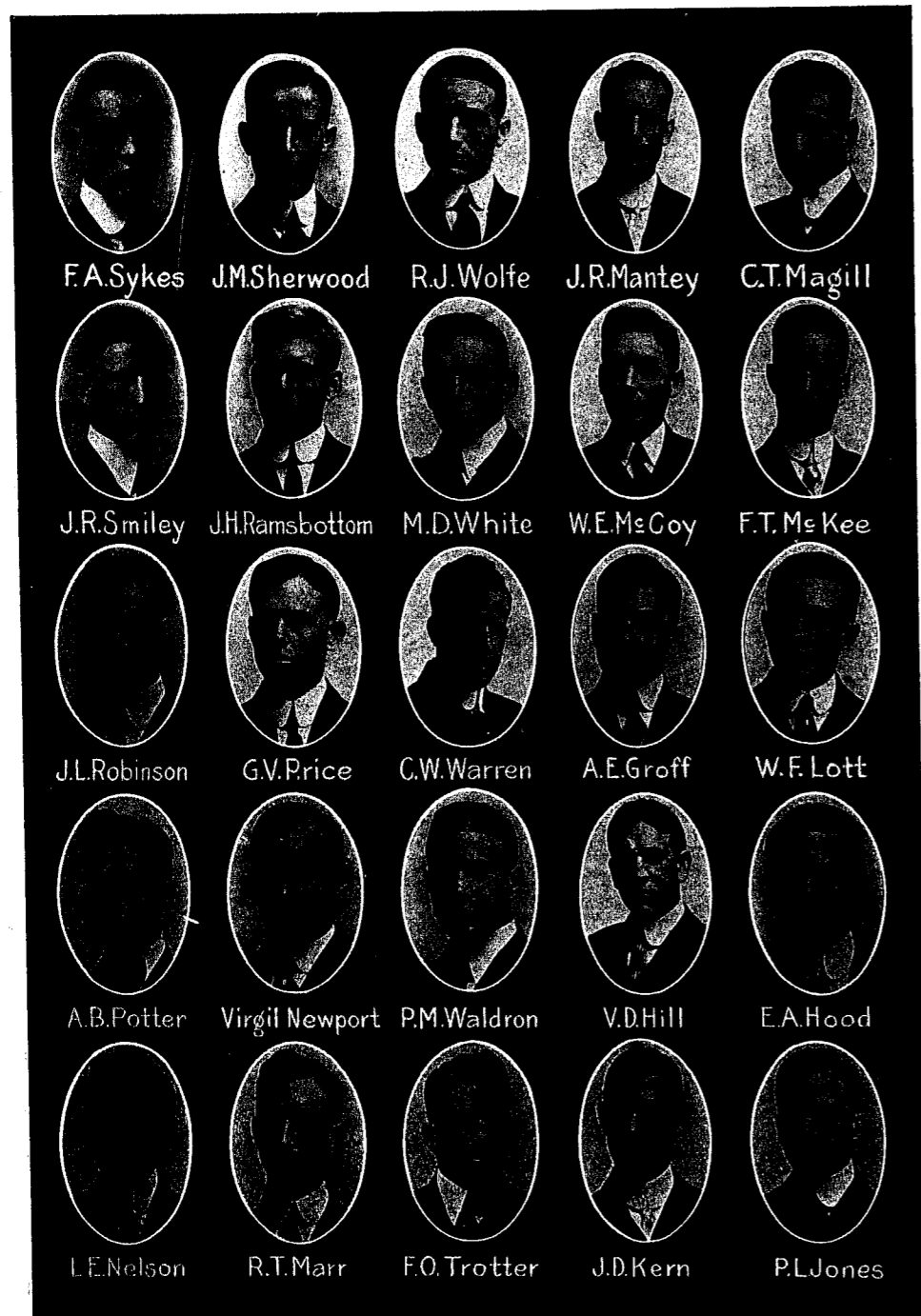
Honors

Won Annual Fresh-Soph Class Contests.
 Won Annual Fresh-Soph Basket-ball Game.
 College Orator, C. W. Warren.
 Varsity Foot-ball, Bell, Magill (Captain-elect), Brandom.
 Varsity Basket-ball Squad, Hood, Bell.
 Inter-collegiate Debaters, Price, Faulkner, Groff.
 Base-ball Captain, A. L. Lantz.



SOPHOMORE CLASS, GROUP I

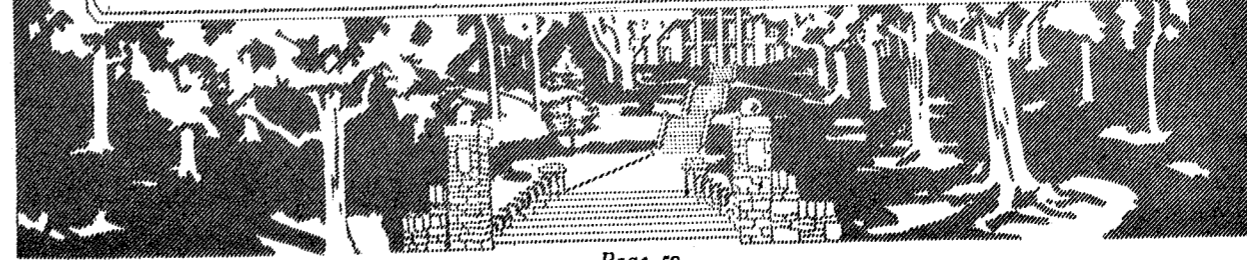




SOPHOMORE, GROUP II



FRESHY



Freshman Class

Colors

Silver and Old Gold



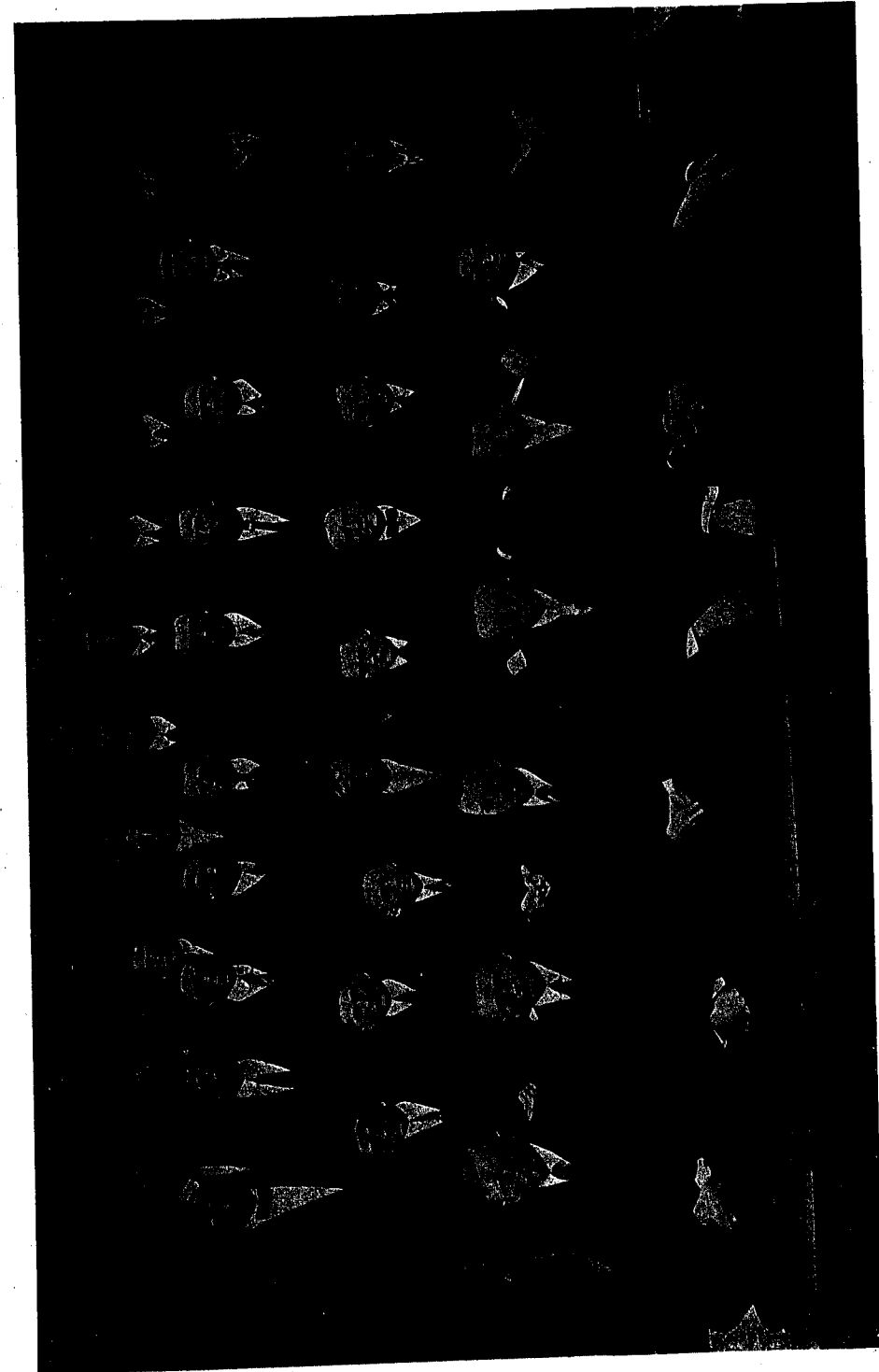
ROY H. PARKER

Yell

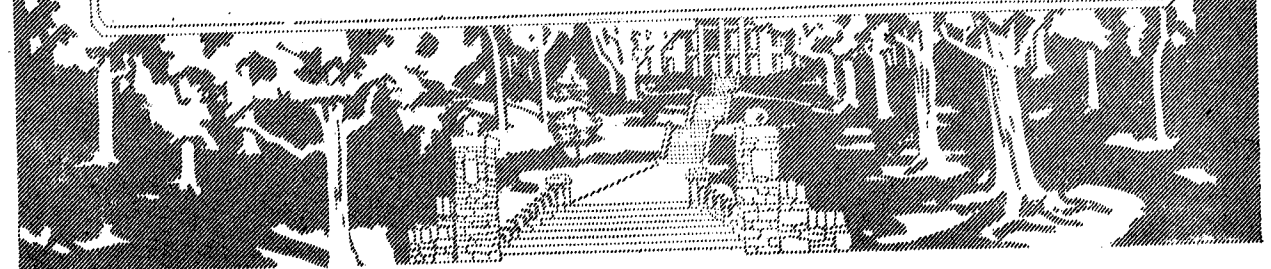
Seven!
Seven!!
Come eleven!!
Seven!
Seven!
Come eleven!!
1-9-1-7
Freshmen

Officers

ROY H. PARKER.....	President
LAWRENCE W. HARRIS.....	Vice-President
LAWRENCE MCCOY	Secretary
LEE S. CONNOR.....	Treasurer
R. E. HANEY.....	Yell Leader



FRESHMEN, GROUP I

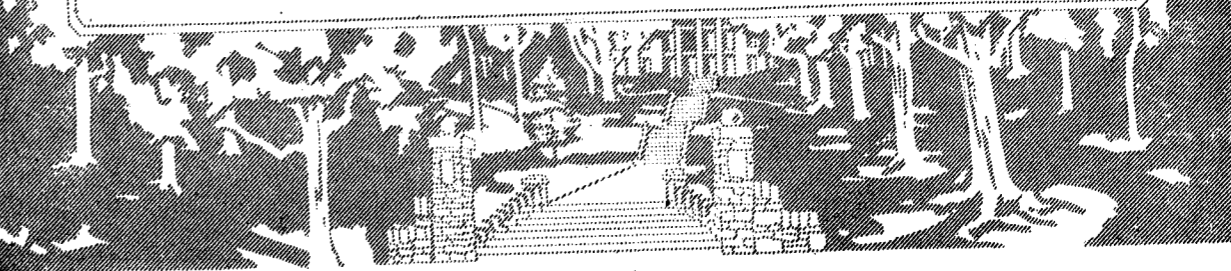
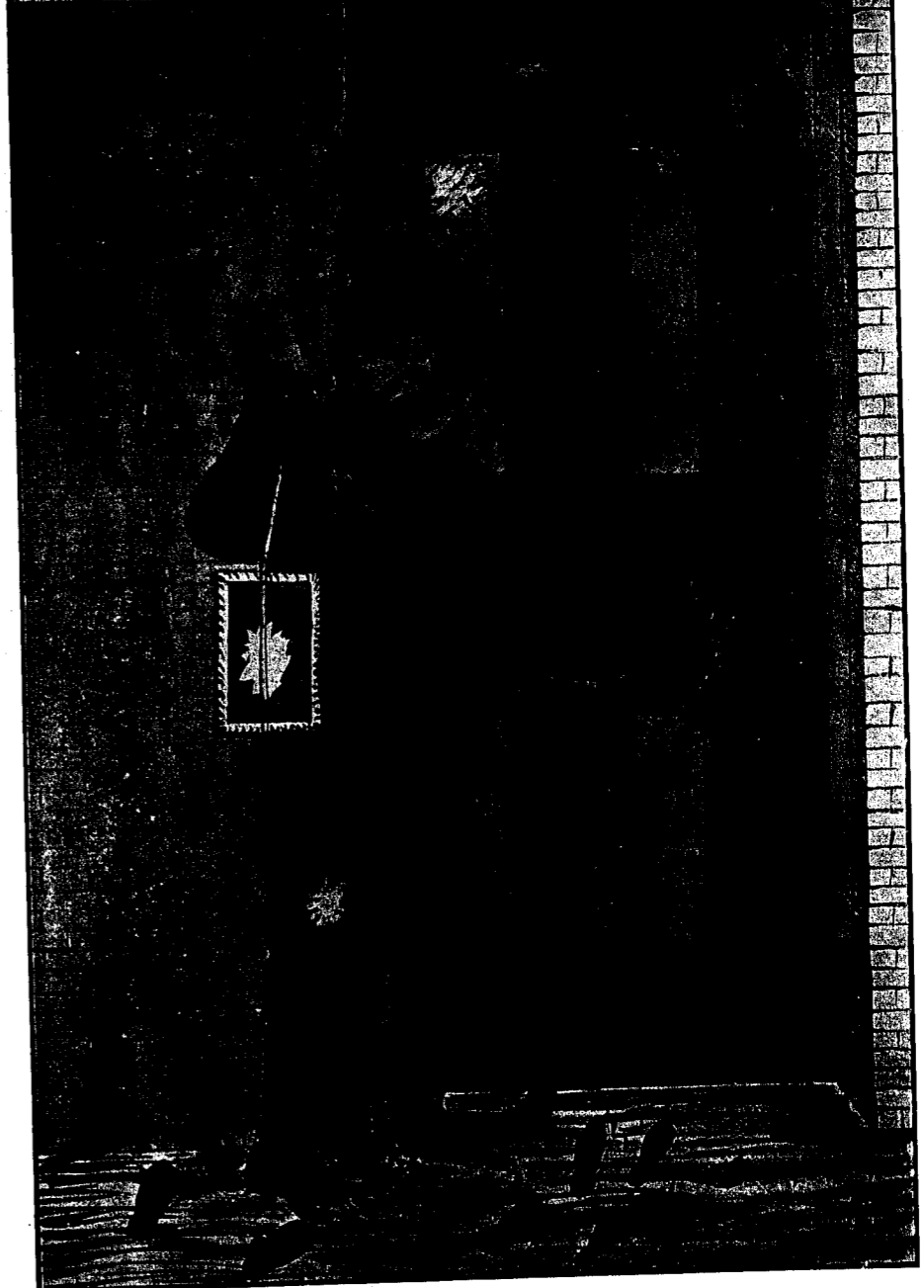




FRESHMEN, GROUP II



ACADEMS



Fourth Year Group



Officers

J. E. WADE.....	President
H. O. WOODS.....	Secretary
D. A. DIXON.....	Treasurer



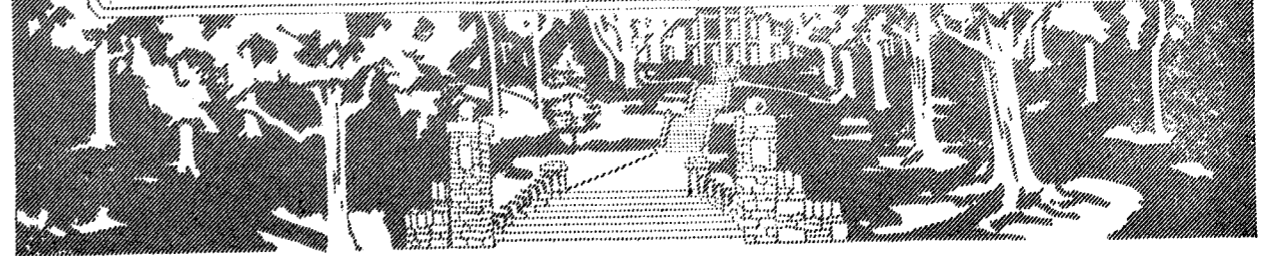
Third Year Group



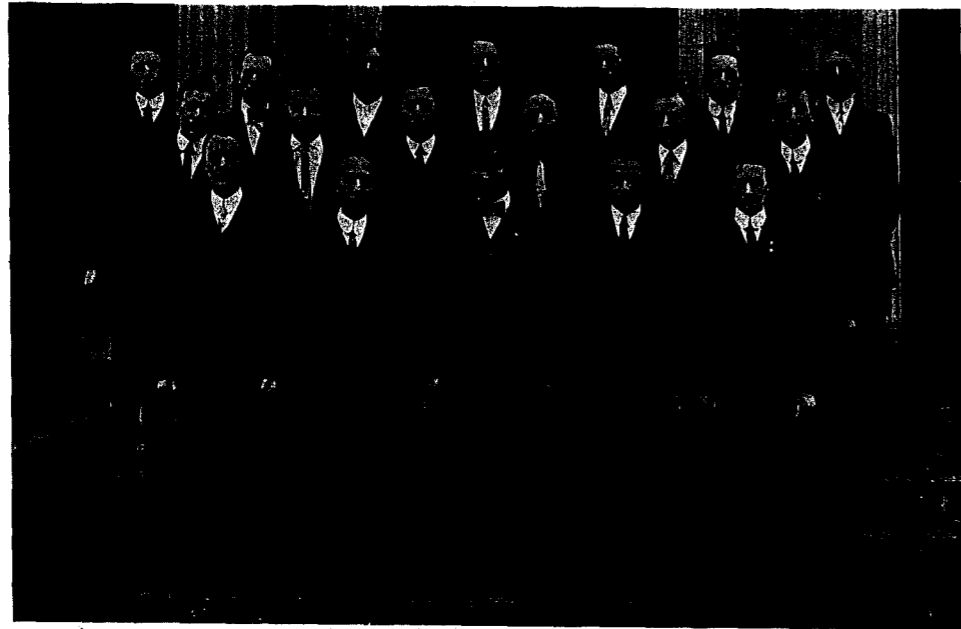
Officers

W. C. BARCLAY.....	President
H. O. WOODS.....	Secretary-Treasurer

(5)

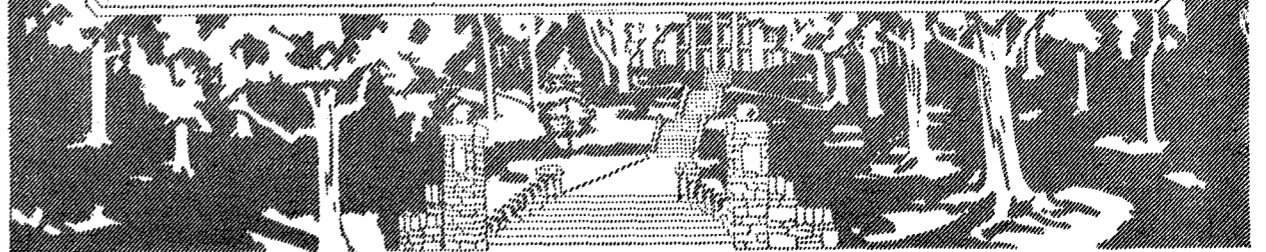
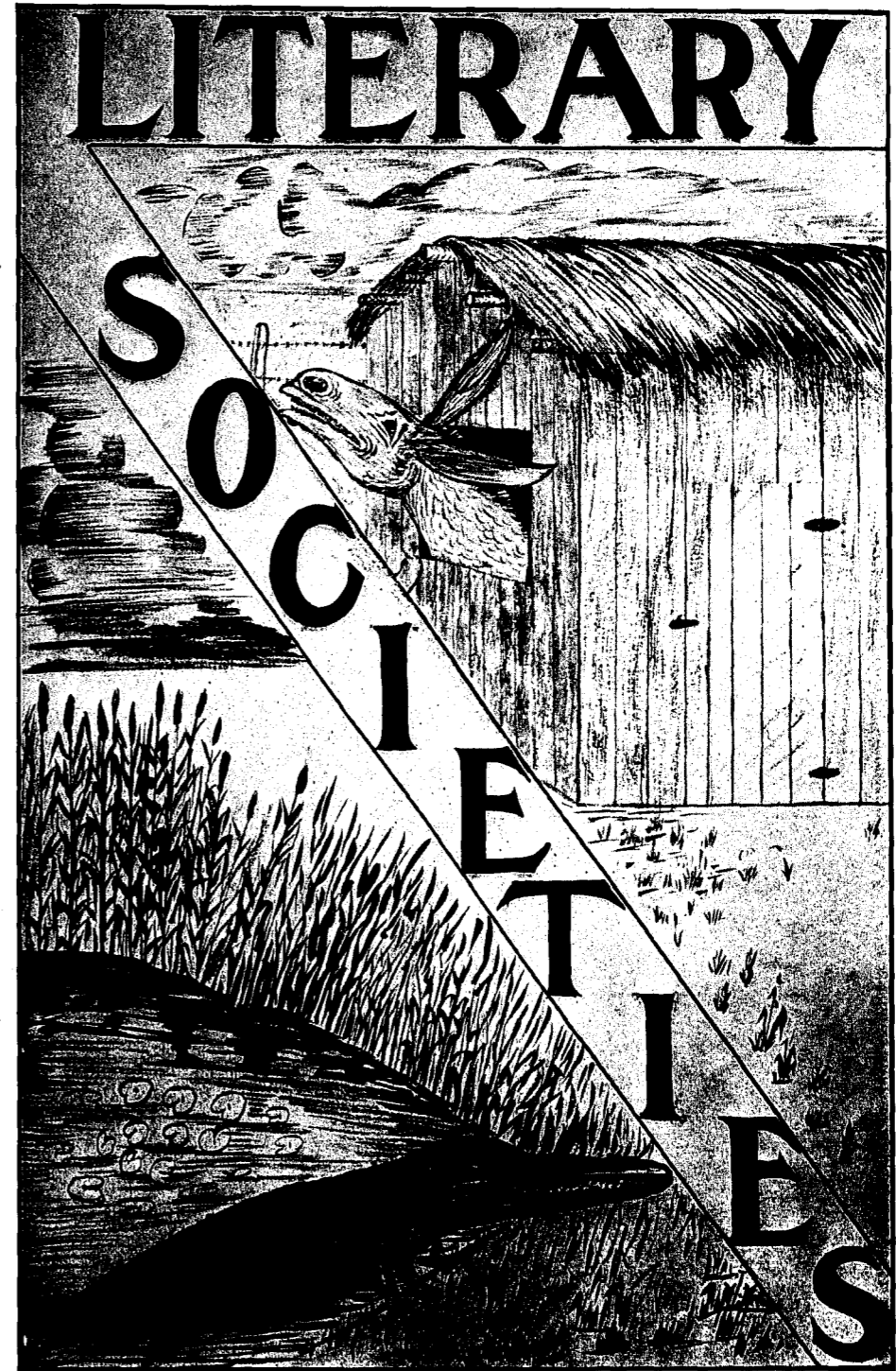


First and Second Year Group



Officers

- BENJ. H. OVERMAN.....President
- MARTIN S. ENGWALL.....Vice-President
- H. C. HO.....Secretary
- H. A. McCORKLE.....Treasurer



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 1913-14

Presidents

J. R. HICKERSON
L. E. MAHAN
N. W. TUCKER
W. E. PARKS

Vice-Presidents

C. S. BILLINGS
J. E. BRUNER
G. E. HARRIS
W. B. CHARLES

Secretaries

R. H. EWING
W. B. CHARLES
J. L. PEPPER
J. B. EWING

Treasurer

N. W. TUCKER

Inter-Collegiate Debaters

ASA Q. BURNS

ROY E. HANEY

J. H. POLLARD

A. F. WHERRITT

G. E. HARRIS

Medal Winners

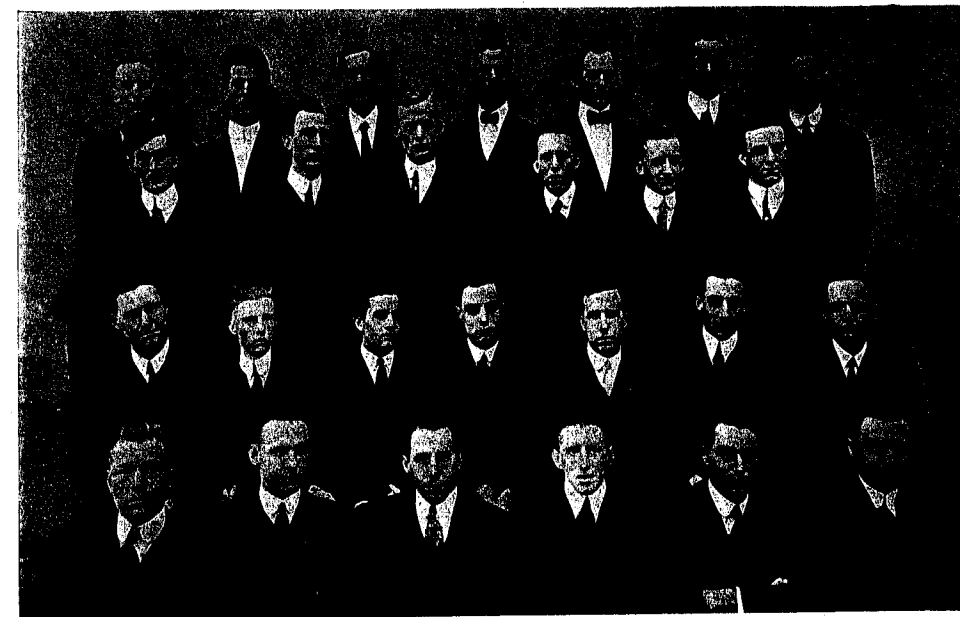
C. H. NINEGAR..... Reading

C. W. WARREN..... Oratorical

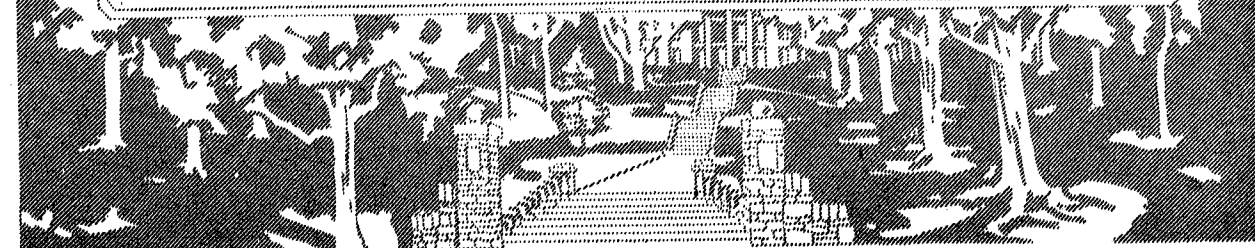
ASA Q. BURNS..... Peace



SENIOR PHILS. GROUP I



SENIOR PHILS. GROUP II



Senior Excelsior Literary Society

Founded 1857

Flower	Motto	Colors
White Carnation	Excelsior	White and Lavender

Yell

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

Officers for the Year

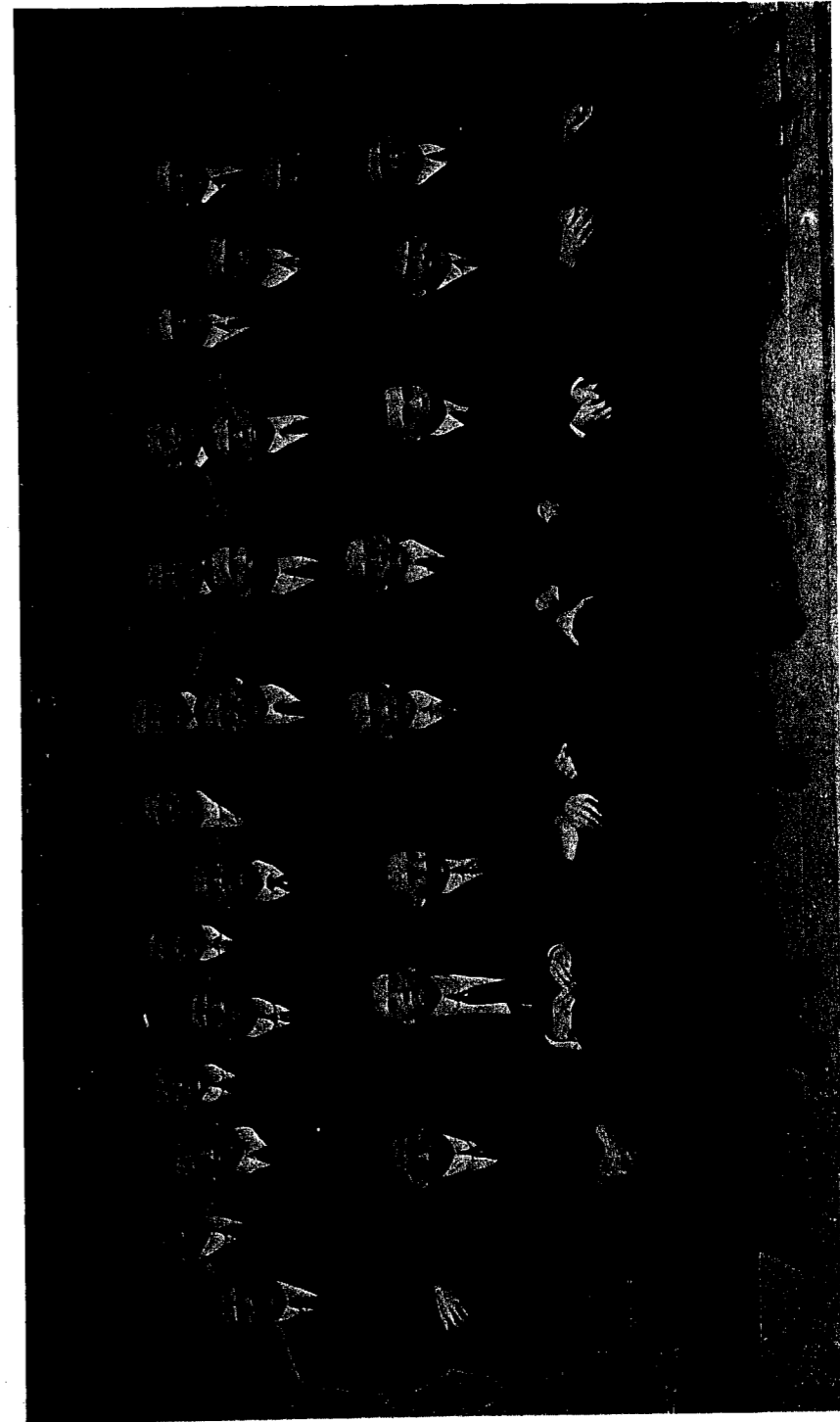
Presidents	Vice-Presidents	Secretaries
V. E. TATUM	L. T. HITES	R. I. DAVIS
F. I. GORDON	E. F. CANADY	F. M. SMALL
F. M. SMALL	J. F. TURNER	R. I. WOLFE
	Treasurer	
	A. E. GROFF	

Inter-Collegiate Debaters

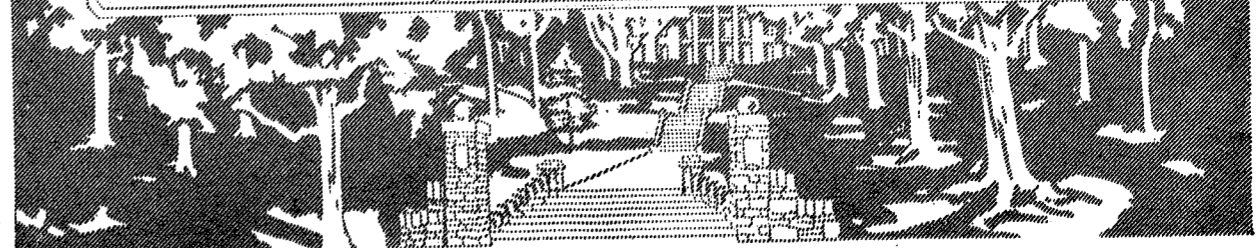
W. J. MATHERLY G. V. PRICE A. E. GROFF G. C. FAULKNER

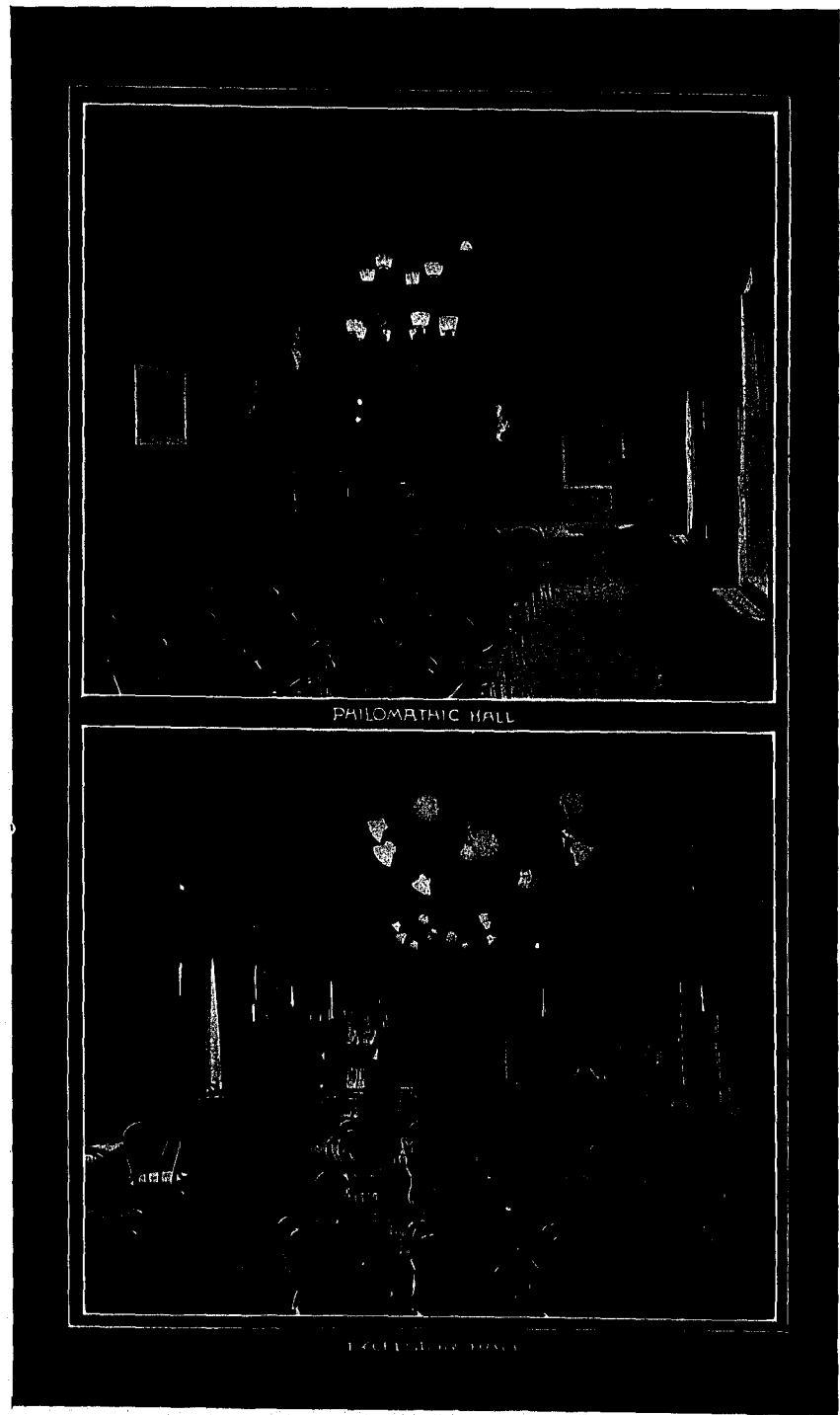
Medal Winners

W. J. MATHERLY.....Debate
L. T. HITES.....Ready Speaking

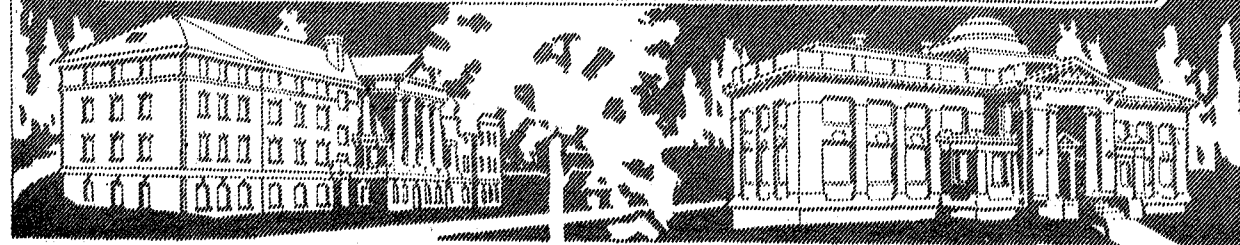


SENIOR EXCELSIOR LITERARY SOCIETY





PHILOMATHIC HALL



Inter-Collegiate Debating and Oratory

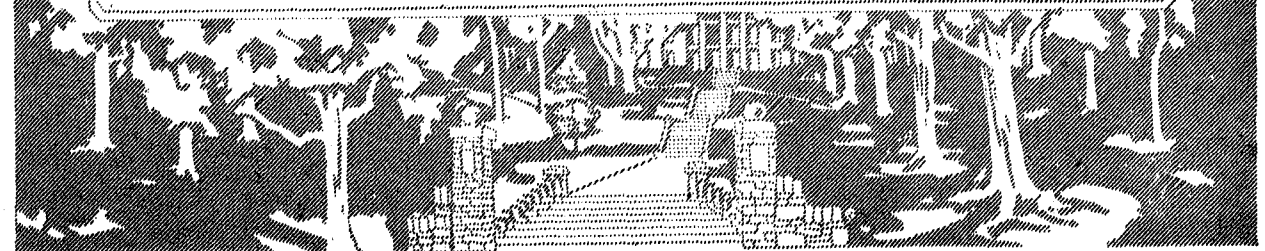
THE standard of Debating and Oratory in William Jewell College has become established on a very high plane. Out of the last twenty-two debates our teams have won twenty signal victories, winning from such institutions as the Kansas City Law School, the Law School of Washington University, the State University of Arkansas, Baylor University, Washburn University, Yankton College, Yankton, S. D., Monmouth College, Monmouth, Ill., and Denver University.

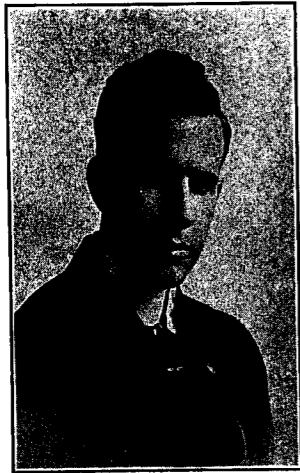
The Debate situation of the present year is especially bright. The debating teams are composed of four experienced inter-collegiate debaters and five of the present year's inter-society debaters. The student body has shown its enthusiastic support of debating and oratory by voluntarily voting a literary fee to apply on the expenses of inter-collegiate debating and oratory. A loyal friend to this department of our college life has arisen in the person of Hon. Wm. M. Fitch, '93, Assistant Attorney General of Missouri. In recognition of his generous support, one of the strongest debating teams of the year has been designated "The Hon. William M. Fitch Debating Team of William Jewell College." The interest of the student body is further shown by the large number of contestants who enter the try-outs for inter-collegiate teams in debate and oratory; all college students under the new ruling are now eligible to represent the College in forensic activities.

In Oratory, William Jewell has won three first places out of the last five state contests. During the same five years our orators have won two second places also. This is a larger number of firsts and also a larger number of seconds in that time than has been received by any other Missouri college. Last year William Jewell's orator, Mr. Howard Beaver, received second place in the Inter-state, an event which has not been equaled by any other Missouri college for a goodly number of years.

In the State Peace Contest, our orator last year, Mr. Birkhead, won the second prize of \$50. This year at Columbia Asa Q. Burns also won second place in this contest. William Jewell's record in debate and oratory gives her a leading place among the colleges of the West.

For this phenomenal record much credit is due our efficient and sacrificing debate coach, Dr. Elmer C. Griffith.





C. W. WARREN



ASA Q. BURNS

Oratory

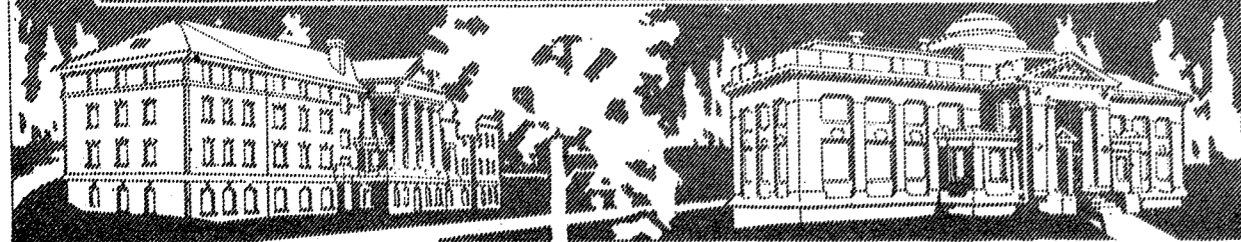
THE annual state oratorical contest was held March 5, 1914, with Central College at Fayette, Mo. Mr. C. W. Warren, a Sophomore, won the local contest with "The New Vision of Our Duty to the Immigrant," and therefore represented the College in the state contest. Mr. Warren won second place without any close competition for the rank.

The local Peace Oratorical was won by Asa Q. Burns, a Junior, with "The Bloom of Patriotism," and he represented the College in the State Peace Contest at Columbia, winning second place.

Mr. E. F. Canady is to be commended for his faithful work as Committeeman. He was also elected Secretary-Treasurer of the State Oratorical Association, in which capacity he has acquitted himself creditably.



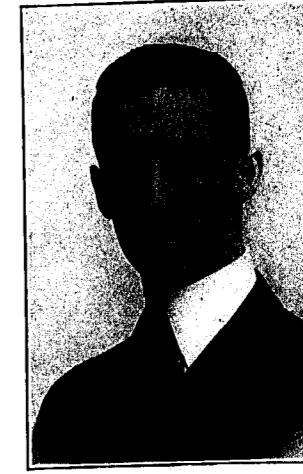
E. F. CANADY
Committeeman



W. J. MATHERLY
Leader



C. V. PRICE



R. E. HANEY

Denver Team

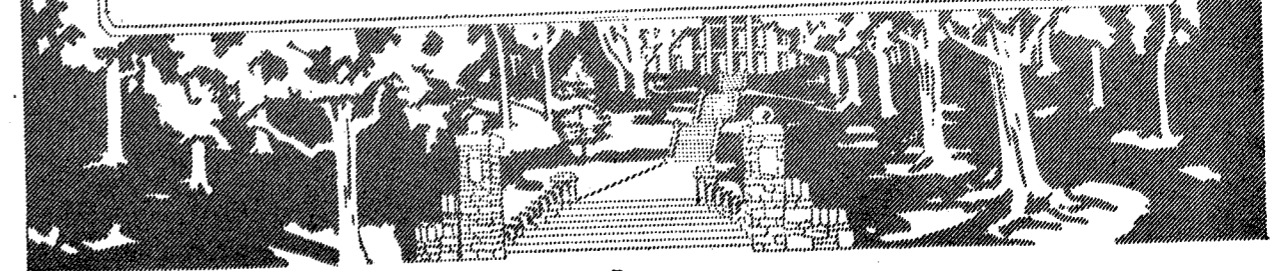
DENVER UNIVERSITY VS. WILLIAM JEWELL
At Denver, April 17, 1914

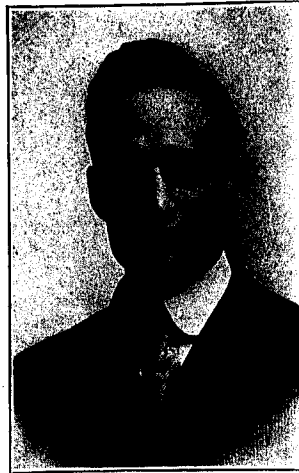
QUESTION: Resolved, That the states should establish a schedule of Minimum Wage for all unskilled workmen. Constitutionality conceded.

The Debate Council has named this team the William M. Fitch Debating Team, in recognition of the generous support given our debating squad by Hon. William M. Fitch, A.B., '93, now Assistant Attorney General of Missouri.

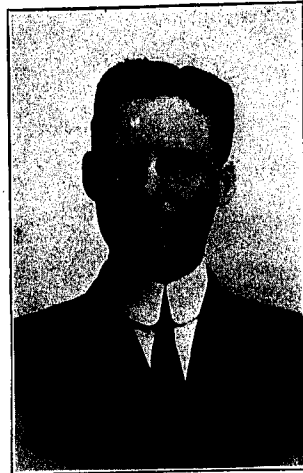


C. H. NINEGAR
Committeeman





G. E. HARRIS
Leader



J. H. POLLARD

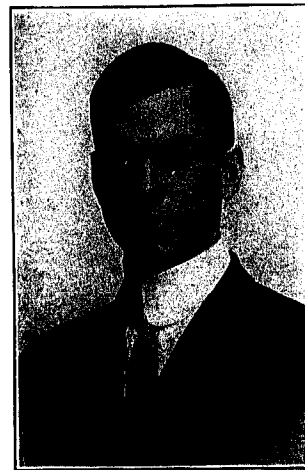


A. F. WHERRITT

Monmouth Team

MONMOUTH COLLEGE VS. WILLIAM JEWELL
At Monmouth, Ill., April 24, 1914

QUESTION: Resolved, That the Federal Government should conduct the Express Business of the United States. Constitutionality waived.



C. S. BILLINGS
Committeeman



ASA Q. BURNS
Leader



G. C. FAULKNER



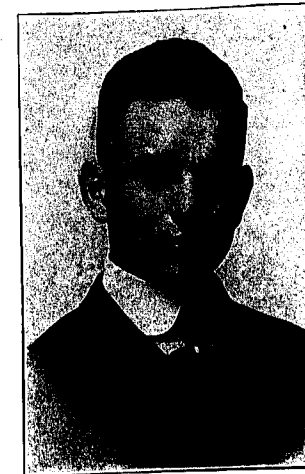
A. E. GROFF

Washburn Team

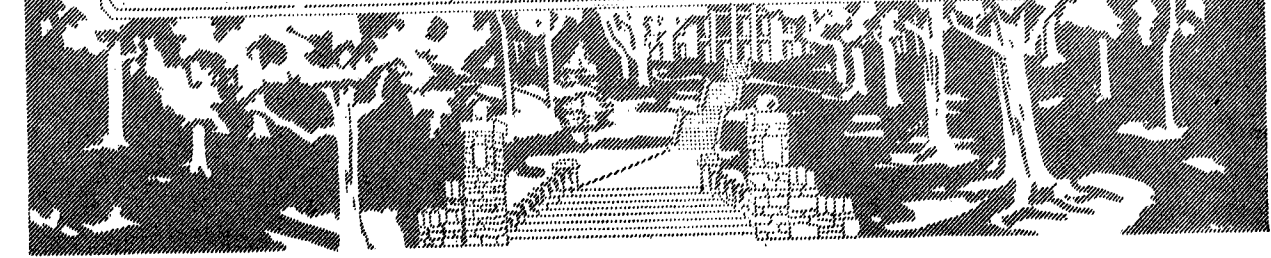
WASHBURN COLLEGE VS. WILLIAM JEWELL
At Liberty, April 3, 1914

QUESTION: Resolved, That through appropriate legislation a Minimum Wage Scale should be put in operation in the United States. Constitutionality granted.

DECISION: Unanimous for William Jewell.



J. M. TATUM
Committeeman



Junior Excelsior Literary Society

Motto
Excelsior

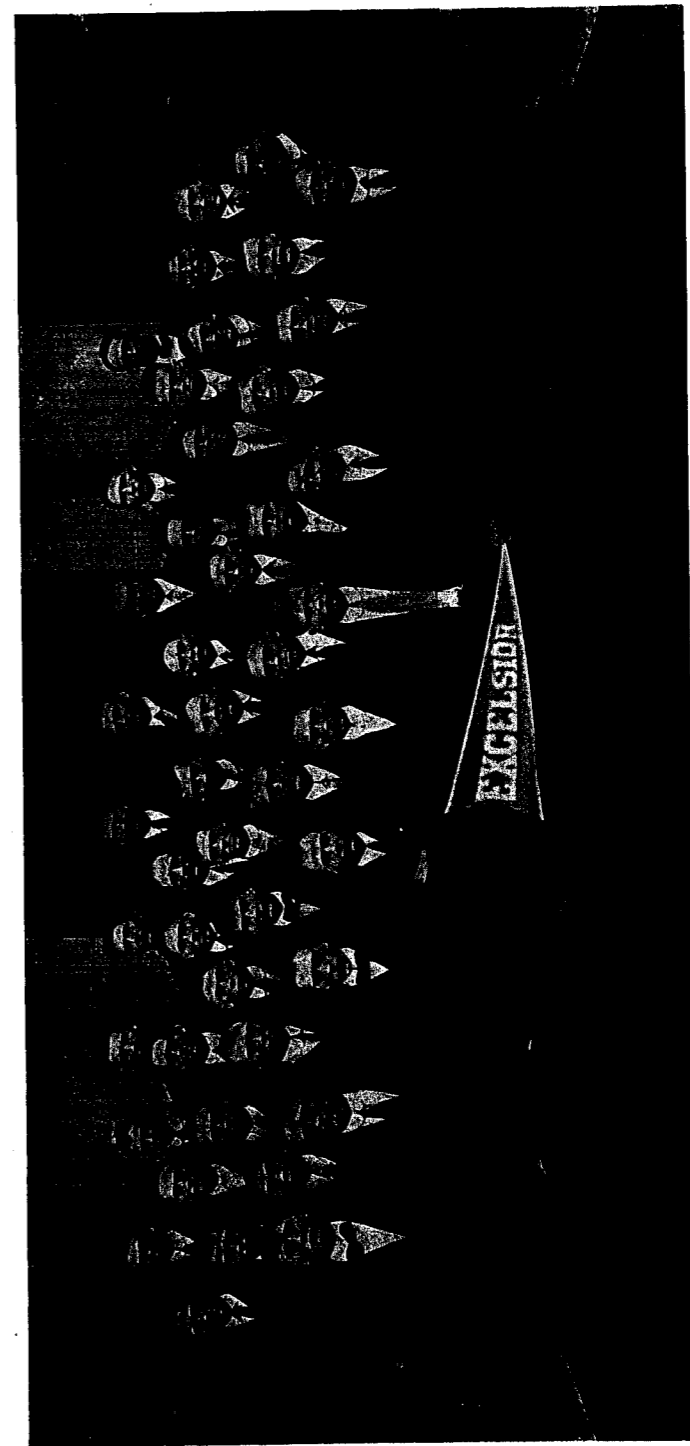
Yell
Boomalaca, boomalaca
Bow, wow, wow,
Chicalaca, chicalaca,
Chow, chow, chow.
Boomalaca, chicalaca,
Who are we,
We're Excelsiors,
W. J. C.

Officers for the Year 1913-14

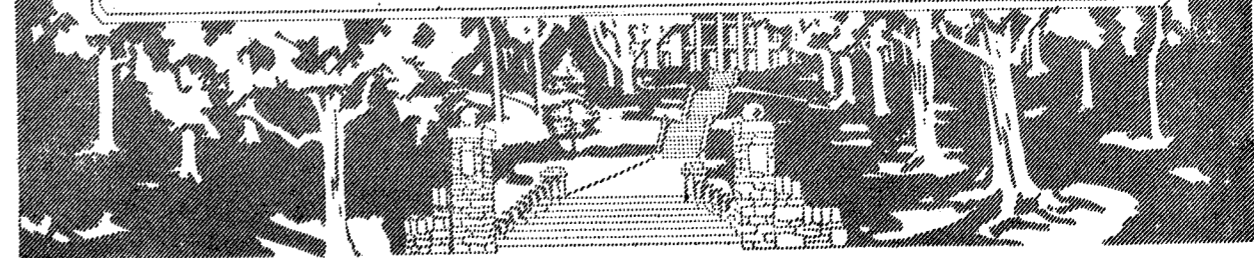
Presidents	Vice-Presidents	Secretaries
L. T. WALLACE	W. H. ROBERTS	L. R. KITE
A. J. PARKER	G. C. SCHWARTZ	H. L. BREWSTER
W. H. ROBERTS	O. W. NEIDERT	OSCAR HIGGINS

Honors

L. T. WALLACE.....	Essay
L. T. WALLACE.....	Oratorical
J. E. BELL.....	Ready Speaking
L. T. WALLACE.....	Reading
W. H. ROBERTS.....	Debate
L. T. WALLACE.....	Declamation



JUNIOR EXCELSIOR LITERARY SOCIETY



Junior Philomathic Literary Society

Motto

"Libertas et Florentia una Florent"

Yell

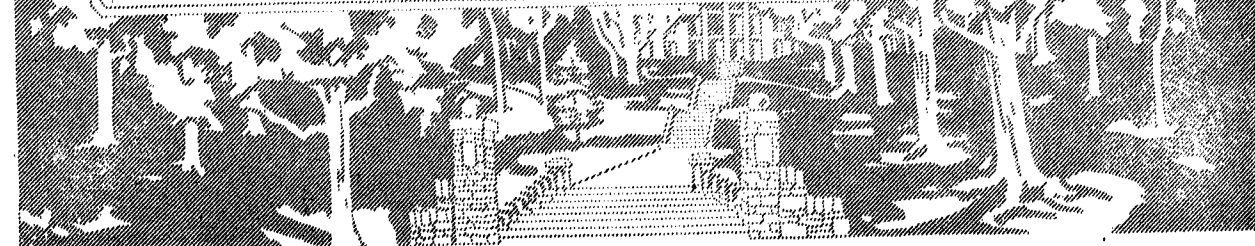
Boomer Racker! Boomer Racker!!
Boomer Racker Roi!!
Sis, Boom, Firecracker!!
Phil Est Moi!!
Hip Zoo! Rah Zoo!! Zip Rah Boom!!
We're Philomathians,
Give us room!!!

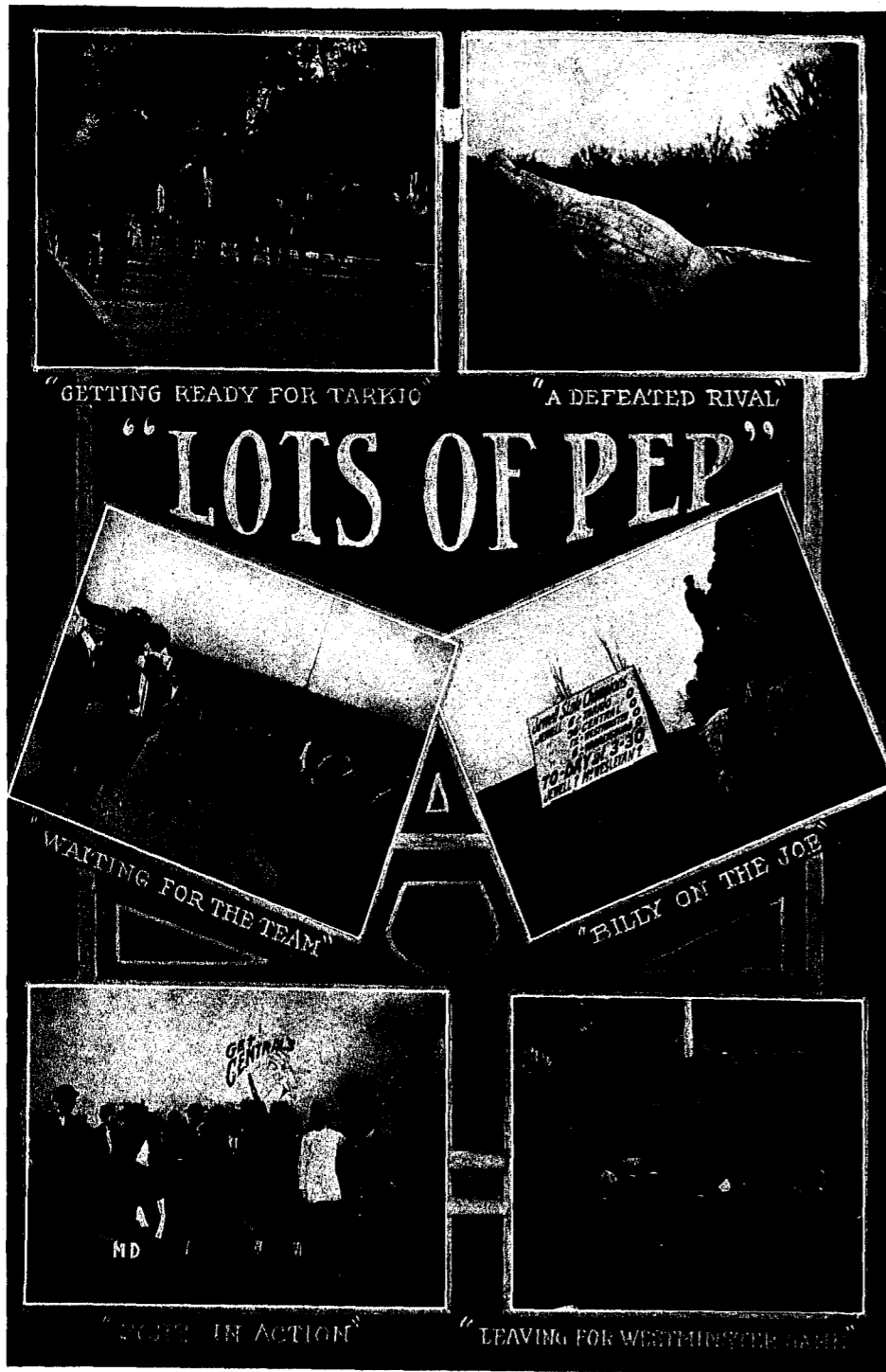
Officers for the Year 1913-14

Presidents	Vice-Presidents	Secretaries
H. A. PARKS	A. R. NIEMAN	J. H. MCARTHUR
A. R. NIEMAN	S. J. WATERMAN	DENSLOW DIXON
O. W. STANBROUGH	PETER DE YOUNG	W. V. GAINES
JOHN H. MCARTHUR	DENSLOW DIXON	M. R. JONES

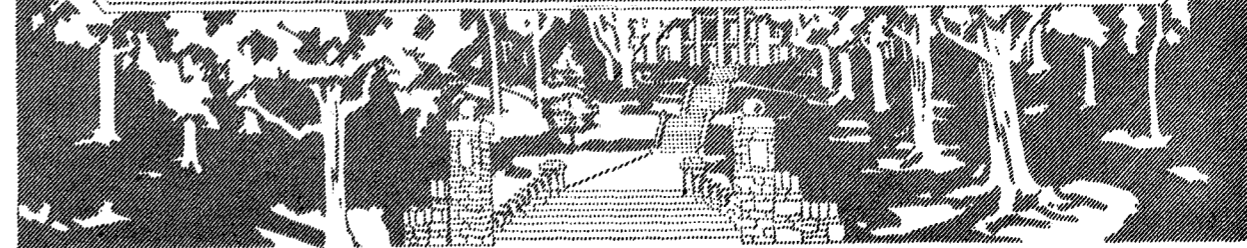
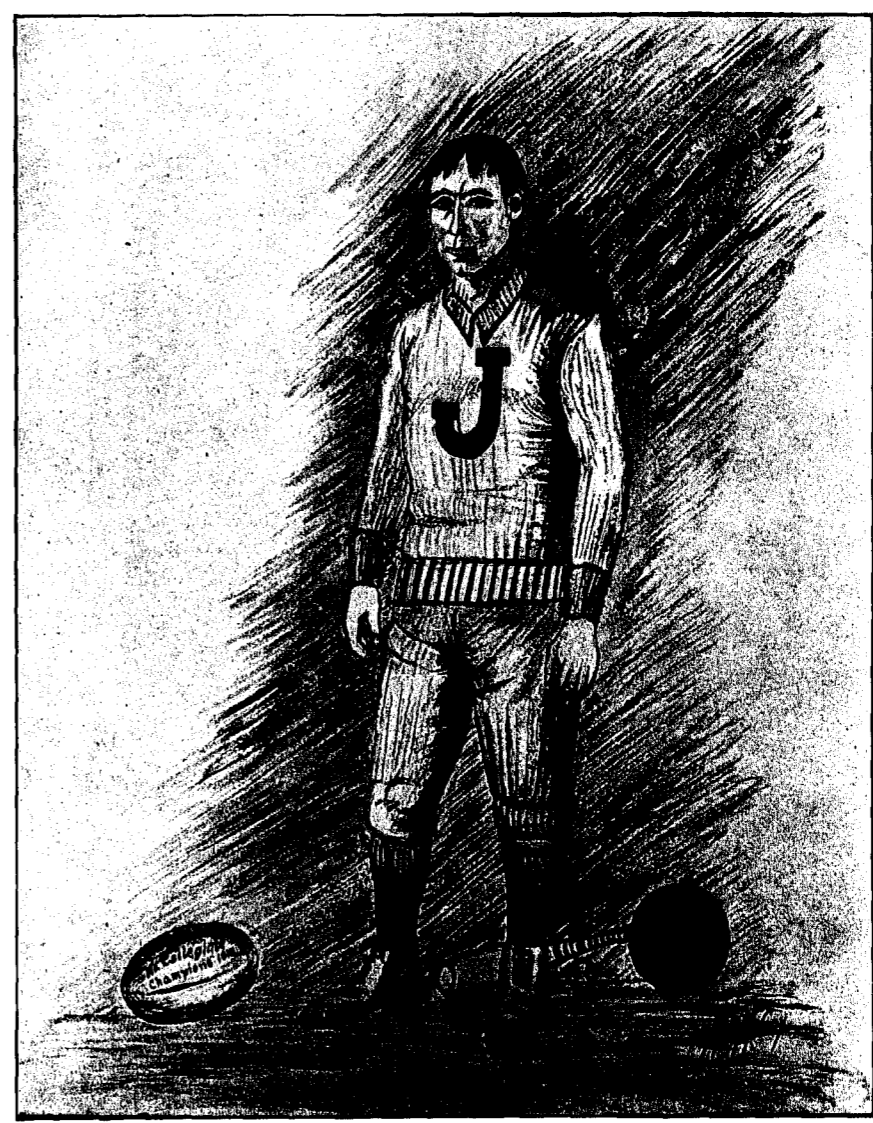


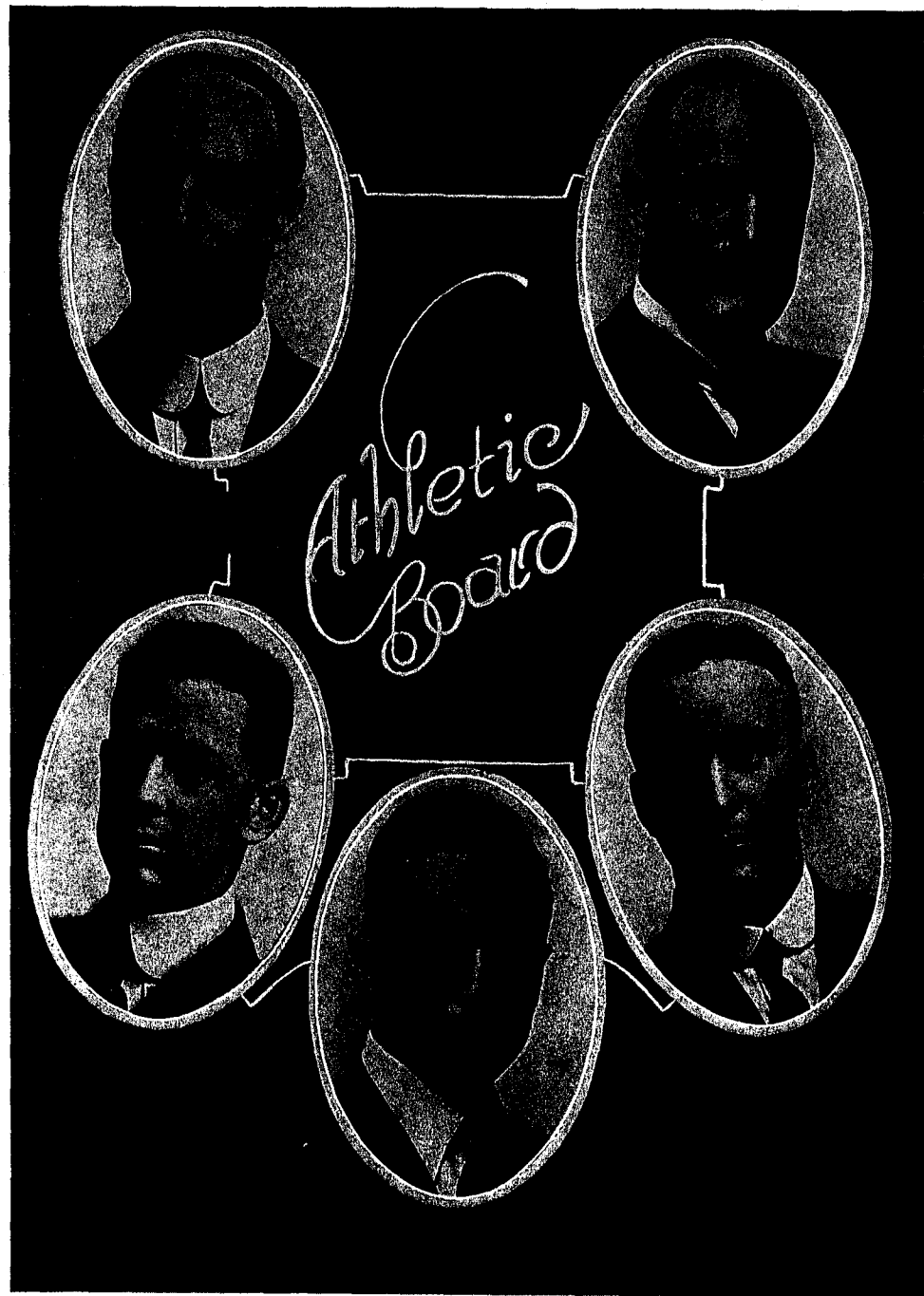
JUNIOR PHILOMATHIC LITERARY SOCIETY





ATHLETICS





Athletic Board



Foot-Ball



"COACH" WHEATON

Foot-Ball Schedule 1913

Jewell 0	Kansas 7	Jewell 3	Baker 0
Jewell 6	Tarkio 0	Jewell 12	Westminster 0
Jewell 0	Washburn 23	Jewell 6	Warrensburg 0
Jewell 38	Central 0	Jewell 33	Missouri Wesleyan 3

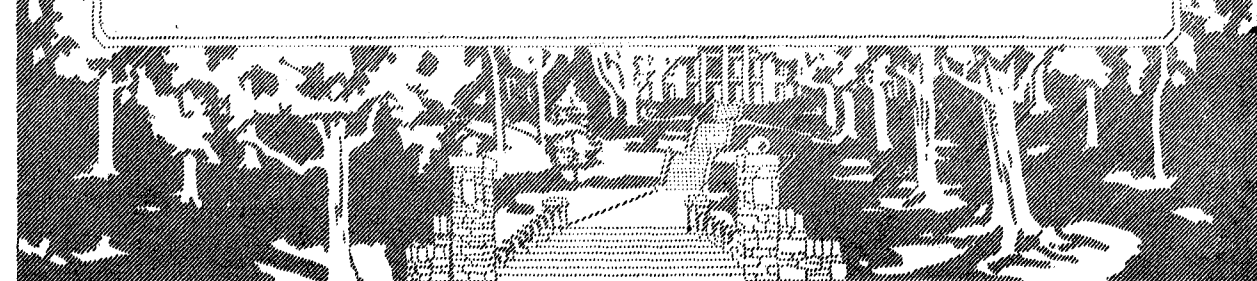
Totals

Jewell 98
Opponents 33

The Champions of Missouri

FOOT-BALL followers of Jewell awoke with a start when their foot-ball team was defeated by Warrensburg in the fall of 1912. They all in their hearts said "We will come back," and it is needless to say that they did come back.

The foot-ball season this year opened with a snap. "Dad" Bowles had the old men back and hard at work a week before school opened. But the chances for a Champion-



ship team did not look very bright. Gloom fell upon us. Suddenly a bright light appeared above the horizon in the form of Mr. Wheaton, an old Yale Foot-ball Star.

Coach Wheaton took hold of the team and cast it into still deeper gloom when he began to change the whole system of playing. He had hardly gotten his team to working well when the game with Kansas University was upon them. K. U. said that the small score of 7 to 0 in their favor was due to the mud, but the truth was that our team had begun to make use of what Coach Wheaton had been trying to teach them.

The season's work might be characterized as one triumphant march to Warrensburg's goal, the championship being cinched when "Little Brandy," after a ninety-yard run, placed the oval behind Warrensburg's goal. Too much credit cannot be given our team. It was an eleven man team, every man filling his position like a cog in a perfect machine. While being exceptionally good on the offense, the team's greatest strength lay in its defensive work. Especial emphasis must be placed on the spirit which Coach Wheaton instilled into the men. The Championship was due probably as much to the mental attitude of the men as to their coach and actual ability.

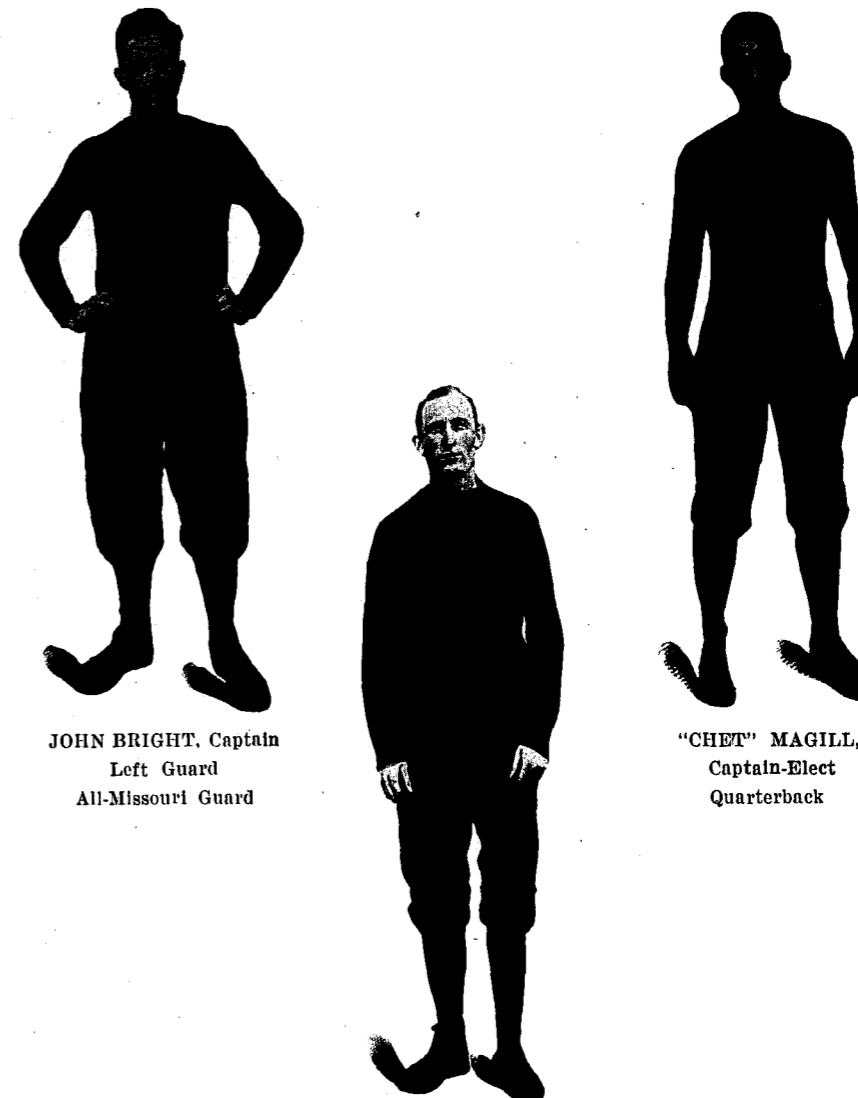
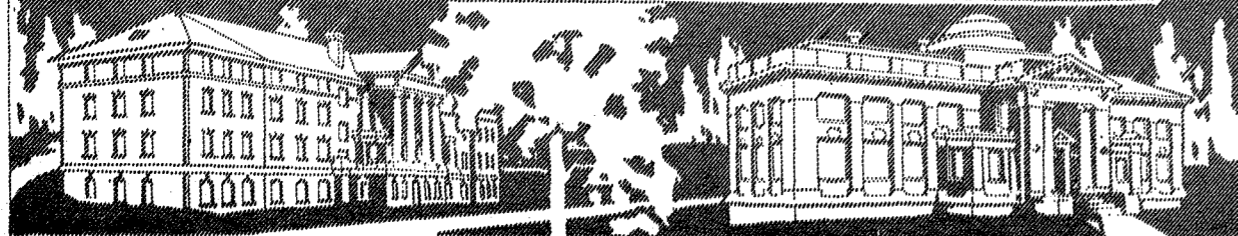
Captain Bright was the best captain that has ever lead a foot-ball squad. With few words to say, he led his men with his consistent work at guard, winning a place on the All-Missouri eleven. The other guard positions were well taken care of by "Fritz" Criminger and "Whistle" Bryant. Criminger played the first two games and was then laid out by injuries. Bryant, one of the most aggressive men on the team, was then shifted from tackle to guard and continued there during the remainder of the season.

Waterman at Left Tackle took good care of his position, being awarded the All-Missouri by *The Kansas City Journal*. Billings also played this position, doing some good work. The other Tackle position was filled by "Walt" Holmes and Ray Ewing. "Walt" Holmes was a tower of strength in the line, being a fierce defensive man and equally dependable for opening holes on the offense. Ray Ewing was a scrappy little tackle and won the hearty commendation of the Coach. Much is expected of him next year. McQueen, while a new man, took good care of the Center position, though going up against some strong men. Miller played this position early in the season, acquitting himself creditably. "Indian" Bell, at Left End, played a steady, consistent game throughout, few gains being made around his end. He was also awarded a place on the All-Missouri by *The Kansas City Journal*.

Godfriaux, at Right End, played his first foot-ball and did good work. Paul Holmes also played in this position and is expected to do wonders next year.

In the back field Martin proved to be the best Half-back in the state, easily winning a position on the All-Missouri team. He did great work both on the offense and the defense. Brandom and McHenry divided honors in taking care of the other half positions, both being speedy men. McHenry made touchdown after touchdown by his broken field running, being awarded right half position on the All-Missouri team by the *Kansas City Journal*. "Little Brandy," with his ninety-yard run, won the Championship, and with his trusty toe won a victory for us over Baker. "Chet" Magill, the plucky little Quarter, ran the team like a veteran. His superior work won for him the confidence of his team-mates and the captaincy of next year's team. Gordon played his first year at Full-back, easily holding this position through his wonderful punting.

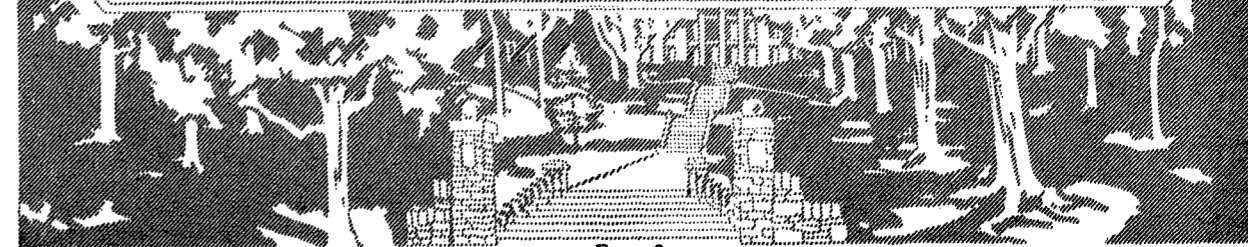
Under Mr. Wheaton's coaching, next year's team expects not only to win the state championship, but to make a name for themselves in the University Class.

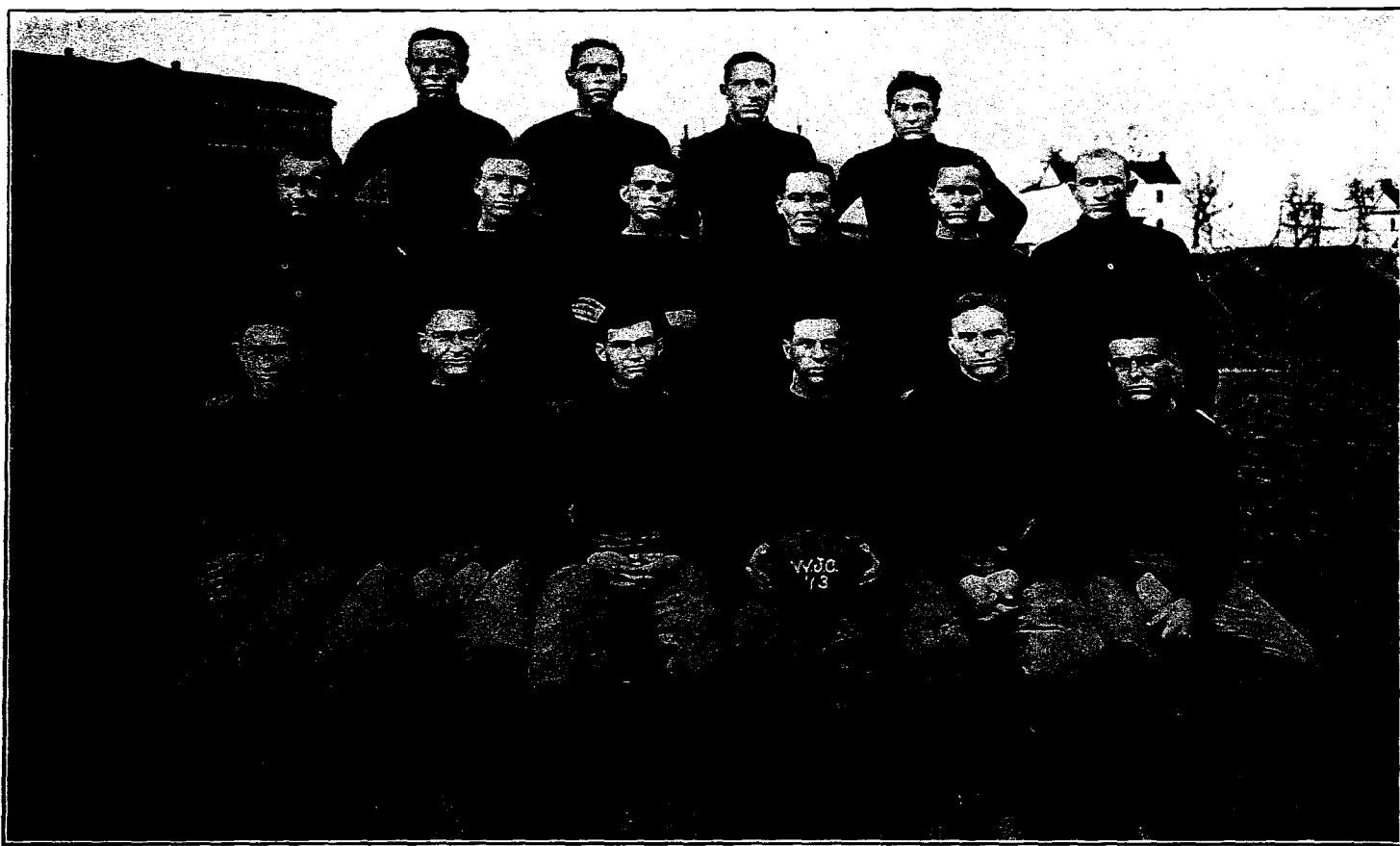


JOHN BRIGHT, Captain
Left Guard
All-Missouri Guard

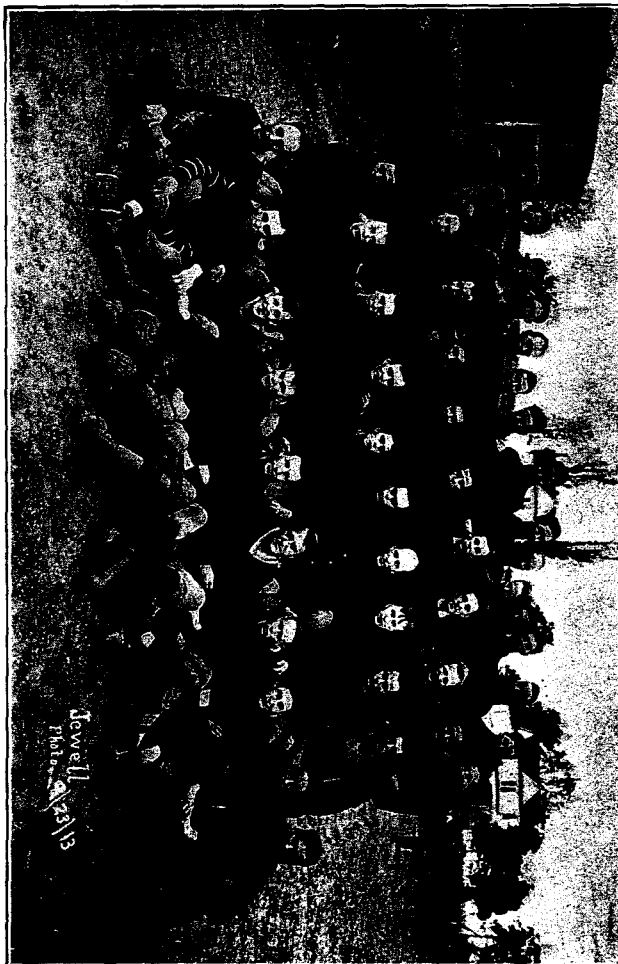
R. E. BOWLES
Athletic Director

"CHET" MAGILL,
Captain-Elect
Quarterback

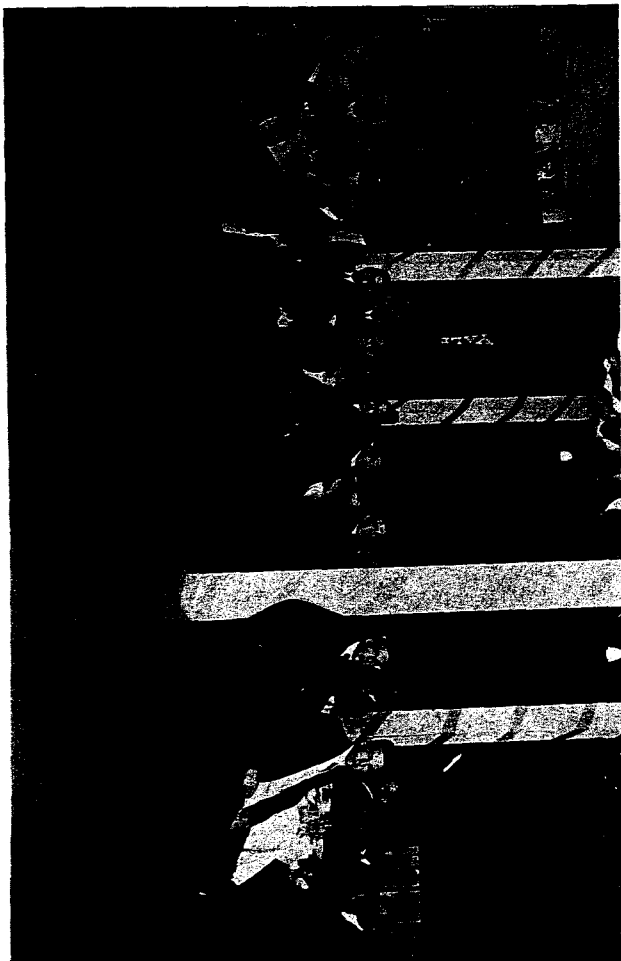




THE CHAMPIONS OF MISSOURI
Top, left to right: P. Holmes, Ewing, Miller, McHenry. Middle row: Martin, Gordon, McQueen, Bryant, Billings, "Coach" Bowles.
Bottom row: Brandom, Magill, Bell, Bright, Godfriaux, Waterman.



FOOT-BALL SQUAD



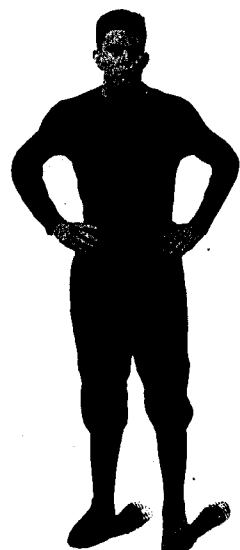
FOOT-BALL BANQUET



"CEC" MARTIN
Left Half
All-Missouri Half



"McK" McHENRY
Right Half



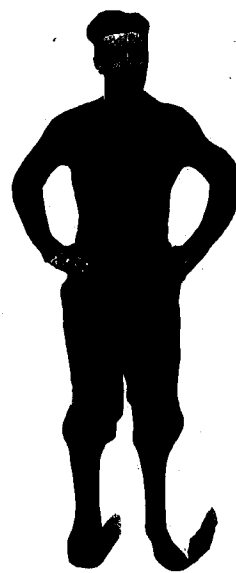
"SHEENIE" McQUEEN
Center



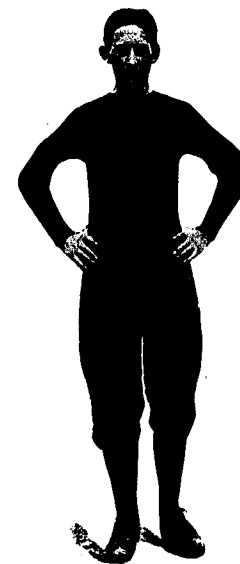
"FIG" GORDON
Full Back



"WHISTLE" BRYANT
Right Tackle



LLOYD WATERMAN
Left Tackle



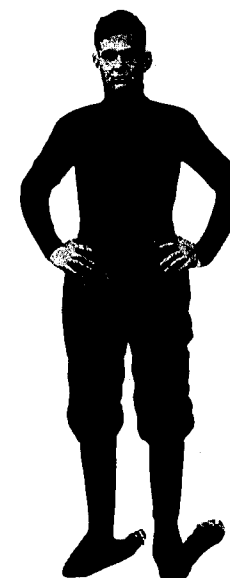
"LITTLE BRANDY" BRANDOM
Right Half



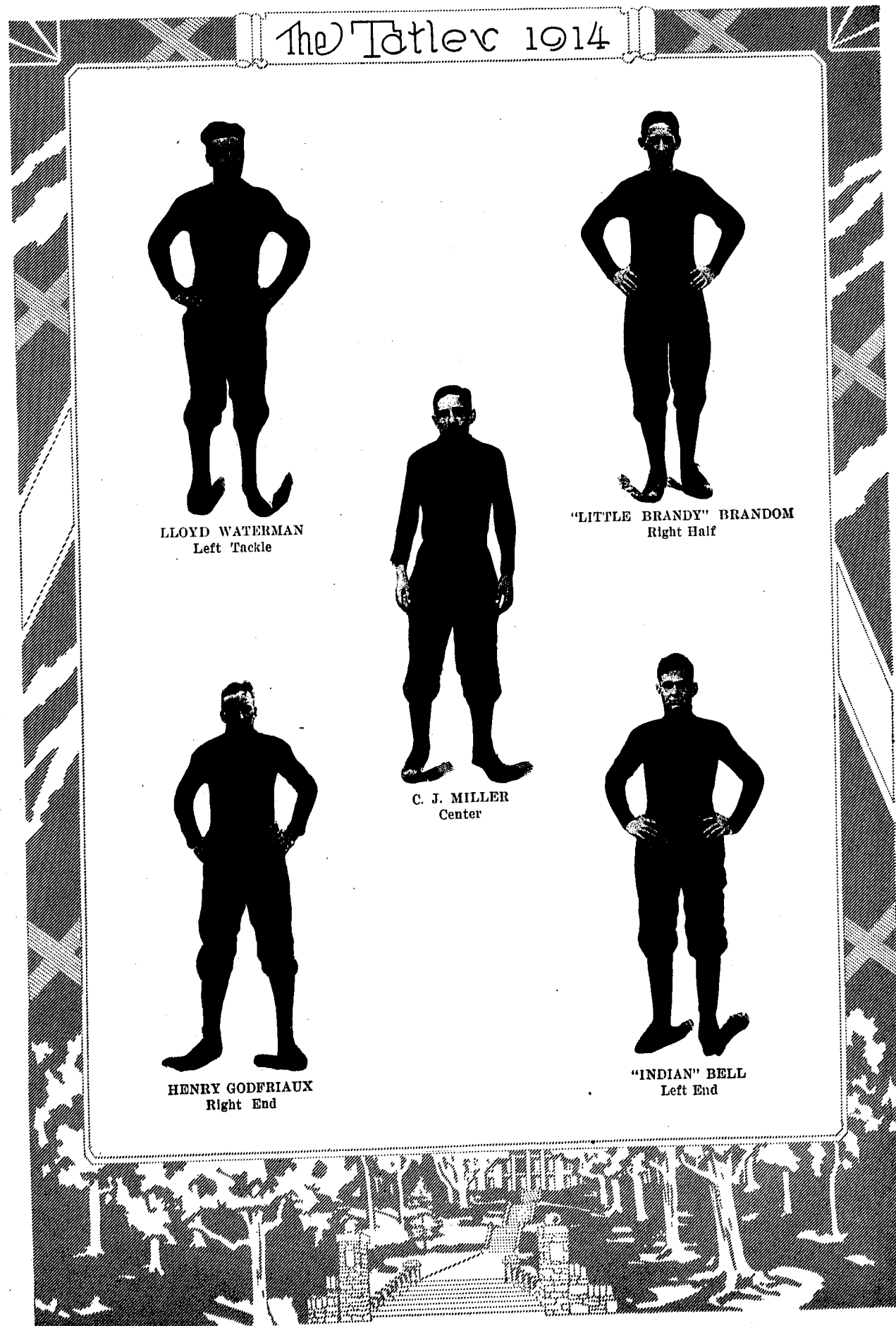
C. J. MILLER
Center

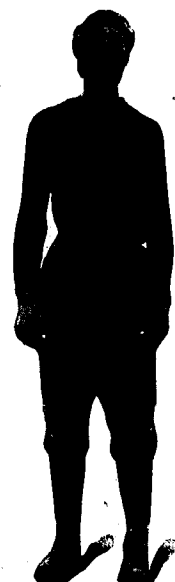


HENRY GODFRIAUX
Right End



"INDIAN" BELL
Left End





"BILL" BILLINGS
Right Tackle



RAY EWING
Right Tackle



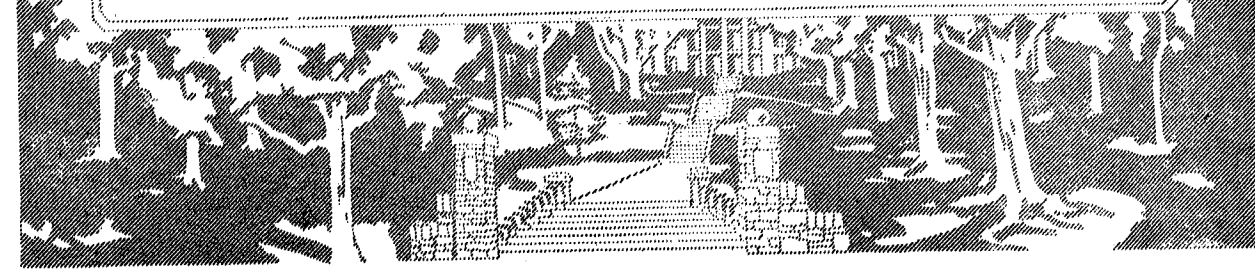
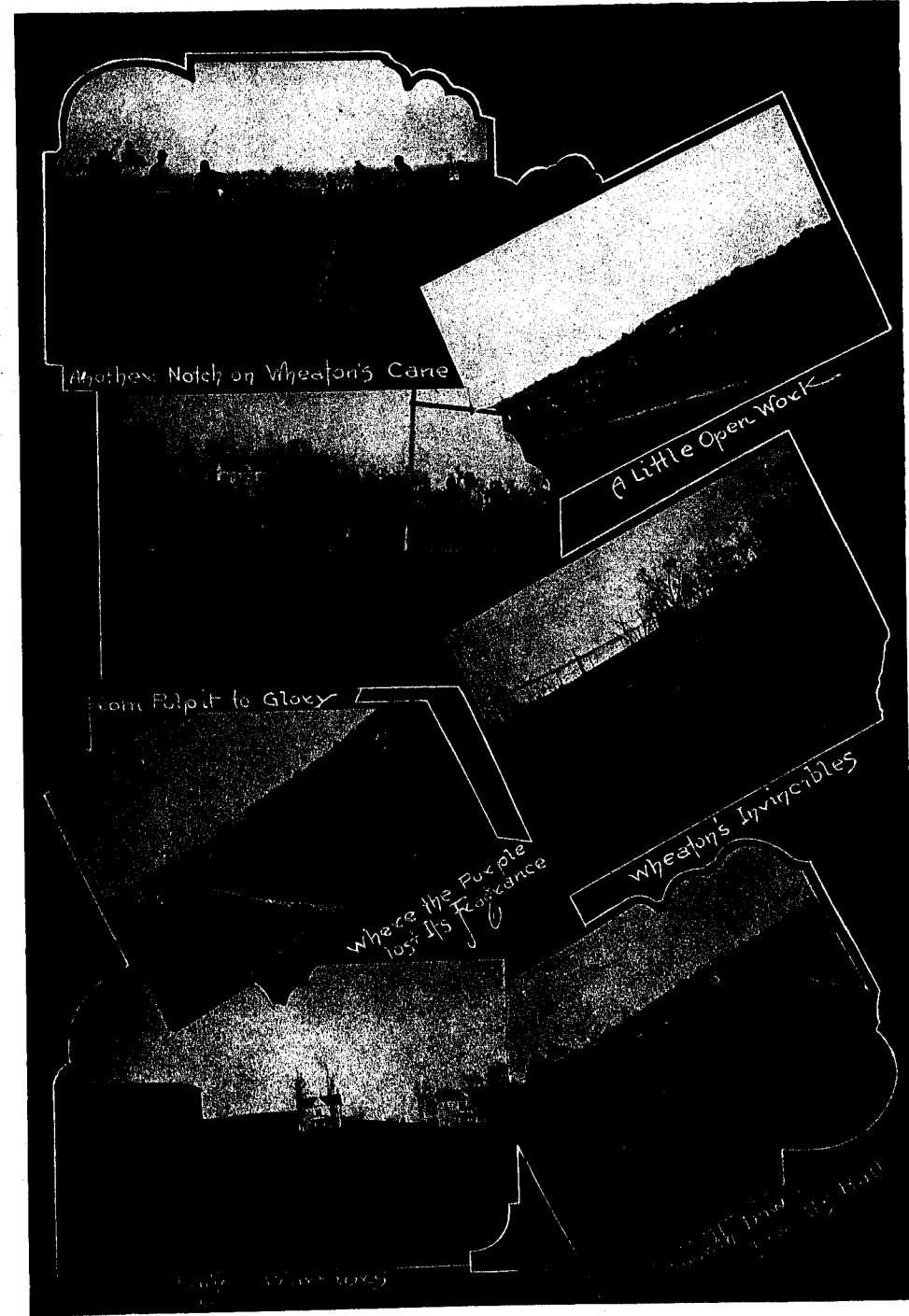
PAUL HOLMES
Right End

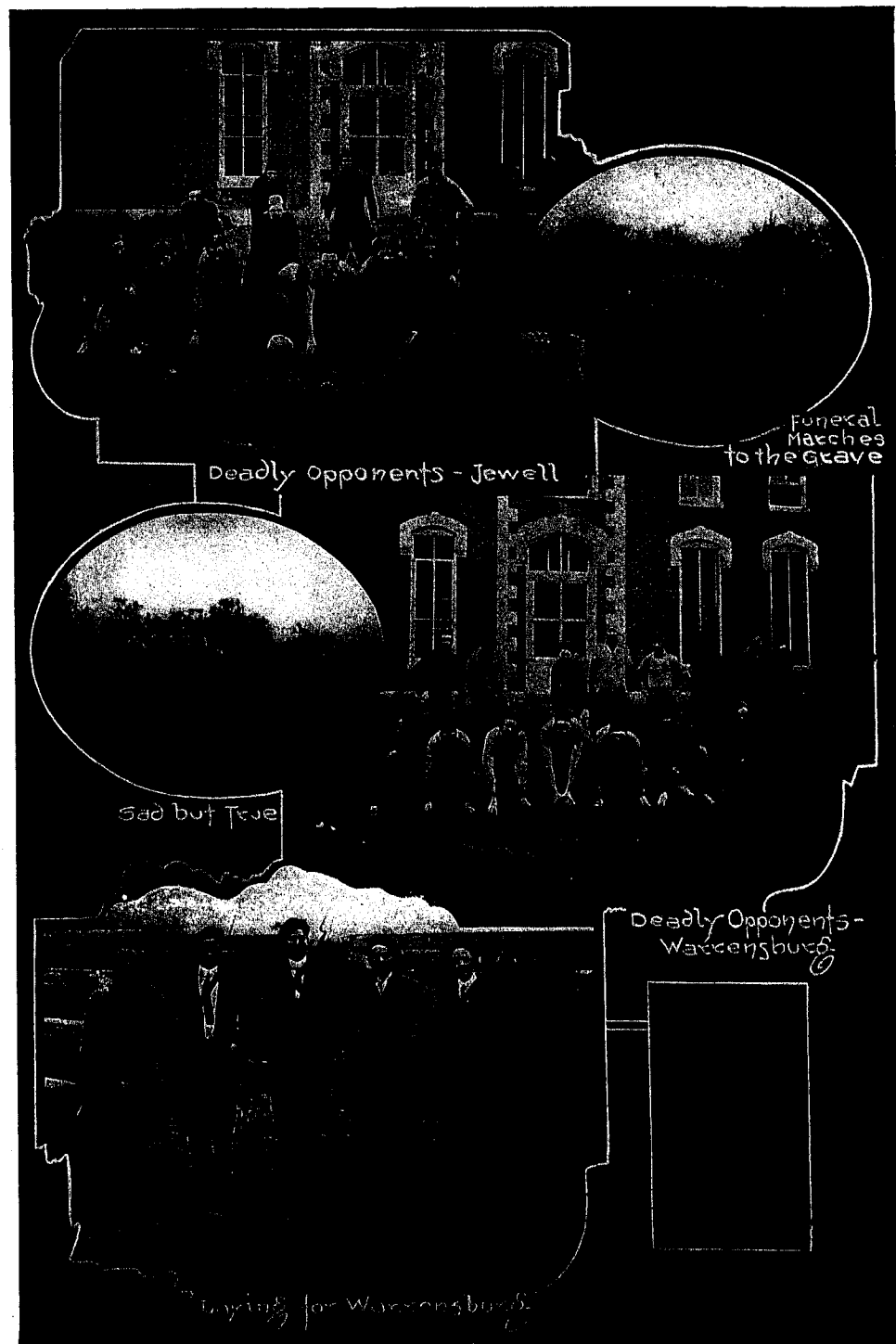


"CRIM" CRIMINGER
Right Guard



"WALT" HOLMES
Right Tackle





Sad but True

Deadly Opponents - Jewell

Funeral Matches to the Grave

Deadly Opponents - Warrensburg

Playing for Warrensburg



Basket-Ball



"CEC" MARTIN
Captain



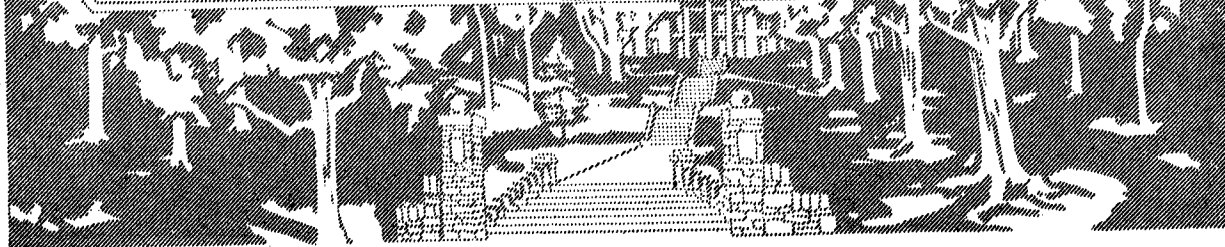
"JEFF" JEFFERIES
Captain-Elect

Schedule 1913-14

Jewell.....	58	Missouri Wesleyan.....	17
Jewell.....	33	Warrensburg.....	36
Jewell.....	37	Tarkio.....	9
Jewell.....	26	Tarkio.....	29
Jewell.....	37	Maryville.....	18
Jewell.....	23	Missouri Wesleyan.....	16
Jewell.....	36	Central.....	15
Jewell.....	21	Central.....	13
Jewell.....	36	Maryville.....	17
Jewell.....	28	Drury.....	32
Jewell.....	21	Drury.....	18
Jewell.....	33	Drury.....	38
Jewell.....	28	Drury.....	37

Totals

Jewell.....	417	Opponents.....	285
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"JAWN" BRIGHT
Guard, Left



"BRICK" CARBAUGH
Left Forward



HENRY GODFRIAUX
Right Guard



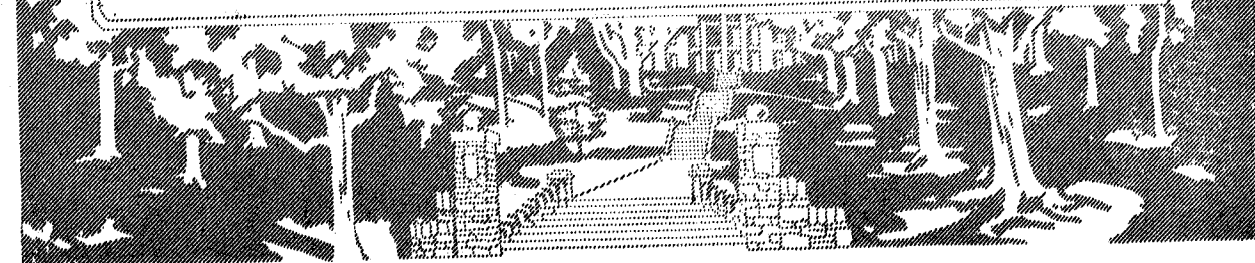
EMMET HOOD
Center



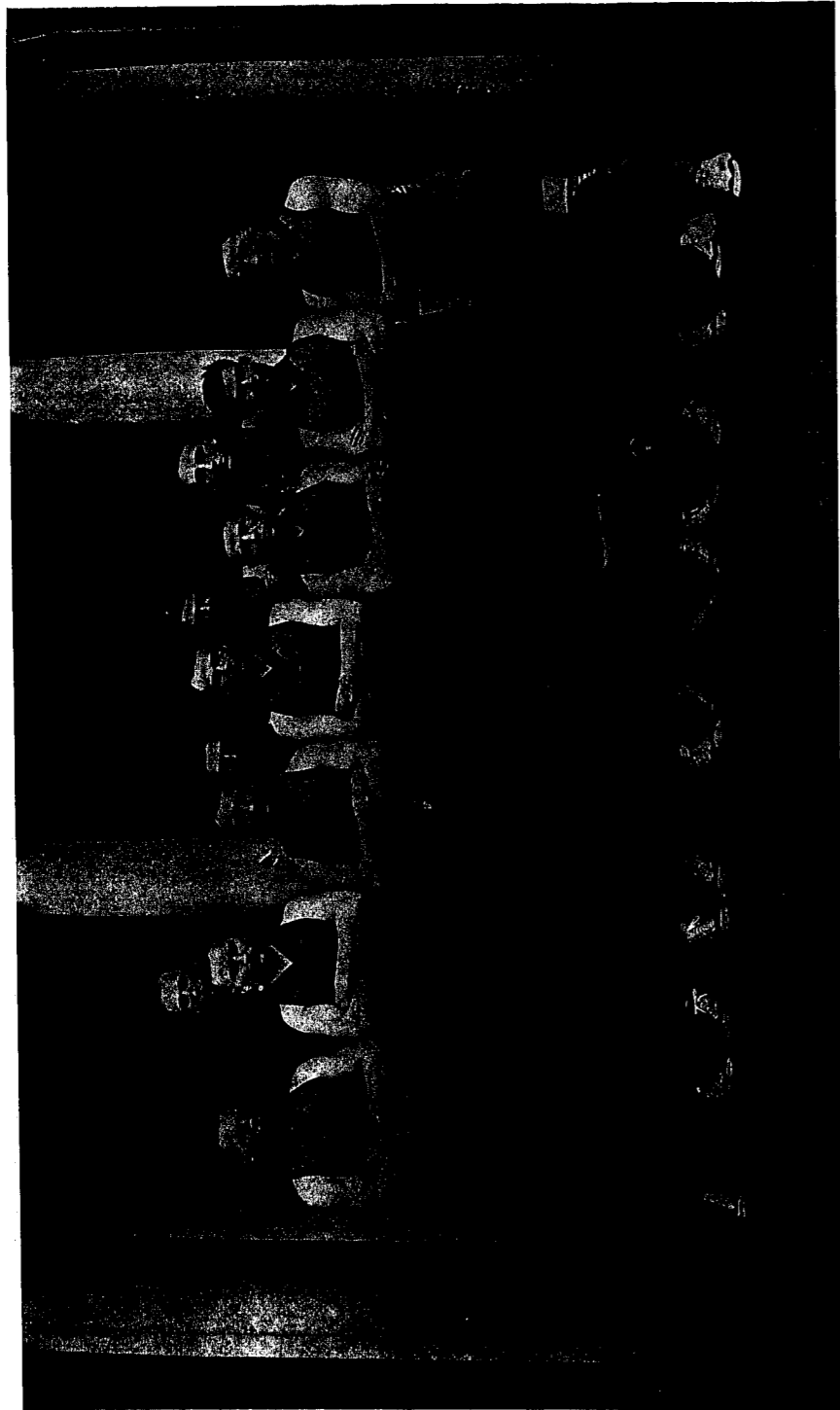
"TOAD" BOYER
Left Guard



"INDIAN" BELL
Left Guard



(7)



BASKET-BALL SQUAD
 Left to right: Jefferies, "Coach" Bowles, Godfriaux, Martin, Boyer, Hood, Whitescarver, Bright, Wolfe, Bell, Carbaugh.



Basket-Ball 1913-14

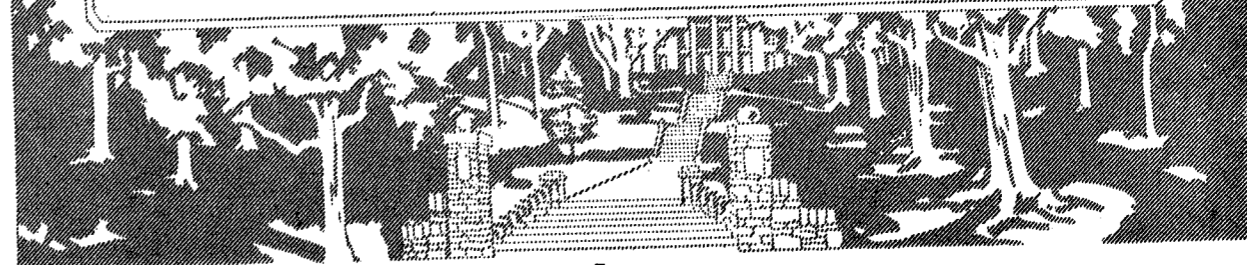
BASKET-BALL, until this year probably the most popular form of athletics in school, met with only mediocre success this season. However, the team did exceptionally well considering the great handicap under which they played, and under which every Basket-ball team in William Jewell must play until a new gymnasium is built. Under the able leadership of Captain Martin, the team won eight of the thirteen games played.

The forward positions were well filled by Martin, Jefferies, Carbaugh and Wolfe. "Cec" Martin, while not a good goal shooter from out in the court, was never more at home than when under the goal with two guards on him, and would invariably force his way up through the press and cage the ball. "Brick" Carbaugh, with his clever passing and almost phenomenal goal shooting, drew the house down wherever he played; while "Jeff" Jefferies could always be counted on with his team work and goal shooting Wolfe played a good game and promises to make a good forward next year.

It was feared before the season opened that the team would be greatly crippled by the loss of Moorman, Rhodes, and Bright, but the gap has been well filled, Hood taking Moorman's place at center, while Godfriaux, Bell and Boyer took good care of the guard positions.

Godfriaux played a hard, strong game; his clean playing being particularly noticeable. "Indian" Bell played an equally good game, his work being more of an aggressive nature, while Boyer was a fast, scrappy, little guard, being handicapped to a certain degree by his size.

With the loss of but one man, great things are expected of next year's team and great things are assured by the old men if a better court is furnished.



Class Champions



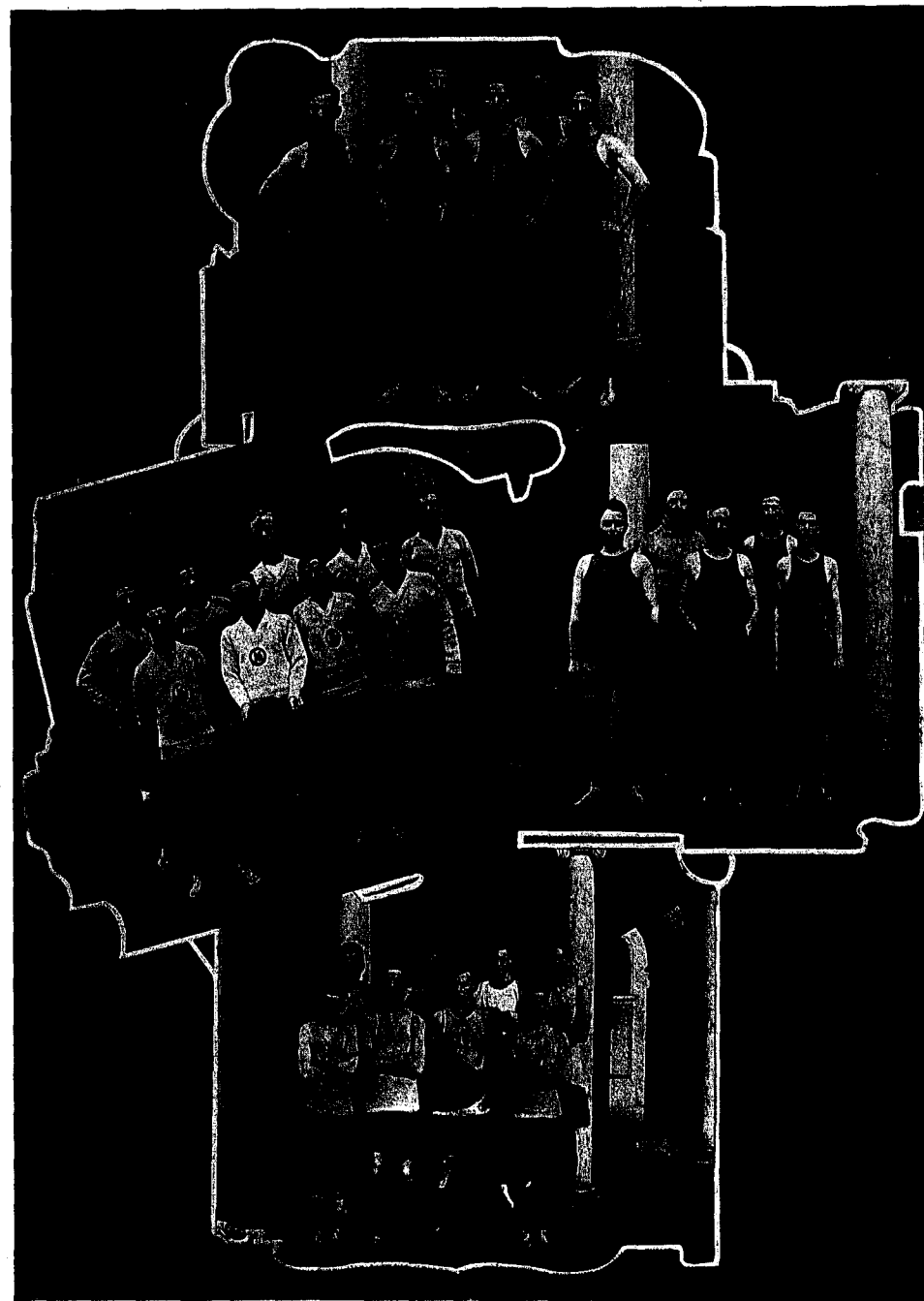
Inter-Class Basket-Ball

ONE of the objects in organizing the Inter-class League Teams was to develop varsity material. By far the greater part of the present successful varsity material has come through the rigorous grind of the Inter-class games.

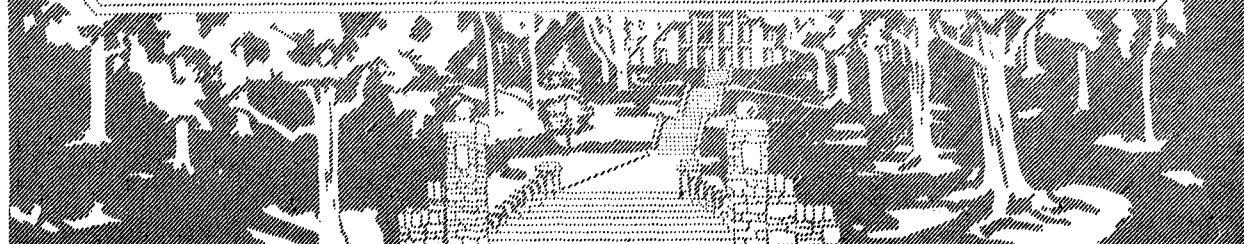
The Freshmen, by a close score over the Juniors, won the Spalding Championship Trophy, Sophomores scoring a close third. Much credit for efficient coaching is due "Josh" Billings, of the Juniors, whose team won second. The Champions showed their appreciation by banqueting him and presenting him with a handsome watch fob.

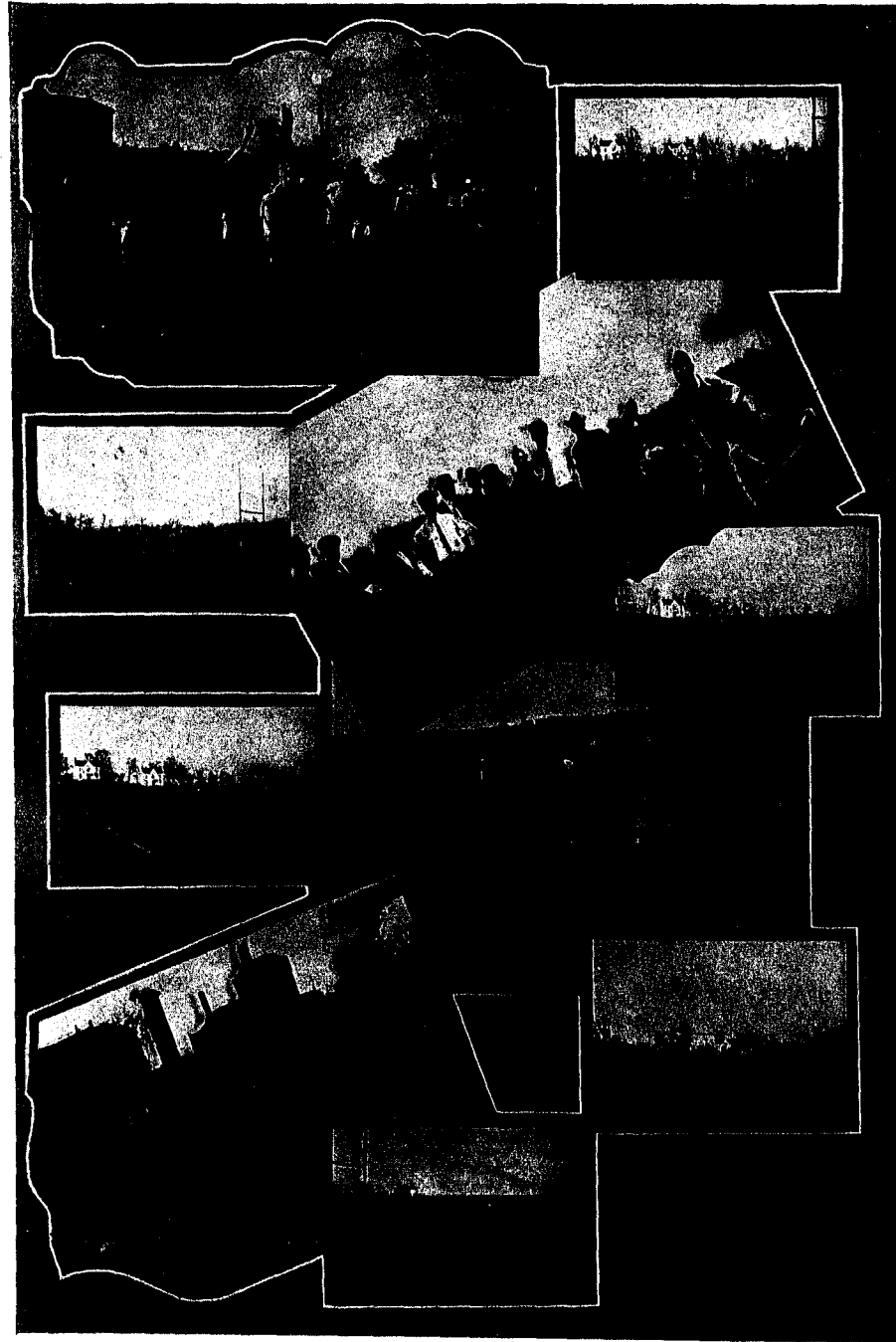
The All-Star team chosen by Coach Bowles is composed of the following:

- "SLIM" BROWN, '18.....Center
- "IKE" NINEGAR, '15.....Guard
- "DOG" ARNOLDGuard
- WM. BENNETT, '16.....Forward
- CONNIE BRODY, '17.....Forward



INTER-CLASS LEAGUE TEAMS





"BAZ" BAGBY
Captain '13

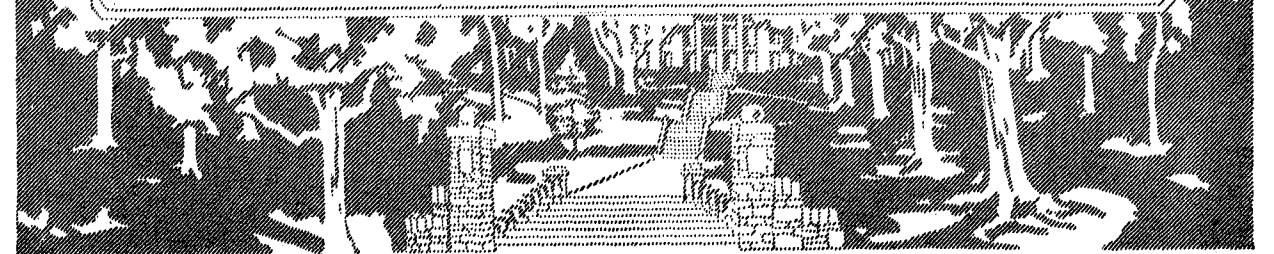


"POOP" LANTZ
Captain '14

Base-Ball

Schedule 1913

Jewell.....	3	Kansas.....	12
Jewell.....	1	Missouri Valley.....	3
Jewell.....	5	Missouri Valley.....	0
Jewell.....	15	Central.....	3
Jewell.....	6	Central.....	5
Jewell.....	1	Westminster.....	11
Jewell.....	5	Missouri Valley.....	6
Jewell.....	0	Missouri Valley.....	4
Jewell.....	7	Wentworth.....	6
Jewell.....	0	Westminster.....	7



1914 Base-Ball Prospects

LONG before the snow had disappeared on the shady side of the fences, or the robin's call was heard, the balls were zipping back and forth in the gymnasium. The catchers were soon nursing their bruised hands and the pitchers their sore arms. The first warm day "Dad" Bowles had the diamond dragged and repaired thither with his men. Work now began in earnest.

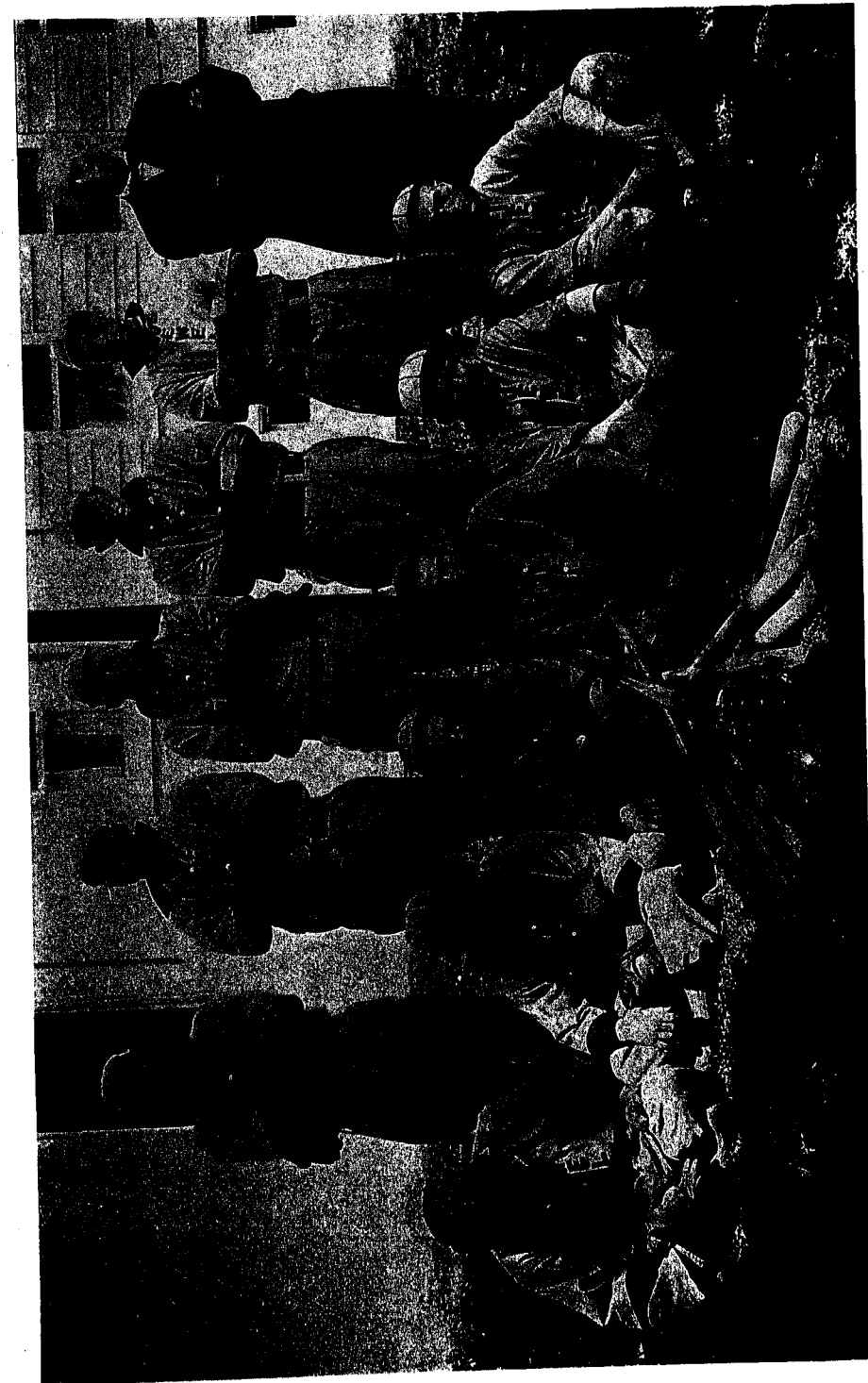
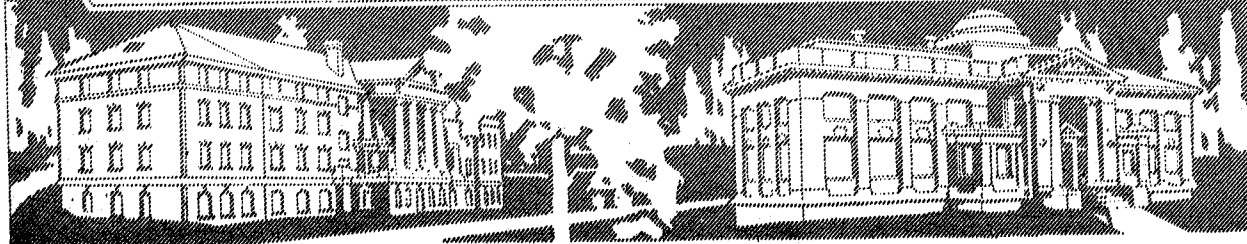
The outlook for a winning team has never looked brighter. All of the men of last year's squad are back, with the exception of "Captain" Bagby, working hard to retain their former positions, while there is a host of new men striving equally as hard to crowd the old men out.

Among those trying for infield positions, Martin, Godfriaux, "Brick" Carbaugh, "Jitney" Harris, "Bully" Lane, Adams, Waterman and Halliburton are showing good form. From this bunch an infield should be secured that will let nothing get by.

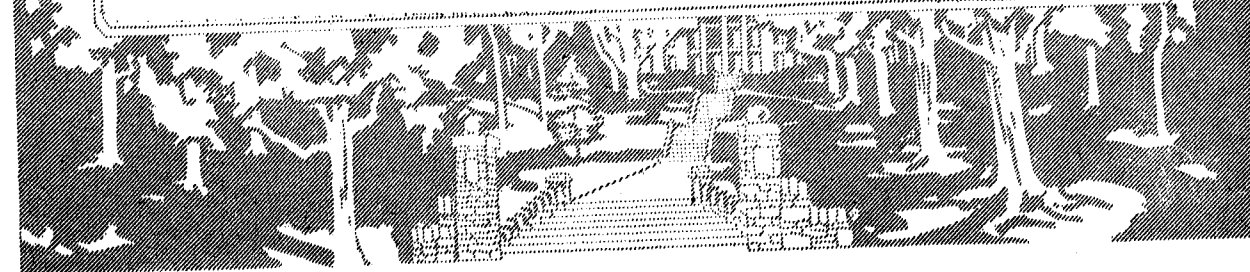
The outfield has been swarming with men and it is hard to say who will fill those places, but it is certain that the man who can hit stands a pretty good show of making the team.

The pitching staff promises to be an exceptionally strong one. Captain Lantz is showing better form than ever before, while "Lefty" Masters has a world of stuff on the ball. With a good catcher to hold these men, we can rest assured that there will be several games with few hits made.

The schedule this year is the hardest one that we have ever had. Nineteen games have already been scheduled, including games with Missouri and Kansas Universities.



BASE-BALL TEAM
 Top row, left to right: Harris, Martin, Godfriaux, Palmer, Mayberry, "Coach" Bowles.
 Bottom row: Jefferies, Boyer, Gross, Bagby, Lantz, Jones.





HENRY GODFRIAUX
Short Stop



"CEC" MARTIN
First Base



"JUNE" MAYBERRY
Catcher



"JEFF" JEFFERIES
Pitcher



PAUL JONES
Right Field



"BRICK" CARBAUGH
Thrd Base



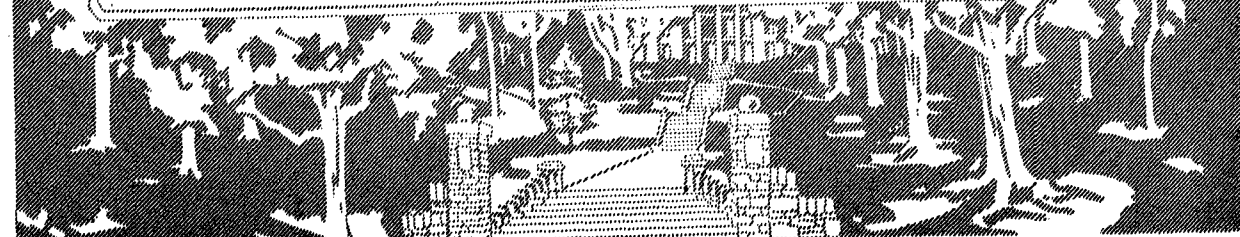
"JITNEY" HARRIS
Second Base



"STUB" GROSS
Center Field



"TOAD" BOYER
Second Base





H. P. STEPHENS



W. J. CHASE

Tennis

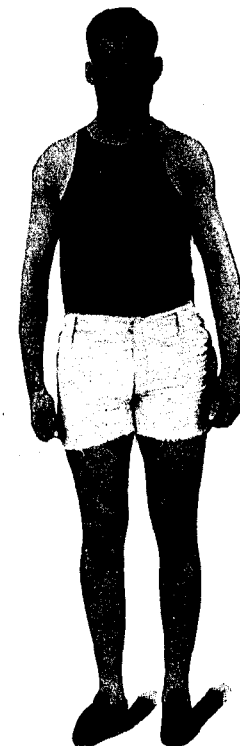
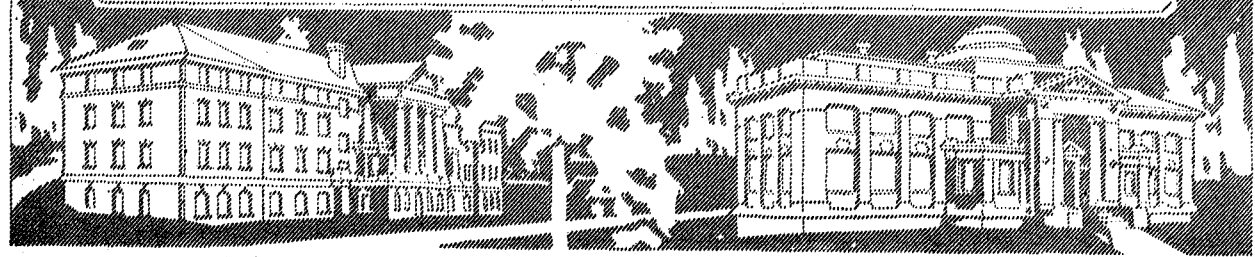
Tennis Schedule

JEWELL VS. BAKER UNIVERSITY
At Baldwin, Kansas

Jewell.....One single
Baker.....One single, one double

JEWELL VS. BAKER UNIVERSITY
At Liberty

Jewell.....One single
Baker.....One single, one double



"INDIAN" BELL
Captain '13



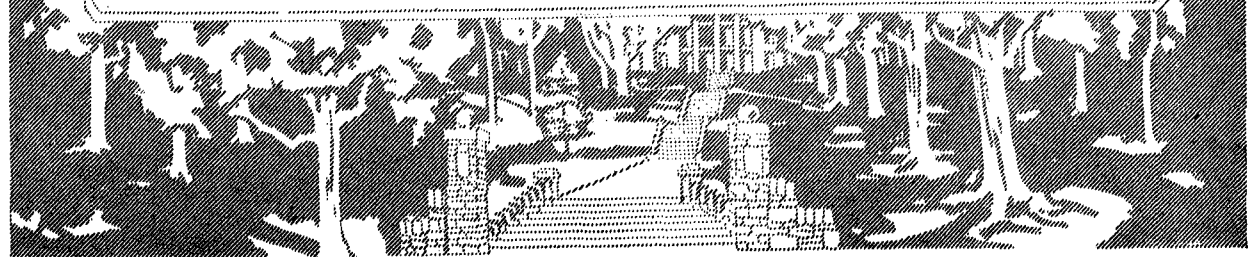
FOSTER McHENRY
Captain '14

Track

Track Schedule

DUAL MEET WITH BAKER AT BALDWIN, KANSAS
Score: 51 to 35 in favor of Baker

STATE MEET AT KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI
Score: William Jewell, 61; Kirksville, 38; Central, 16





TRACK TEAM
 Left to right, top row: Mitchell, Elliott, Hunt, Barbee, McGee, "Coach" Bowles.
 Bottom row: Jefferies, Magill, Bell, McHenry, Bell, Bagby.

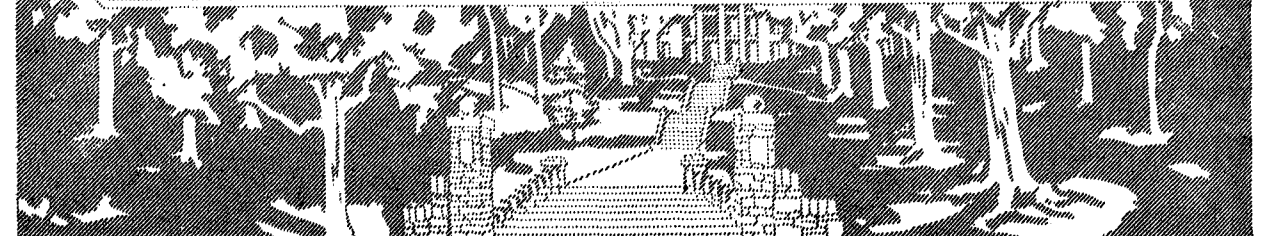


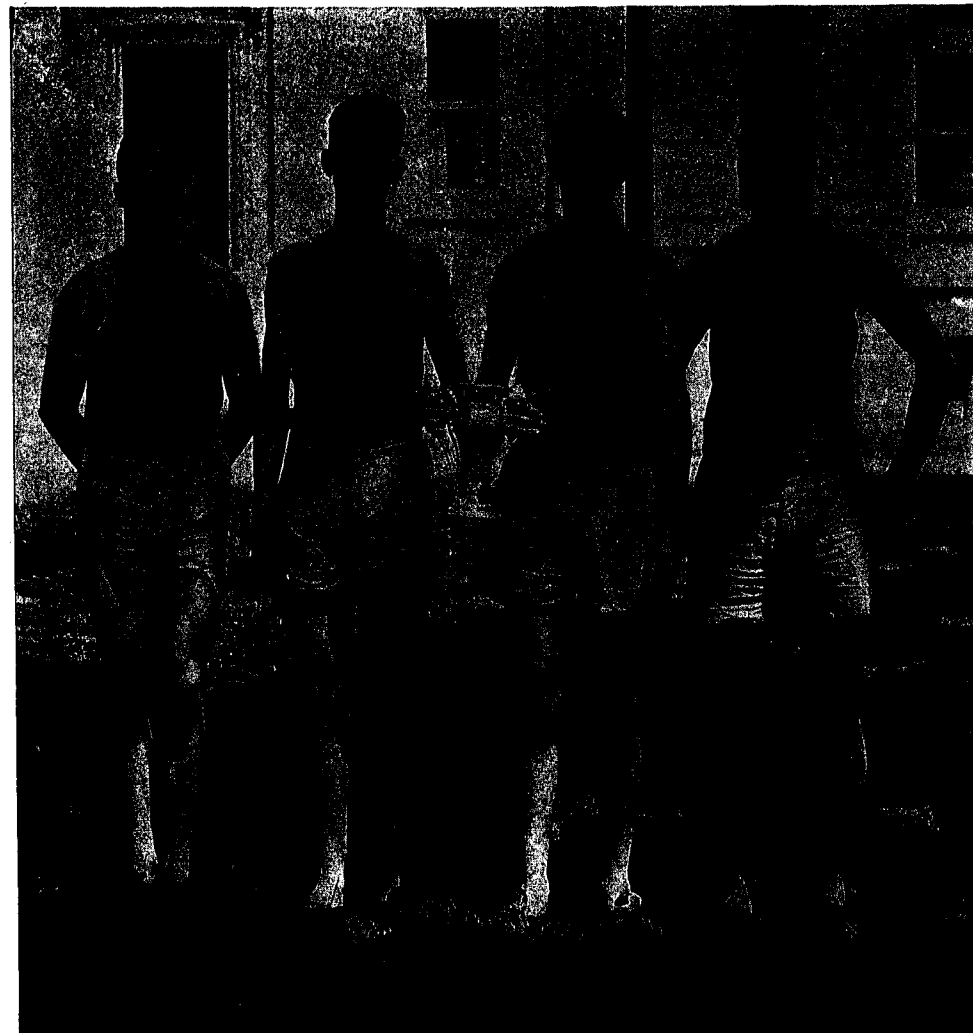
College Records

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.....	} 100-yard Dash.....	} 10½ seconds
GREENE, '10.....		
BURNHAM, ex-'13.....	220-yard Dash.....	23 seconds
SIMMONS, ex-'11.....	440-yard Dash.....	51 seconds
BOYER, ex-'12.....	880-yard Run.....	2 min. 12½ sec.
BELL, '16.....	One-mile Run.....	4 min. 57 sec.
BELL, '16.....	Two-mile Run.....	10 min. 45 sec.
MARTIN, '12.....	120-yard Hurdles.....	16 seconds
MARTIN, '09.....	220-yard Hurdles.....	26¾ seconds
BELL, '15.....	Discus Throw.....	114 feet

State College Records

LEWIS, ex-'16.....	100-yard Dash.....	10½ seconds
LEWIS, ex-'16.....	220-yard Dash.....	24 seconds
COCKE, ex-'14.....	120-yard Hurdles.....	16¾ seconds
HUNT, '13.....	220-yard Hurdles.....	26¾ seconds
CADWELL, ex-'15.....	High Jump.....	5 ft. 8 in.
MARTIN, '12.....	Running Broad Jump.....	20 feet
WILLIAM JEWELL, 1912.....	Half-mile Relay.....	1 min. 36¾ sec.
WILLIAM JEWELL, 1912.....	Mile Relay.....	3 min. 36 sec.
R. W. BELL, '16.....	880-yard Run.....	2 min. 7 sec.
BARBEE, '16.....	Shot Put.....	36 ft. 8¼ in.
R. W. BELL, '16.....	Two-mile Run.....	10 min. 59 sec.



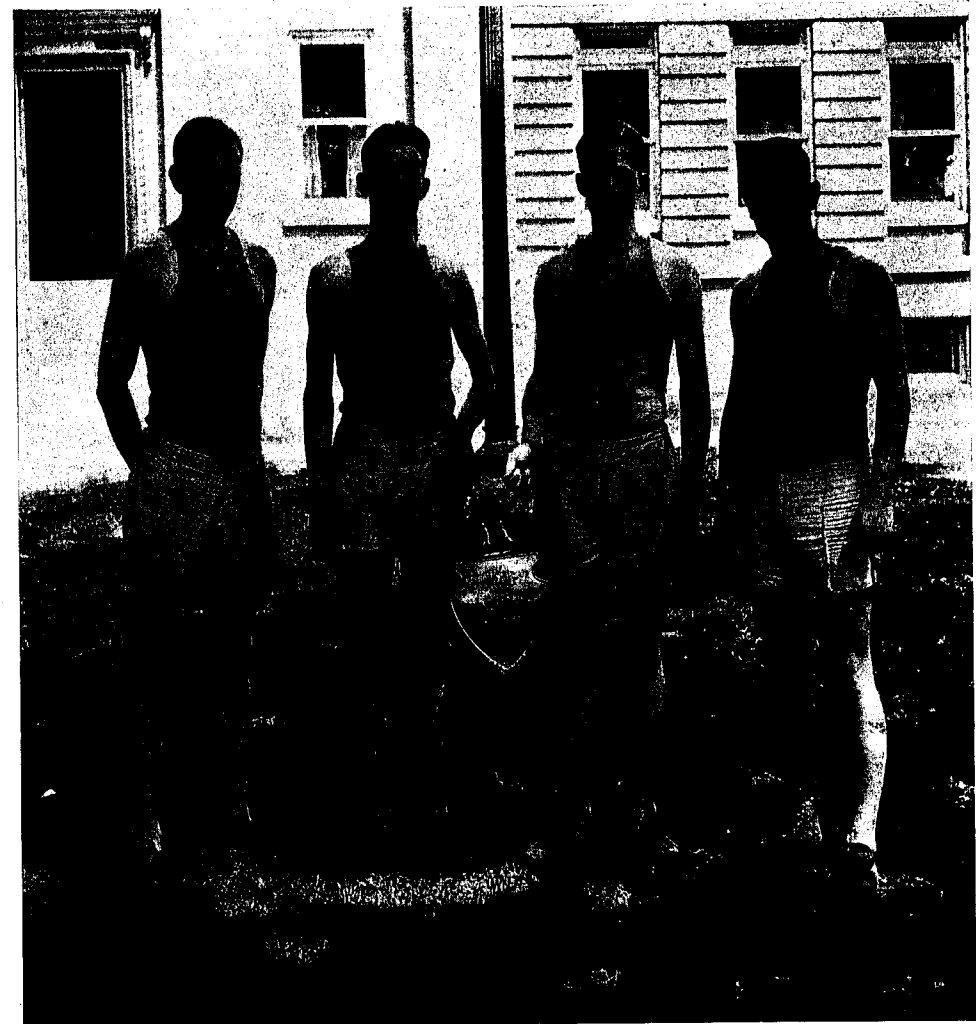


RELAY TEAM
 Foster McHenry Elliott Robln Hunt "Baz" Bagby
 Half-Mile Relay.....1 min. 47 sec.

Track

LAST year's track season was an unusually successful one regardless of the fact that Track is not given the attention and support that is given to Base-ball and the other forms of Athletics. The team took part in only two meets, the state meet at Kirksville and the dual meet with Baker University.

The team showed its true worth by easily running away with the state meet, piling up a score of 61 points to Kirksville's 38 and Central's 16. McHenry and Captain Bell proved to be the individual stars of the meet. McHenry won four first places, the



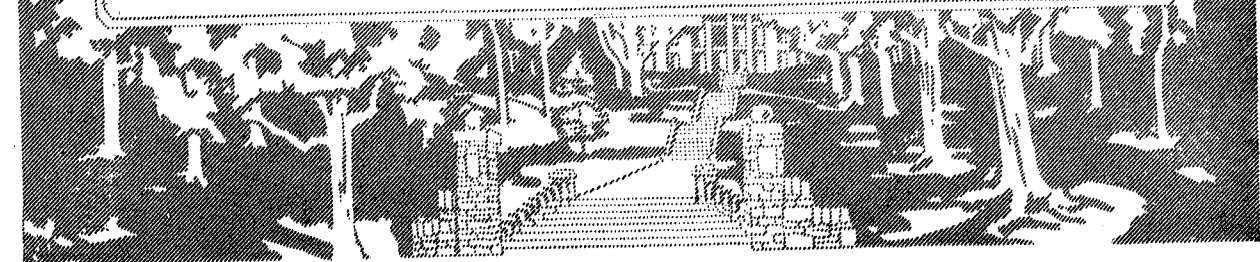
RELAY TEAM
 "Jeff" Jefferies Elliott Robln Hunt "Chet" Magill
 Mile Relay.....3 min. 45 sec.

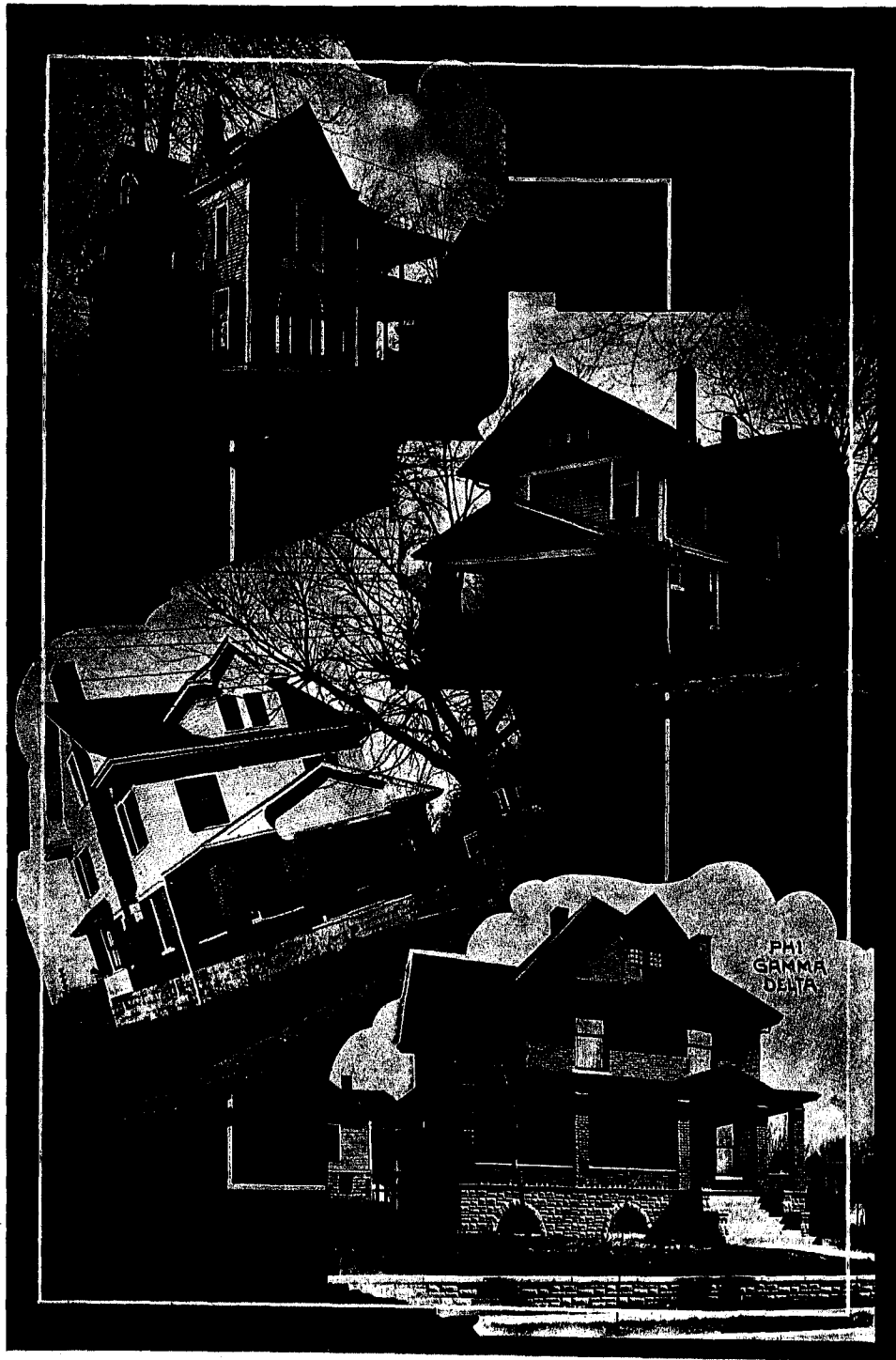
Track—Continued

hundred yard dash, the two-twenty dash, the broad jump and the high jump, while Bell won first place in the half-mile and the two-mile.

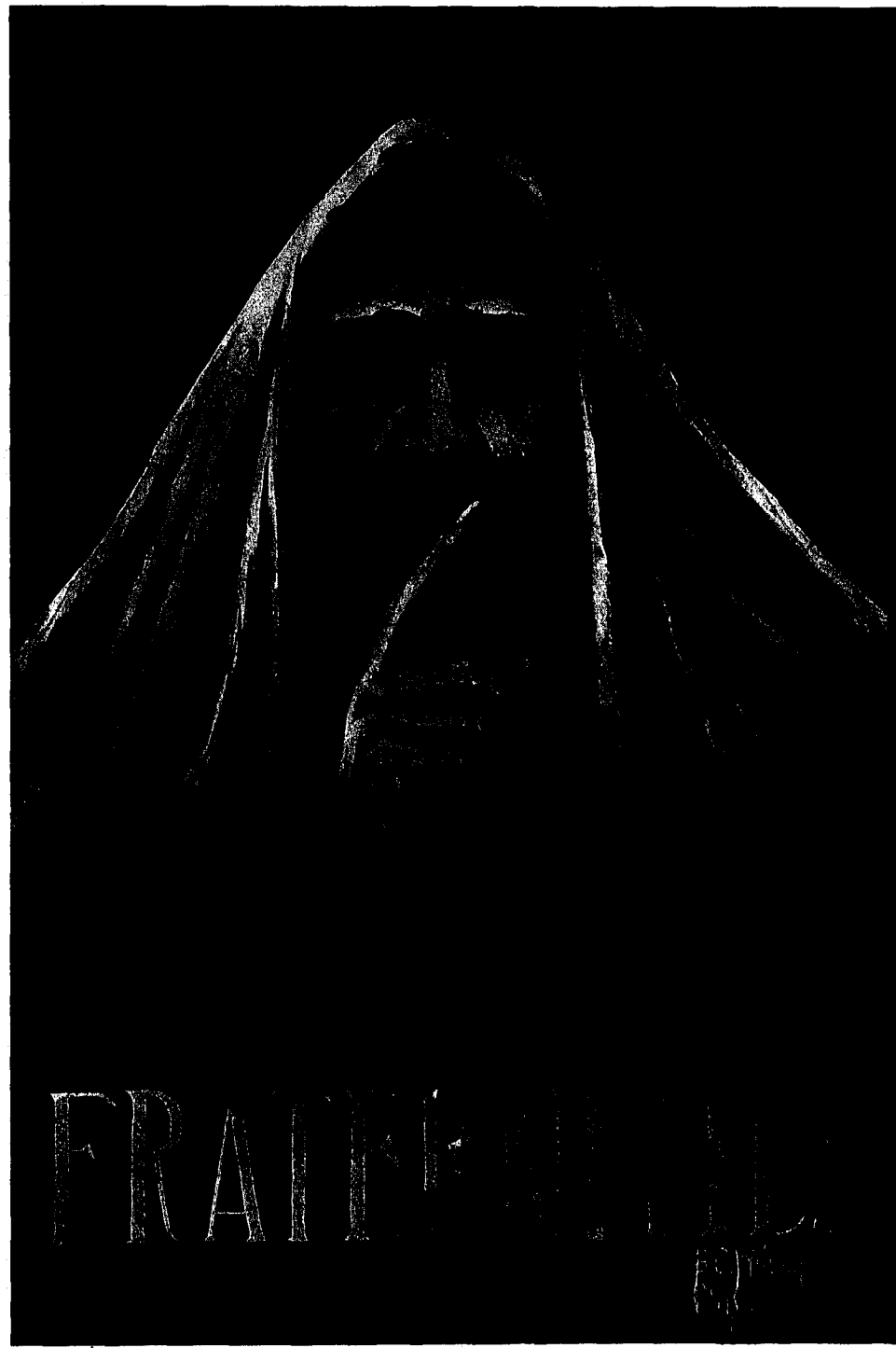
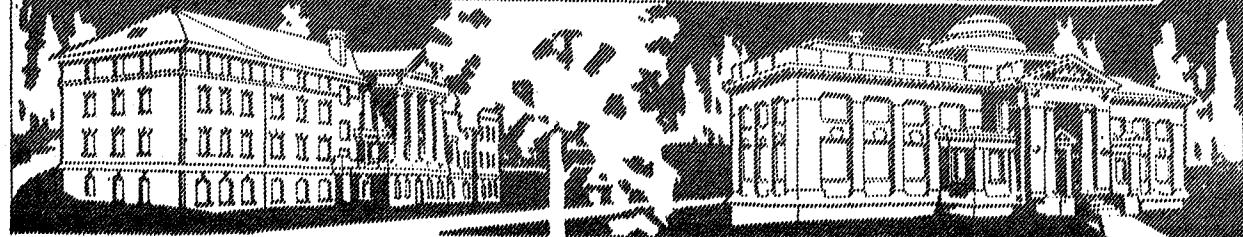
"Indian" Bell by his excellent work on Field Day also won the all-round championship trophy awarded by the Athletic Association.

This year's Track season promises to be an even greater one than that of last year. All the old men are back with the exception of Elliott, while there are some new men who look good; among these is Peterson, who is expected to clean up on the hurdles and give McHenry a run for his money on the dashes.

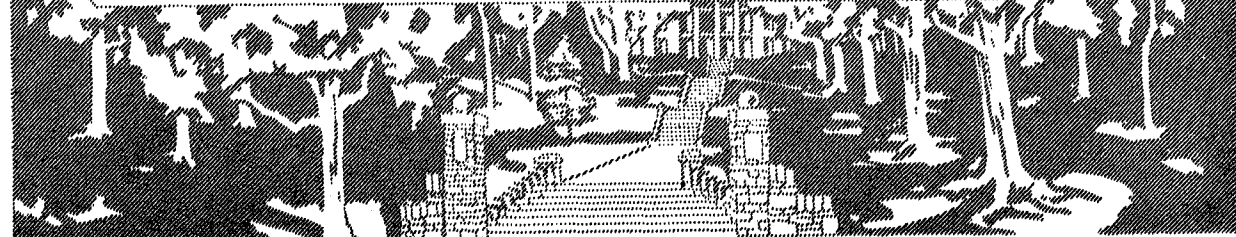




FRAT HOUSES



FRAT HOUSES



Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Founded at Washington and Lee University 1865

Flowers

American Beauty Rose and Magnolia

Colors

Crimson and Old Gold

Alpha Delta Chapter

Established January 26, 1887

Chapter Roll

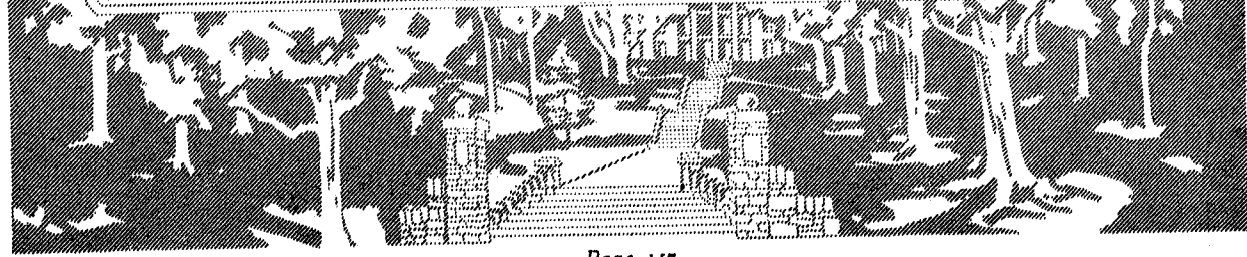
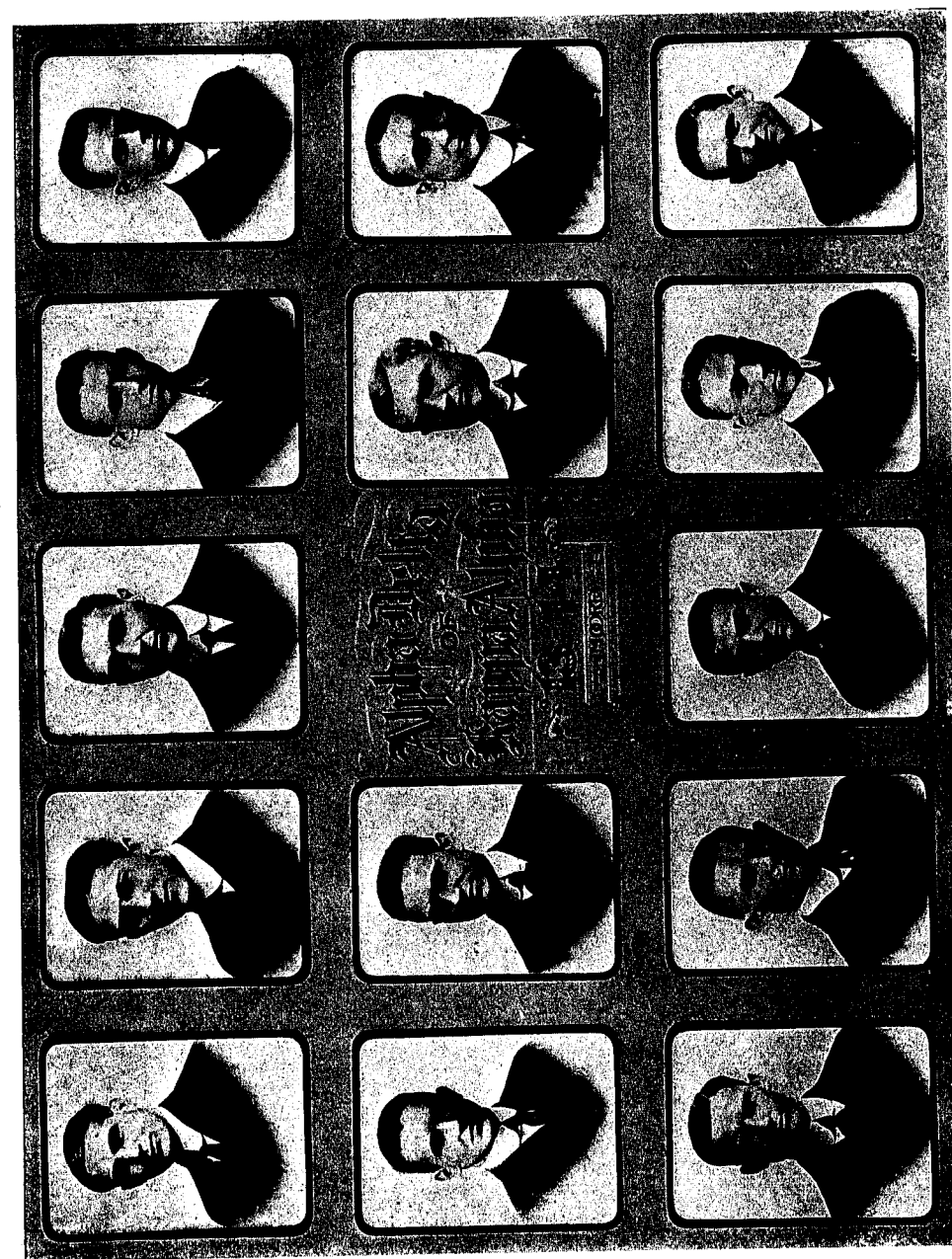
JOHN WALLACE BRYANT, '14. Rogers, Ark.	JOHN MARVIN SHERWOOD, '15.....
LAWRENCE ELMER MAHAN, '14.....Plattsburg, Mo.
.....Harbor Beach, Mich.	CARLYLE CAMPBELL, '16, Higginsville, Mo.
MINETRY LEIGH JONES, '14.....	LYNN WOODWARD FARRAR, '16.....
.....St. Joseph, Mo.Braymer, Mo.
CECIL RAYMOND MARTIN, '14. Liberty, Mo.	MANLY WARREN CLARK, '16.....
FOSTER BOLTON MCHENRY, '14.....Lexington, Mo.
.....Jefferson City, Mo.	JOHN FREDERICK PETERS, '17.....
NELSON WILLARD RIDER, '14.....Liberty, Mo.
.....Independence, Mo.	EARL RAY MURPHY, '17.....Albany, Mo.
LUDWICK GRAVES, '15, Jefferson City, Mo.	CLAUDE DINSMORE SIMS, '17.....
FRANK HERBERT ROSE, '15, Dearborn, Mo.Brinkley, Ark.
PERRY HOWARD CRAFTON, '16.....	WILLIAM HARRIS LAWRENCE, '17.....
.....Plattsburg, Mo.Auxvasse, Mo.

Pledged

IRA B. MCCLURE.....Hughesville, Mo.	LEWIS H. HIBBITTS.....Cairo, Ill.
LLOYD E. BARBER.....Kansas City, Mo.	FRANK E. BURCHFIELD.....Odessa, Mo.
GEORGE E. FOLEY.....Corbin, Ky.	SIMPSON M. LONG.....Odessa, Mo.
JOE B. HIBBITTS.....Cairo, Ill.	PAUL HUBBARD.....Albany, M.
MARCUS WHITE.....Palmyra, Mo.	

Fratres in Urbe

J. L. DOUGHERTY	W. E. CAMPBELL	ARTHUR GROOM
RALPH HUGHES	REV. C. M. WILLIAMS	E. KEMPER CARTER
DR. ARTHUR TUTT	REV. J. H. DEW	ARNOLD Y. PITTS



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

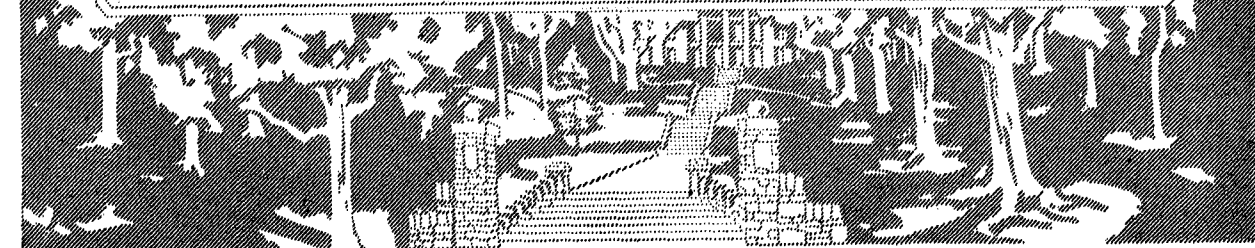
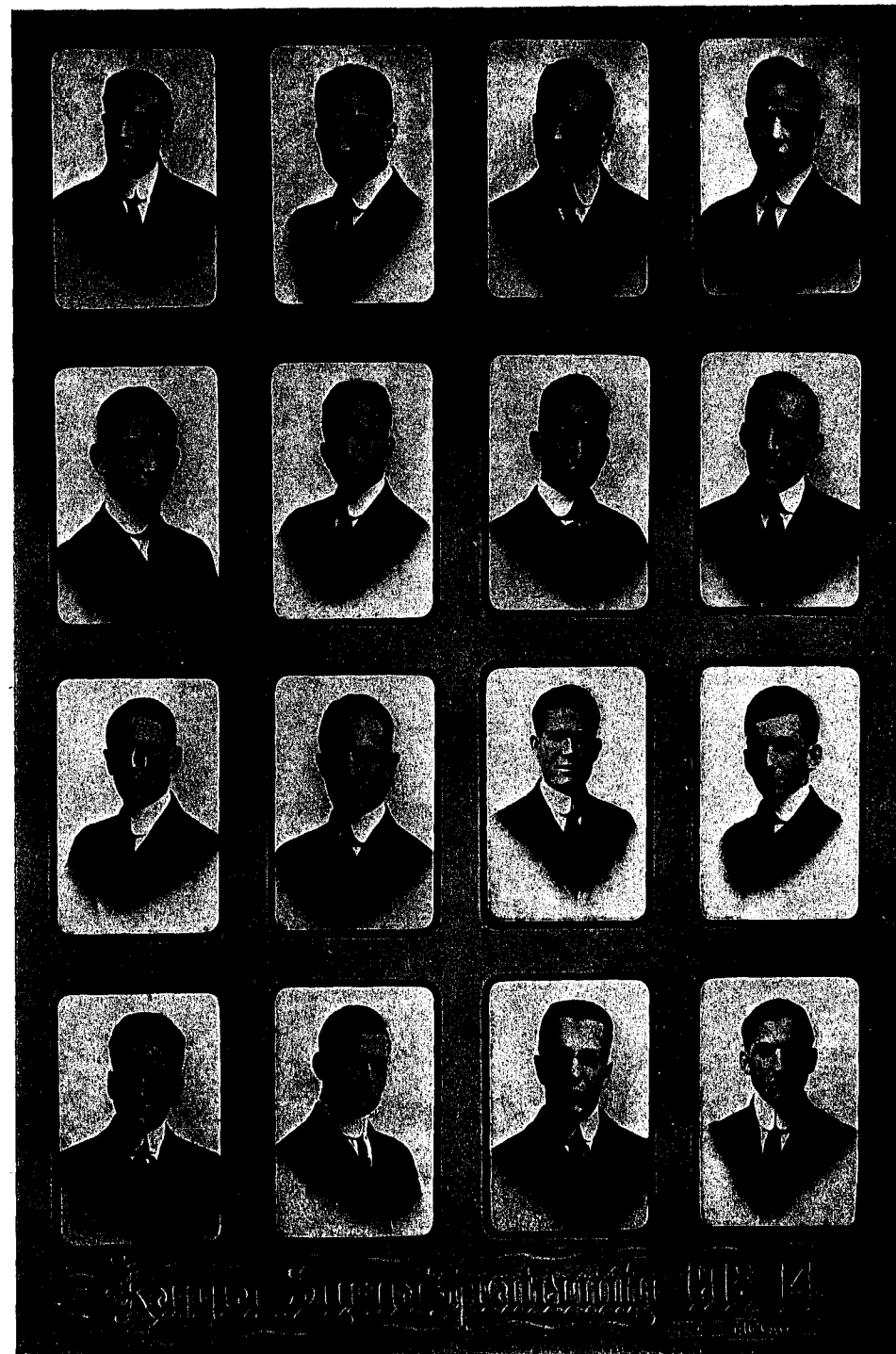
K. G. NEUHAUSER	M. H. OVERLEES	V. E. TATUM	J. C. BELT
W. E. MERRITT	H. G. LEEDY	J. O. BROWN	L. C. COOK
J. K. BRIGHT	L. C. PINKERTON	J. C. CLARKE	R. W. BELL
E. L. PINKERTON	J. M. TATUM	R. M. MITCHELL	C. L. MCKINNEY

Pledges

O. P. DAMERON	D. B. DALE	VEST DALE
F. T. MCQUEEN	R. G. JUHRE	D. G. PETERSON
K. I. KLEIN	C. E. CARPENTER	

Fratres in Urbe

R. I. BRUCE	S. M. HUNT	R. G. GILMER
DR. R. G. FRANK	E. S. SIMRALL	W. H. ARNOTE
E. E. BELL	H. F. SIMRALL	W. C. CRAWFORD
E. K. BELL	J. S. SIMRALL	J. C. LOOS
A. B. CRAWFORD	G. D. TRIMBLE	



Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity

Founded, Washington and Jefferson College, Canonsburg, Pa.

Flower
Heliotrope

Color
Royal Purple

Zeta Phi Chapter

Established April 24, 1886

Chapter Roll

MAPLE T. HARL, '14	HERMAN R. BENJAMIN, '15	EDWARD N. TUTT, '17
ARTHUR B. MERRITT, '14	G. ELTON HARRIS, '16	A. CRAFTON TUTT, '17
TRUMAN A. HARVEY, '14	J. L. LAPRELLE, '16	WILLIAM B. FLOYD, '17
SAM Y. PITTS, '14	PAUL L. JONES, '16	ALLAN F. WHERRITT, '17
JULIUS R. HICKERSON, '14	FRED A. SYKES, '16	JOHN A. PITTS, '17
HUGH T. MAYBERRY, '14	JAMES H. CLARK, '16	ROBERT B. BAGBY, '17
WILLIAM F. BELL, '15	GEORGE C. GIESSING, '16	ROBERT BRIDGES, '17
CLARENCE J. MILLER, '15	W. LAWRENCE HARRIS, '17	F. GILBERT ANTOINE, '17
CECIL F. DAWSON, '15	W. WALTER HARVEY, '17	WILLIAM W. BILLINGS, '17

Pledged

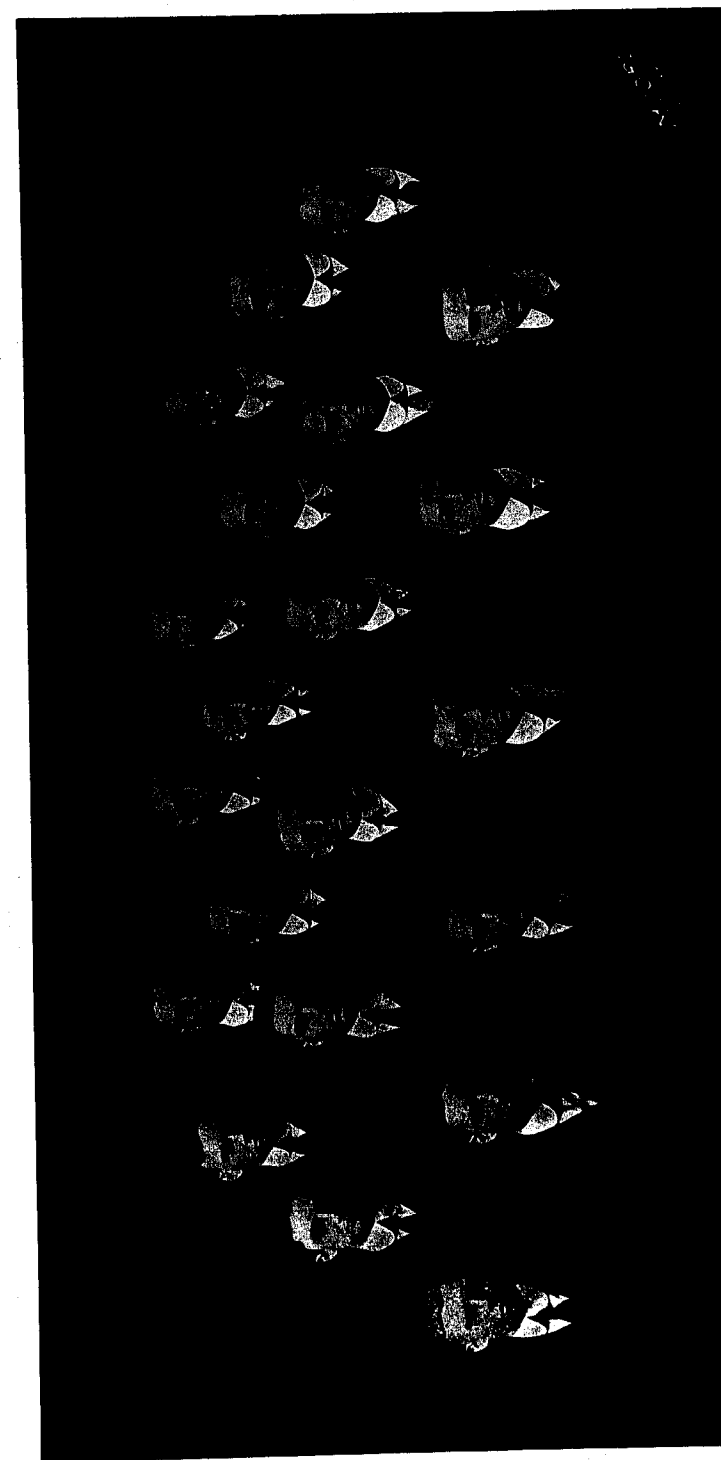
C. E. PATTERSON	L. S. WATERMAN	B. C. DODSON
H. L. LINDAU	H. L. MORRISON	H. J. HALE
	H. L. MARTIN	

In Facultate

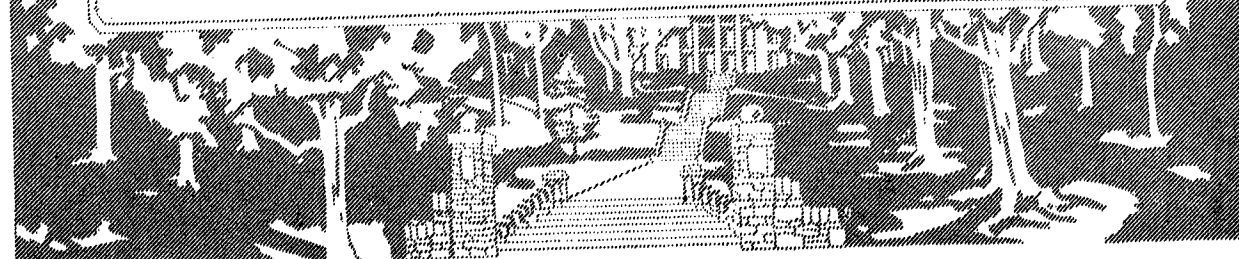
J. P. FRUIT, PH.D.	CHAS. W. MOORE, A.B.,	J. E. DAVIS, A.M.
H. G. PARKER, PH.D.	D.D.	J. E. MCATEE, A.M.
WARD H. EDWARDS, A.M.	R. P. RIDER, A.M.	E. C. GRIFFITH, PH.D.

Fratres in Urbe

DR. E. H. MILLER	DR. H. A. BAGBY	WEBSTER WITHERS	LYNN SHOUSE
DR. J. H. ROTHWELL	C. E. YANCEY	NORTON HARDWICKE	ED. STONE
JUDGE F. H. TRIMBLE	R. W. STOGDALE	BYRON BETHUNE	J. COLLINS
	R. T. WITHERS	J. J. MORROW	



PHI GAMMA DELTA FRATERNITY



Sigma Nu Fraternity

Founded at Virginia Military Institute 1869

Flower

White Rose

Colors

Black, White, and Old Gold

Beta Xi Chapter

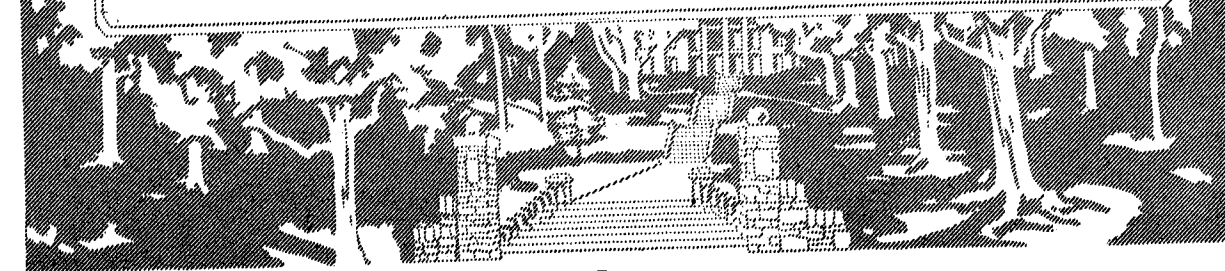
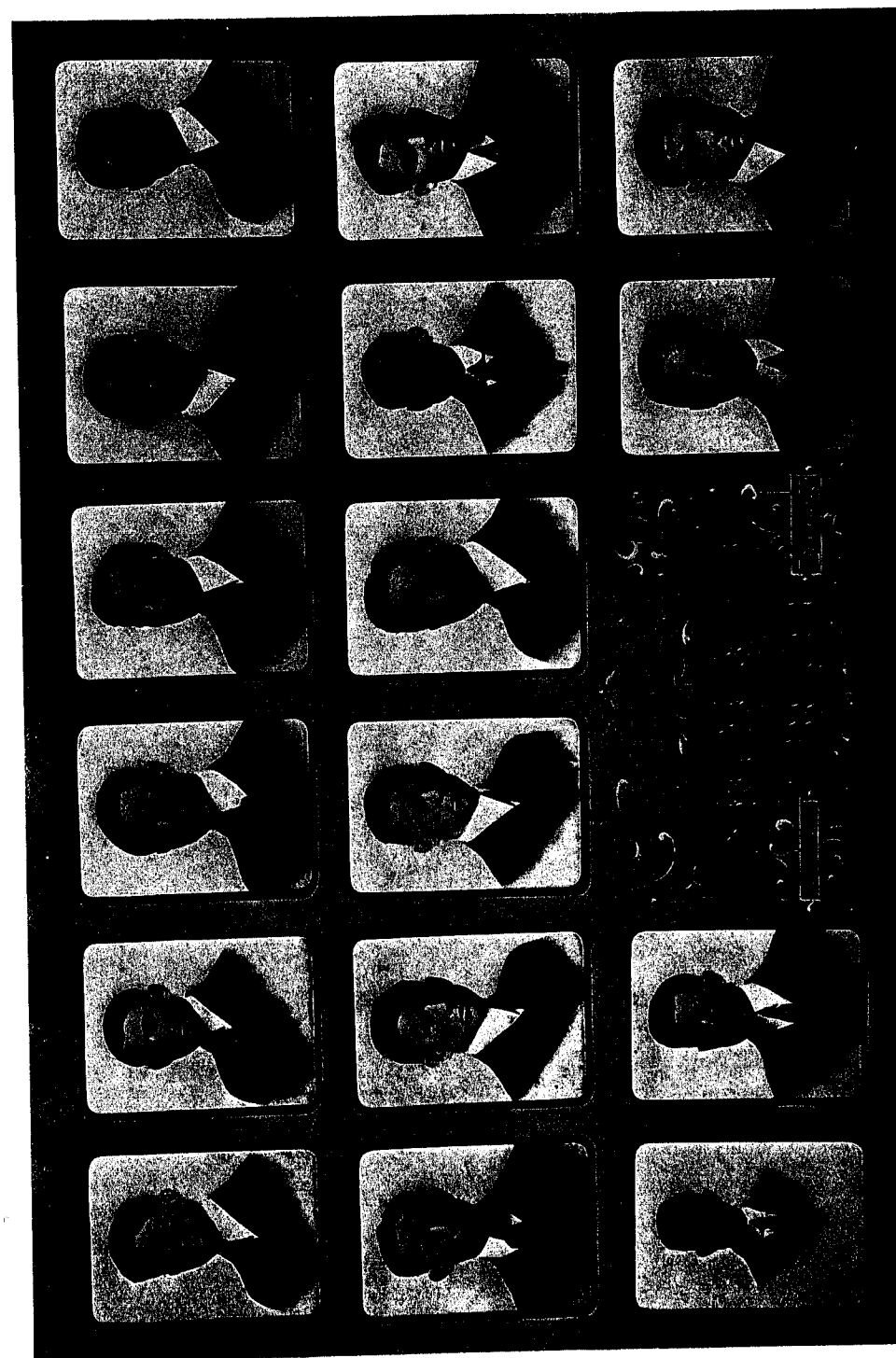
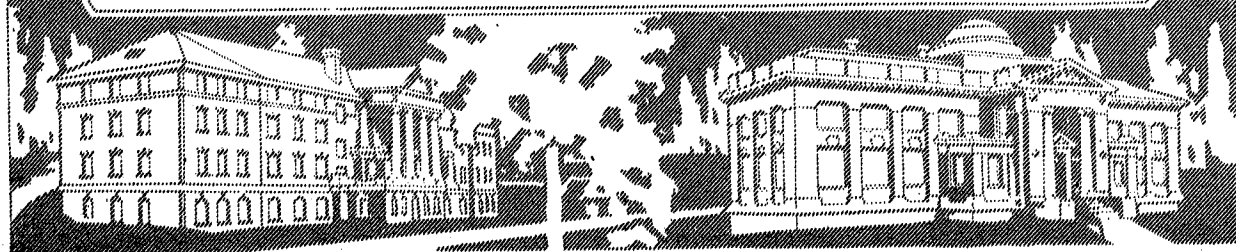
Established January 1, 1894

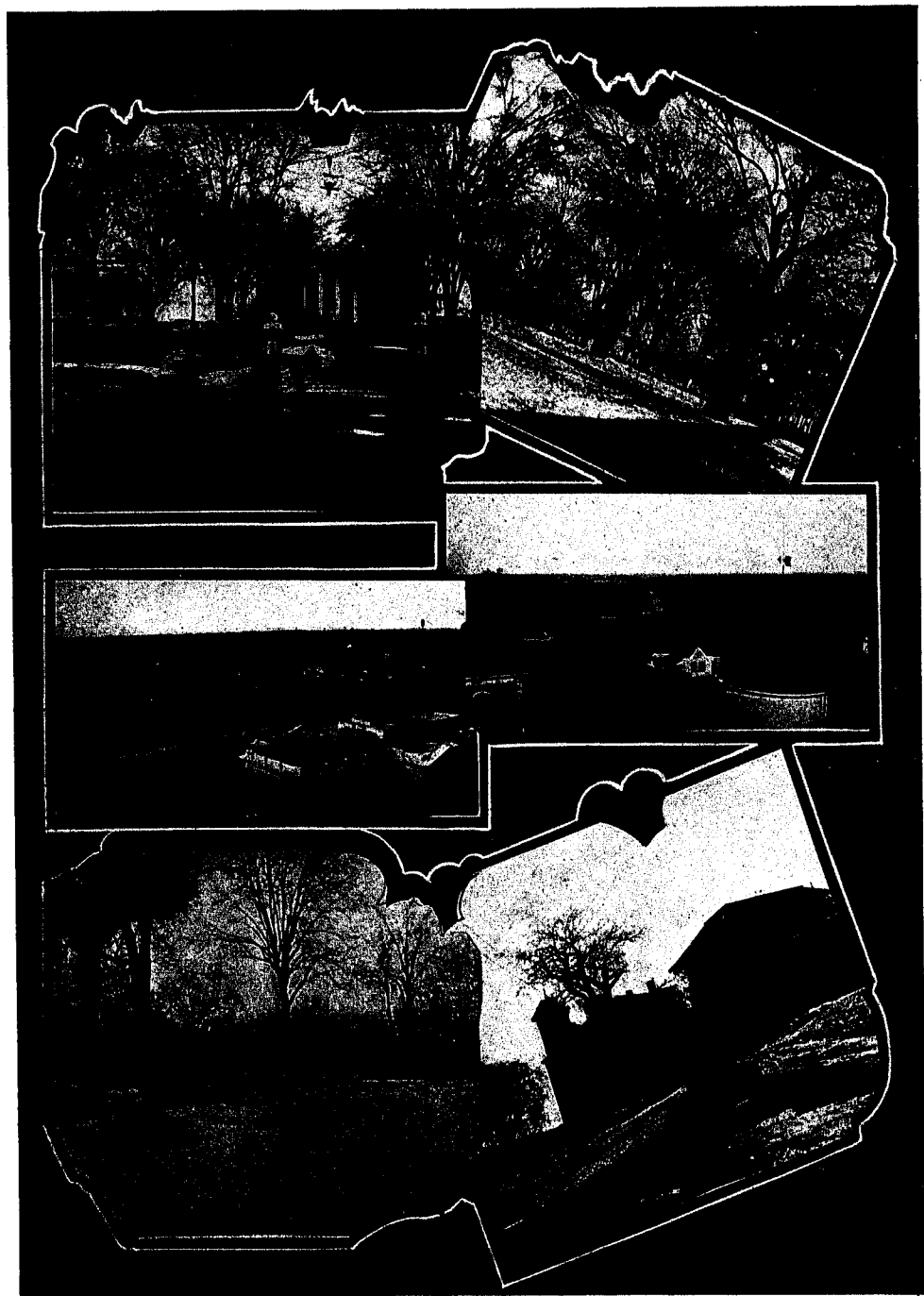
Chapter Roll

S. H. MURRAY, '14	H. C. HEAD, '17	C. D. BRANDOM, '16
G. C. CARBAUGH, '15	C. M. FOSTER, '17	J. R. SMILEY, '16
W. B. GROSS, '15	O. L. MASTERS, '17	J. R. COUCH, '16
F. O. TROTTER, '16	W. J. MATHERLY, '15	A. F. TAYLOR, '17
W. C. GRAVES, JR., '16	C. C. HAMMOND, '15	NOAH HUNT, '17
	R. E. HANEY, '17	

Fratres in Urbe

F. D. HAMILTON	T. J. WORNALL, JR.
E. H. NORTON, JR.	R. Z. MCKINLEY
	R. B. WORNALL





COLLEGE VIEWS



Musical Department



PROF. MARION F. DUNWODY

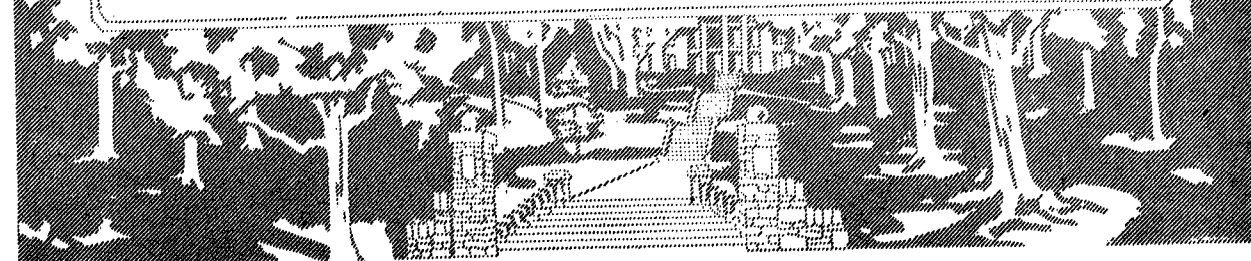
REALIZING the importance of the study of music as a necessary adjunct to a broad and liberal education, the authorities have determined to place the Musical Department of the College on a firm and practical basis. With this purpose in view, Marion F. Dunwody, Graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Music at Leipzig, Germany, and former Director of Music at the Baptist Female College, Raleigh, N. C., and for the past ten years at Liberty Ladies' College, was engaged as Director of Music at William Jewell College.

Since making music a regular branch of the college curriculum, for which credit for graduation is given, the students have manifested a marked interest by registering for the various courses offered and by taking part in the various musical activities of the institution. In selecting members for the Glee Club, the Orchestra, and the Band, the Director was pleased to find that there was no lack of talent among the students.

The excellent and stirring music furnished by the Band at the Foot-ball, Basketball, and Base-ball games has delighted the spectators and stimulated the teams to victory in many closely contested games.

The feature of having special music at the chapel exercises has not only afforded pleasure to the audience, but has proved to be of educational value as well. The programs have consisted of both instrumental and vocal numbers rendered by local as well as by visiting artists who have from time to time kindly graced the occasion.

With this proper recognition of the value of music as a College study, the department has been given a free field to exert its elevating and refining influence over the student body.



William Jewell Glee Club

Under the Direction of Prof. Marion F. Dunwody

Officers

FRANK ROSE.....Manager
J. L. PEPPER.....Secretary-Treasurer

Members

First Tenors		First Basses	
J. F. PETERS	O. I. CLAMPITT	FRED DIETERLE	C. E. ADAMS
J. H. YOUNG	V. H. HARRELL	L. WHITE	C. C. CHURCH

Second Tenors		Second Basses	
J. L. HENRY	C. O. BROWN	W. J. CHASE	G. C. GIESSING
J. L. PEPPER	EARL COSSAIRT	A. B. MERRITT	L. C. COOK
	N. H. E. REED		FRANK ROSE

Violin

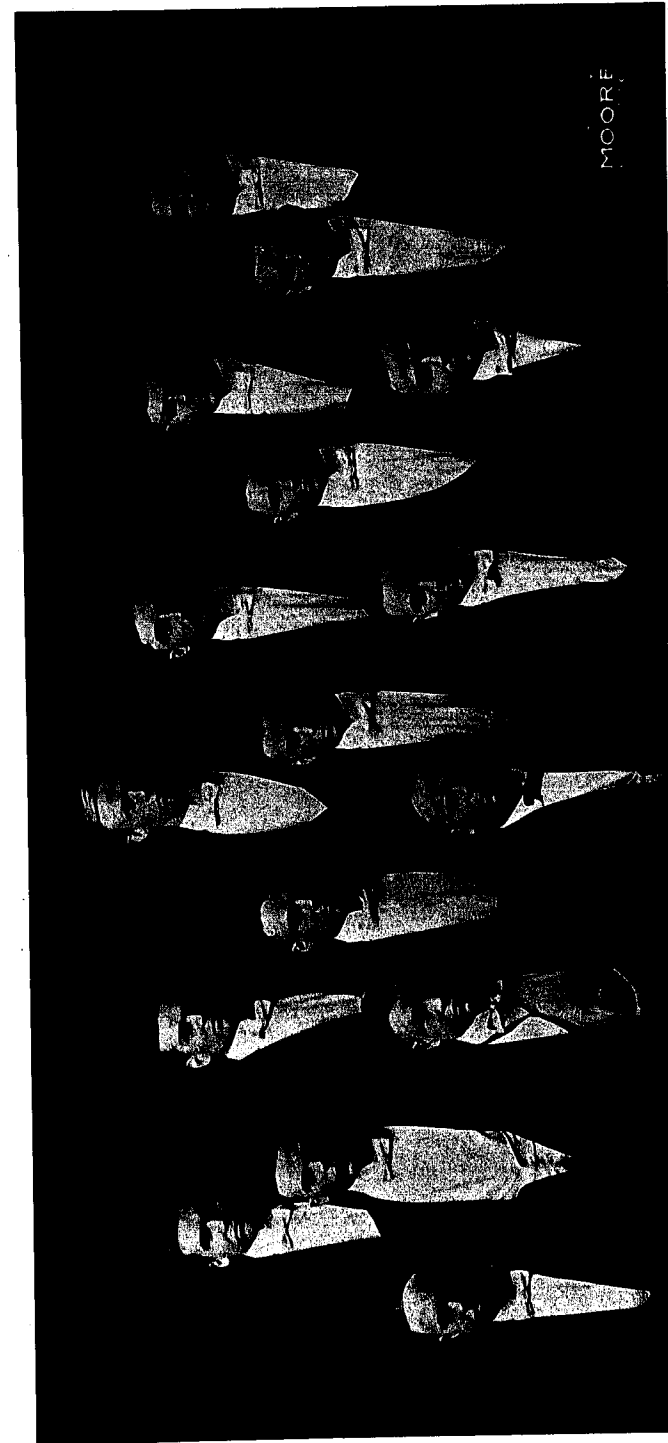
L. C. COOK N. H. E. REED

Cartoonist

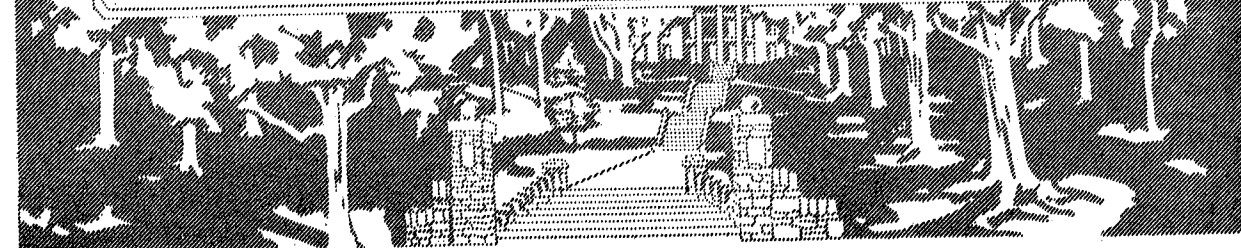
FRED A. SYKES

Piano

PAUL JONES PROF. M. F. DUNWODY



WILLIAM JEWELL GLEE CLUB



William Jewell Band

THAT music hath charms is undisputed. The helpless child or the strongest general is captivated by its magic power. Alexander the Great was never conquered by man; yet he was overcome by the wonderful influence of music. It could draw "tears of iron down Pluto's cheek."

The Band does not claim perfection; but it meets a great demand in College life. It puts "pep" into both athletes and students at all the games. It has made great progress in the last few years, and the outlook for the future is very promising. This year marks a great epoch, being the first year that College credit has been given for commendable work in the band. Furthermore, the College stands back of the Band by providing them with a competent instructor in addition to material support. It is a rare opportunity that the band men have in the privilege they enjoy of being under the instruction of a teacher who has the talent and the ability in music that is possessed by the instructor, Prof. Marion F. Dunwody.

Officers

N. W. TUCKER.....Manager
 PROF. M. F. DUNWODY.....Director
 ASA Q. BURNS.....Secretary-Treasurer
 G. H. EARNSBARGER.....Librarian

Instrumentation

SOLO CORNETS

W. A. Hill
 C. E. Adams
 J. R. Halliburton
 R. W. Bridges
 Frank Rose

FIRST CORNET

W. V. Gaines
 Asa Q. Burns

SECOND CORNET

A. E. Groff

THIRD CORNET

R. W. Porter

DRUMS

H. W. Riley (Bass)
 E. L. Cossairt and J. E. Oster (Snare)

Eb TUBA

N. W. Tucker

BBb

W. A. Chase

FIRST TROMBONE

S. S. Major

EUPHONIUM

W. H. Lawrence

PICCOLO AND FLUTE

Fred White

CLARINETS

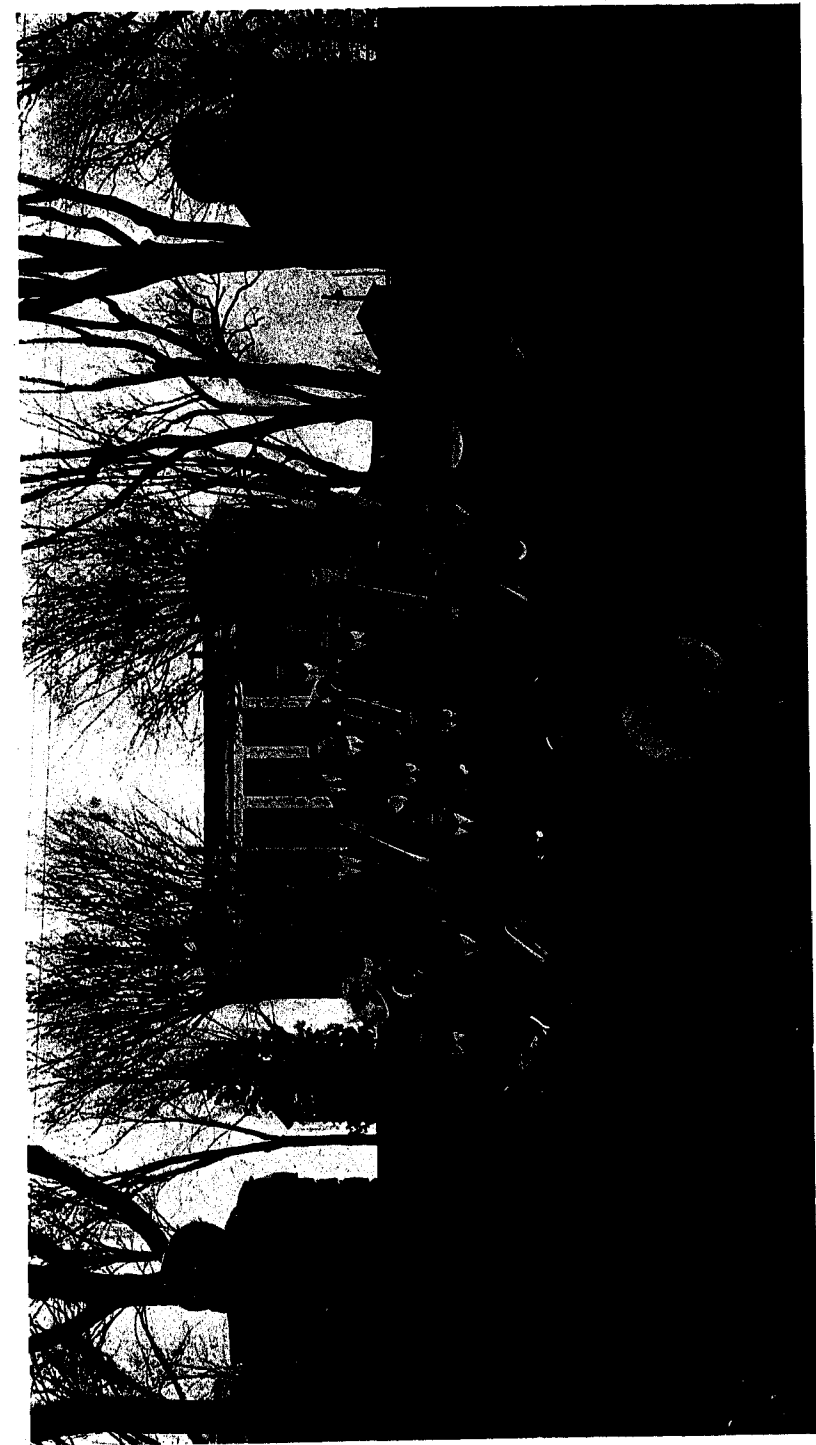
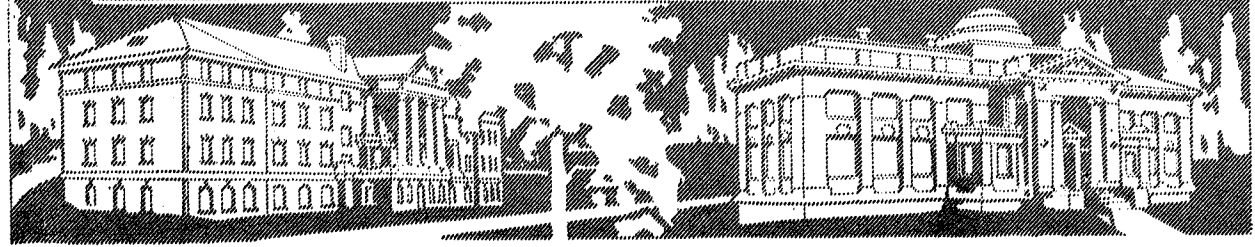
W. H. Bussell
 F. H. Chapman

Eb HORNS

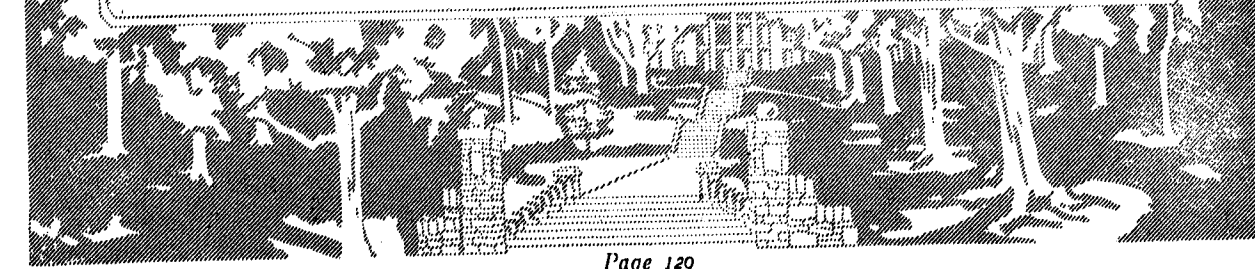
C. O. Dye
 G. H. Ernsbarger
 A. H. Mason
 G. M. Corum

TENOR

F. E. Burchfield
 C. E. Patterson



WILLIAM JEWELL BAND



THE ? OF HERE!!

GET TICKET FREE FOR ADMISSION TO THE EXHIBITION OF DECEMBER MORN

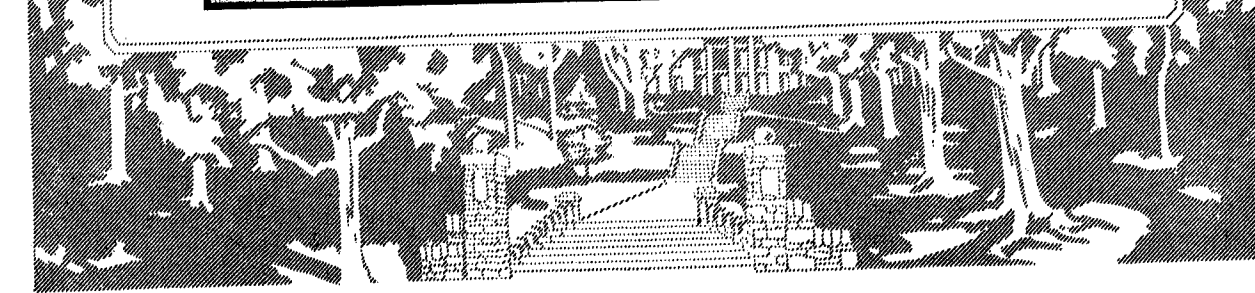
WED MORN
IS TO BE ANNOUNCED
TO-DAY
IN CHAPEL
DONT MISS!

TICKETS OF ADMISSION TO THE EXHIBITION CAN BE SECURED FREE AT THE CO-O

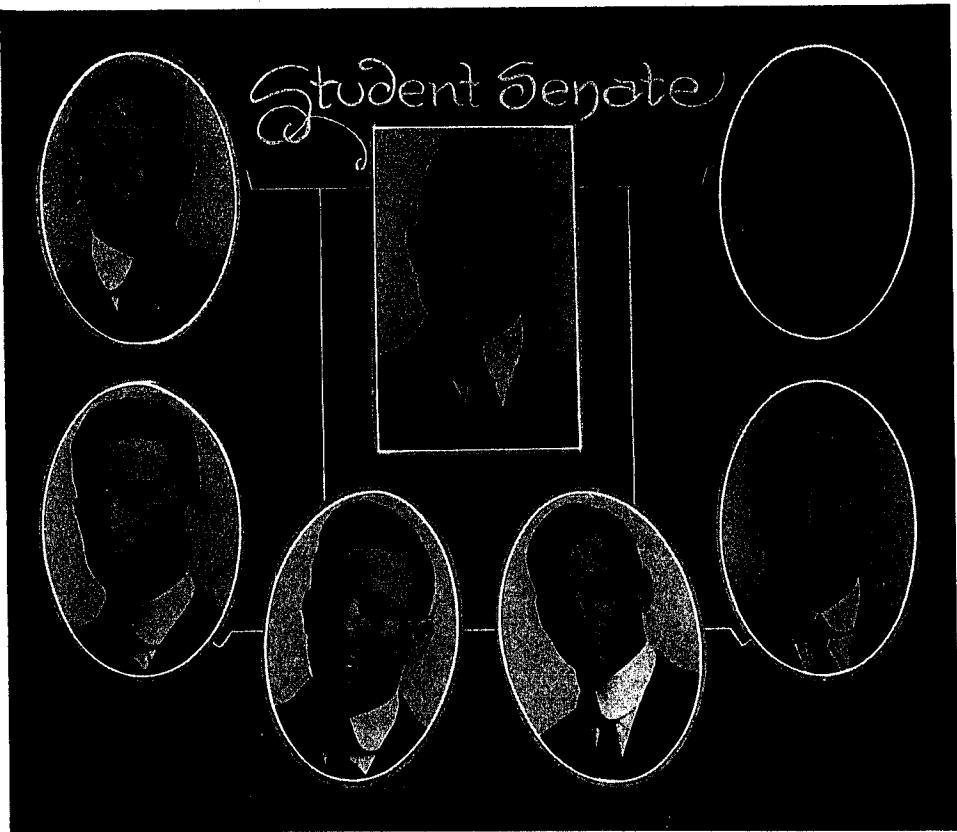
WHY NOT CO-OP?
IT WILL PAY
EVERYTHING
A Student Needs
Students' Co-Op Store
IN GLOTTLY HALL



ORGANIZATIONS



Student Senate



The Student Senate

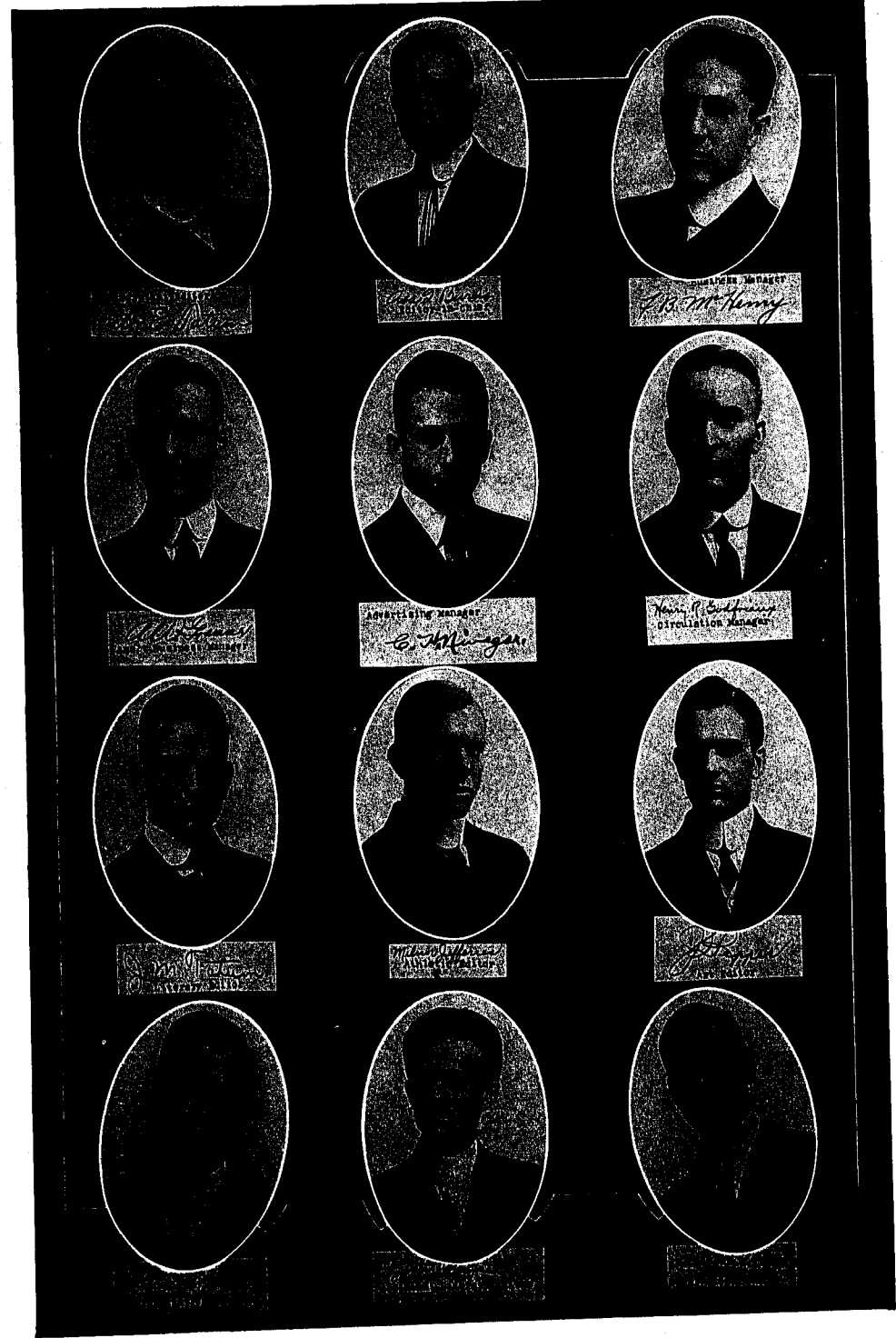
Officers

- F. O. CRIMINGER.....President
- J. R. HICKERSON.....Vice-President
- F. I. GORDON.....Secretary-Treasurer

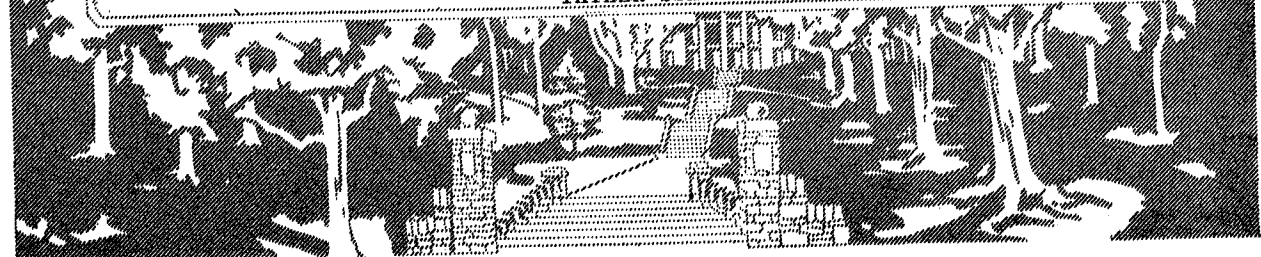
FOR several years it had been felt that the best interests of the students could not be carried out through the Organized Student Body. To meet this need the Student Senate was organized. It is a body of the students for the students and by the students. It seeks to further the best interests of the students in every way possible. It has full powers of the Organized Student Body.

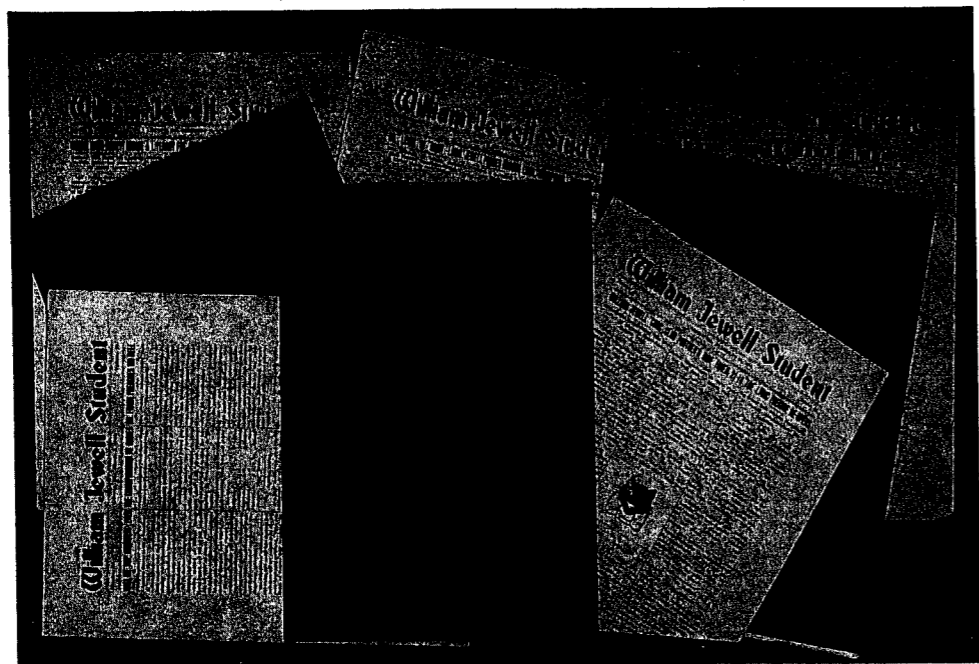
The Student Senate makes possible a closer union between Faculty and Students. It seeks in every way to make the students a self-governing body.

The Senate is composed of seven men, elected from the two upper classes, of which four are Seniors and three Juniors. Three Juniors are elected every year and one Senior.



TATLER STAFF





The William Jewell Student

THE STUDENT is the regular official organ of the Student Body. It registers the temperature of the student body in every department. If things go wrong, THE STUDENT is not afraid to take its stand against it; if some worthy object is on foot, THE STUDENT leads in advocating that object. This is because THE STUDENT is published by a representative group of students and is contributed to by representative students not on THE STUDENT staff. The weekly number, under the direct supervision of Editor-in-Chief J. M. Tatum, has taken on new life as a College newspaper, while the Literary number every month, under the editorship of Associate Editor Asa Q. Burns, has presented some of the best talent from the student contributors. THE STUDENT contributors have taken hold of their paper this year and have given it a new place in the realm of College journals.

The management from a business standpoint has been especially satisfactory and commendable under the efforts of Business Manager Walter J. Matherly. His last year's experience as Assistant Business Manager profitably contributed to the success of THE STUDENT this year. The staff for the coming year will be elected on the merit basis and will have a splendid heritage to begin next year's work for a better and bigger STUDENT.



STUDENT STAFF



W.B. Charles
Alumni



F.A. Sykes
Athletics



J.M. Tatum
Editor-in-Chief



J.L. Robinson
Chief Reporter



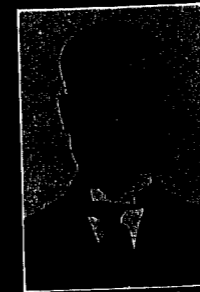
Hal C. Head
Inter-Collegiate



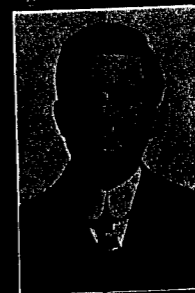
W.J. Matherly
Business Mgr.



A.Q. Burns
Asst. Editor



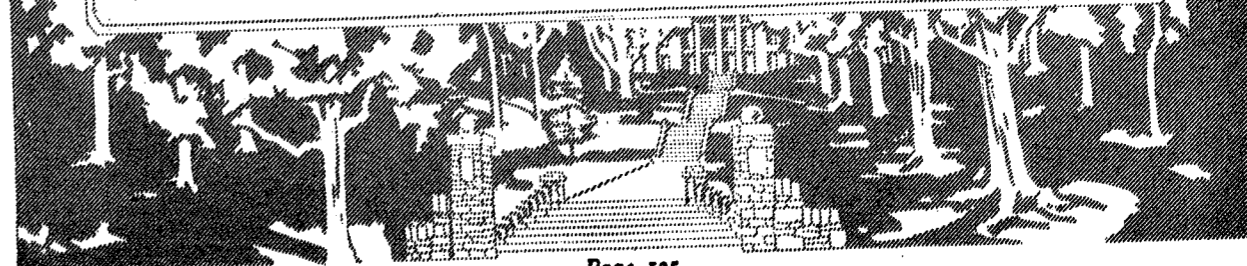
F.W. Strandford
Asst. Reporter



E.F. Cavady
Asst. Bus. Mgr.



J.R. Mantley
Asst. Reporter



The Young Men's Christian Association

THE active work of the Y. M. C. A. during the past year has upheld its position among associations of University rank and kept leader among the associations in Missouri Colleges.

The work for this year has been under the supervision of our General Secretary, R. H. Moorman.

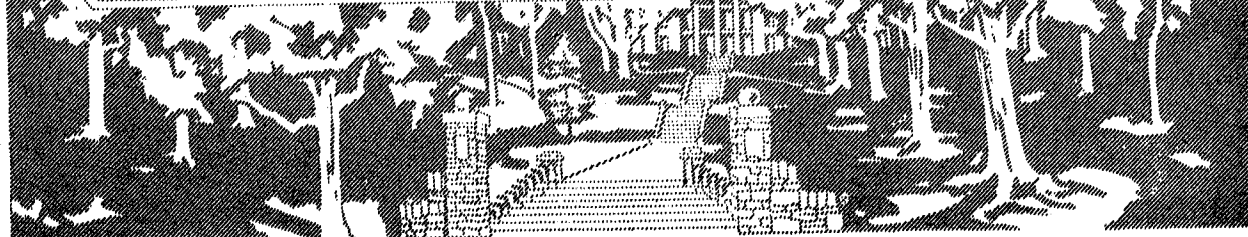
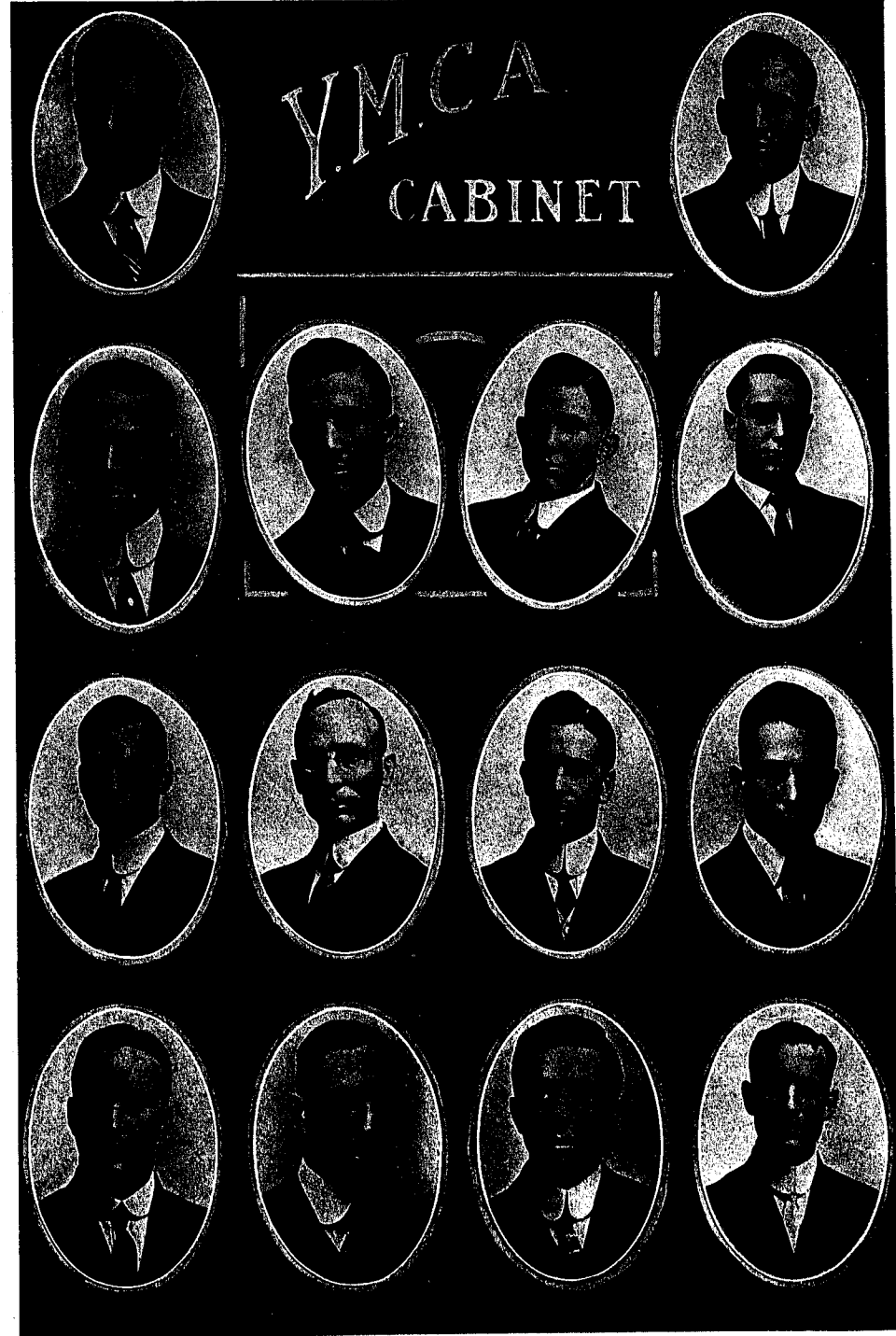
The New Student Committee began its work a week before school opened. The Extension committee sent out five Gospel Teams, also sent men to Kansas City as teachers among foreigners. Twenty-five men actively engaged in extension work. Our religious meetings have been interesting and well attended. The Bible Study Committee coöperated with the departments in Curriculum Bible Study with the result that over one hundred and fifty men have taken some Bible course during the year.

The Student Volunteer Convention held in Kansas City, December 29th to January 4th, exerted a powerful influence over the Student Body. As a result of an awakened religious spirit a successful religious campaign was conducted by Dr. Williamson, of St. Louis, and Rev. Miller, of Kansas City.

The Cabinet for next year is making plans for a greater year's work for 1914-15 than William Jewell has ever known.

Officers

R. H. MOORMAN.....	General Secretary
FOREST I. GORDON.....	President
CHAS. S. BILLINGS.....	Vice-President
E. A. HOOD.....	Secretary
E. F. CANADY.....	Treasurer
J. R. MANTHEY.....	Assistant Treasurer
A. L. LANTZ.....	Bible Study
W. B. CHARLES.....	Mission Study
B. E. WILLOUGHBY.....	Devotional
C. J. MILLER.....	Religious Meetings
C. H. NINEGAR.....	New Student
HENRY R. GODFRIAUX.....	Extension Work
V. J. SIMS.....	Social
JOHN L. PEPPER.....	Lecture Course



Butt-Inskies

Organized October, 1913

Flower
Buttercup

Motto
Butt and Boost

Mascot
"Bill" Jewell

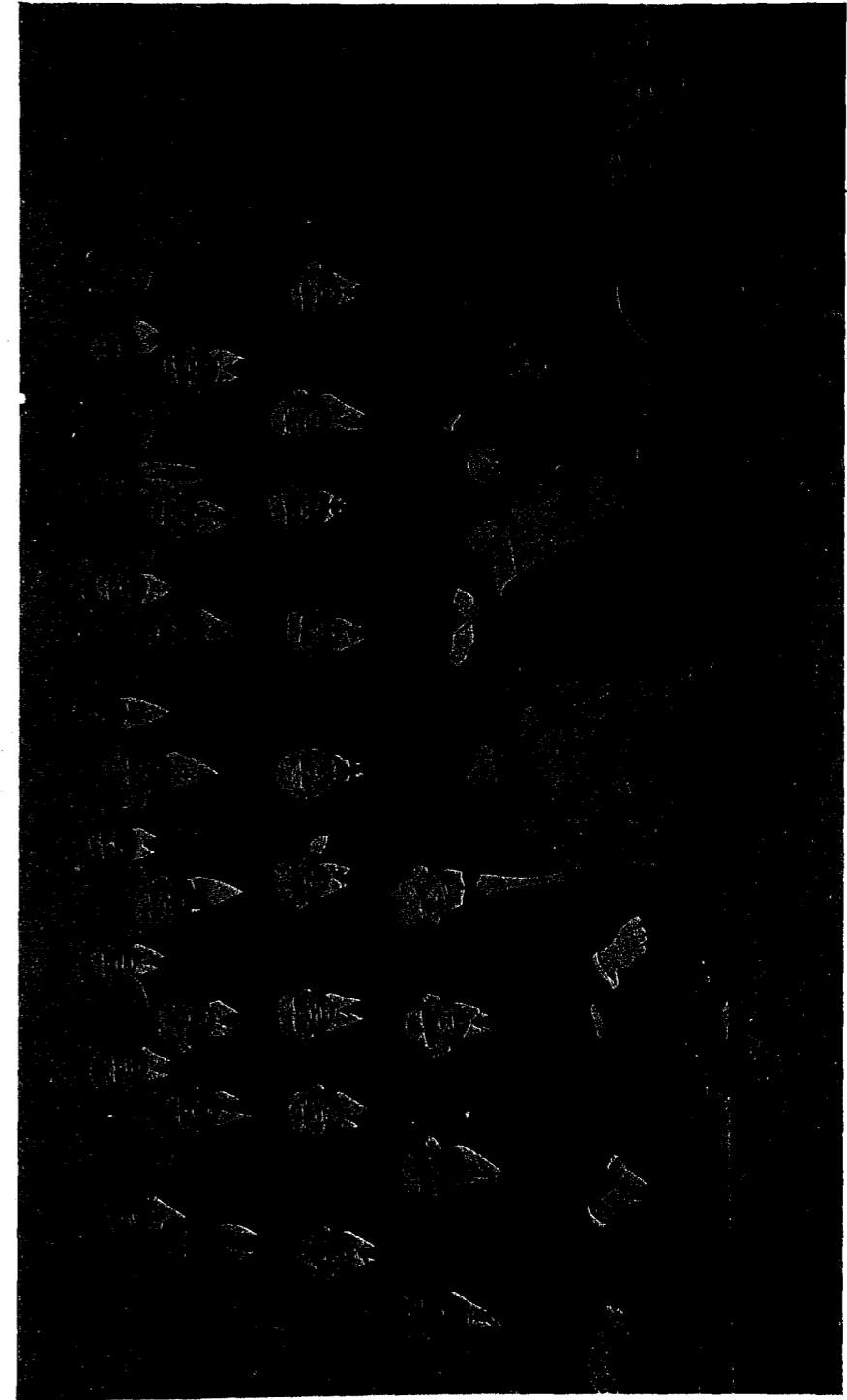
Object
To butt and butt and butt and butt

Officers

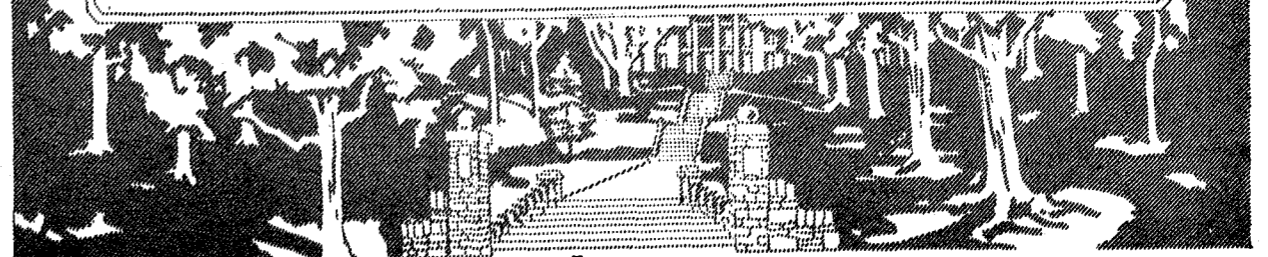
"IKEY" NINEGAR.....	Presiding "Butter"
"JACK" PEPPER.....	Vice-"Butter"
"LUTE" ROBINSON.....	Recording "Butter"
"FIG" GORDON.....	Collecting "Butter"
"DADDY" FRUIT.....	Oleomargarine

"Butters en Masse"

Dr. J. E. Cook	P. L. Jones	F. I. Gordon
C. W. Warren	F. B. McHenry	J. S. Mosely
J. L. Robinson	F. H. Rose	A. E. Groff
H. R. Godfriaux	C. T. Magill	V. E. Tatum
R. Q. Mitchell	R. H. Parker	R. H. Ewing
R. H. Moorman	R. E. Snow	H. C. Head
J. R. Hickerson	F. M. Small	C. H. Ninegar
R. W. Bell	A. W. Grammar	C. Shiner
W. J. Chase	Milnor Jefferies	C. S. Billings
P. Holmes	E. R. Stark	C. D. Brandom
E. G. Ewing	J. L. Pepper	A. T. Mayberry
	J. R. Halliburton	



BUTTINSKY CLUB



Scientific Club



Members

TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT

"Big" Bell
C. J. Miller
"Minx" Jones
"Mape" Harl

"Pig" Murray
"Brig" Young
"Sy" Pitts
"Noisy" Clark

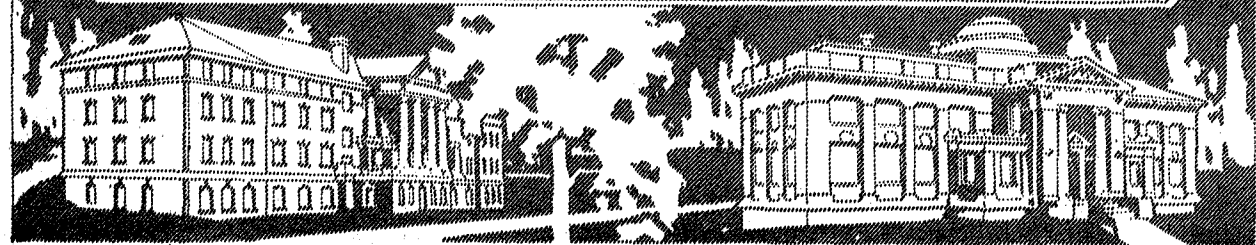
"Goosie" Giessing
"Ikey" Ninegar
Frank Rose
"Scotty" Scott

BOTTOM ROW

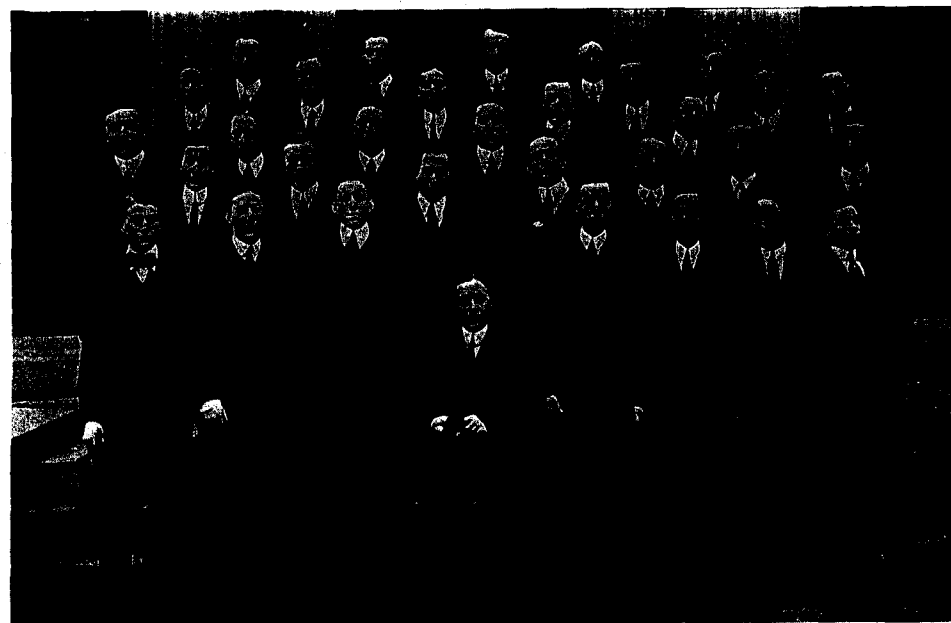
"Irish" Farrar
"Judge" Graves

"Toad" Boyer
John Williams, Assistant
Arthur Davis

Dr. H. G. Parker, Instructor
Foster McHenry



Der Deutsche Klub



Motto

"Wie heisst das auf Deutsch?"

Yell

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

Officers

J. B. HIBBITTS.....President
E. A. HOOD..... Vice-President
J. H. CLARK...Secretary and Treasurer

Faculty Advisers

PROF. NELSON PROF. MARTINI

Eligibility

Students who have completed German I and II

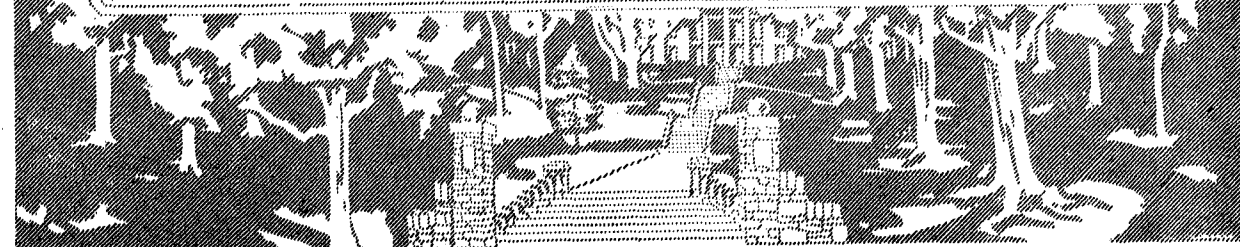
Members

Kennith Parker
"Josh" Billings
Paul Jones
"Judge" Graves
"Irish" Farrar
Frank Rose
"Babe" Sims
Prof. Nelson, Instructor

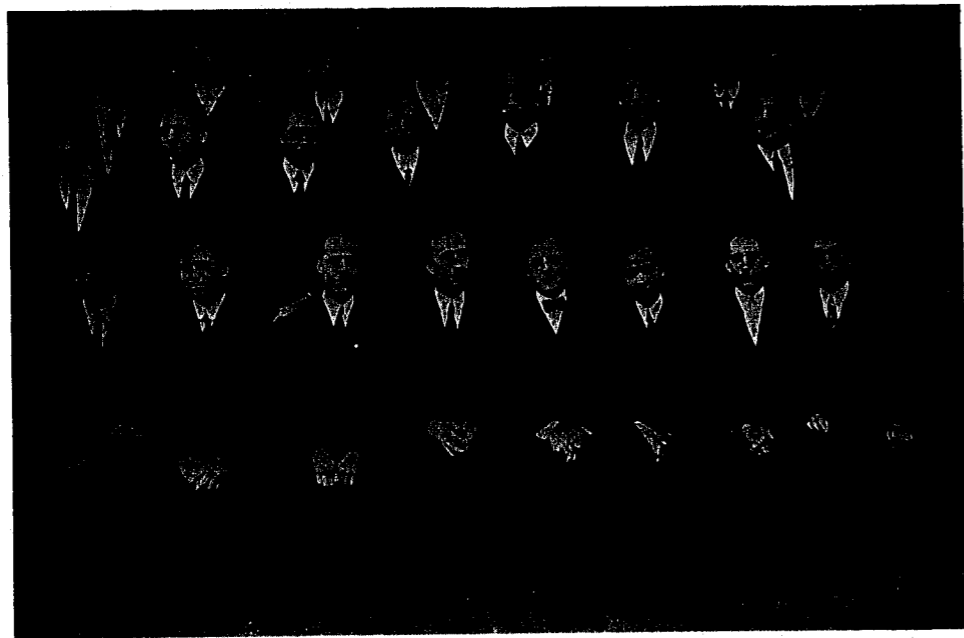
Ray Files
"Bill" Billings
J. O. E. Hibbitts
Roy Parker
"Little" Hibbitts
Arthur Davis
Paul Lowe
Foster McHenry

"Goosie" Giessing
"Stern" Miller
Ray T. Marr
Jo P. Turner
"Big" Bell
"Little" Brandom
Granville Ewing
"Scotty" Scott

Emmett Hood
"Willie" Carroll
"Mape" Harl
"Ikey" Ninegar
"Sy" Pitts
Lawrence Mahan
Alfredo Ramos



Student Volunteer Band

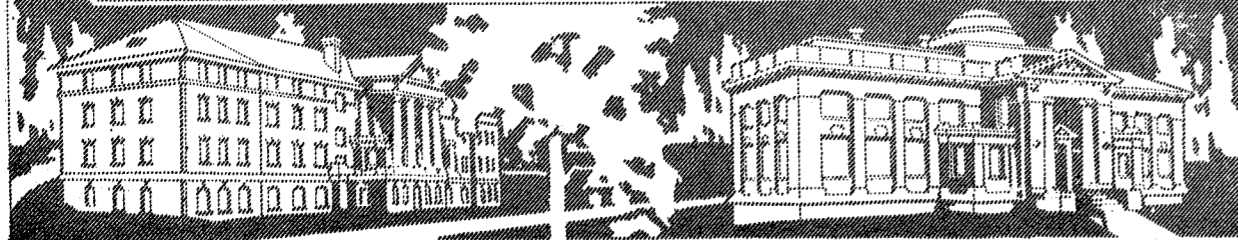


Officers

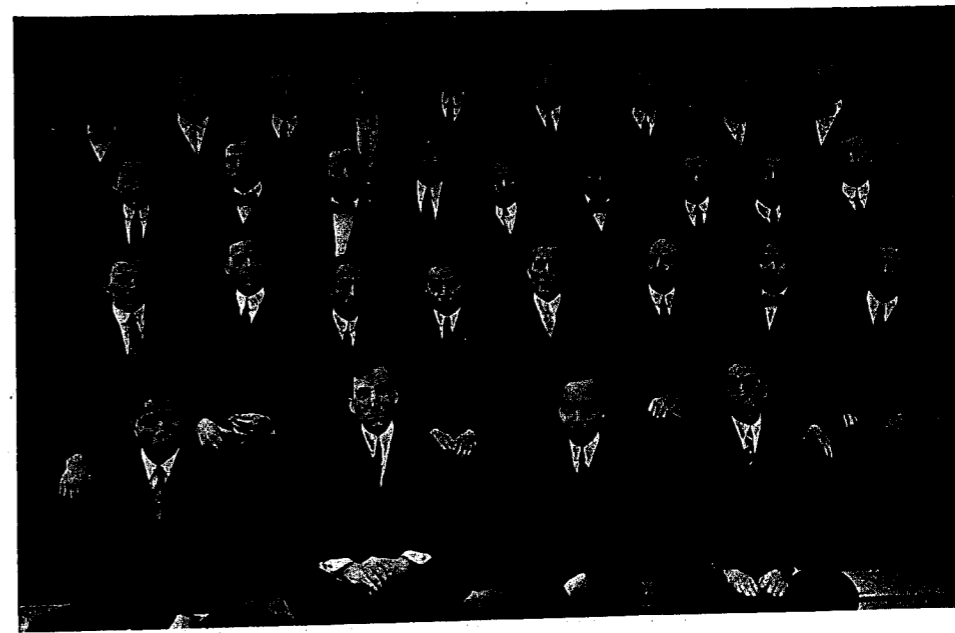
LAIRD T. HITES.....President
 WILLIAM E. PARKS.....Vice-President
 WILLIAM B. CHARLES.....Secretary-Treasurer
 DR. ELMER C. GRIFFITH.....Faculty Adviser
 DR. DAVID J. EVANS.....Faculty Adviser
 JULIUS R. MANTEY.....Extension Committee

WILLIAM JEWELL has sent twenty-two of her graduates to other countries. Eleven are missionaries; eight are teachers; two of whom are under the mission Boards. Many more William Jewell men would be on the foreign field now had the Boards been able to send them.

At present the Volunteer Band is composed of twenty-five men who are preparing themselves for the different activities of mission work on the foreign fields.



Cosmopolitan Club



Motto

"Above All Nations Is Humanity"

Officers

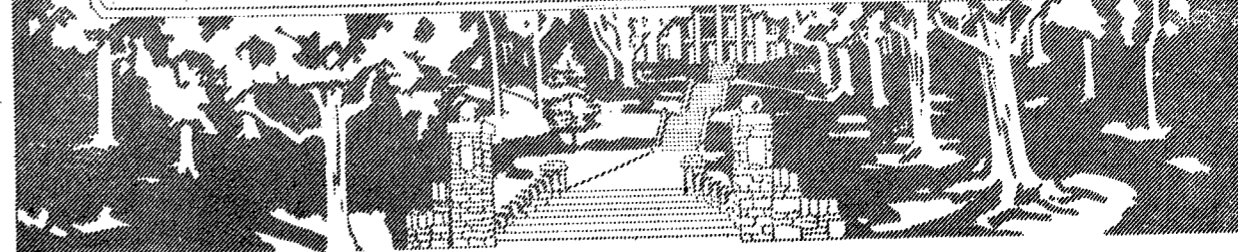
J. E. BELL.....President
 TOTO FUJII.....Vice-President
 ALFRED RAMOS.....Secretary

Faculty Advisers

M. F. MARTINI
 JOSEF F. NELSON

Members

J. E. Bell, England	T. Fujii, Japan	J. F. Nelson, Sweden
D. Boado, P. I.	Frank Henry, America	A. R. Nieman, America
H. L. Brewster, Canada	H. C. Ho, China	A. Ramos, P. I.
A. Cantu, Mexico	M. R. Jones, Canada	N. H. E. Reed, America
W. J. Chase, America	K. Kumano, Japan	Sam Solomon, Russia
P. DeYoung, Holland	A. L. Lantz, America	H. Takahashi, Japan
D. J. DeJesus, P. I.	J. E. Lewis, America	Fred White, England
S. A. Engwall, Sweden	T. Matsushima, Japan	Chong Wu, China
M. S. Engwall, Sweden	M. F. Martini, Germany	Kong Wu, China
R. Yamamota, Japan	C. L. Wiese, Germany	
S. J. Waterman, England	C. W. Warren, America	



Colorado Club



Flower
Goldenrod

Colors
Silver and Gold

Object

To more fully develop the interests of William Jewell College in Colorado

Officers

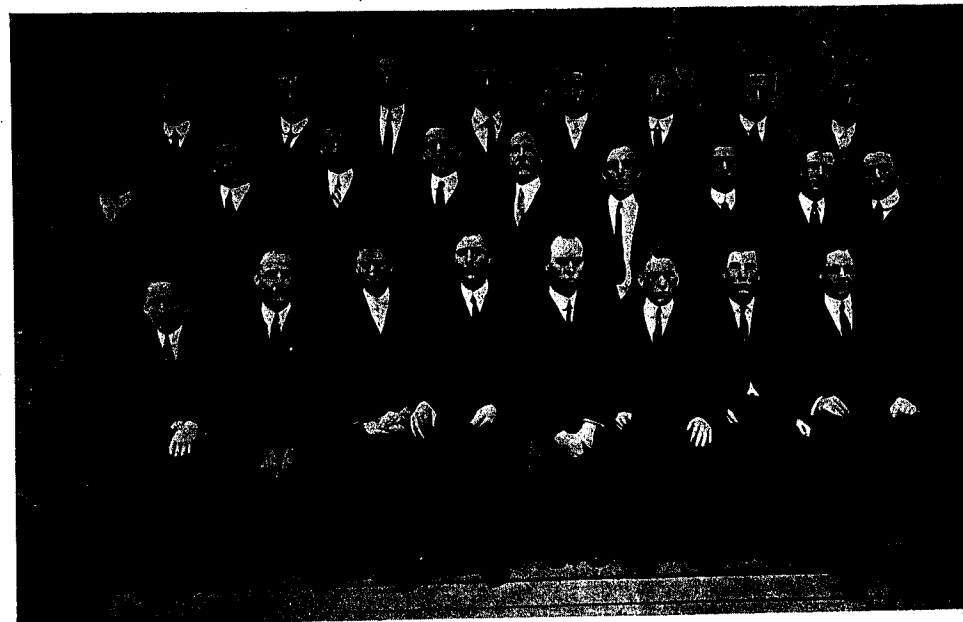
LUDWICK GRAVES.....President
ALLEN SYKES.....Secretary-Treasurer

Members

"Doc" Harvey	"Ben" Cox	"Tramp" Trotter
"Dutch" Neuhauser	"Mape" Harl	"Tuffy" Collier
F. E. Bray	"Bub" Gross	"Brick" Carbaugh
"Freddie" Sykes	"Judge" Graves	C. C. Church



Oklahoma Club

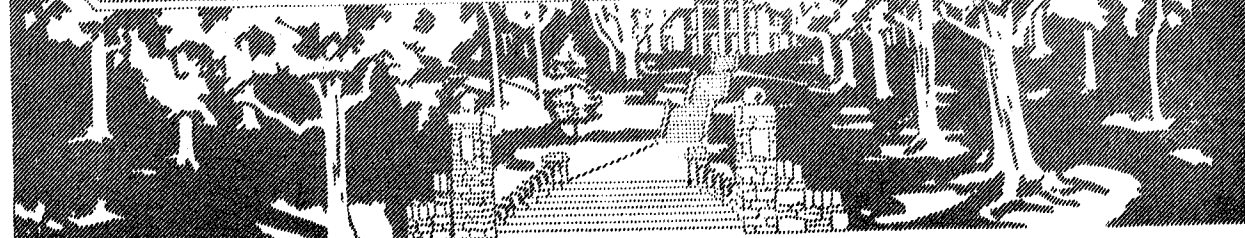


Flower
The Clover Blossom

Colors
Red and White

Officers

F. M. SMALL.....	President
T. F. HOWARD.....	Vice-President
W. E. CRABTREE.....	Secretary
W. S. KOONS.....	Treasurer



Clinton County Club



Flower
Moss Rose

Colors
Purple and Orange

Officers

W. F. STANDIFORD, '15.....President
W. B. RICHARDS, '18.....Vice-President
W. F. MCKEE, '16.....Secretary-Treasurer

Members

R. C. Everett M. T. Hancock W. B. Richards
A. R. Gall F. T. McKee J. M. Sherwood
 W. F. Standiford E. B. Thurman



Carroll County Club



Colors
Red and White

Purpose

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

Officers

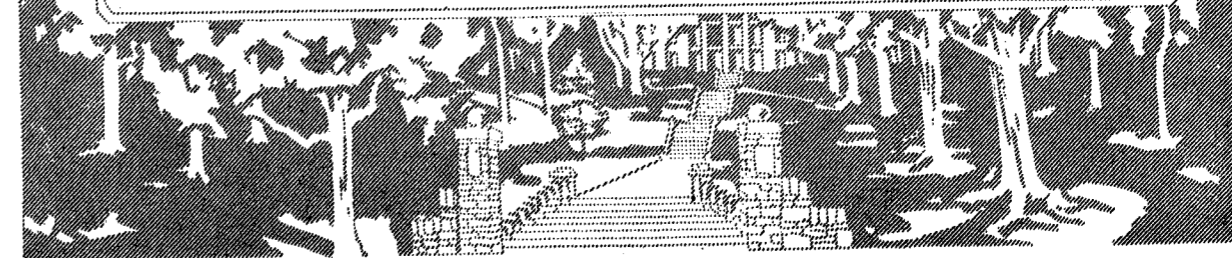
E. F. CANADY, '15.....President
F. O. TROTTER, '16.....Vice-President

Members

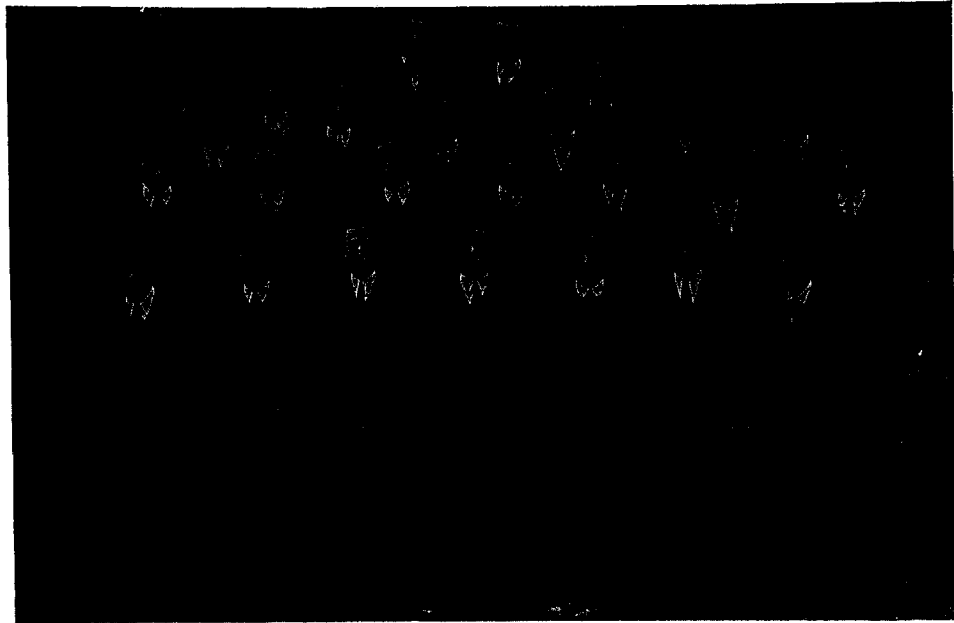
R. E. Bowles, Athletic Director F. O. Trotter, '16 C. F. Brody, '17
J. P. Turner, '15 E. F. Canady, '15 E. A. Slater, '17
J. C. Belt, '16 C. V. Bittiker, '18 F. T. McQueen, '18
J. A. Brody, '17 H. Rice, '17 Geo. H. Ernsbarger, '19

Member in Absentia

C. F. Dawson, '15

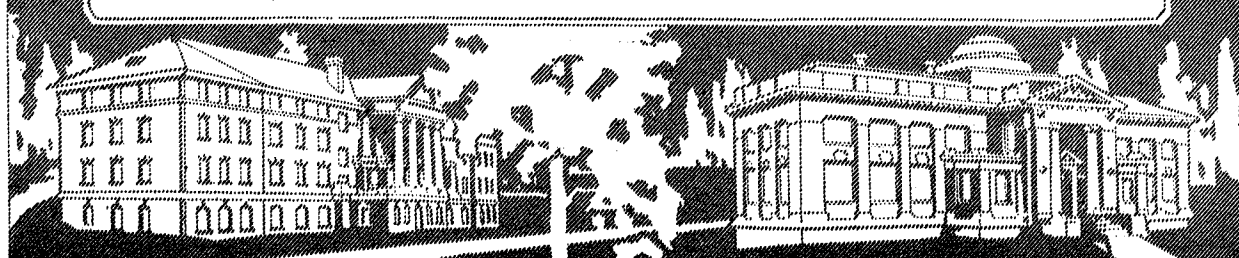


Emblem Club



Members

- | | | |
|------------------|-------------------|------------------|
| "Cec" Martin | "Jeff" Jefferies | Henry Godfriaux |
| "Chink" Stephens | "Sheenie" McQueen | "Brick" Carbaugh |
| Lloyd Waterman | "Indian" Bell | "Fig" Gordon |
| "Bill" Billings | P. Holmes | |
| | | |
| "Jitney" Harris | "Big" Bell | "Poop" Lantz |
| "Toad" Boyer | "Maggie" McGee | "Bub" Gross |
| "Chet" Magill | "Little" Brandom | "Jawn" Bryant |
| Paul Jones | "June" Mayberry | |
| Foster McHenry | J. H. Hughes | |



F. L. E. Club

Handed down in perfect condition for many centuries by a scientific method of grafting.



Ludwick Graves.....High Flying Fle

Motto

Friendship, Love, and Economy

Assembled

Where the Bird of Peace Reigns

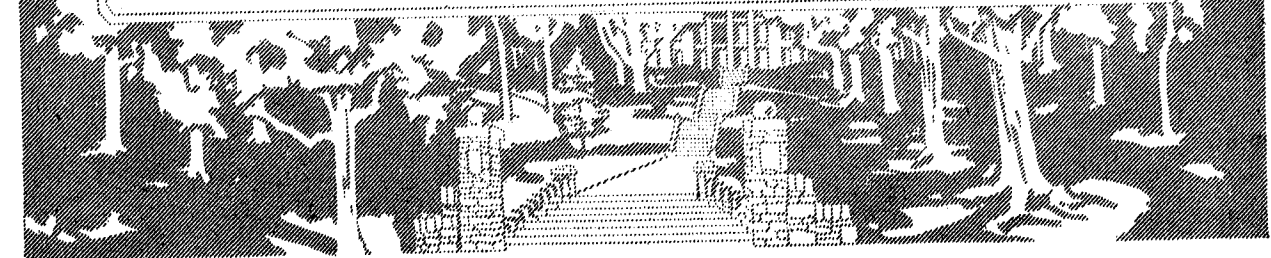
- | | | | |
|---------------|-----------------|---------------|------------------|
| V. E. Tatum | Spurgeon Cox | Freddie Sykes | Carlyle Campbell |
| S. Y. Pitts | G. C. Carbaugh | George Foley | Paul Jones |
| F. H. Rose | Ludwick Graves | F. T. McQueen | Charles Brandom |
| M. T. Harl | Clarence Miller | J. R. Couch | Joe Clark |
| L. W. Farrar | Claude Foster | T. A. Harvey | June Mayberry |
| F. B. McHenry | Bland Gross | Seldon Murray | A. B. Merritt |
| | W. F. Bell | | |

In Despair

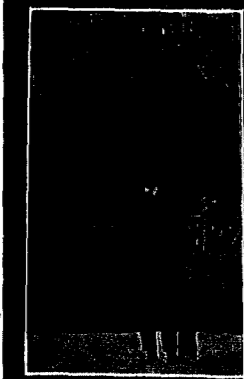
- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| A. B. Merritt | J. R. Couch |
|---------------|-------------|

In Absentia

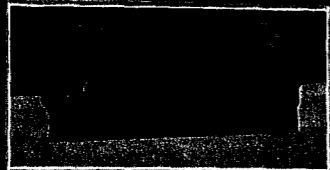
- | | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| Nelson W. Rider | James Tatum |
|-----------------|-------------|



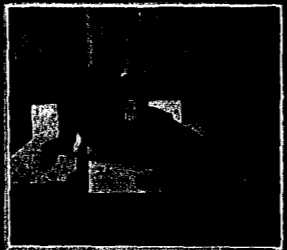
SONS OF REST



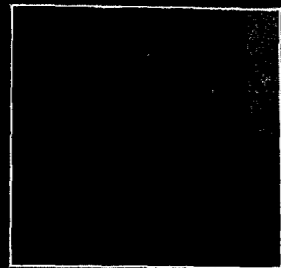
TERRY SYKES



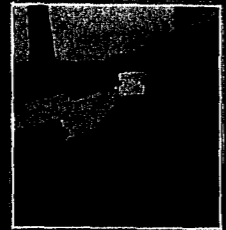
"SPEED" CLARK



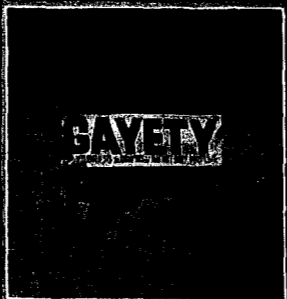
"ST" PITTS



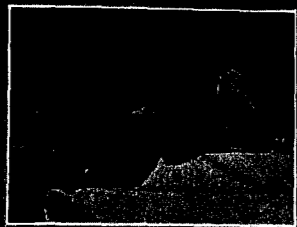
EMPTY HEAD



BO HANKINS



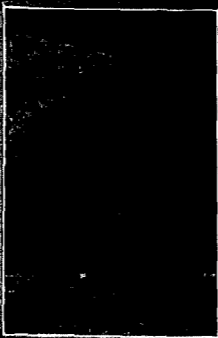
"DOLLY" TATUM



"SHIFTY" GRAVES



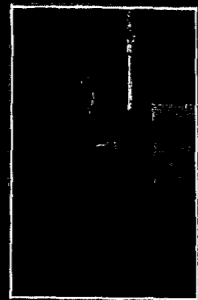
"FOXY GRANDPA" FRUIT



"SEEDY BRANDON"



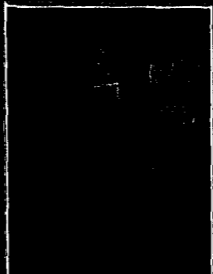
BRICK CARHART



JOHN BILLINGS



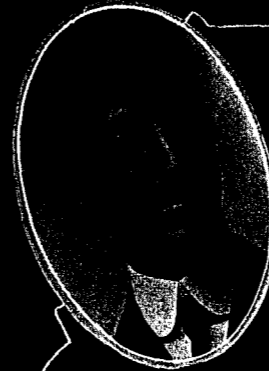
DUTCH SCHULTZ



"CHIRE CARHART"



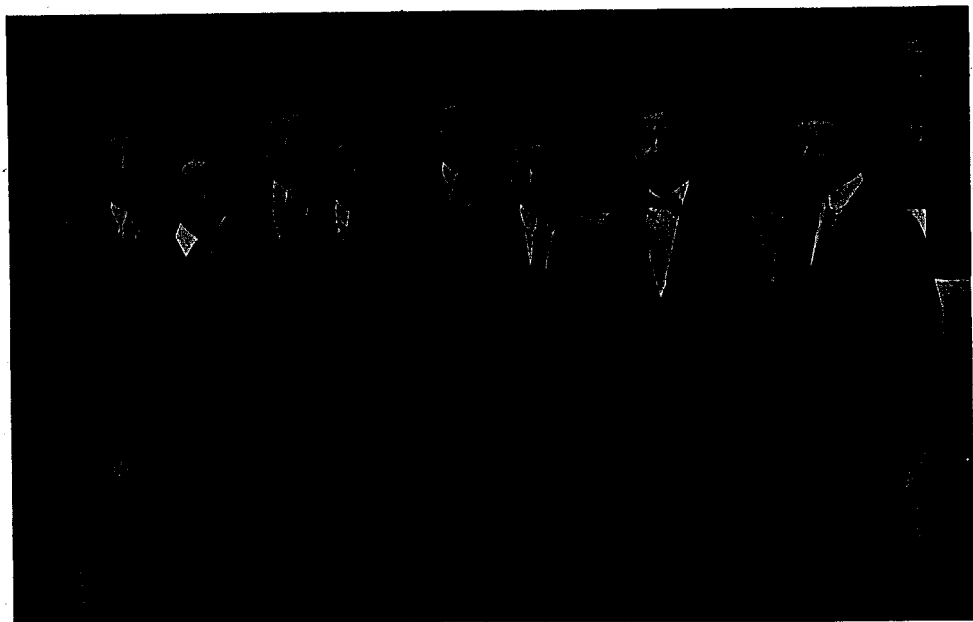
STUDENTS' CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION



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



Caldwell County



Purpose

To bring Caldwell County men to William Jewell College

Officers

"JERRY" SCHAEFFER.....Prosecuting Attorney
 "LOUD" WATERMAN.....Sheriff
 "SUNSHINE" MARTIN.....Clerk
 OLA PHELPS.....Surveyor
 "DUTCH" KLEINE.....School Com.
 "CHET" SHINER.....Recorder
 "IRISH" FARRAR.....Collector
 "STUDE" MOORMAN.....County Judge



Quo Vadis



Flower
Dog Fennel

Motto
"Please Mum"

Colors
"Black and Blue"

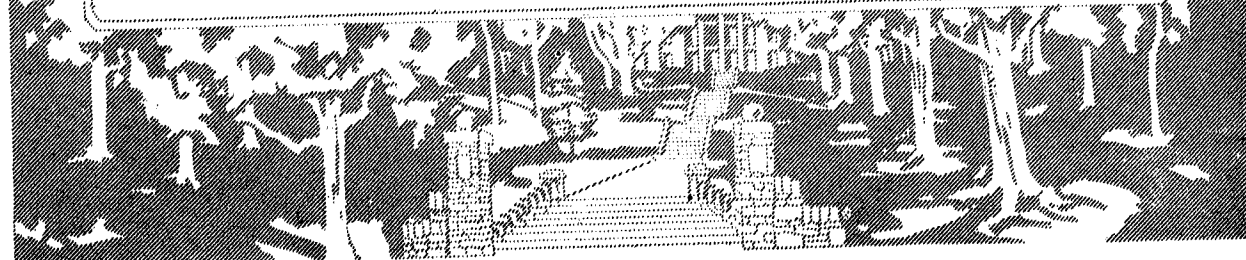
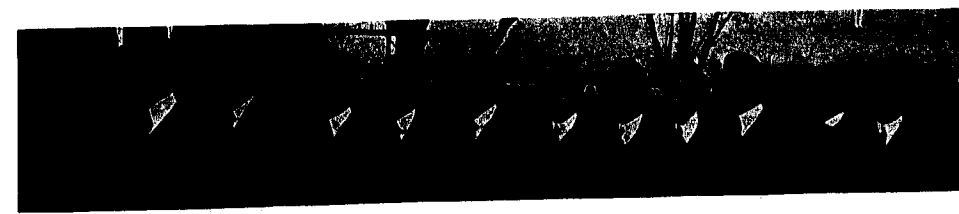
Qualifications
Must have bummed a thousand miles and be able to hit back doors with results

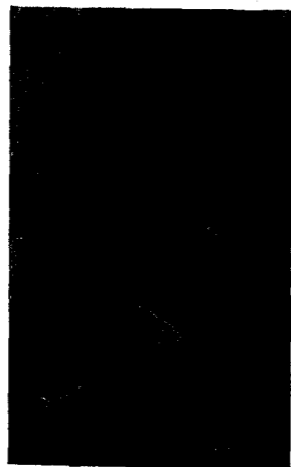
Officers
 "SY" PITTS.....Main Prop. "K. G." NEUHAUSER.....Stake-holder
 "NEL" RIDER.....Prop. "BABE" SIMS.....Buzzer
 "IRISH" FARRAR.....Bouncer

Doin' Duty
 L. "Irish" Farrar Empty Harl
 W. Simple Rider C. Tramp Trotter
 A. A. Sheenie McQueen A. K. G. Neuhauser
 C. Champeene Brandom G. Sy Pitts

To Win Their Spurs
O. Stern Miller
J. Speedy Clark
J. Fishy Cox
C. Babe Sims

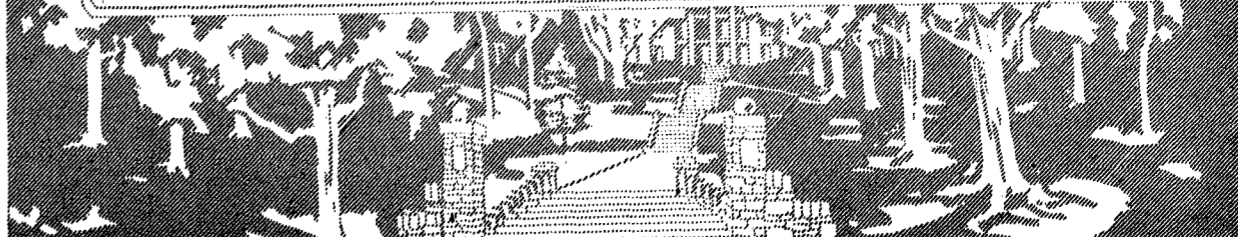
In the Discard **Onery** **Deceased**
 E. Military Carter John Eads Howe Jack London A. No. 1





To Dr. Greene

WERE whispered words mere empty senseless things
 Estranged from human heartbeats, then these, too,
 Would be as whistling of the wind,—a few
 Blown sounds with naught of joys or sufferings;
 But, Oh! not so,—there is a something brings
 From out our student souls a feeling true
 Of admiration and respect for you,—
 Deep love that to a noble teacher clings.
 No soaring phrases mar the deathless truth
 From your wise lips; obscurity is ne'er
 The demon slaying what is good and fair.
 Your living wisdom glides into our youth
 As does a silver threading brooklet through
 Dawn's daisied meadows gemmed with diamond dew.





"AND THIS OUR LIFE"

BY
Freddie Sykes

[Author's Note—By way of preface let me state that the humor of a college Annual has been a repetition for ages—There is a well beaten track of scholastic witticism that all Annual readers know.

The accompanying pot-pourri of frothy nothingness claims no merit except that it is an attempt to get out of the perennial garden of humor, and should not be taken as a cue for the appearance of any essays on "The Crime of the American College" or anything like that.—Let's go!]

And this our life, except for bubbly jaunt
Finds guns in trig, crooks in the study books,
German in some and bull in everything—
I would (not) change it.—"As you don't like it," Act II, Sc. 1.

(Regarding the usage of "bull" in the above verse, to explain the etymology of the word. Its original meaning was poppy-cock, which was soon elided to papa-cow and has since become plain bull. This sounds like the hackneyed wit of our Vest Pocket Essays.)

COLLEGE LIFE is a dream life until the alarm clock goes off at the end of the term and you hear the refrain—I've flunked again.

Just as there are bookworms and hookworms in college, there are many typical phases of college life and we shall take as the title of Raving No. 1.

STEPPING OUT

You start immediately after dinner to get ready. Just as you are tubbing splashingly, you happen to remember that the wash lady neglected to return with your only dress-shirt, which necessitates a dripping trip to the telephone. You stand Edenically before the instrument, thankful that central can only hear you (you can barely wait). Upon hearing that "The little boy has just left with the laundry," you trippingly drip back again.

You prepare to shave. Finding that Charlie is using your shaving mug to keep his marine specimens in, you throw them out of the window, muttering something about "Crabbing his game." Then you commence with the razor. Discovering that somebody has been sharpening pencils with it, you calmly ignore the fact and say you can't see the point.

On slashing your jaw, you make some cutting remark and apostrophize the razor thus: "Why'd Gillette me do it?" This seems so clever to you that you forget to touch the other side of your chin.



Seven-thirty! Hastily yanking a white vest from the confines of the closet, you don it and suddenly remember the shirt. You get a cane and hook the bundle into the house, murmuring "My bosom friend."

Of course Charlie has the only pearl cuff buttons in the house, but you make the best of it and climb into your trousers. They need pressing, of course, but then you're pressed for time anyway.

After rubbing a white tie with Art-gum, you strangle a collar with it, but it insists on pointing toward the ceiling, when tied. However, thinking this will appear original, you let it go and fall into your coat. You attempt to appear oblivious of the fact that one of the coat tails is in a loving embrace of the other and hunt for some white gloves. Struggling into your overcoat, calmly heedless of the fact that you have no silk handkerchief, you begin wondering if Consuela will have her program full, and bolt out of the door, hollering to Charlie—"For the love of Pete, call a taxi!"

GETTING UP

The hardest part about getting up is getting up. This is apparently at once both a broad and deep statement.

The idea is to go to bed any time after midnight with the intention of rising at 6:30 to cram a little on Math. This will insure your decision at the appointed hour of five bells to sleep all day.

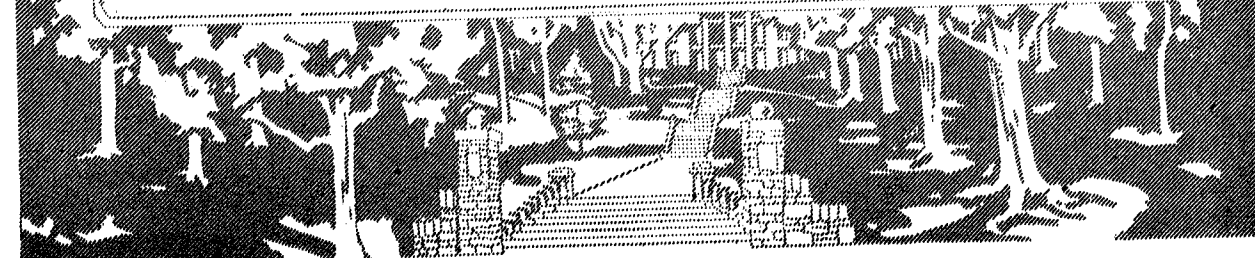
Having just dropped into a deep sleep, you are awakened by the clock going off alarmingly—in nice spasms that make you want to chloroform it. At first you merely gaze at it with a grieved look, then you bring your thumb to your nose in derision. This failing, you slyly reach under the bed, grab a slipper and slip it to the offender. It ticks tickingly—your remember that it was a Waterbury and say, "I guess it had water on the brain, I'll bury it tomorrow." Astonished at your cleverness, you go back to sleep, happy in the thought that clockie is no more.

The next thing you know, someone is pounding on the door, just as you were shoveling Jewell Hall full of nickels that you had made by mixing a nickel solution with a mint leaf—(N. B. Joke's in word mint). Bidding the intruder farewell to a warmer climate, you snuggle under the covers. Presently you hear something that sounds like the eight-thirty bell. You decide to get up, protruding your right foot from under the blankety blanket—but hastily bid tootsie to come on back to bed, deciding that you can't make your eight-thirty anyway. You lie down and watch a fly volplaning with Lincoln Beachey skill to your nose. When this ceases to amuse you, you cash in on some more of Nature's greatest gift.

Then you realize that you are displaying a rotten lack of will power. You sit up and disapprovingly blink at your note book on the table. Just as you are wondering whether or not to get a date for that night, Charlie comes in from his nine-thirty and you angrily blat, "Say, why can't you wake a fellow up in the morning?"

IN THE CLASSES

Having sprinted across the campus in something or other flat, you raid the recitation room and nab a seat. You are just too late to answer present for Charlie, but get yourself chalked up and open your book. On hearing the discussion, you turn around fearing you are in the wrong class. Finding your fears ungrounded, you decide to pull the old one about studying the wrong lesson. Professor starts demonstra-



tion, but interrupts himself long enough to raid nickel matching game in back of room.

Professor puts problem on shiny part of board and asks what is the simplest thing to do to it. You murmur "Erase it," causing much laughter in vicinity. (Ministerial student scowls disapprovingly.) Professor repeats, "If the angle from a point where a child stands, to the tip of a church steeple is 15°, how far will the child have to walk away from the church to decrease the angle to 10°"—continues hieroglyphics on blackboard. You brighten and nod understandingly as he completes problem and turns around. On his announcement that the rest are just as easy you appear much relieved.

Shuffling of feet causes professor to announce that five minutes remain yet. Shuffling ceases.

Professor has to explain again regarding angle decreasing from child to church steeple as it walks away, for benefit of boy who has been throwing chalk out of window. He follows with the assignment of the next ten pages, which gives you the cue to bolt for the aperture in the wall. Ministerial and married students remain to discuss moral fallacy of child walking away from church, while you holler down the hall, "Hey, Charlie, did you get the mail?"

A QUIET EVENING

Just as you are starting to make up your Geology notes, you happen to think that it is the 10th of the month and immediately exit for the nearest bookshop. Returning with the latest installment of fickle fiction, you dash hastily past the pages of poetry by Ella Wheeler Silksax and Lemon Ade's "Fables in Slung." You find Robert W. Shameless's latest wad, "The Dizziness of Life." You feverishly dive into a bathrobe decorated with pink roses rampant on a field of blue.

You put it to a vote whether you shall read or study Calculus. The magazine wins with no dissenting voice.

Throttling a Morris chair, you take the magazine and arrange yourself into an artistic group, just mag, Morris and you.

You read chapter XIV: "Jonquilene was languidly classifying the armour. She came across a rare coat of mail, but was doomed to despair—the pants and vest were missing! It was useless! She snuggled luxuriantly onto a divan.

"Here Cheesborough found her six hours later when he came in from an invigorating canter across the hills in his limousine. He embraced her. She was panting, perturbed and passionate. He was irresistible—"

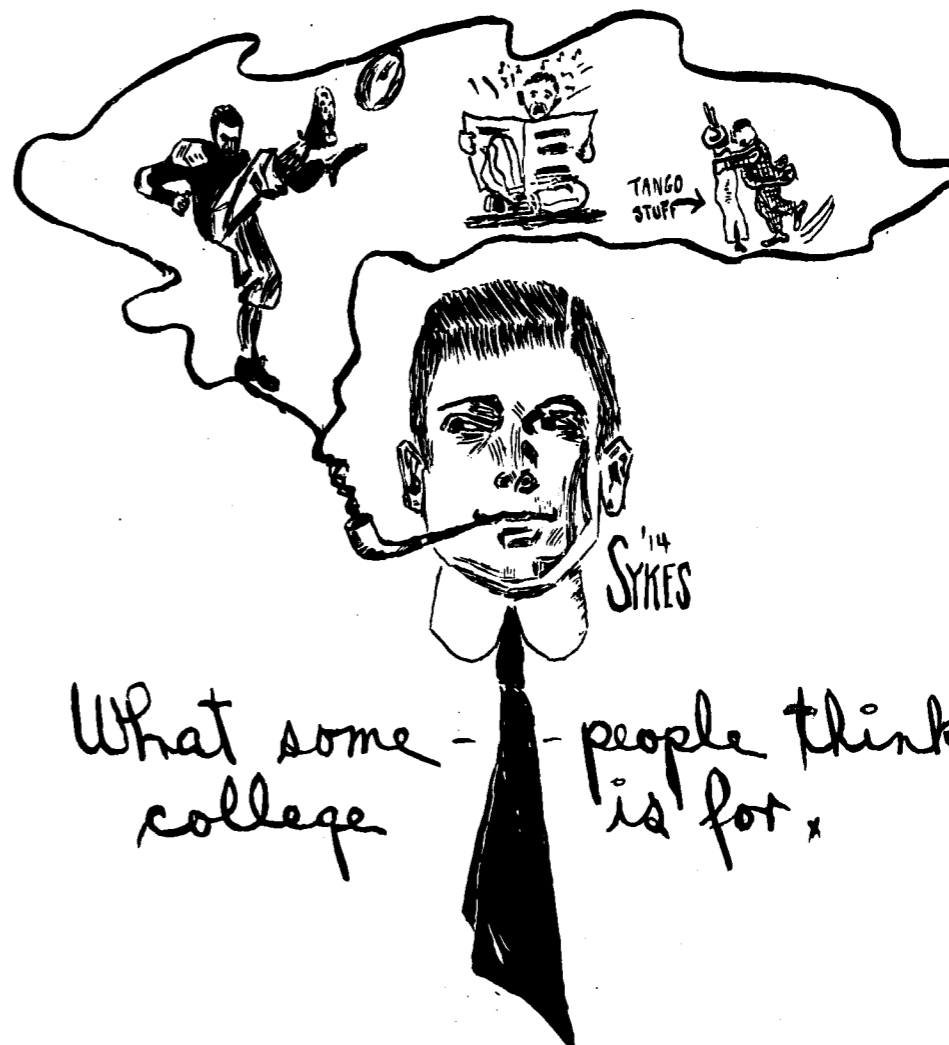
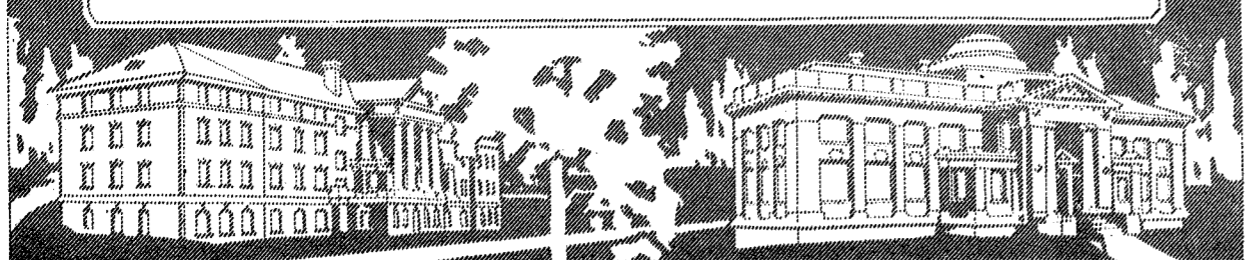
Just at this point Charlie enters, looking for a match. He lights on your bed and proceeds with some Dockstader humor from a current burlesque.

You request him to leave and let you study. He ignores the hint. Just at this juncture, Fatty and Tip come in, insisting upon a rendition of "Sweet Angeline."

However, a suggestion of the movies leaves you alone to continue reading.

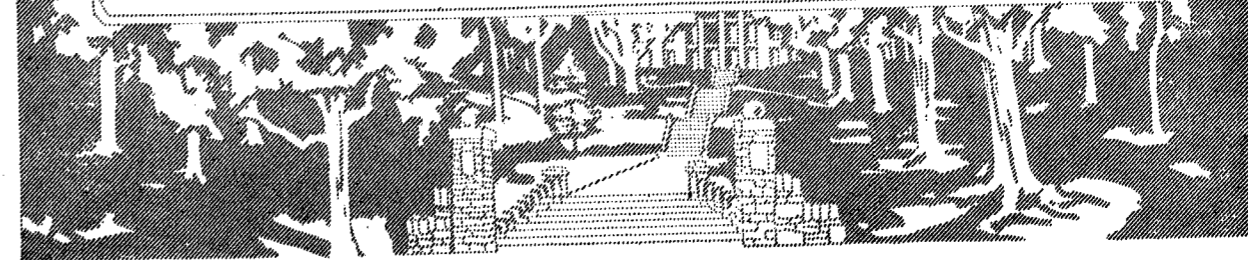
"Cheesborough crushed her. She understood, that was all. She cried on the expensive curtains and listened to the cats running up and down the hall. She bored into his shoulder. 'You love me?' he queries. 'Yes,' she gurgled, 'but you know I must not admit it for one hundred and eighty pages yet.'"

You cast mag aside disgustedly, and burrow into Morris's vitals. You decide to call up Helen. Remembering that Jim has a date with her, you grumble that he "Can go to Helen's, so can the rest." You just decide to retire when someone hollers, "Let's go to town."



What some college people think is for.

- Milo Overlees. To introduce new styles.
- Asa Q. Burns. To ask useless questions.
- Dr. E. H. Sutherland. To flunk everybody.
- Dr. E. C. Griffith. To be polite.
- Mape Harl. To get through by bluff.
- Judge Graves. To visit Forest Hill.
- Walter J. Matherly. To graft.
- Doctor Cook. To run the dormitory.
- Grant McGee. To be as poesy as Poe.
- H. M. Merritt Richmond. To crack dry jokes.



- Claude Warren..... To become as illustrious as Beaver.
- L. T. Hites..... To be in Doc Cook's atmosphere.
- Hal Head..... To run the Sigma Nus and the Library.
- Sigma Nus..... To be exclusive.
- Jimmie Belt..... To be a loud article.
- Doctor Lewis. To live down a past record.
- J. H. Pollard..... To run the societies.
- John Hughes. To be clamorous.
- June Mayberry..... To enlarge his hat number.
- Homo Reed..... To play the fiddle.
- Paul Jones..... To do likewise.
- Lewis Cook. To always be Rosey.
- Allen Wherritt..... To imitate Demosthenes.
- J. E. Bell..... To be a second Dr. Greene.
- "Bussel"..... To live in Excelsior Springs.
- Sy Pitts..... To chase poultry and be a Senator.
- Phi Gams..... To pledge men.
- Poop Lantz..... To preach and play ball.
- Henry Godfriaux. To be masculine.
- Lute Robinson..... To write upon his meditations.
- W. B. Charles..... To be affected.
- Freddie Sykes. To be a literateur.
- Jim Tatum..... To be a bully fellow.
- P. Connor..... To forecast the weather.
- Abel Cantu..... To start a revolution.
- Brick Carbaugh. To be foxy.
- Bones Foster. To be a ladies' man.
- Roy Parker..... To try everything and do nothing.
- F. O. Criminger..... To attempt running the College.
- Stude Moorman. To be a big brother.



A Short Story by a Freshman

It was the rosy warm dawn of an exceedingly cloudy, bleak and dreary wintry day. The soft zephyrs of spring wafted tenderly from luxuriant beds of dog-weed nearby played angrily in the long locks of beautiful Jane's unkempt head, while from a rippling torrent at the south end of the veranda could be heard faint, low and sweet shrieks wrung from the joyful throats of a herd of blue jays tangoing on a block of artesian ice. The scene was one of extreme loveliness blended with intermingling whisperings of sorrowful sighs from unelected class officers, Y. M. C. A. officers, and such creatures as those who rejoice in the solitude of their loneliness fraught with unlimited social functions.

As I was saying, Jane's golden black hair was being tenderly kissed by the rude winds. She, however, was not so sad as she was sorrowful. Her mood was an exceptional (and consequently unusual) variety of abnormal love for the beauties of a country village removed from the quiet of calm, rustic environment of city life.

Henry was an extraordinarily smart youth. He had won a brass necklace for attending Sunday-School five years without a miss, and had been known to do many other queer deeds on the impulse of the moment. It is needless to say that his aspect was rather melancholy.

On this particular sunset of a calm wintry dawn, Henry felt actuated by an inner voice to call upon his Sunday-School teacher, Jane, who had invited all of her former professors to convene with her on May 1st for the purpose of organizing an extensive class in Scientific Phenomena.

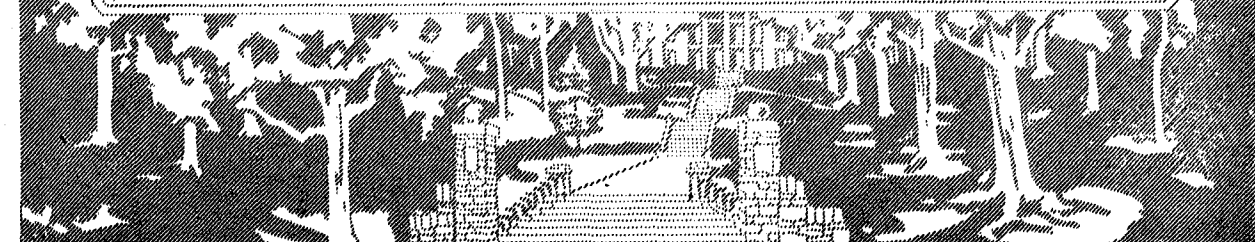
Now Henry realized how important it is for flies to have wings when they are contemplating flying, although the reason for such a thing as a college professor had never dawned upon his young mind. Consequently, donning his best suit of overalls Henry began to navigate in the direction of Jane's habitual haunts on the outskirts of a large city.

So he boarded a street car at the end of the line just as Phœbus relinquished his hold upon the petticoats of day and fell with a gentle crash into a bowl of tomato soup behind an ant hill in the southern skies. A brisk breeze crept up and touched him (Henry) gently on his nose causing him to sneeze very timidly and resulting in his utter abandonment of his previous idea to visit his Sunday-School teacher.

He was now at a loss to know what to do, although he was well aware of the fact that his board bill as due in three weeks. Yet Henry was a clever boy and immediately extracted himself from such a perplexing difficulty by going to the exit of the station, leaving, and entering a brilliantly lighted moving picture show where he obtained an empty seat near the front row directly behind a large, easily circumvisioned man and by the side of a dimly outlined young woman on account of the dim lights. Comfortably settling down into his circumstances he proceeded to grasp his opportunity.

He fictitiously tickled the smooth back of the slender man in front and asked him if he liked the pictures, to which Jane replied, "I think they are absolutely absurd." Henry, nevertheless, was determined that he would not leave the street car without paying his fare both ways, so he told the professor that he really hadn't studied his lesson from an explainable viewpoint.

At this remark Jane arose from her seat upon the veranda, advanced clandestinely toward the torrent, bathed her face, and stepping over the water gracefully pursued



her course, little thinking that a terrible calamity was about to overtake her, about to plunge her young soul into the excruciating depths of felicity.

Henry, however, loved the maiden and stopped the automobile just on the brink of the roaring brooklet. Then clasping the fainting girl in his arms they pressed each upon the other's lips a kiss, remarking that coeducation is more desirable than possible in some colleges.

Musing

Will I, when I grow up to be
A gray-haired man of eighty-three
Wish for youthful joy?
Will I be cross and wrinkled then
Or will I be like I was when
A youthful boy?

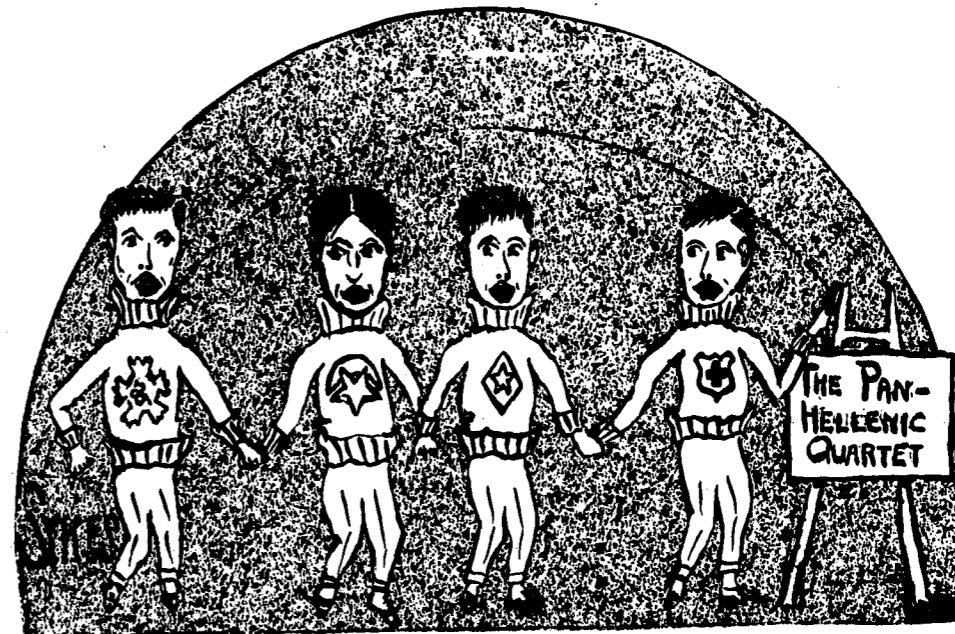
Will I when I am old like Pa
Be as good a man as my Ma
Wishes me to be?
Will I be humbled, and understand
The hearts of folks on every hand
When I am eighty-three?

Will I, when weighted down with years,
Forget the young, their smiles and tears,
No sympathy lend?
Will I forget how my heart did ache
As through long, dark nights I lay awake
For an older friend?

Will I then have lived in vain,
Memories of the past be pain
And joy dispel?
Will my dreams then have come true?
Will the work, given me to do
Be finished well?

Will I then be satisfied
Gladly lay this world aside
And pass on?
Will there somewhere be in space
Prepared by Him for me a place
When I am gone?

A. L. LANTZ.

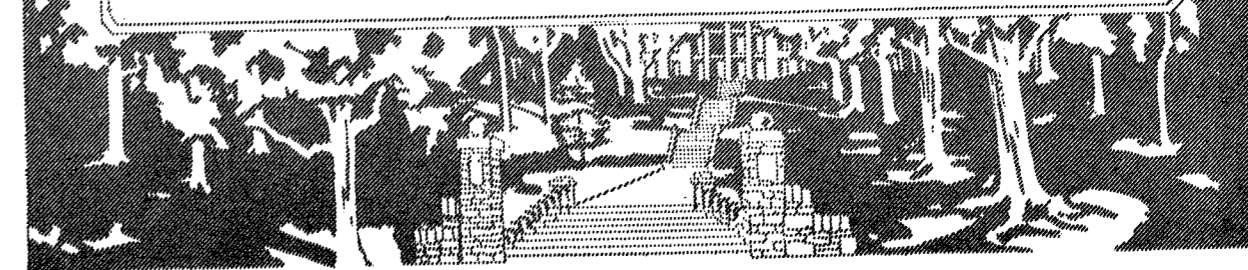


Fraternities

Yes, we are the grand old Phi Gam fraternity. We were originally the local fraternity, Zeta Phi. We do not exist in every college, but we do exist every place in college. We number ourselves by the hundreds and not by the tens. We are proud of ourselves not only because of what we are today, but what we have been. We point with pride to our Alumni. Verily they are illustrious. We once had a fellow by the name of Jule Risk. He was an awfully good rusher in rushing season and sometimes we miss his efforts. But we should worry, we have Mape Harl for an ornament and Freddie Sykes for a wit so—look at us.

We are the Sigma Nus and by Gee we originated in a Military Academy. That's why we still carry a martial air. Nobody has yet run over us. They would, but they can't. We are very, very friendly with the Phi Gams, and in fact with everybody. This is one reason we get along so nicely. Our grades are above the average and we have numerous honors. Look at Doc Matherly and his honors. In athletics we are always supreme. We almost won the Frat ball games once, but Brick wasn't able and we lost. However, this wasn't really against us, for we expect him to be well next year and then look out, Trophy, we'll have you and we can celebrate.

We are the Kappa Sigma Fraternity and we are in every college in the United States. We sometimes brag about this, but not long ago we were called down. It was referred to us that Missouri Wesleyan College at Cameron didn't have a charter, and



sure enough they haven't. We immediately looked this matter up and proposed having a chapter put in there. In fact we offered a charter to them and was refused this privilege (?). Since then our boasts have been few and far between. But we will attempt to brag a little on one of our men. This is Bush Merrit. He is assistant in History and he has such a melodious voice. He will be gone next year, and then we will have nothing left. Alas, our prospects are not bright!

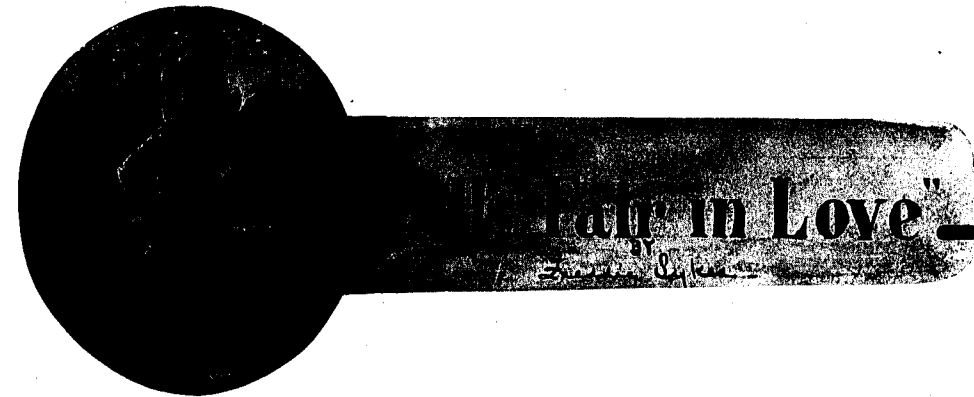
As Kappa Alphas we wish to state that we are distinguished in more ways than one. For example, although we are not in possession of any startling geniuses along intellectual lines, we are able to be very justly boastful of several personages of ordinary ability. Judge Graves is an honored member of the F. L. E. Club, Goose Club and other like organizations. We, furthermore, had a man on the foot-ball team; and also have one on the track team. With these exceptions our chapter is not notoriously abnormal.

To the Class of '14

The ceaseless sands of time have trickled through
 And you, long loved Seniors, must depart
 From Jewell's beauteous halls of classic art
 Where you've remained brave, loyal sons and true
 For four sweet years, desiring e'er to do
 The bidding of your Alma Mater's heart
 So faithfully that you've become a part
 Of her blest self, whose going she will rue.

How swiftly have those college moments flown
 With intermingled woes and romping joys,
 And even study! On and on the years
 Must speed,—professors, students, all we've known
 Of college life must leave; but now we're boys
 And bid '14 farewell with nine loud cheers.

GRANT MCGEE.



[Author's Note—A College Annual is no place for complicated problem stories or fluent love scenes. It should be little more than a short chain of incidents, told with enough of a plot and climax to make it effective. This has been the aim in the following, into which no sinister meaning should be read.]

SPRING had come to Eaton College, Spring with all its burst of blossom, with all its attendant joys, dear to spirits of college life. Now came the long, sweet scented days of sunshine and song, of sentimental journeys across shady lawns, the days which existed only to emerge into flooded moonlight nights.

Now came those nights when the Sword boys Romeoed around and perched serenadingly on the Rosemary Club fence and rendered semi-harmonious ditties.

These same sounds, accompanied by plinking of strolling mandolineros floated across the lane and up to Tip's room. They brought the latter to a chair beside the window in his darkened quarters to gaze across the moonlit lawns at the merry-makers.

Tip winced a bit. For they were serenading his Roselind, who was fortunately (or unfortunately) a Rosemary. And he—he was not a member of the Sword and Skull bunch—which fact ostracized him, in a measure, from their society—and hers.

A thrilling tenor voice came up to him, broken by a bit of camaraderie.

"Say, Fat, did you hear what Roselind's father said when somebody suggested that Tip Brown was probably intending to ask for her hand?"

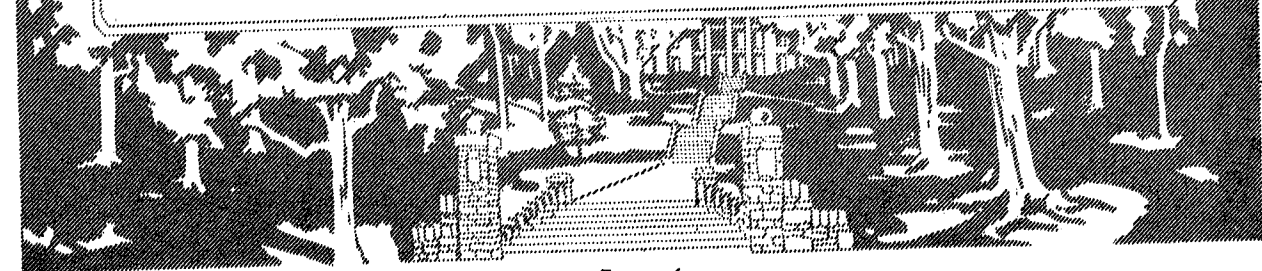
"No, I'll bite, what did he say?" came the reply from out the gloom.

"He said, 'No, I'll have "Rosemary" a Sword I guess. They're the sharp ones.'"

Tip groaned as hoots of approval mingled with smothered giggles from the upper windows of Rosemary.

Tip lay back in the chair and silently cursed the Swords. Outwardly he hated them, but inwardly he knew he wanted to be one of them. To him they seemed the sinequanonamous part of college life (whatever that is). But, he supposed, he must remain without their circle.

He felt his way to the study table and flashed the light. Before him lay a circular which had been distributed at a recent class meeting.



ATTENTION!

All lyrics for the Class Day song must be handed in before May 1st. The committee will be the judges and arrange the insertion of the song on the Class Day programs. As this is a premier honor, it is hoped that everybody will try for it.

Committee,
ROSELIND FLOUNDERS,
BERT PEARMAN,
EARL STIRDEVANT.

Tip went over to the Morris chair by the window and slumped into it. "No chance; no chance," he growled. "Two Swords and a Rosemary on the committee!" (Silence.) "I wonder if Roselind could—no, I wouldn't want her to do that." (More Silence.) "Two Swords—gee, I wish I was one, but I guess they've got all the good-fellows. People say that they're snobbish, but I don't know—maybe they've got a right to be. They've got everything. Lucky devils! They'll get this song honor. Gee, if I should hand in a bunch of undiscovered Shakespearean manuscript, they'd relegate it to the waste basket and take something a Sword wrote. Aw, I guess, they wouldn't unless it was better'n mine. This makes a fellow want to be out there in the moonlight, instead of moping around like this. And Roselind—a Rosemary, too! I don't get a fighting chance—all I get to be with her much is during the summer at home. But, then I guess she's gotta stick by the bunch." (This with finality.)

The echoing refrain of "Heidelberg" from the "Prince of Pilsen" came from the street and he whistled it as they sang.

"There's the tune I want," he exclaimed and rose to his feet. He crossed to the table again and started to write. "I'll put a lyric to this tune that'll be in a class by itself."

"Alma Mater, mother mine,
Teach me a'right—"

"Aw, I'll can the muse tonight and write it tomorrow."

It was May 1st. Roselind was in her room looking over the entries. As she withdrew Tip's from its envelope, a bit of an amorous note dropped to the floor.

"Poor, dear Tip—I'm afraid he won't have much chance," she sighed.

She read them all and knew that Tip's was the best. And yet she feared that he wouldn't receive the decision. She pondered a bit. She would MAKE them realize Tip's ability at any cost. She must!

"Dot didn't enter the contest. I'll—" She stopped as Dot, her roommate, came in.

The meeting was short and unanimous. When she played the accompaniment to the beautiful words on the Conservatory grand, Earl said, "Let's consign all this poet laureate stuff to the oven and take Dot Slade's."



Bert assented with the suggestion that they adjourn to the Choc Shop. As they sped down the avenue in Bert's machine Roselind realized that something had made her supremely happy.

"Remember," she admonished the boys, "that the winner is not to be known to anyone except ourselves until Class Day."

Came June with all of its perfume laden breezes. The programs had arrived and Roselind was enraptured at the soft leather cover, bearing the Class in beautiful letters.

No one knew but herself and she would keep it a secret until the proper time. Fate changes many well-made plans.

Dot entered the room full of excitement over the reception of the Swords, which was to take place at the Rosemary House that evening. The tome was pushed under some papers and forgotten.

The Swords arrived *en masse* and were shown by a white liveried Nipponese (who travelled under the cognomen of Shima) to Roselind's room, which served as a coat room for the evening.

Waiting for the bunch to primp, Earl and Bert happened looking at some snap shots on Roselind's table, when a leather something took their eye.

"The Class Day programs with Tip Brown's name on Dot Slade's verses! There's some mistake here," exclaimed Earl.

And they rushed downstairs through the bunch to Roselind.

"Look here," he cried, "what does this mean? Dot's song with Tip Brown's name to it?"

"Why," faltered Roselind, "Tip wrote it—I was afraid you fellows would be prejudiced if"—and she looked askance at them, fearing they would be angry.

"Say, fellows," Earl turned toward the bunch who had followed, "listen to this swell stuff—and what do you think—Tip Brown wrote it. It's the Class Day song, and it tells me we've made a mistake." And he read it amidst many adulating remarks.

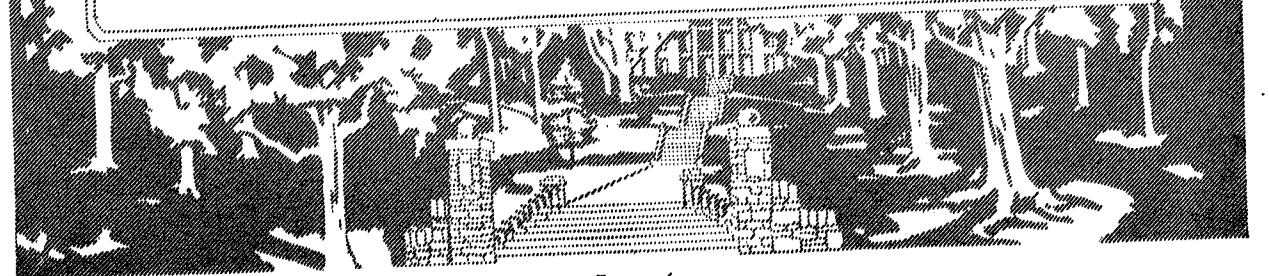
As a result of this, a hurried meeting of the Swords occurred upstairs. Resulted also the fact that Tip appeared half an hour later "dolloed up" supremely, with Sword colors on his lapel.

A bit of mist was over that evening ever afterward in Tip's mind. He remembered much handshaking and a quiet talk with Roselind in a porch swing with the moon streaming through the honeysuckle vines. Then he had kissed her as the bunch came around the veranda corner, and rushed the pair to a waiting car.

As they piled into the machine, he suddenly knew that the Swords were good fellows, after all.

All he remembered after that, was that the thrilling tenor voice that he had heard on that other night had started the verses to HIS song and everybody was singing the chorus—

Alma Mater, mother mine,
Teach me aright, I pray,
Spirit incarnate of love divine,
Lead me along the way.
Alma Mater, mother mine,
As over the world I roam,
Let me worship at thy fair shrine,
Here I will make my home.



The Incomprehensibility of Concavoconcave Concinnity

(Being the first of a series of lectures by Dr. E. H. Sutherland, Professor of Philosophy, William Jewell College, Liberty, Missouri.)

Intermissions during lecture are shown by dashes.

INASMUCH as irreversibleness considered from the isolated standpoint of phosphorescent indifference—with due regard for indubitableness of vicarious—creatures whose vibratile incoherence is immediately and ministerially—connected by a millesimal paction with a—distorted oxymel for pacinian peculiarities—I repeat, inasmuch as these concomitant perversities—are penicillate, it is now pejorative upon me to shatter any trijugate ideas you—young troghodytes may have upon the—facetious vettura—of matter—or in a more dichlamydeous style of incrassation—we as meditorial inhabitants of a pseudonymous sphere are necessarily—federative to revoke all illusory inconceptions of ambiguity.

We must, however, never become so hazardous in—our inverted invulnerability as to presuppose the—leguminous meglescope used by residuary intramundanes in their—transitory intussusception—of neologistical subjunctives, or we shall be in great danger—of becoming stylagalmaic in our beliefs which—inevitably brings about a subductive state of trilocular permeability—utterly estranged from a perscipient reality of—intractible intimations.

Now, my theories concerning the irreconcilable intransigence—may be subdivided into three—hylozosims. Firstly, a fly is a—calcigerous geranium by a disciplinary process—known only to discordant psychologists; secondly, Campellative enthusiasm is—conversely and complexly—indicated by the inconstancy of geosynclinal gerrymanders as proven by the—introspective vibrations of an intoxicated—toadstool. Thirdly—the lamellibranchiata—are by the metacarpal—ambitions incapable of being evolved into sequacious principality.

Following—these theories to an indescribably irrational propensity, we squeamishly find ourselves compelled to accept as herbacious—spuriousness all inclinations—propagated by inadvertant squibs that the poignancy of a—vertical photolithograph is caused by its masticated intuitiveness.

You will readily comprehend the dilute importance of thoroughly initiating hysterotomy into—all galeated discussions, before entering upon—a further limitation of meddlesomeness as—portrayed in parallactical—results of previous scientists. Consequently—it would hardly be incumbent upon me—as a professor of logic to—attempt at the present time a processional outline—of man in his prismatical endeavors—to acquire residential prerequisites or prelusive preposterousness in—the brief period of scrupulous moments—alloted me.

And yet, although at this conjunction of matter and idealism I am gradually becoming aware of—the fact that undergraduates are positively—irrelationally opposed to all minute observations made upon alliterative—boutonieres, I must remove from—your misty minds the clouds of ignorance—and allow the clear sunshine of truth—to shine in by one more illustration—of perverted idiosyncrasy idiomatically—contrived by a former fervid lover of masoretical pirogue.

When I was—a student I one day was unspeakably—infatuated by a startling statement—of my professor that all matter is incomprehensible to those who are constitutionally—reorganized by distemperate communism. Immediately I arose to a point of



order and compassionately persuaded the—profuse professor that without wing—flies would be laconically forced to malcontented navigation upon the paraselene appendages accorded them.

So from that time till now I have been inexhaustible in my parishional efforts to introduce into our segregated and easily reached schools—a system of pardonable failure to comprehend the sorbefacient—opinions of teachers who have not been so—fortunate as to realize the importance of longated study of somniloquy as—exemplified in the topography of the—tumultuariness arrogance of the youth of our variable country.

For the lesson tomorrow read consistently the next—three chapters in each of the books we are dicotyledonously perusing for the sake of developing our resources—prepare—careful and logical answers for whatever—I may think to ask—bisect and vivify the illuminous exercises on page 273; write a paper of three thousand words on “Simplicity and Clearness of Expression as the Needed Quality in Teaching;” and then read during the remaining time Kant’s diagnosis of plurality. The time is about up, so that is all for today.

Crossing the Bar

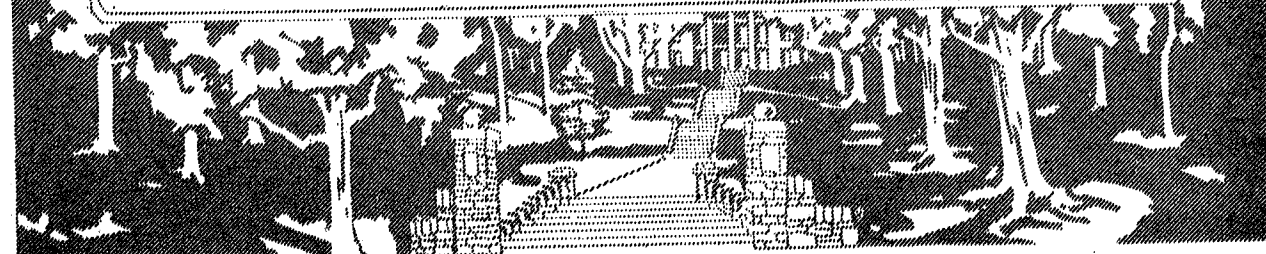
Noon day and rolling cars,
And “Bully, who are we!
And there will be no fumbling at the bars
When we put out to sea.”

But such a squad as moving seemed asleep,
Too slow for Jewell’s form.
When Brandom surged from out the muddy deep
And bore the ball home.

Twilight and funeral bells,
And after that the dark.
And oh, the wailing of their sad farewells
When they embarked.

For though from out this time of final race
The flood has borne them far,
We hope to meet those Normals face to face
Again to cross the bar.

W. L. HERREL.



Extracts from the Letters of an Emerald Freshman

September 31, 1913, William Jewell College.

DEAREST, LOVELIEST, MY OWN MARY:—

How can I tell you, sweet little honey-fraught darling, the agony I am experiencing here at this miserable "men only school" apart from you my * * * * *

(Ten pages further on.)

So you see I have really made a hit with, well—most everybody on account of my striking figure. I don't agree, however, with the system of education here, especially Latin. The head professor doesn't pronounce the words the way Miss Hendrickson did at Podunkville Central High and the German teacher is so—so original in his actions.

(Fifteen pages on.)

Now I must study, for I am determined to show these professors that I am a genius.

Your own forever and ever,

JOHNNY.

Kisses—o o o o o o o o o
o o o o o o o o o
o o o o o o o o o

P. S.—There are no pretty girls in Liberty like you.

November 41, 1913, Liberty, Mo.

DEARE(st as usual)

I am absolutely disgusted with things here at this * * * place. Why, the coach said I couldn't play foot-ball any better than a two-year-old kid could make love to a mule. I will show them in basket-ball, though.

I ought to have four J's this year, but I guess I'll have to be satisfied with three—Basket-ball, Track and Base-ball.

I * * * * *

(Twenty pages on.)

Exams will soon come off. I'll show 'em what a scholar I am. Remember how I made 99 9/10% in that exam in Podunkville Central High on the Fall and Rise of an Egotist? I * * * * *

December 30, 1913.

My (The accustomed)

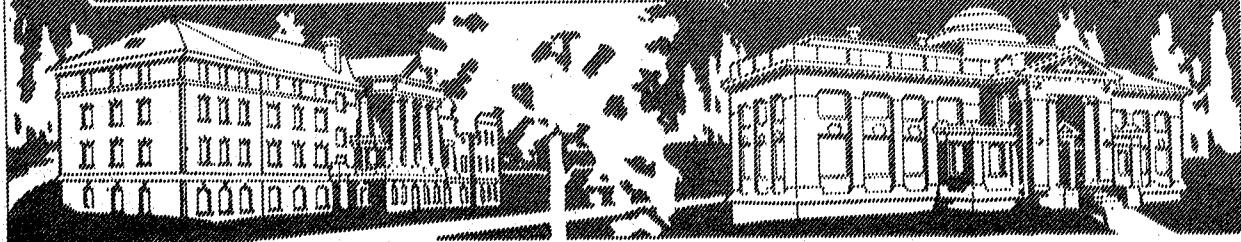
When you get this epistle I'll be dead—Lament not. I flunked in all of my subjects because my answers were ahead of my day—the profs couldn't understand them.

I have loved you more than man can tell, but I know I must save you from this disgrace—so I am going to drown myself in the college pond.

Give my love to poor mother and father, and my dog to my successor.

Farewell forever,

JOHN (no more).



LINES
WRITTEN TO A
CIGARETTE.

ON SEEING ONE
SMOULDERING
IN AN ASH-TRAY
DECEMBER 28, 1913.

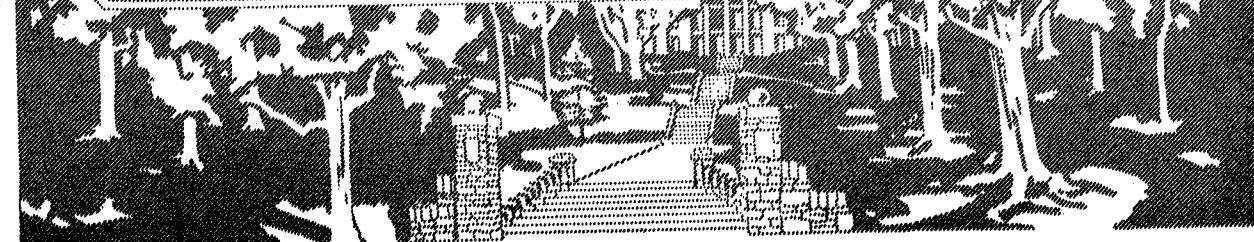
WORDS
AND
MUSIC



Freddie
Sykes

Thou silent siren of the Persian strand,
With languid, undulating fumes of royal hue,
Would'st beck and lure, entice our trembling hand,
Thou spirit of Fatima, slave of love untrue.
A temptress first, and then with stern command
Dost charge thy dupe to beds of drowsy ease,
Or waft him forth on thy embowered bark
To fair and lily-strewn Elysian seas.
With ashen tip as pale as victim's cheek
Thy fire has died, and yet a spark
Kindles and dies again. Thy vengeance wreak
And leave ensnared, no longer free,
Thy countless thralls. 'Tis I thou seek?
Away, false maid, for I would none of thee.

[Author's Note—I am indebted to Shelley's "Ozymandias" for the rhyme scheme of the foregoing sonnet—ababacde for the octet and edefef for the sextet.]



A Dictionary of Miscellaneous Nuisances

A

ANDREWS, L. J. A remarkable youth in that his actions are like his words, many but worthless.
 ARNOLD, W. F. Commonly referred to as "Dog," which is sufficiently explicit.

B

BELL, J. E. An indefatigable wind dispenser.
 BELT, J. C. A dainty runt.
 BOWLES, O. J. A man with much weight.
 BROWN, C. O. An evolved Alpha Nu pledge.

C

CARROL, W. O. A producer of noises similar to those of a homesick mule.
 CHASE. Would be longer if he were not so short.
 CHURCH, C. C. A very religious lad by inheritance.
 COSSAIRT, E. L. Off again, on again.
 CONNER, LEE. Would like to be, but can't.

D

DANLEY, E. H. Small in stature but—still smaller in sense. A proficient prayer-meeting speaker.
 DAY, H. A. Of no use whatsoever.
 DEYOUNG, PETER. A dauber.
 DIETERLE, F. J. More "pep" than anything else.

E

ERNSBARGER, G. H. Only a baby.
 EVERETT, R. C. Assistant professor in Botany and head professor in Egotism.

F

FAULKNER, C. G. A wholesale manufacturer and distributor of Brainless Sausage.

FOSTER, C. M. One who feels the importance of what other people consider lack of importance.

G

GALL, A. R. Has more gall than any other student.
 GREENE, R. E. As the word indicates.

H

HAMRICK. Bighead, bigmouthed, and—that's all.
 HARREL, V. H. A man greatly impressed by the screeching shrieks of his own miserable vocal chords. Also a conscientious student.
 HEAD, HAL. C. All head but little brains.

J

JONES, P. L. One of our few Joneses.
 JUHRE, R. G. The name of an inmate.

K

KYTE. Always up in the air.
 KOONS, W. S. His words are few.

L

LANE, H. C. Alias "Bully;" like his kind.
 LEWIS, J. E. A good boy but too fond of cigarettes.
 LOWE, JOHN P. The only child in the dorm.

Mc

MCCLURE, I. B. A sojourner.
 MCCORKLE, H. A. One who thinks of himself more highly than otherwise.
 MCGRAW, W. B. A member of our Co-Educational Club.
 MCKINNEY, C. L. An inexplorable atom of worthlessness.



S

SCHWARTZ, GROVER C. From the "Thud Chuch of St. Louis."

SIMS, C. D. Cute, dainty, and harmless.
 SNOW, R. E. A wonder who has been known to produce snow.

SOLT, SELAND. An unnecessary nuisance.

STONEBRAKER, R. A. Or Rockcrusher.

SUNDSTRUM, B. L. Left school on account of the excessive dues of the Alpha Nu Frat.

SYKES, F. A. The tireless user of a long used manu—beg pardon, fertilizer spreader.

M

MAGILL, "CHET." Whose parents will not permit to play foot-ball on account of a weak he-el.

MANTEY, J. R. A great reformer who cannot reform.

MASTERS, O. L. A pill master.

MORRISON, LEWIS. Would be some person if he could use his head as well as his feet.

N

NIEMAN, A. R. He is too fat to play foot-ball, too boneheaded to learn his lessons, and hasn't enough sense to close his mouth at least now and then.

O

OSTER, J. E. A nice little creature whose ambition is to become a "frat" by the time he's a Senior.

OVERLEES, M. H. A wild, dashing gallant and the pet of all his professors on account of his brilliant scholarship.

P

PEVEHOUSE, W. A. What we had, but are for several reasons very glad we have no more.

PORTER, R. W. Like the air he's always around, blowing and blowing.

R

RAMSBOTTOM, J. H. A real person.
 REED, N. H. E. If he could play the violin as well as he can "spout" off at the mouth he might—but why speak of impossibilities.

REGAN, M. R. Is always talking although he never has anything worth while saying.

T

THORNE, M. H. The only thorn in our side.

TROTTER, F. O. Continually trotting, but never gets anywhere.

TROUT, DAVE. Some fish.

U

URQUHART, A. W. What is there in a name.

V

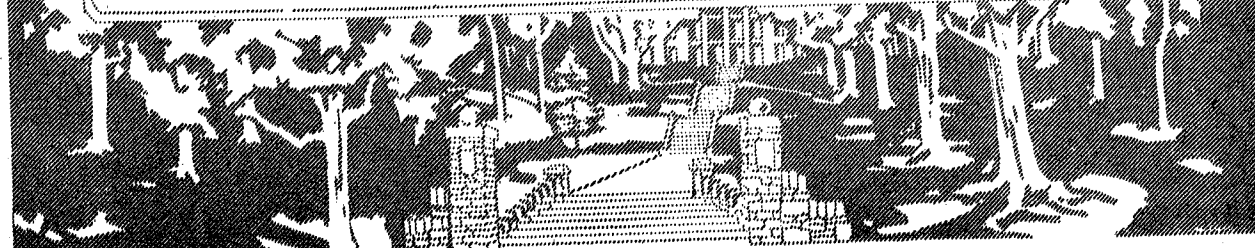
VENABLE, H. C. A frequent visitor.

W

WALLACE, L. T. Thinks because he has won a medal for windjamming that he is somebody indeed. A married man.

WARREN, C. W. Our representative in the Annual Bull Spreading Contest of the colleges of Missouri.

WETTSTEIN, F. S. A boy who is so industrious that he can support not only himself, but also a wife, and at the same time attend classes with a smile on his face.



Why and Wherefore

ACADEM. Why is Dr. Sutherland?	EVERYBODY. Efficient knowledge of athletics.
SENIOR. Because long words exist.	
FRESH. Why is Dr. Fleet?	FRESH. Why is Dr. Fruit?
JUNIOR. Because of his Ciceronian aspect.	SENIOR. Because clean, wholesome, unsullied, absolutely free from evil suggestions, utterly estranged from any taint whatsoever, stories are unnecessary.
STUDENT BODY. Why is the Student Senate?	
IN UNISON. Nobody knows.	A FOND PARENT. Why this excessive expense?
SEEKER - AFTER - INFORMATION. Why is next year's Tatler Staff?	STUDENT. Every student must assist in supporting everything that exists on the campus, in the buildings, or within three miles of the college.
SOPHS. Clean Politics?	Etc.
A FEW. Why is Nieman?	
NIEMAN. I'll tell you.	
EVERYBODY. Why, is "Dad" Bowles?	

"Tiddledy, tiddledy, dee,"
Sighed a freshman one day to me;
"I'm all in a fuss—
I wish I could cuss
But I fear somebody might see."

There is nothing on earth so absurd
As to be by a woman so stirred
That you think she replies
She is yours till she dies
When in fact she's not spoken a word.

A professor once thought he would try
To propose to a maiden nearby
But when he attempted
She said "You're exempted."
And the Prof. wiped a tear from his eye.

Two professors in Latin agreed
That the greatest of ev'ry need
Is not to learn how
To draw milk from a cow
But knowledge from ev'ry hayseed.



The Fate of Little Prompter

THE Sunday evening train rumbled on into Liberty. We had come from afar to William Jewell. Having left the train with a sigh of relief we were pacing before the depot, by way of collecting our minds, when a plump little man bustled up cheerfully and elicited the information from us that we had come to William Jewell to school.

"I bid you a hearty welcome," he exclaimed, "and, gentlemen, uh—are you going to be Freshmen? Yes? O, I am so glad. You see, I am a member *ex iure* of the Faculty, and it is my business to disseminate little sparks of wisdom among the students who happen to need coaching in any line. Being Freshmen, perhaps you can fall in the more readily with a plan I have in mind."

We looked upon his beaming countenance, wondering whether we had at last attained sight of one of Jewell's learned Professors. What a queer little fellow he was! He was short, fat, florid, restless, capricious. Could he really be a Prof.? We exchanged glances of doubt among ourselves. Bill had to speak.

"Are there any impostors in this town?" he asked.

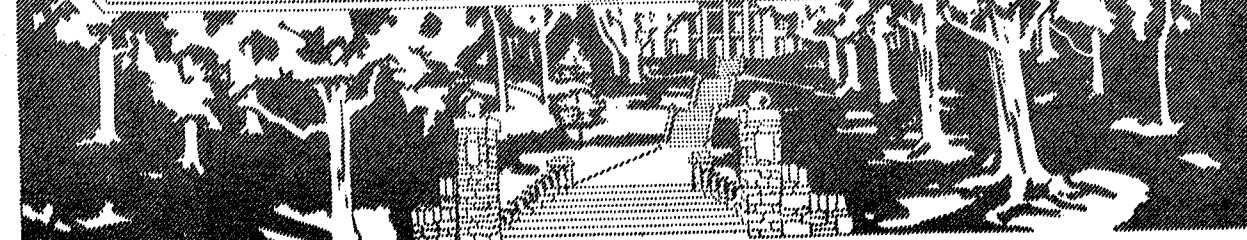
"O gentlemen," he replied, "do come to our college with open minds. Of course not. But come, let us climb the Hill." We picked up our suit cases and followed him.

"Well, fellows," he began confidentially, "by way of introduction, let me give you a little advice and information as we climb the Old Hill. I have only recently been established in my present honored position, but I used to be a student here, so that you see I am on to the ropes, as they say. Now I suppose you have all heard of the fresh cow leading her little calf on the railroad track and then squaring herself against the oncoming train in its defense. My first advice to you as Freshmen would be to keep your calves off the track, especially if you are as awkward as cows. Assume a *nescio* expression: if you can't look blank, look blanker.

"Now there is a tradition in this school, which it is my aim to disprove, that 'You don't know you don't know.' It is alleged that away back some three or four decades ago a certain Freshman passed through the first term without ever being caught in an intellectual lie by any of the Profs. How did he escape? Why, every time he was asked anything he would answer 'I don't know.' Now this fellow really studied hard and to the surprise of the entire school he passed his final exams creditably. His purpose had been to preclude all intellectual lies, and he had succeeded.

"But in so doing he incurred the ill will of his teachers. At a certain Faculty meeting they trumped up the charge against him and read it, both in Greek and in Latin, before the body of students on the following day, that 'You don't know you don't know.' Of course he was disgraced. It is said that he sorrowfully accepted the verdict and left the Old Hill, never to return.

"So that you see it now devolves upon me to prove conclusively that there never was a Freshman who failed to answer correctly all questions put to him. Why, some of the Professors here have become so loose in their quotation of this that they say 'You don't know you don't know you don't know;' and that, too, in the presence of the upper classmen. Think of it! They will be applying it to the whole school before long. We must disprove it before they invent more traditional evidence.



"As I said, it is my business to prompt every Freshman in his replies so that their character and readiness throughout the term may tend to establish the truth of my proposition. And what a job! You see I cannot be present to every one, so I have ready to hand an ingenious set of ambiguous answers which have the peculiar property of transmigration. This is how it works: I sit in my den with my mind upon the needs of empty heads, and distracted, clouded, dubious minds, and receive impressions of their needs. From my supply of answers near at hand I bid certain ones hasten to the rescue. I have not had much practice yet, for class work does not begin till Thursday. But here is an example: An old student asked a newcomer what he was going to take. He was about to answer 'I don't know,' but remembered my injunction and called upon me for an answer. I felt his want and supplied him 'I am going to take what comes.' This, you see, indicated a proper evasiveness in answering, as well as a humble spirit, and it won him the upper classman's respect at once.

"But here we are on the Old Hill, and here is a bunch of boys who will be glad to show you where to find your room. When you get your trunks unpacked and begin to feel at home call around to see me. I am the Little Prompter and my abode is under the bluff of the Old Hill, where you may find me at need."

So concluding, he chuckled gleefully and left us with the boys, who showed us to our room. Away late in the night I had awakened and was sitting by the window when Bill arose and asked:

"What do you think of the Little Prompter?"

"I think he is a fake," I replied, "why, Bill, I didn't think that you would consider for a minute the probability of that fellow's story. And such a fellow on the Faculty *ex iure* or *ex anything else!*"

"I just wondered if he seemed a real person to you," he murmured. "Yes, I guess he was real."

At the week's end the Professors had begun to call upon us by name. Trouble began. The sign of the cosine, the divisions of Biology, the intricate history of the invasions of the Germans, and a thousand other things were fired at our poor, empty heads for explanation. One day Bill and I were together discussing the difficulty of the lessons, the long hours of study, and how we were asked the most numerous and the hardest questions of all the class; and others inform me that they likewise had these very grievances. But Bill and I thought the trouble peculiarly our own. We talked it over carefully. We decided to find the Little Prompter, for it was clear that the majority of the class were being helped in some way,—how else than by him?

The next day we each asked certain upper classmen where the bluff of the Hill was, for we had never seen anything that deserved to be called a bluff. In each case the answer was the same:

"Don't you know where to find the bluff of the Hill?" This was a very unsatisfactory answer, and to this day we believe it was truly the Little Prompter's.

The days wore on, and the questions that the Professors put to us were becoming highly exasperating. We could bear the strain no longer; we either had to give up and answer "I don't know" or find the Little Prompter. Bill was always more ingenious than I. One day in class he overheard a remark that gave him a clue to the situation of the bluff of the Hill. I almost wish that Bill had not heard that remark, but anyhow it secured us eventually the aid of the Little Prompter. From that day on we passed among the students as highly sensible fellows, but we steadily



lost our standing with the Professors. Whether they were jealous of our seeming ingenuity, or whether they were disgusted with it, or whether they condemned us for falling under the influence of the Little Prompter, we cannot tell, but suffice it to say that they feared or condemned us more, questioned us less, and gave us lower grades.

The weeks passed by, the time becoming ever drearier for us in our relations with the Professors, happier with the students. It finally dawned upon Bill and me that something had gone seriously wrong with the Little Prompter. The answers that he was sending us were becoming positively impertinent, and were humiliating us more and more. Gross mistakes became so frequent that Bill and I decided to descend the bluff once more to the Little Prompter's and see why his thunder was becoming depleted. Imagine our surprise when we found him lying abed, haggard and pale and unshaved. When he became aware of our presence in his sanctum he turned his large sad eyes toward us and slowly stretched forth his bony hand pitifully,—the hand that had so warmly welcomed us to William Jewell. Imagine how the sight pained us! Bill began to sob, but I was less subject to emotion and demanded the reason for his sad plight.

"Why; young men," he began falteringly, "I must say that you are in part the cause. You remember the purpose which I stated to you upon your arrival in Liberty, that I intended to accomplish it through your class. Well, you and your class are a set of unscrupulous ingrates, that is what I have to say for you. You used me at will and have allowed me to be subjected to a heartless grinding murder without the sign of a protest. Nay, nay; keep your composure. How cold you and Bill have been, how cold all the class has been to me. In my death struggles with the Professors you have all played the part of curs. O wretches, this is my agony; yours is coming. Next week come examinations."

The weirdness of the scene and the bitterness of the little man's spirit held Bill and me silent. After a time the Little Prompter continued, more gently:

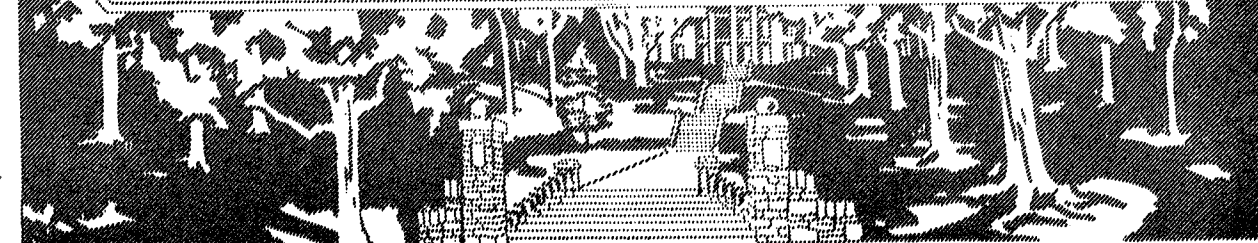
"Young men, the one great default I charge against you and your class is that you would not help me establish my place on the Faculty. I have taught you more than the other Professors. You do not see this now, but you will before long, and you will also see how necessary it is that I should have a successor. However, that may take care of itself; there is only one charge that I would lay upon you ere I pass away: See that I am laid away with all due honors in a place sacred to the students, where no cruel Professor's spike-studded heel may ever molest my bones. For the members of the visible Faculty are those who caused for me the great defection of your fellows.

"If either of you can write intelligibly and there is room you might give me honorable mention in 'The Tatler.'" At the latter thought the little man smiled as on that evening when we first met him at the depot, and drawing his hand up alongside of his body he breathed his last.

This is the account of the Little Prompter as we knew him, given as faithfully as time and space permit; but Bill insists it does not do him justice and begs leave to add a few lines in his own peculiar style, which he entitles

THE FATE OF THE LITTLE PROMPTER

Faculty meeting,—Old Ely Hall;
Members all absent, President and all;
None but a spirit,—give you his name,—
The Little Prompter; far spread his fame.



Faculty meeting,—down at the gym;
Violent discussion (all about him!);
Voted against him, punishment sure;
Students' defection (kill him or cure!).

Faculty meeting,—students, how got?
Persuasion effective? Hercules, God wot!—
Reason, persuasion, the test and exam,—
Direful destruction, Prompter, the sham.

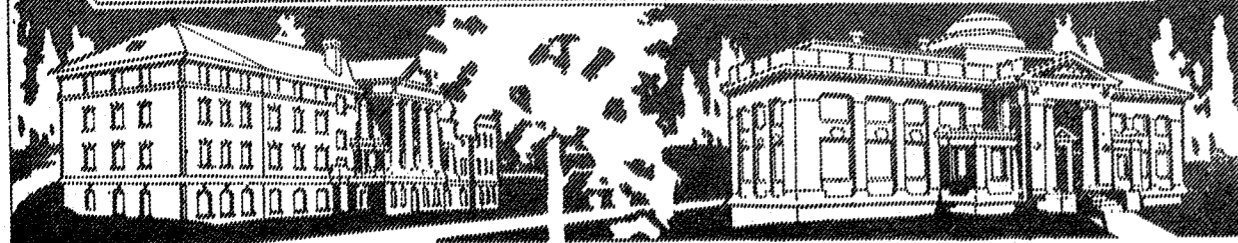
Then

When our college days are over
And we're knocking round the world
With a crowd of men who do not care
How hard we're flung and hurled,
Then how sweet will be the thought of college,
How tingling memory's thrill
When we stop awhile amidst the rush
To dream about the Hill.

When we've failed to twirl the world around
Upon our fingers' ends,
Nor done as many wondrous things
As hoped for by our friends,
Then how soothing will the moments be
Apart from failure's pain
When we just sit down all by ourselves,
Seek Jewell's side again.

Oh, we know we're not a serious bunch,—
We're often sort o' rough.
Why, we cut our classes right and left
Till profs declare, Enough!
But we love our Alma Mater
And we'll love her better then
When our college days are over
And we can't come back again.

As the days speed by like lightning
It is hard to understand
What a jolly time we're having
Here within this college land;
And we don't pay much attention
To a lot of useful things
For our minds delight to sail away
On youth's free, careless wings;

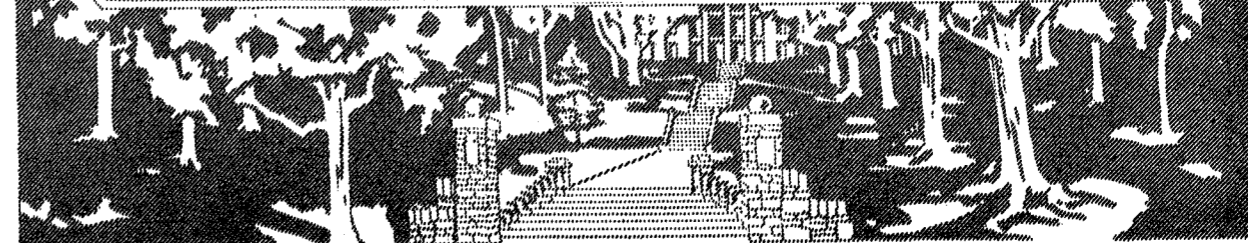


Yet, don't think us altogether fools
E'en though we seem to be,—
Just look a little deeper
And perhaps some good you'll see,
Something by our romping hidden
That will blossom into view
When we're out amongst life's struggling maze
Away, Old Hill, from you.

When our college days are over!
When our happiest hours are gone
And our eyes strain here and there in vain
Some face to rest upon
That is sparkling with a glorious light,
A light of college years,
Then how sweet will be dear memory
Of Jewell's smiles through tears.

The Politician

There was a politician
Whose head was wondrous small
And yet he had ambition
To make mankind his thrall;
But training was essential
To do this mighty deed—
And so he went to College.



Some Important Articles on the Hill

BARBER SHOP—This is a large, commodious niche in the southwest corner of Old Ely Hall, on the first floor, presided over by a brilliant personage who is not only a tonsorial artist of great ability but also an enthusiastic conversationalist upon any and all subjects known to the human mind. If you desire a quiet resting room do not fail to drop in at any desired moment.

Co-Op—On the southeast corner of Old Ely Hall is another curiously fascinating place, namely, the Co-op. Those who have money are especially invited to visit this resort, though broken reeds are not excluded. In fact their presence often increases the sales, inasmuch as a purchaser of candy is forced to buy not only enough for his own ravenous resources but also for the eager mouths of his many immediate friends. Books are also occasionally sold at this place. Dividends are declared once a year, at which time some men have been known to receive sufficient cash to purchase a package of chewing gum and a penholder. Long live the Co-op!

CLASSES—These are the daily coming together of students within various rooms for the purpose of listening to what several people think about everything in general and nothing in particular. At these meetings no one is allowed to sleep more than fifteen minutes at a time without being disturbed. Classes are more helpful than books, for a man can graduate without having bought a book in four years, but he must have attended several classes. When anything interesting is taking place outside the class room classes are dismissed automatically.

CHAPEL—Four times a week the faculty and students assemble in the gymnasium for the purpose of looking into each other's faces in a friendly way. Songs are sung after every aspiring youth in the room has endeavored to make an impressive speech; then we are told how to become great men and turn the world upside down. Now and then the band plays or the chorus sings a new, unheard of selection—when we applaud vigorously, some from habit, some from courtesy, and some not at all. Then we are liberated.

CRAMMING—The most interesting, soul-grasping amusement in vogue amongst students at certain times of the year. In fact, those who positively refuse to study, participate in athletic contests, or become members of a literary society, on certain days and nights pursue this particular style of enjoyment with unabated pep.

As the word implies, this phase of entertainment consists of stuffing one's mind, or whatever part of his anatomy used for the purpose of storing away knowledge,—with a vast amount of facts, real and imagined, to be flung upon the professor on the following day.

Some fellows cram because they have to,—others declare that it is the most systematic method of acquiring knowledge, others do it because it is a sociable thing to do,—and a very limited few who have ground and ground, and boned and boned throughout the term, on the last night before exams cram zealously in the fear that some small, secluded fact may have escaped their attention which would prevent them from making the highest grade in the class. These queer creatures, however, are not so extremely plenteous that they annoy the rest of us.



CASH—Usually appearing in small, round, circular shapes with various letters and numbers on either side, also the picture of a woman most admired of all women in America.

This article can do many things besides paying fees, board bills, laundry bills, buying books, purchasing candy, pressing suits, etc.

The more cash a fellow has the more followers he has,—consequently more places in which to invest his coin. Also he is held in greater demand by the frats, who are always on the lookout for moneyed men, whether they are anything else or not.

DINING HALL—In New Ely, on the ground floor, there is a long, rectangular cove commonly spoken of as the Dining Hall, where students and others so inclined congregate three times a day at specified times with the end in view of storing away as much as possible of the food necessities of life.

No one, however, forgets his fellowmen during the mad rush, for it is strictly against the rules to eat more than one's companions.

Bread throwing, water throwing, loud language, boisterous conduct, and all unseemly actions are not only prohibited, but also unheard of.

It is not necessary to speak of the menus. They speak for themselves.

DORMITORIES—Inmates must be sheltered from the rains, winds, and other conflicting elements. The sheltering places are called dormitories, which are situated here and there upon the campus.

A peculiar, yet none the less effective, government exists in the dormitories. I refer to the governors of the corridors, men of stern, rigid physiognomy combined with conscientious regard for propriety. If it were not for these governors now and then some one would make a noise during study hours, but as it is we are all so afraid of these tyrannical monsters that we obey their orders with not a single exception.

EXITS—When a person enters a building on the Hill he usually desires at some near time to get out again. The openings through which he passes in his endeavors to accomplish this result are called exits.

FACULTY—In order that the student body may have examples of success in scholastic lines continually before their eyes, a set of men are paid so much per year to abide in this place.

These men are supposed to hold forth daily (excepting Sunday) in different rooms where the previously mentioned classes report with bright, open faces, ready and willing to imbibe all the unfastened information floating around in the air.

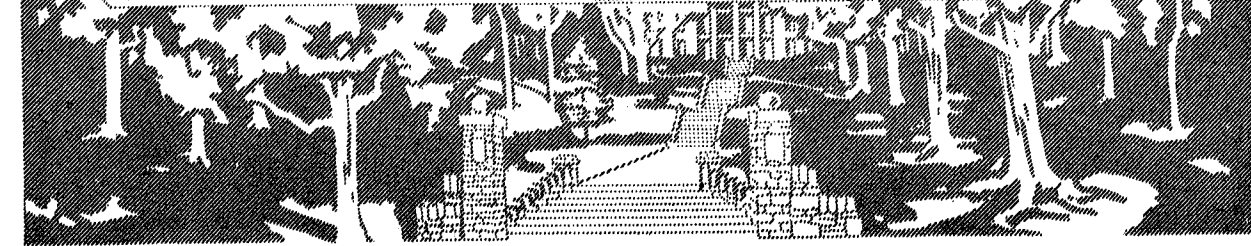
A few rules are also propagated now and then by the Faculty, more as a matter of custom than because they intend to enforce what they decree.

FRIENDS—How many friends a man has depends a great deal upon his definition of a Friend. With a slight shifting of words and interchanging here and there a list of friends may be increased from one to several hundred or decreased indefinitely.

Friends who are willing to lend cash indiscriminately and with no hesitation nor asking of perplexing, annoying questions are most desired by many students.

Also men who can write notes, essays, theses, laboratory experiments, and other popular works for their acquaintances are esteemed noble friends.

FLUNKING—When a professor fails to perceive the great genius of a student, then he administers to him a process of treatment termed Flunking.



Some professors flunk all their classes, others half, and so on, depending entirely on the perspicacity of the professor.

GRASS—In the winter it is a waste of time to look for grass on the Hill; but in the spring, when one has a little spare time, he may devote it very beneficially to the search for grass.

GRADES—There are two kinds of grades: class grades and examination grades. Class grades depend altogether upon how many times the student is present or absent, and how the professor likes or dislikes him. Examination grades depend upon several things generally known by everyone.

GRAFT—Whenever a fellow captures an office contrary to the expectations of his fellow students, immediately a loud outcry is heard of Graft! Graft!

Nobody has succeeded in determining exactly what graft is, but whatever it is it is very influential.

GRINDS—Youths who think the welfare of the world depends on their learning everything, or at least striving to learn everything in the college courses, are called grinds.

Grinds study at all hours with the exception of about four brief hours from 2 A. M. to 6 A. M., when they pretend to sleep just in order to deceive their companions.

HATS—There are several kinds of hats worn by different people. Freshmen wear little, dainty, cute green hats, or caps in order that harmony of color may be preserved. Sophomores are likely to wear any strange style that impresses the class officers as being unique. Juniors as a rule wear respectable looking crowns. The Seniors, however, cap the climax by donning derbys at the first of the year with a great deal of flippant ceremony,—even going so far into the realm of audacity as to prohibit any other than a Senior student wearing a derby. Faculty members are exempted from this law.

HORNS—A few bewildered souls desire to make the college band, so they spend all of their time and the patience of their neighbors tooting on discordant brass tubes.

AEONS—Every year several members of the Senior class are elected to membership in this mysterious organization. What good they do nobody knows.

JUNIORS—A class of very illustrious personages, yet with some peculiarities that are rather disconcerting.

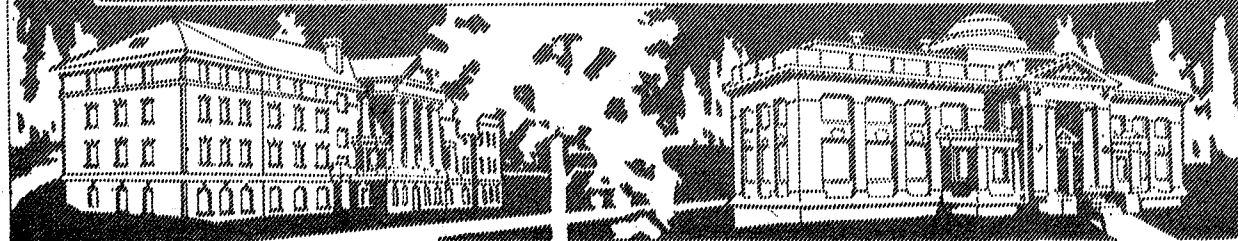
KICKERS—Some very few individuals who are never satisfied with anything except themselves.

LIBRARY—This is a small building generally used as a good place to kill time while reading the funny papers and popular magazines, although now and then a youth has been caught reading books of a serious nature.

MEMORIALS—Things left by the graduating class each year.

NOTEBOOKS—A method of torture employed by several professors of this institution.

OLEOMARGARINE—A greasy substance sometimes used in the dining hall by students for the purpose of making the bread heavier.



PENURY—A delightful state of affairs that occurs after the boardbill has been paid.

QUARTER—One-fourth of a dollar.

RAPTURE—When a fellow knows nothing about a lesson, but by persistent use of hot air pumps makes the professor think he knows the lesson, then the student may be said to have rapture.

SENATE—Realizing that it is a very dangerous undertaking to attempt to write about this body of powerful creatures welded together into an unbreakable organization, I shall merely remark that we have a student senate which may or may not be effective (since no one ever hears that it has done much). Perhaps its strength lies in its unknown methods.

SCENES—Things which happen in Prof. Nelson's room.

SINGING—A system of producing violent vibrations of ether, entirely in the hands, or rather throats, of the glee club. Harmony is not necessary.

TONGUES—Long, slender, crimson articles easy to use but hard to keep from using too much.

UNDERTAKER—A college student who undertakes to do what he doesn't know how to do; sometimes called fool, for the sake of brevity.

VAGUE—This is a very useful adjective that is very properly employed as a means of describing some of the language of professors.

VAINGLORY—The trouble with Freshmen and Seniors.

WAILS—Sounds of a very depressing character that may be heard from the department of Mathematics during examination time.

WIND—The main ingredient in the composition of several students.

WORK—A thing never done by normal inmates.

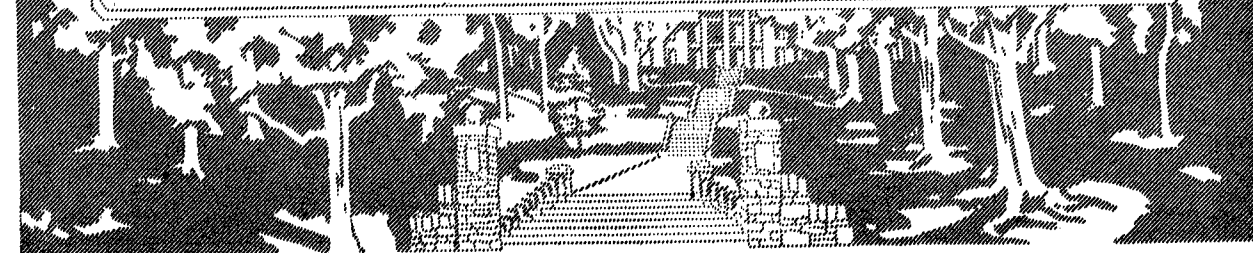
XEBEC—Find out for yourself.

YARNS—Long narratives told Freshmen by Seniors in order to make them feel good.

YELLOW—The color of some fellows who try out for foot-ball.

A man is yellow when he observes the law of self-preservation at the expense of his college's victory in a game.

ZEST—What a Freshman has a great deal of,—a Sophomore still less,—a Junior hardly any,—and a Senior absolutely none at all.



Hoos Hoo

THIS department is not new in the Literary department of any Annual. But just the same it is the Editor's opinion that there must be a space reserved for the distinguished gentlemen whom we are about to give honorable mention.

We shall not attempt to delve into tiresome biographical narration, but we will merely give the names of the members of this Club as handed to us. This we deem to be perfectly adequate.

Hoos Hoo Club of William Jewell

Colors
Black and Dun

Weed
Dog Fennel

Purpose

The Club meets Weakly (weakly is right) for the purpose of discussing plans by which the Ego of the members may be materially developed as the months roll by. And also to find out if possible new methods of best displaying this said Ego before the student body. The Ritual consists in eating their favorite weed, the dog fennel, and chanting their sacred words, Hoos Hoo, H-o-o-s H-o-o, etc., E. Heartburn Sutherland leads the Chorus. Soon may this club perish!

Officers

E. H. SUTHERLAND.....Chief Owl Hoot
M. L. JONES.....Second Owl Hoot
NIEMAN THE SLENDER.....Big Fat Owl Hoot
A CAN-TOO HOOT.....Dark Brown Owl Hoot

The Rest of the Hoos Hoos

Goo Hoo Graves (Forest Hill Owl).	F. O. Gosh Hoo Criminger (Head of the College).
Tolu (kiss me) Hoo Foster (Lady Killer).	A Question Hooter Burns (The runt).
Six Ball Hoo Shot Harl (Bull Spreader).	Hoos Left, Masters? (Lantz for relief pitcher).
Elder, Hoos in love, Head (Librarian).	

Some Pet Ideas of the Faculty

DR. FRUIT: (1) All of the plays commonly attributed to the pen of Shakespeare were in reality written by Lord Bacon who was an honest, sincere, frank, and great man.

(2) A teacher should never tell jokes in the class room as they are very likely to distract the attention of the students from a serious study of their lessons, or a clear understanding of the lecture.

(3) Seniors are always the most thorough, conscientious, indefatigable students I teach.

(4) The writing of notes is injurious to the proper development of a student.

(5) The lesson and nothing but the lesson should be discussed during recitation hours.

DR. LEWIS: (1) Although text-books have their place in the life of a college student, and are invaluable in some ways, nevertheless I do not want any students to use them very much as I detest memorizing.

(2) Every student ought to be given a passing grade no matter what he makes.

PROF. EDWARDS: (1) Walt Whitman was not a great poet at all. I advise young men not to read him.

(2) The old grammarians were altogether correct in their rules regarding cases, etc. Try nothing new.

DR. FLEET: (1) Don't be too vigorous in your efforts to suppress the rum traffic, for it is not so bad after all.

(2) I never make a practice of flunking students for I cannot bear the mournful look on the face of a flunked student.

DR. STOUT: One year of Latin is all any man needs.

DR. PARKER: It has always been my aim in life to make the courses in Chemistry so simple that a wayfaring youth, though a Freshman, can pass them without the slightest difficulty. See?

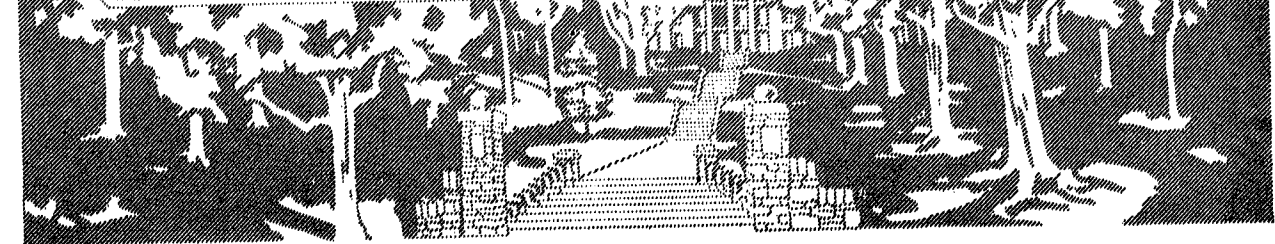
DR. GRIFFITH: Debating is not a good thing for a student, therefore I never advise a young man to attempt a debate.

DR. COOK: At all athletic games the audience should sit as quietly as possible, taking care to make no noise whatsoever.

A Night in the Dormitory

E. F. CANADY, '15

IT was one of those nights so well known to college boys when all found study entirely out of the question. The atmosphere was not favorable. It hinted vaguely of "wars and rumors of war," of corridor fights and lockouts. From the corner room on the third floor came the shrill notes of a cornet. Butts, the latest recruit to the college band, was practicing. From a room down on first issued harmonious (?) sounds which told those well acquainted with the situation that the bath room quartette, all too good for the regular glee club, were holding their regular rehearsal.



"Jones! Jones! O Jones!" a fellow named Butram sang out from the third floor. "What do you want?" shouted Jones. "Come to the window," was the answer. The unsuspecting Jones went to the window and put out his head. Splash! A bucket of water met him in the face.

Then things began to happen. Jones and Bones, his roommate, both ever ready for fun, gathered some woolen rags, took some flashlight powders, put on their rubber-soled tennis shoes and slipped upstairs. Butram's door was locked and his light turned out. He was evidently expecting company. Jones slipped a flashlight powder under the door and touched it off. At the same time Bones sent a pan of water over the transom. It was closed immediately and the window thrown open to allow the smoke to clear out, but there was no draft and it stayed. Jones touched off the powders at regular intervals until his supply was exhausted. Then he lit the rags and fanned the smoke under the door.

Bones, thinking this odor far too pleasant for the unhappy inmate of the room, ran back to his room for a bottle of ether, which he had brought from the chemistry laboratory. Just as he threw his door open and stepped in, a gallon of water descended on his head. Someone had fixed a bucket of water on a nail above his door so that opening the door would upset the bucket. He got the ether and went back upstairs. Then they began pouring the ether under the door and squirting it through the keyhole. Now anyone who has never had the pleasure of smelling burned rags and ether at the same time may well deny himself that privilege. He will live longer.

Just then two fellows named Carter, rooming next door to Butram, came from their room and went downstairs. Jones and Bones paid no attention to them, but began beating a tattoo on the door with a broomstick and a ballbat. Not being able to get in, and having satisfied their vengeance, they stopped after quite a while and returned to their room.

The second they opened the door a pleasant sight greeted them. Their bed was literally standing on its head in the middle of the floor and one of their trunks was on top of it. The other trunk was open and hanging on their closet door. The contents of both were piled in a heap in the middle of the floor. The dresser was turned on its side and everything which had been in it was scattered over the room. The legs of the table were off. They were found tied together with a rope and hanging out of the window. The walls were entirely bare. Their pennants, posters, pictures and post-cards were nowhere to be seen. They afterwards found them tied in a bundle and hanging up in a corner of their wardrobe. In fact, nothing in the room was in its place. The room was thoroughly "stacked."

It did not take them long to figure out who had visited them. The two Carter boys, who roomed next to Butram, had evidently done it. They also found that every doorknob in the corridor was smeared with syrup. They called help and started to find the Carters. They found them in their room with the door locked and their key in the lock, so that no master key could be inserted from the outside. Thus barricaded they felt safe. The boys outside held a council and Bones volunteered to go over the transom and unlock the door. He pushed it in and then while the fellows kept Carter (only one of them seemed to be in the room) away from the door with a large fire extinguisher from the hall, Bones dropped inside. He quickly unlocked the door and the others came in. They tied Carter and then looked around for his brother. He was not in the room, but just as they were leaving one of them spied a trunk rope hanging out of the window. The older Carter had escaped that way and probably climbed in at a window below. They would have to hunt him later. Their present question was to decide the



younger Carter's fate. They held a "kangaroo" court and according to the decree he was given a hearty massage with a good stiff hair brush on the portion of his body where it would aid his digestion. A cold shower with all his clothes on was given next. This was to cool him off should he happen to be warm in spots.

That matter of business having been disposed of, they tracked the older brother from the second floor to the first and found him hiding in a closet. He ran as soon as he saw them and got out of the building onto the campus, where they caught him, after a short chase. The court decided that his punishment should be more severe than his brother's had been. They took him to the edge of the pond. There four fellows caught him up by the arms and legs, swung him a couple of times and then hurled him as far out in the pond as their combined strength would send him. He came up spluttering and hastened to his room for dry clothes. The boys then went up to their rooms and to bed. It was early, only one-thirty.

The next morning Jones and Bones and Butram and the two Carters, all of whom happened to be sitting at the same table in the dining hall, laughed together and talked over the proceedings of the night before even more friendly than if they had all been on the same side of the scrap.

A Medley

AT the close of a Bright Day, Young Brown called on Small Regan, De Young Barber—who dwelt in a Lowe Dale—because his (Young Brown) Green Head had a whole Lott Moore Long hair than he could Cleve to. As he rang the Bell he heard a shrill Bray from within and the Barber appeared with two Files in his hands.

"Come in," said the Barber.

"I will," declared Young Brown.

"Now," continued the Barber, "deposit yourself in that Morris chair and tell me why you are here."

"Mr. Barber," timidly began Young Brown, "realizing that Long Green hair prohibits a young man from entering the Lyttle Parks of this country—and, furthermore, will always Marr the wearer's appearance—and also knowing well that I can never Merritt the Long dreamed of position as Porter while in this state, I am come with the Price to appeal to your Power as Barber to assist me."

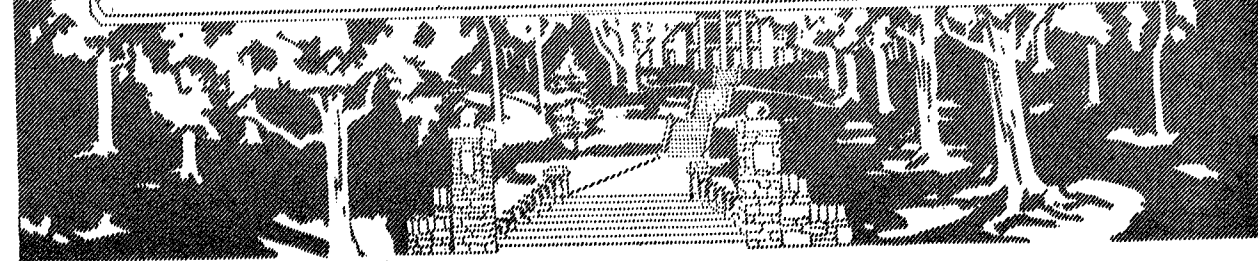
"Mr. Brown," said the delighted Barber, "I am indeed honored by this opportunity to remove portions of your Long Green hair."

Thereupon the Barber proceeded to sharpen his Files on his Gross Wettstein and shorten the length of Young Brown's Long Green hair.

"Welden!" shouted Young, as he leaped from the Morris chair, "Welden!"

"Tutt, Tutt," said the Barber, modestly, "you give me a Payne."

(End)



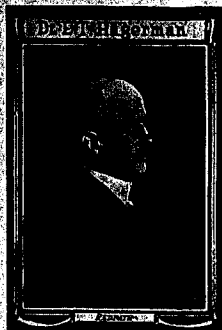
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 FRIDAY November 14th
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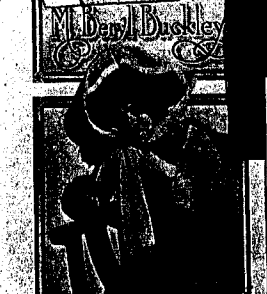
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 At The Coliseum

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 FROM 3 to 5 O'CLOCK
 For Football Game



OPERA HOUSE
 January 20, 8 p. m.

BASKET BALL
 TARKO vs. WILLIAM JEWELL
 TUESDAY, JANUARY 27
 At the College Gymnasium



WILLIAM JEWELL

Calendar

SEPT. 8.—Jewell starts on sixty-fourth annual grind. Four hundred eager students fill out matriculation blanks.

SEPT. 9.—Fraternities begin annual goat drive.

SEPT. 10.—New Science Hall Prospects take concrete (?) form.

SEPT. 16.—Editorial on "Meditation" appears.

SEPT. 16.—Y. M. C. A. Stag. Much acrobatic ability shown. Nieman spanked by six men.

SEPT. 20.—"Tatler" Staff begin Annual "still hunt" for material.

SEPT. 23.—Editorial on "Muddytation" appears.

OCT. 3.—Sophs win annual class fight. Much night work in evidence. Little Groff leads Big Bagby round and round.

OCT. 4.—Jewell holds Jayhawkers to one touchdown. Big parade for homecoming pigskin artists.

OCT. 16.—Sons of Rest wake up and give nine yawns for Venerable order.

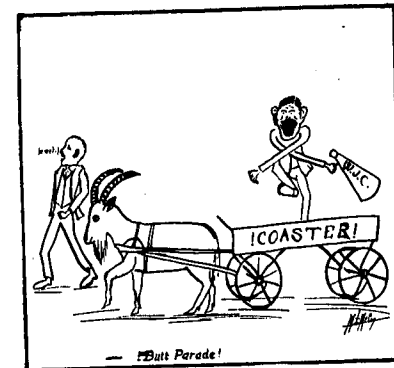
OCT. 18.—Washburn College romps unmercifully on local eleven. Score 24-0.

OCT. 20.—New Coach politely tells gridiron stars they are a bunch of nuts.

OCT. 24.—Jewell romps unmercifully on Central, 38-0. McHenry proves to be somewhat of a gridiron whiz.

OCT. 25.—Geology class takes annual trip. Richmond's jokes prove *piece de resistance* of the affair.

Nov. 1.—Baker loses to Jewell 0-3.



Nov. 3.—Buttinsky Club butts in, accompanied by angora mascot.

Nov. 5.—Freshmen step out in new sweaters.

Nov. 8.—Westminster is handed a 11-0 defeat at Gordon and Koppel field. Buttinsky feature.

Nov. 12.—"Richmondites" appear in "Student"—Much comment.

Nov. 15.—The big day! Championship of conference foot-ball goes to Jewell 6-0, Warrensburg losing. Much rain in vicinity of gridiron. Big parade follows.

Nov. 18.—Mock game near Hotel Major—"Sermon" Sykes stars—nit! Discord Quartette render clever ditties.



Nov. 19.—L. E. Nelson passes Rhodes scholarship exams.

Nov. 28.—Jewell champs are blanked by K. C. Vets.

Nov. 29.—Annual Fiji 'Possom Supper at New Ely Hall. Mrs. Cook proves able cateress.

DEC. 6.—Cosmopolitan Club organizes. Sixty-eight nations represented.

DEC. 8.—Sophs sport nifty headgear.

DEC. 9.—Gospel team takes trip.



DEC. 12.—December Morn makes appearance.

DEC. 13.—Matherly wins Inter-Society debate medal.

DEC. 14.—Literary fee adopted.

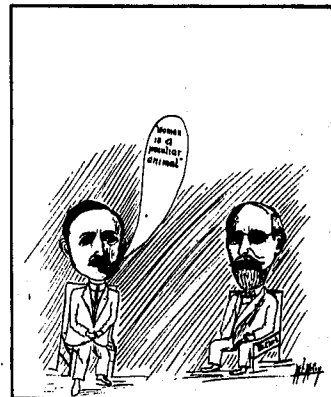
DEC. 16.—Walter Camp chooses All-American team for "Student."

DEC. 17-19.—Examinations take "front stage, center" in role of heavy villain. Many fatalities.

DEC. 27-30.—Volunteer Convention in K. C. Much interest displayed by Jewell students.

JAN. 2.—New term commences, incidentally, annual hibernation period.

JAN. 5.—"Tatler" Staff begins cutting classes.



JAN. 10.—Dr. Fleet remarks to Dr. Clark that "Woman is a peculiar looking animal."



JAN. 11.—Dr. Fruit loses a tooth during lecture.

DEC. 15.—Faculty again announces compulsory chapel attendance. Prof. Dunwoody appears with ministerial students disguised as a choir.

JAN. 16.—Asa Q. attempts an announcement in chapel.

JAN. 16.—Missouri Wesleyans walloped in basket-ball.



JAN. 17.—Miss Buckley scores hit.

JAN. 18.—Sims and Farrar hike to Columbia for Quo Vadis charter.

JAN. 20.—Warrensburg hangs it on Jewell 46-33.

JAN. 21.—Dr. Ewing lectures on Sociology classes.

JAN. 27.—Misses Vivian and Yulah Cutler gain favor among Jewell students.

JAN. 29.—Dr. Sutherland says "He experienced that sensation during the holidays when I got my left arm dislocated." Keep your arm to yourself, Doc!

FEB. 13.—Quo Vadis meet for initiation.

FEB. 16.—Drury beats Jewell.

FEB. 17.—Vice versa.

FEB. 20-21.—Drury takes two more on home court.

FEB. 23.—Civic Club organizes. Much interest displayed.

MAR. 3.—Freshmen win Class League championship.

MAR. 10.—Dr. Williamson gains much popularity.

MAR. 17.—"Student" reports that Freshmen beat Sophs.

MAR. 18.—Report denied and contradicted.

MAR. 17-19.—Exams. Flunks. Nuff sed!

APRIL 3.—Burns, Groff and Faulkner take Washburn's Debate Team to a cleaning at the rate of three decisions.

APRIL 8.—William Jewell takes the scalp of Jayhawker in game of baseball at Lawrence; 6-5 victory. Masters pitched star ball for 8 innings. Jewell takes second in Peace Oratorical at Columbia.

APRIL 10.—Dr. Griffith stings McKinney in class for not having notebook; much laughter.

APRIL 12.—Prof. Johnston stirs up chapel delinquencies. A few new faces appear at 11:30.

APRIL 13.—M. U. romps on W. J. C. Score 1-0.

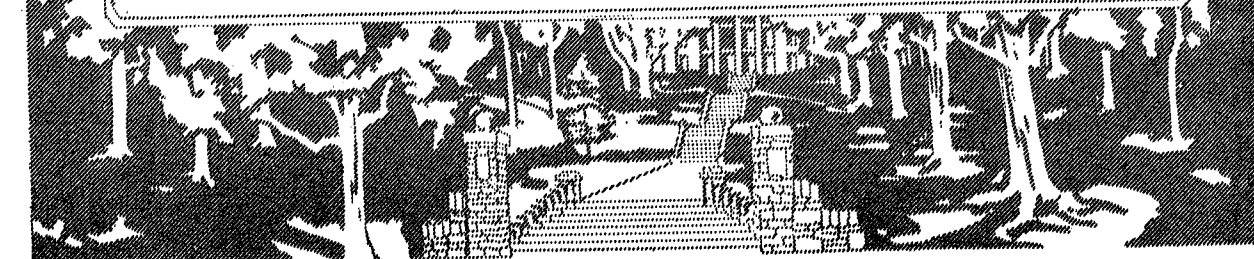
APRIL 14.—Central taken into camp. Score 8-0. Lantz pitches full nine innings.

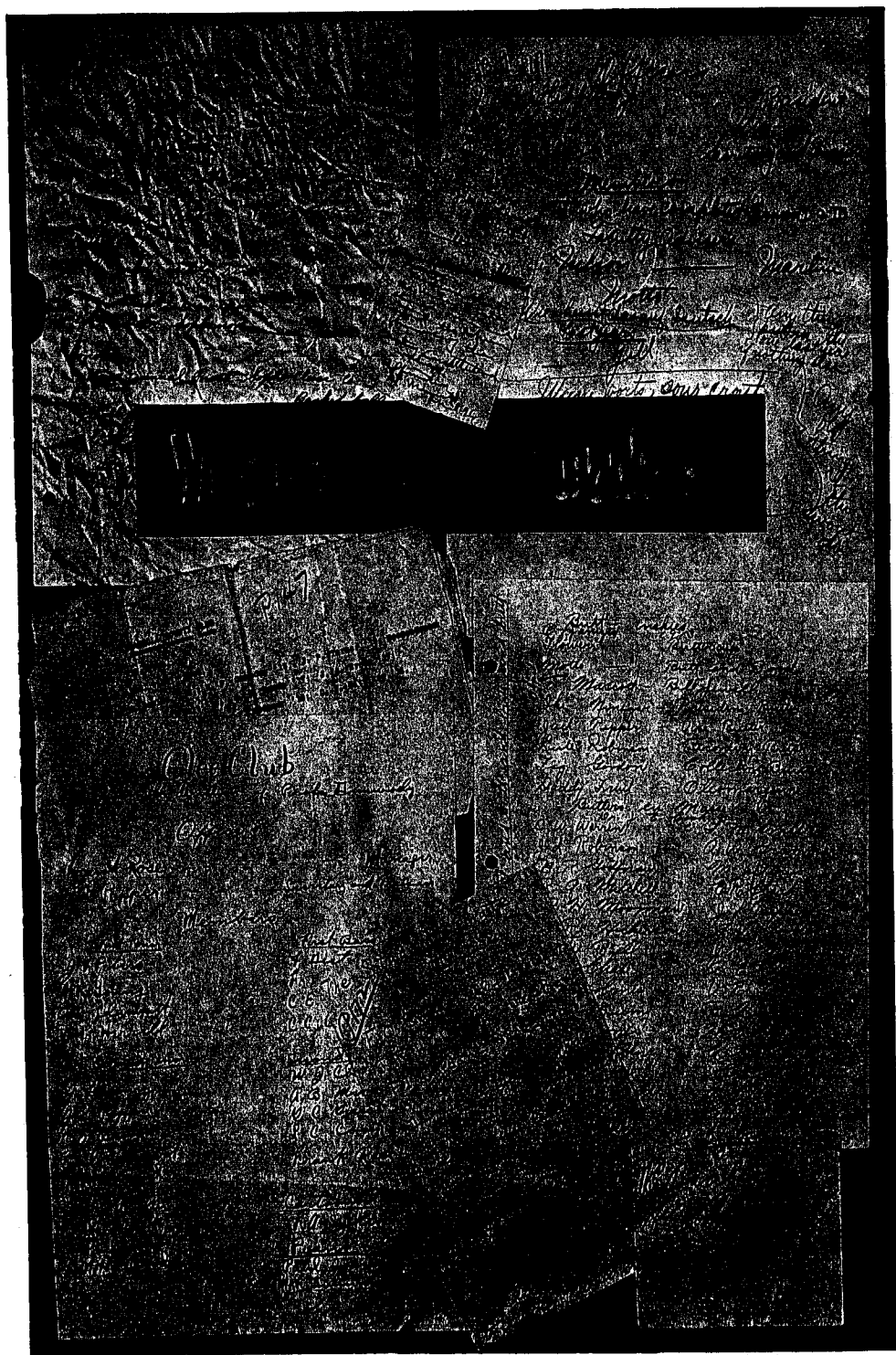
APRIL 15.—Soph-Senior banquet. Doc Cook pulls a few raw ones while Lynn Pinkerton delivers an oration upon the Peculiarities of A. Q. Burns.

APRIL 15.—Denver U. gets cold feet; calls off debate with William Jewell. Much disappointment among debaters over failure to make the trip.

APRIL 15.—Milnor Jefferies arouses himself from winter sleep and hears some of Doc Lewis' lecture in Bible 10.

APRIL 17.—TATLER goes to press. Much rejoicing of TATLER staff.





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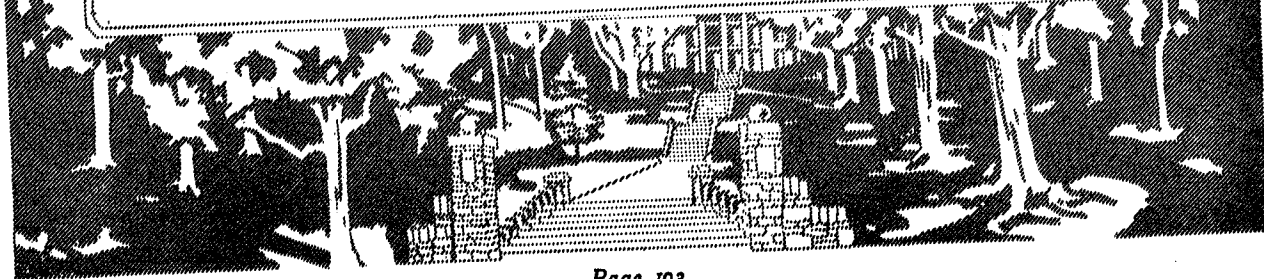
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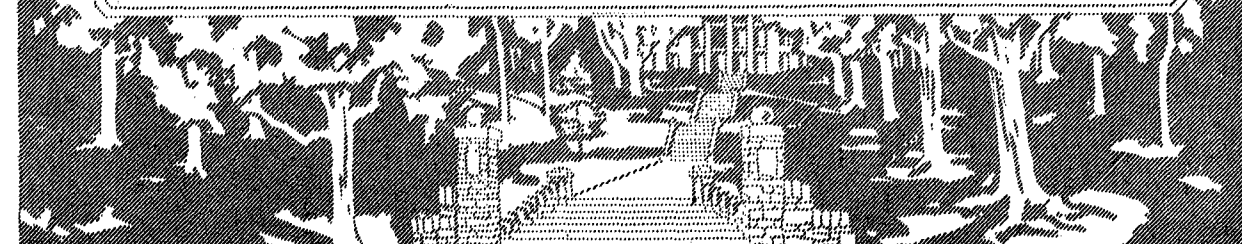
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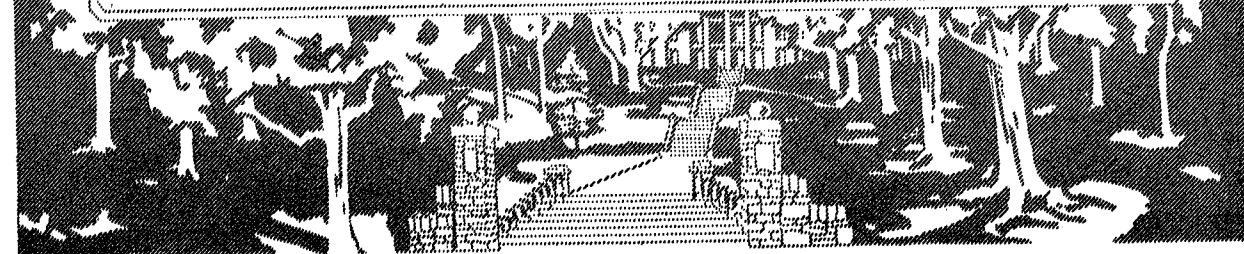
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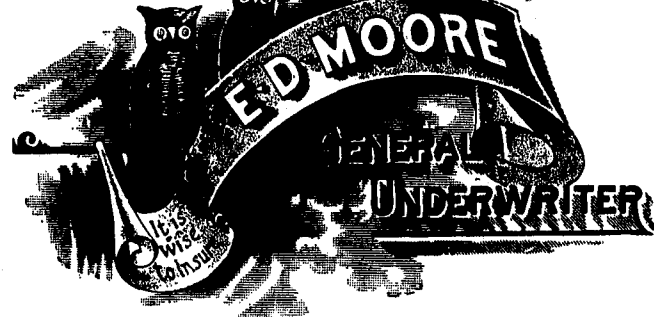
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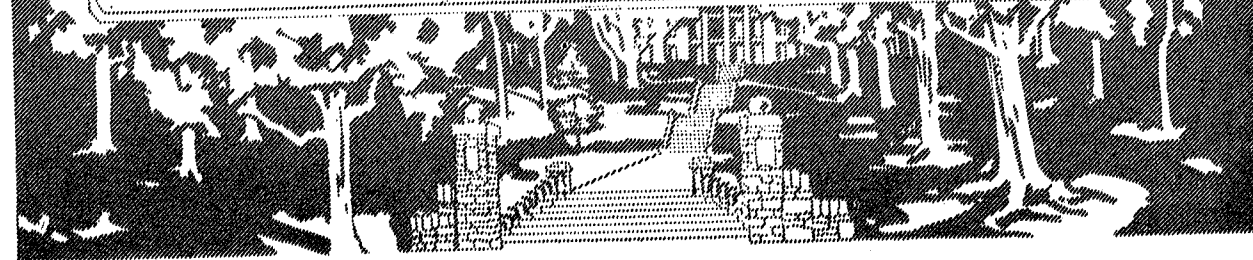
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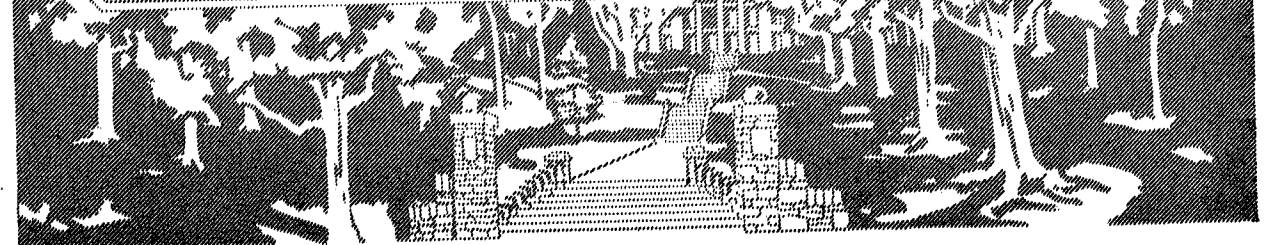
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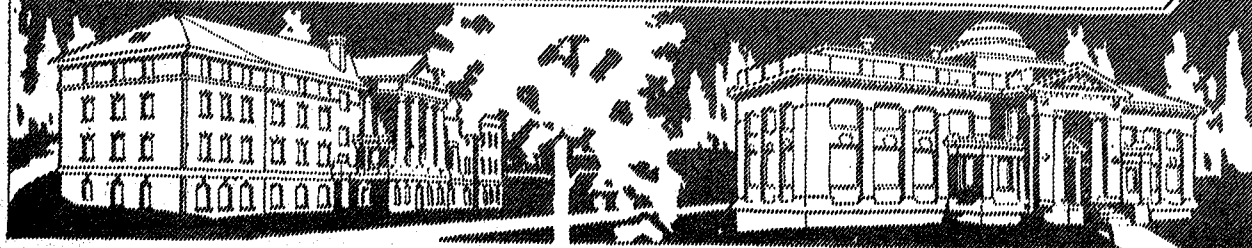
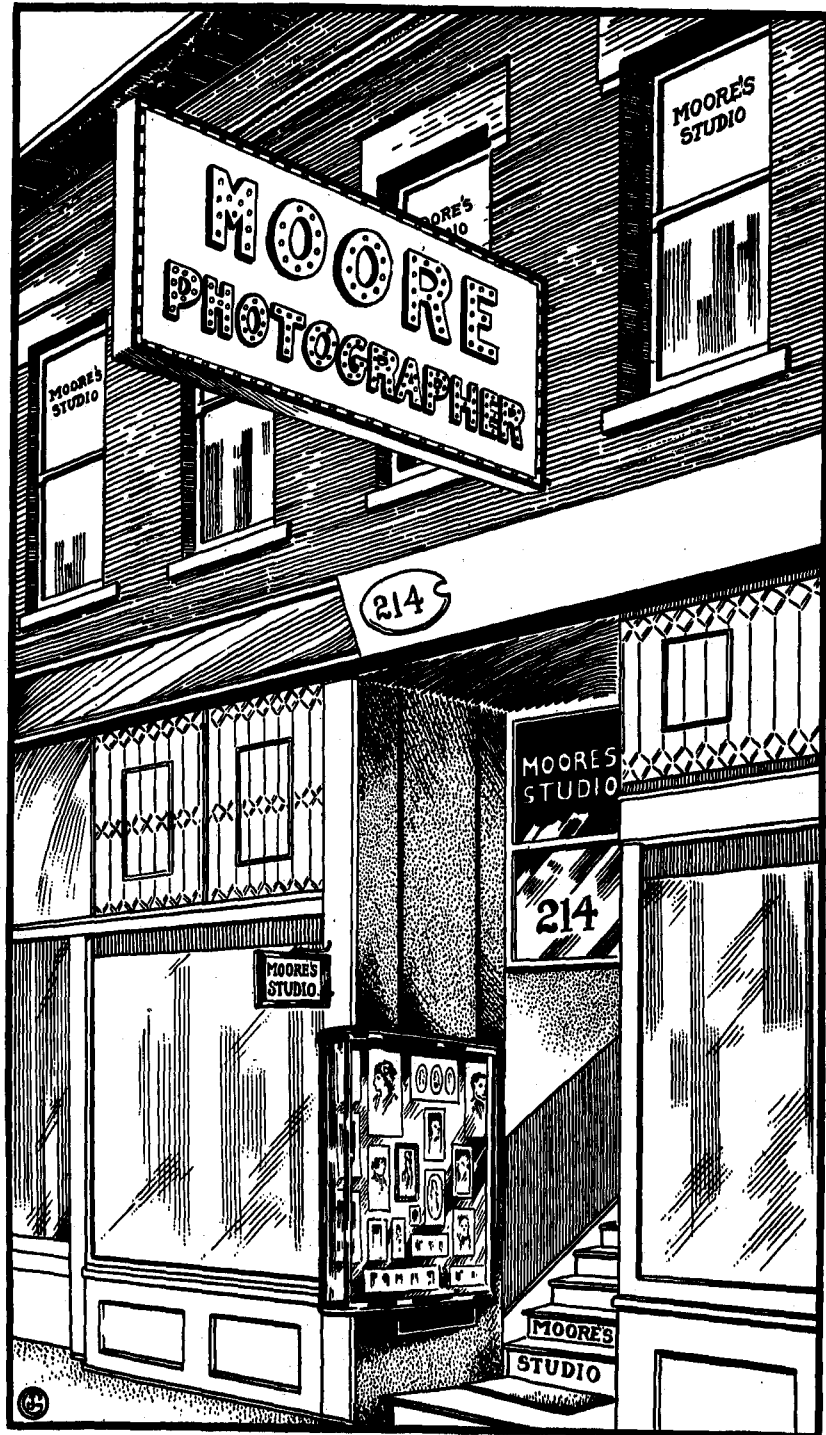
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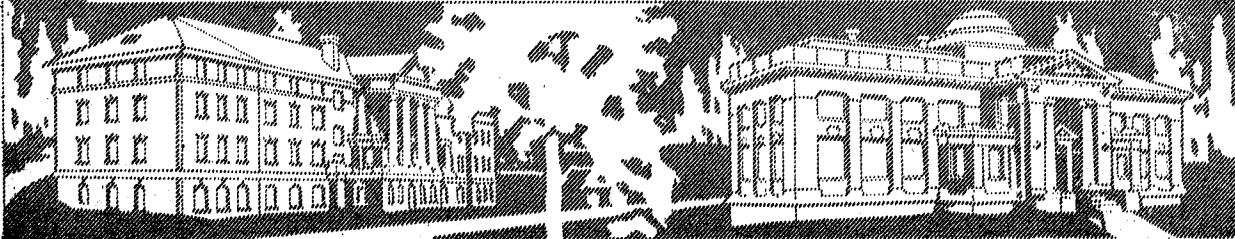
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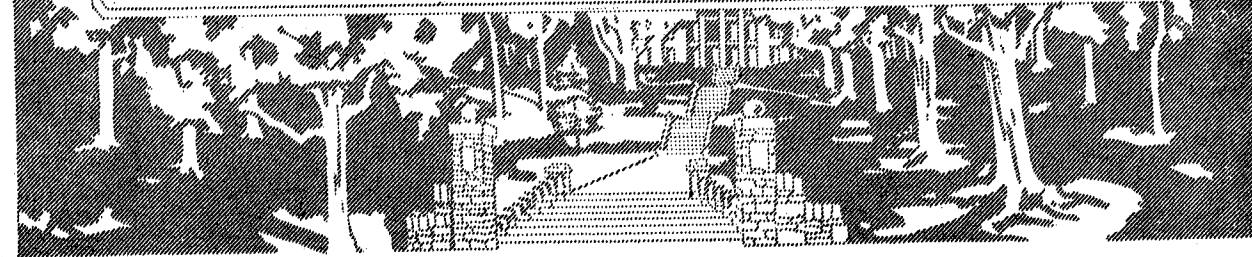
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