

THE TATLER

1912

William Jewell College

Liberty, Missouri

VOLUME VIII

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF 1913

THE TATLER STAFF

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FOREWORD

The Tatler is a sort of "family affair." Its message is for past and present and future students of William Jewell, and their friends.

Of course the proper thing is to pay our respects first to the old ones. Year ago you climbed the Old Hill for the first time. You had heard many things. As you tailed upward and gazed around your imagination was busy. The air of learning made it hard for you to breathe! For a long time you were expectant. But nothing serious happened. You "got the hang of things." As you look back on your unripe & stale, you realize that the boys were "wonderous kind" to you. In due time you finished your course, largely through grace, and went out into the world. For years your heart has tugged at you till it has brought you back to the Hill. We are glad to see you. That wise, self-sufficient Senior look is still on your face, etched in, perennial, eternal. And why not? You have done things! All honor to the men that have "made good" — and are good! You have made the path up the Old Hill plainer and easier and brighter for us!

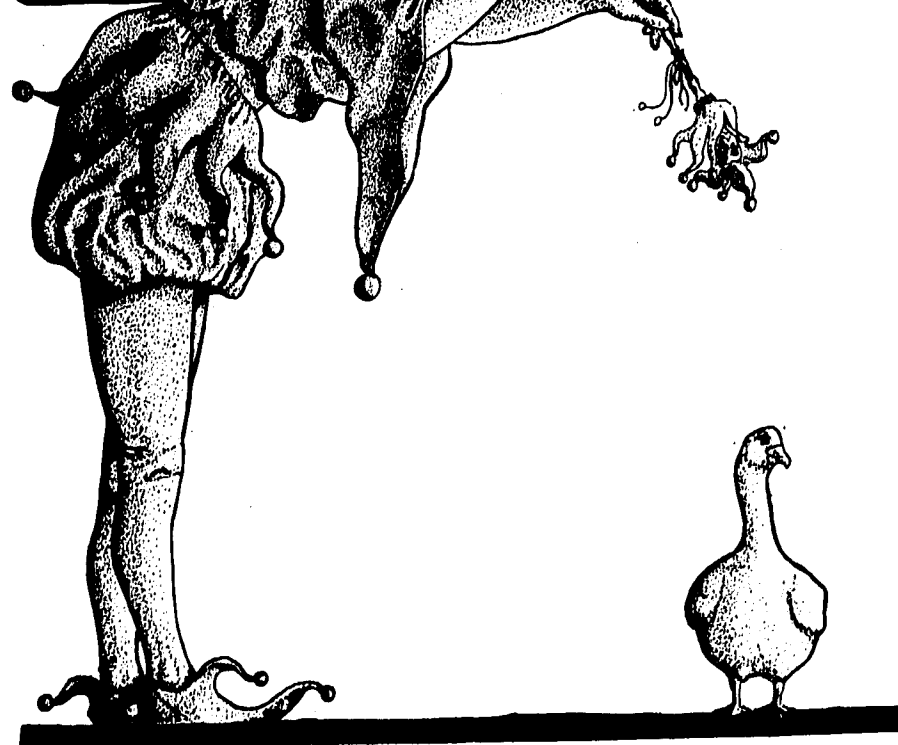
And here are the fellows of the present, are they not fine and handsome? A little fresh and modern in garb? well! They are here, the jewels of Trinity, and they are doing well! Life on the Hill is not a reminiscence to them, nor a dream, but a glorious reality! They are bringing things to pass - and having some fun, too. In evidence is this Father! Who there ever a time in the past, when the Juniors could put out such a magazine as this? Hail to the present jewels!

In vision we see a great throng pressing up the Hill! The future jewels are coming, a mighty host of stalwart fellows. What kind are they? Men of bright eyes and ruddy cheeks and elastic step! Every fellow is clean, unspoiled by vice - all four of the King! Hear them shout as they climb! Let them come, more than ever and better than ever! This is the hope and prayer of every man that ever stood on the old Hill and gazed in the inspiring outlook: - "A greater and better College! More and better students!"

The Class of '13 brings the old Hill to all the students and their friends. The Father has called a great invisible assembly. From far and near they come, and from distant lands, speaking many languages. But not one has forgotten his mother tongue. Listen! "All yell! Will-iam Jew-ell!"

Sincerely, J. P. Greene

TATLER



Dedication

AMONG THE ALUMNI OF WILLIAM JEWELL THERE IS A MAN WHO HAS GIVEN THE BEST YEARS OF HIS LIFE, THE BEST OF HIS HEART AND INTELLECT, TO HIS ALMA MATER. WHILE MUCH OF HIS SERVICE HAS BEEN PERFORMED OUT OF THE LIMELIGHT OF PUBLIC NOTICE, IT HAS BEEN DONE NONE THE LESS CHEERFULLY AND CONSCIENTIOUSLY.

IN SPITE OF MOST DISCOURAGING HANDICAPS, HE HAS MAINTAINED AN INCREASING VISION OF THE POSSIBILITIES OF HIS DEPARTMENT. HE HAS LABORED DILIGENTLY THROUGH HOT VACATIONS TO PERFECT ITS DETAILS. HE HAS TOILED UNSEEN FAR INTO THE NIGHT OVER WORKBENCH AND LATHE, MAKING APPARATUS FOR THE NEXT DAY'S CLASSES. DUE IN A LARGE MEASURE TO HIS ZEAL AND SCHOLARLY EFFORT, THE SCIENCE DEPARTMENT OF WILLIAM JEWELL WILL SOON HAVE NO SUPERIOR IN ANY WESTERN COLLEGE.

HIS PATIENCE, HIS TOLERANCE, HIS KINDNESS, HIS CONSISTENT CHRISTIAN LIVING HAVE BEEN AN INSPIRATION TO EVERYONE WHO HAS KNOWN HIM.

AS A TOKEN OF OUR APPRECIATION, THIS VOLUME OF THE TATLER IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

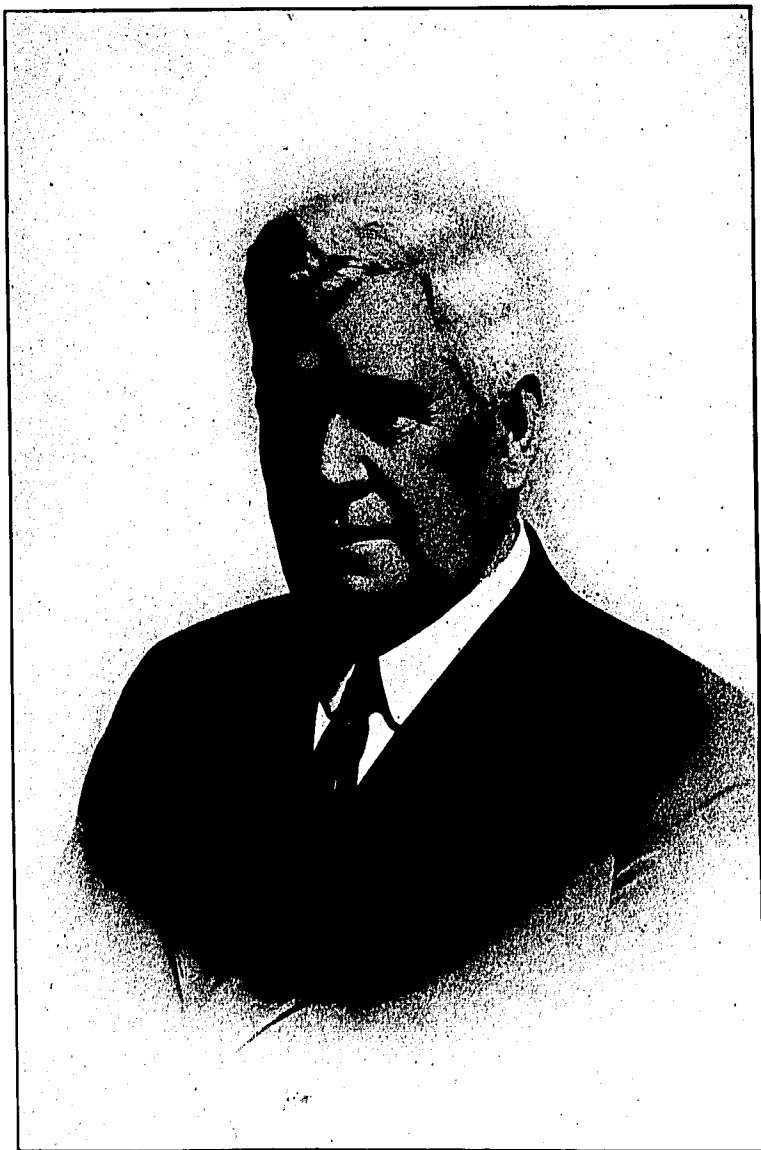
DR. HARRY GEORGE PARKER

BY THE EDITORS.



DR. HARRY GEORGE PARKER



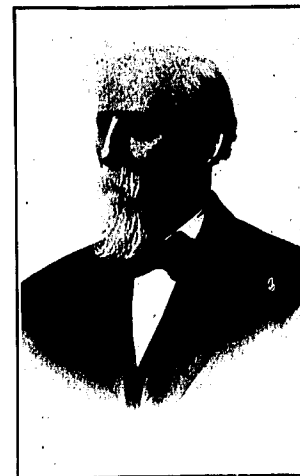
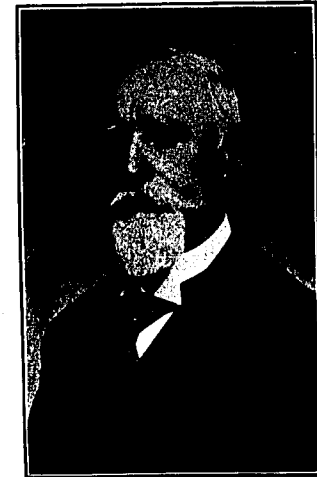


JOHN PRIEST GREENE, President, 1892—
Professor of Ethics; A. M., La Grange College, 1875; D. D., William Jewell
College, 1886; LL. D., Colgate University, 1893.

*Dr. Green's always cheerful and glad,
He never goes off on a fad;
He says that his boys,
Are his greatest of joys,
And talks to us just like a dad.*

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

*Dr. Clark is as patient and kind
As 'most any man you can find;
In his office all day,
From all else away,
On our grades and reports does he grind.*



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

*We often recall "Uncle Dick,"
Red tape then was not quite so thick
When he was on deck,
No course-books to check,
And at holidays they never did kick.*

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

*Dr. Parker's a gun as a tinker;
In physics and chem he's a thinker;
He's quite fond, it seems,
Of shops and machines,
As well as cornets, dynamos, typewriters,
Tennis, athletic boards, etc., etc.*





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

*Prof. R., though gray-headed, is young;
 He just dotes on a chance for some fun;
 On every occasion
 (The number's amazin')
 He turns everything into a pun.*

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

*Dr. Fruit's nerves are all on low tension;
 But he scolds when we don't pay attention;
 He gives us each day
 Some sense by the way,
 And stories too numerous to mention.*



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

*He's a sport from his heels to his neck,
 And you'd think him as busy as heck;
 He lays down the law
 For his new Ely Hall,
 And we all have to run at his beck.*



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

*We have a good teacher named Fleet;
 If he sees you attempting to cheat,
 You had better not curse,
 But just send for the hearse,
 For he'll romp on your neck with both feet.*



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

*Dr. Griffith is very polite
 And obliging from morning till night;
 He takes off his hat,
 To Senior or Ac,
 And in running debates he's a sight.*

DAVID JONES EVANS, A. M., TH. D.
 Professor of English Old Testament; A. M., Wil-
 liam Jewell, 1901; Th. D., Southern Baptist
 Theological Seminary, 1905.

*Dr. Evans is quite long on learnin';
 He keeps us a grindin' and squirmen';
 And each recitation
 (You know his vocation)
 Consists half the time in a sermon.*





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

*A wise old professor is Stout,
He is king of all as a scout,
If in Horace you ride,
He'll rip off your hide,
And pickle you down into kraut.*

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

*Herr Baskett, er kann gut Deutsch sprechen;
Er kann auch some parlevou Francaise;
He knows some Latin,
And a little Greek,
And he speaks English pretty well, too.*



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

*Of any problem he can get to the root
In Greek, and in Latin to boot;
But you have to admit,
In spite of his wit,
That the ladies are not his long suit.*



WALTER OLIVER LEWIS, A. M., PH. D. 1910—
Professor of English New Testament and Philoso-
phy; A. M., William Jewell, 1906; Ph. D.,
Erlangen, 1908.

*The impassive and staid Dr. Lewis,
He ever doth try to undo us;
In spite of our plea,
He just tries to see,
How far down on our grades he can jew us.*

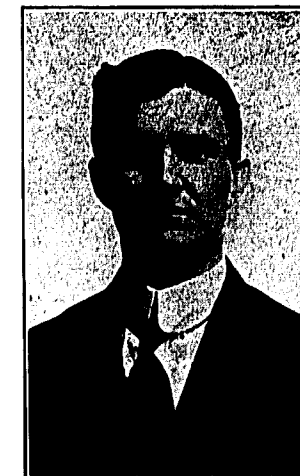


WARD HAMPTON EDWARDS, A. M. 1903—
Associate in English; A. M., William Jewell, 1910.

*'Fessor Edwards has a voice that's far reaching;
The boys say he's right there on teaching;
His manner is wary;
His hobbies—they vary
'Twixt Emerson, Whitman, and preaching.*

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

*We all like Professor Coon fine;
He does lots of study and grind;
Of all of his whims,
A certain pair of twins,
Take the uppermost place in his mind.*





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

*Dr. Moore comes to us from K. C.
And lectures occasionalee;
He waxes quite warm,
On social reform,
And Institutional Churches, the working man,
poor women, and various other topics.*

CHARLES EDGAR PENCE, A. M. 1909—
Associate in Latin; A. M., William Jewell, 1910.

*We have a professor named Pence,
Some kids say he hasn't much sense
On grading their papers,
Yet they cut up no capers,
Or they get their heads beat full of dents.*



MAX FRIEDRICH MARTINI. 1910—
Associate in History and Mathematics.

*Professor Martini is slimmish;
His manners and ways are quite winnish;
He can teach anything,
And he surely can sing
German ditties and songs to a finish.*



HARRY JOSEPH CAMPBELL, A. B. 1910—
Director of Physical Culture and Instructor in
Hygiene; A. B., University of Kansas, 1910.

*Coach Campbell's not big, by the way,
Yet his family's not small, so they say,
Since he's moved to the county,
There've been youngsters a plenty,
The Campbells are coming; hooray!*



R. L. DAVIDSON. 1910—
Professor of Religious Pedagogy.

*R. L. Davidson taught us O. T.
And Sunday School Pedagogee;
But he gave up his teaching,
And went into preaching;
His departure we hated to see.*

M. L. CROSSLEY, Sc. M., Ph. D. 1911—
Associate Professor in Chemistry; Ph. B., Brown
University, 1909; Sc. M., Brown University,
1910; Ph. D., Brown University, 1911.

*He's always at one thing or t'other;
He talks to us just like a brother;
Every week, as a rule,
He fills us chuck full
Of hygiene of some kind or other.*





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

*'Fessor Johnson is young and good looking;
He seems to be lucky in booking
The fair sex for life,
(Just look at his wife)
Now he's living on good old home cooking.*

PAUL R. RIDER, A. M. 1911—
Associate in Mathematics; A. M., William Jewell.

*Herr Rider, er sieht aus sehr jung;
He is quite often taken by some
For a Freshman; but he hath
Quite a genius for math,
And can teach it in German, by gum.*

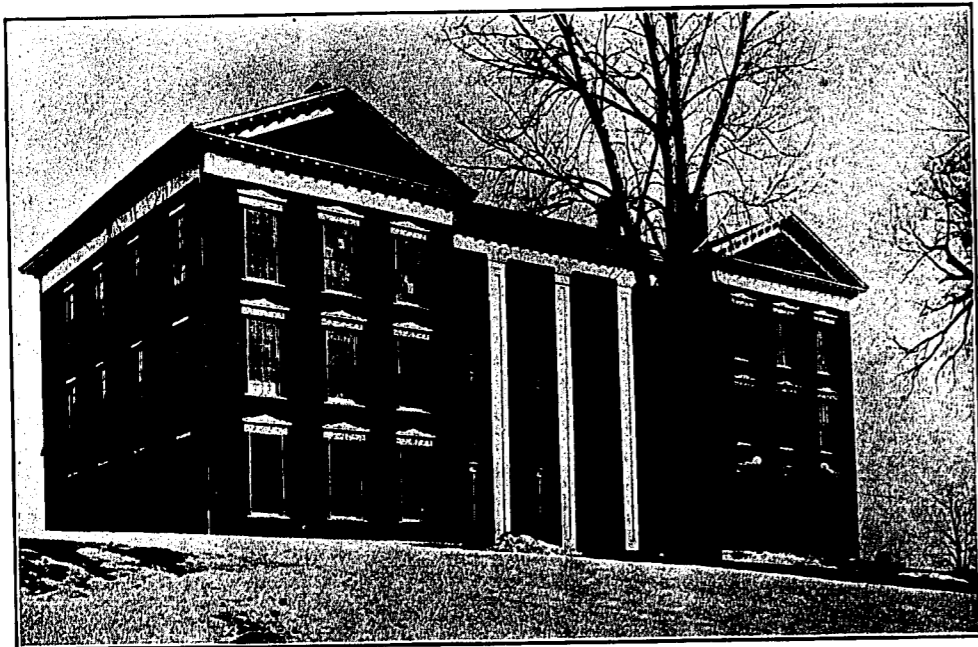


SAM P. GOTT 1911—
Professor of Religious Pedagogy.

*We have a professor named Gott,
Who would just as soon flunk you as not.
If you need it; but then
What matters it when
The most of us need it a lot!*



BUILDINGS



JEWELL HALL

Dr. William Jewell in 1843 made an offer of \$10,000 to the Missouri Baptists, as a nucleus for the endowment of a denominational college. The fund was accepted and was increased to \$60,000 by 1849. Through the efforts of Gen. Doniphan, the college site was located at Liberty. Dr. Jewell superintended the construction of the building, in which work he lost his life as the result of exposure to the severe heat of the summer, August, 1852. School was opened in the building, which was named in honor of Dr. Jewell, in 1853, though the Hall was not complete till 1858. School was suspended at the opening of the War. The building was used in the Fall of 1861 as a Federal hospital and in 1862 as quarters for Federal troops.

Jewell Hall remained the only building on the Hill till 1881, and served for class rooms, library, society halls, chapel, museum, dormitory and Boarding Club.



WORNALL HALL

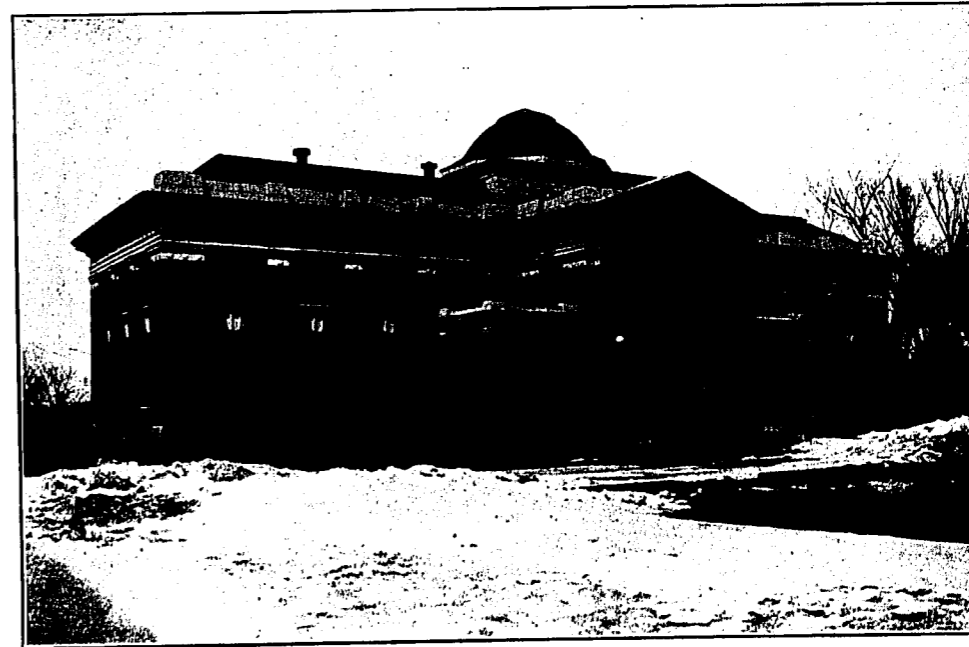
In 1891, the American Baptist Educational Society made a donation of \$10,000 to the college, on condition that the gift should be supplemented by \$30,000 raised within one year. Mr. Lewis B. Fly, Financial Agent of the Trustees, raised this amount. A part of the fund was used in the construction of a building for the Academic Department. The building was named, in honor of Hon. John B. Wornall, late President of the Board of Trustees, "Wornall Hall." It accommodates also the schools of Physical Sciences and the Administration. The College Chapel is on the third floor.



NEW ELY HALL

It was through the efforts of Lewis B. Fly that funds were secured for the erection of Old Ely Hall, the cottage, and Wornall Hall. He also greatly increased the endowment of the College.

The new dormitory that displaces the service-worn Old Ely is also named in his honor. Its erection was made possible by the large gifts of the Educational Society of New York and other friends chiefly in the State. It was built at a total cost of \$100,000. It is thoroughly modern in design and equipment, and is the best in this section of the country. The kitchen rivals that of the best hotels of the United States in up-to-date furnishings, and, with the large dining halls, is able to serve 360 men.



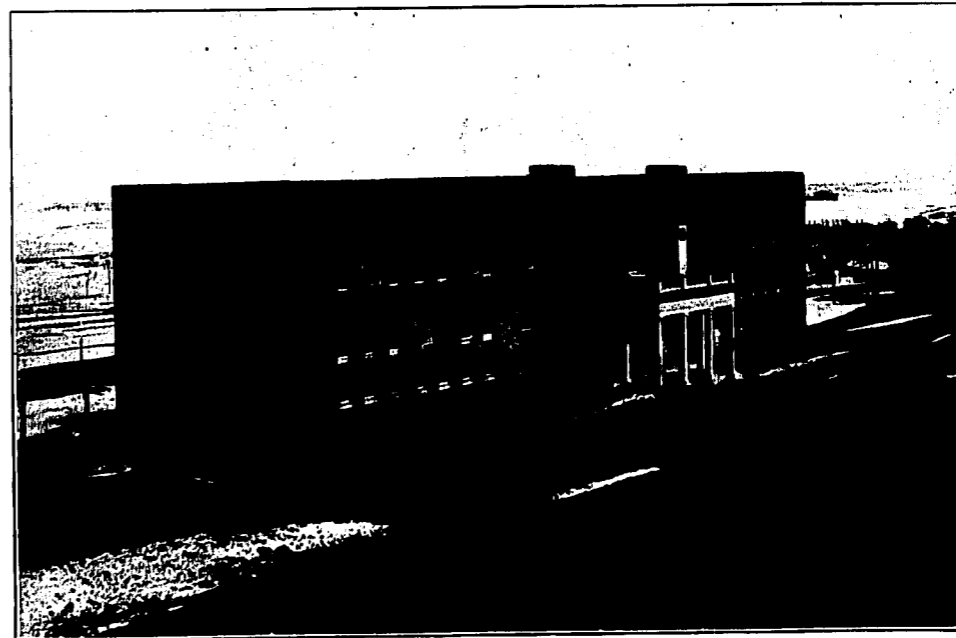
THE LIBRARY

The Library was built in 1908, at a cost of \$65,000. Mr. Carnegie generously gave \$30,000 of this amount. Other friends of the college completed the subscription and endowed the library to the amount of \$30,000. It contains the Library of the College, the Spurgeon Library, the Archives of the Missouri Baptist Historical Society, besides numerous private collections. It is one of the most modern library buildings in furnishings and accoutrements, and the adornment is restful and pleasing.



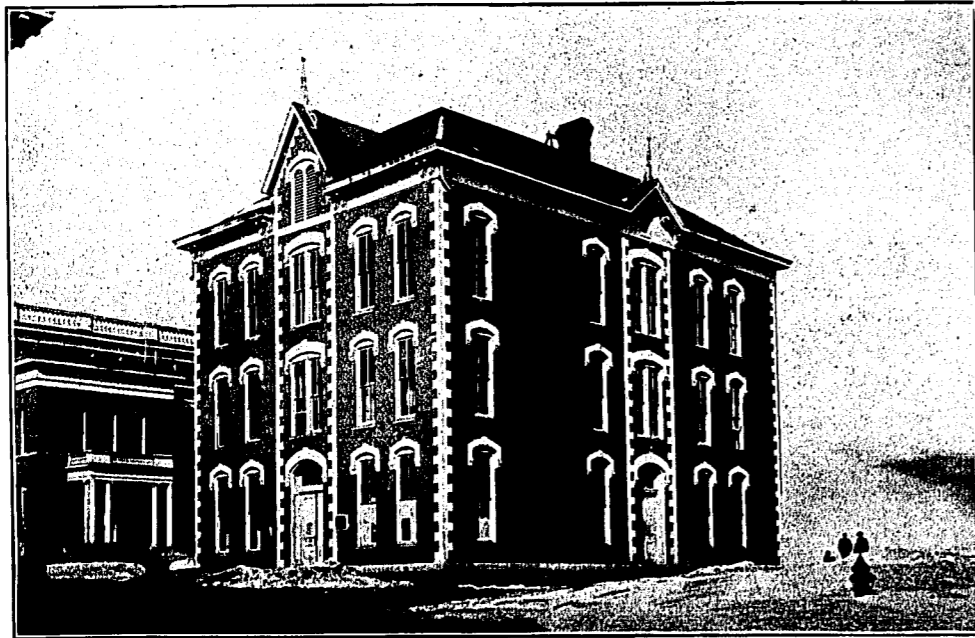
THE PRESIDENT'S HOME

The President's House is a gift of friends, and affords very delightful accommodations for the President and his family. It is a handsome brick edifice, two stories in height, built in Old Colonial Style. In interior arrangements, it affords excellent facilities for conducting the most elaborate social entertainments.



BROWN HALL

The College gymnasium is a donation of Mr. A. D. Brown of St. Louis, Missouri, and is named in his honor. It was the first and finest gymnasium in the Central West at the time of its erection, and was thought to be extravagant and rather elaborate. The growth in emphasis on Physical Culture proves it to have been a wise investment and in no way too ample or capacious, though it meets the requirements of general gymnastics and physical activity for College men.



OLD ELY HALL



COTTAGES



Senior Class, 1911-12



T. M. GRIMMETT

OFFICERS

T. M. GRIMMETT	President
THEO. PLATT	Vice-President
E. M. GRAHAM	Secretary
I. I. TUBBS	Treasurer

COLORS

Yale Blue and White

YELL

Seen it?
 Seen what?
 Sen—ior!!
 S—E—N—I—O—R!!
 SENIOR!!!!
 Hooray!!!!



W. HARRY ARNOTE,
 Liberty, Mo.

K Σ.
 Baseball Team, '10.

SAM E. BABB,
 Blackwell, Okla.

Φ Γ Δ.
 Philomathian; Aeons; Basketball Team, '08-'09, '10-'11, '11-'12; Captain Basketball Team, '11-'12; Track Team, '10-'11; Coach Academy Football Team, '11; Dutch Club; Emblem Club.

E. KELLER BELL,
 Liberty, Mo.

K Σ.
 Aeons; Assistant in Chemistry, Baseball, '10-'11; Dutch Club; Spanish Club.

BEN B. BLACKFORD,
 Paris, Mo.

Assistant in Chemistry and Physics; Dutch Club; Spanish Club; Kentucky Club.

W J C

1912

WJC



WILLIAM C. BOONE,
Memphis, Tenn.

Σ N.
Philomathian; Dutch Club; Tennessee Club.



R. EARL BOWLES,

Excelsior; June President; Debate Committeeman, '10-'11; Oratorical Committeeman, '11-'12; Sophomore Scholarship, '09-'10; Treasurer of V. B. C.; Baseball Team, '09-'10-'11; Football Team, '11-'12; Basketball Squad, '11-'12; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '09-'10, '10-'11; President Junior Class, '10-'11; Dutch Club; Emblem Club; President O. S. B., '11-'12.



CHARLIE M. BOYER,
Tarkio, Mo.

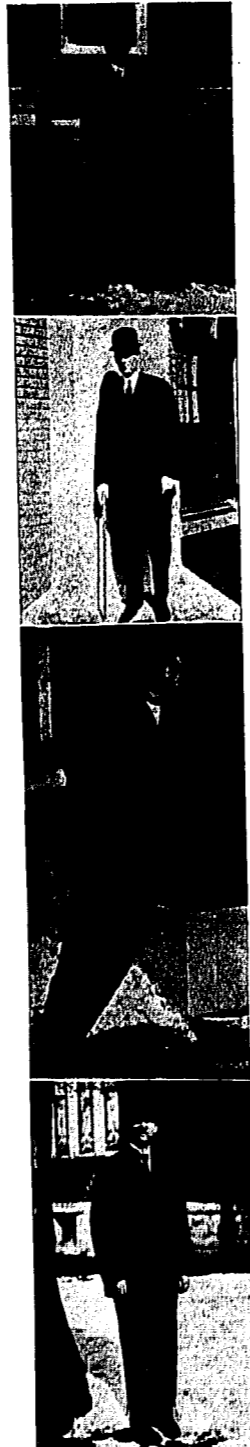
Philomathian; President Emblem Club; Purveyor V. B. C., '10-'11; Football Team, '09-'10-'11; Collector W. J. C. Club, '11-'12; Captain Football Team, '11; Basketball Squad, '11-'12; Baseball Team, '09-'10-'11-'12; Tennis, '11.



HENRY CLAY COMBS,
Hazard, Ky.

Philomathian; Minister; Kentucky Club.

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WJC



WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,
Liberty, Mo.

Philomathian; Minister; Junior Reading Medal.



CHAUNCEY M. FOREMAN,
Albion, Neb.

Philomathian; Minister; Football Team, '11; Emblem Club; Senior Scholarship.



CLARENCE A. FOSTER,
El Dorado Springs, Mo.

Philomathian; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '10-'11, '11-'12; Band, '10-'11; Instructor in Physics; Dutch Club; Spanish Club; Volunteer Band.



ERNEST M. GRAHAM,
Jonesboro, Ark.

Dutch Club; Secretary Senior Class, '12; Spanish Club.

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WJC



THOMAS M. GRIFFITHS,
Dawn, Mo.

Philomathian; Minister; Junior
Society Oratorical Medal; Student
Representative O. S. B., '11-'12.



ALFRED R. HARDY,
Kansas City, Mo.
Philomathian; Minister.



THOMAS M. GRIMMETT,
Murfreesboro, Tenn.

President Senior Class; Presi-
dent Joint Session; Y. M. C. A.
Cabinet, '10-'11; Tatler Staff, '10-
'11; Chairman Debate Council, '11-
'12; Philomathian; Minister.



FREDERICK OWEN HESS,
Liberty, Mo.
Philomathian; Minister.

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WJC



JOHN HENRY HOFF,
St. Clair, Mo.

Philomathian; Minister; Y. M.
C. A. Cabinet, '11-'12; Volunteer
Band; President Senior Philoma-
thians.



WILLIAM ADDISON HOLLADAY,
Augusta, Kas.

Excelsior; Minister; Inter-So-
ciety Debater, '11; Kentucky Club.



W. EARL LONG,
Sweet Springs, Mo.

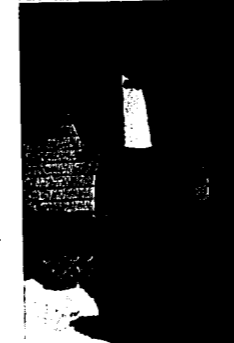
Φ Γ Δ.
Football Team, '10-'11; Inter-
Collegiate Debater, '10-'11; Philo-
mathian; President Dutch Club, '10-
'11; College Quartette, '08-'09, '09-
'10, '10-'11; Manager Glee Club, '11-
'12; Emblem Club.

I. ROY MARTIN,
Liberty, Mo.

K A.
Excelsior; Football Team, '08-
'09-'10; Captain Football Team, '11;
Basketball Team, '09-'10, '10-'11,
'11-'12; Track Team, '09-'10-'11-'12;
All-Round Athlete, '10; Son of
Rest; Tatler Staff, '11; Athletic
Board, '11-'12; Acons; Guard, All-
Missouri Basketball Team, '10-'11;
Half Back, All-Missouri Football
Team, '11.



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ROY E. MCGRAW,
Liberty, Mo.

Philomathian; Minister; Second Term President Philomathians; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; President Y. M. C. A., '10; Delegate Rochester Student Volunteer Convention, December, 1910; Volunteer Band.



GEORGE F. MOSER,
Stewartsville, Mo.
Philomathian; Dutch Club.



CAREY L. MOTLEY,
Liberty, Mo.

Φ Γ Δ.
Philomathian; First Term President Philomathians; Business Manager Student, '11-'12; Tatler Staff, '10-'11; Assistant in Chemistry, '09-'10, '10-'11; Co-op Board, '11-'12; Son of Rest; Dutch Club; Baseball Team, '10-'11; Aeons.



THEODORE PLATT,
Louisville, Ky.

Excelsior; Minister; Aeons; Junior Declamation Medal; Secretary Band, '09-'10; Manager Band, '10-'11; Tatler Staff, '10-'11; Kentucky Club; Debate Committeeman, '11-'12; Student Staff, '11-'12; First Term President Excelsiors; Vice-President Junior Class.

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STEVEN R. POLLARD,
Bowling Green, Mo.

K A.
Dutch Club.



FRANK M. POWELL,
New Bloomfield, Mo.

Φ Γ Δ.
Philomathian; Minister; Representative O. S. B., '08-'09; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11; Inter-Collegiate Debater, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Debate Medal, '10-'11.



ROY G. REYNOLDS,
Liberty, Mo.
Excelsior; Dutch Club.



AUSTIN M. RHOADES,
Harris, Mo.

Excelsior; Basketball Team, '09-'10, '10-'11, '11-'12; Freshman Scholarship, '10; Emblem Club; Dutch Club; Track Team, '11.

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W. LUTHER ROBB,
Liberty, Mo.
Excelsior; Minister.



AARON SCHLESSMAN,
Neosho, Mo.
Philomathian; Minister.



JAMES W. STORER,
Baker City, Ore.
Σ N.
Minister; Philomathian; Aeons;
Tatler Staff, '10-'11; Student Staff,
'11-'12; Clark Prose Medal, '07-'08,
'08-'09; Rider Poetry Medal, '10-
'11; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '08-'09;
President Freshman Class; Dutch
Club.



WALTER J. SWARTZ,
Chicago, Ill.
Excelsior; Manager Co-op, '11-
'12; Glee Club, '11-'12.



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IRA IRL TUBBS,
Great Bend, Kas.
Philomathian; Tatler Staff, '10;
Track Team, '11; Dutch Club.



EMMETT C. WEAKLEY,
Gower, Mo.
Excelsior; Student Staff, '11-'12.



RUBEN A. WESTER,
Kansas City, Mo.

Excelsior; Manager Co-op, '10-
'11; Tennis, '08-'09-'10-'11; Tennis
Champion; Basketball, '10-'11, '11-
'12.



EARL E. WIDNER,
Newtown, Mo.
Excelsior; Tatler Staff, '11; Stu-
dent Staff, '11-'12; President Excel-
sior's Second Term; Dutch Club.





JOHN H. WILLIAMS,
Liberty, Mo.

Excelsior; Minister; Debate Council, '11; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '09-'10, '10-'11; Dutch Club; President Joint Session; Glee Club; Volunteer Band.

SAMUEL C. WILLIAMSON,
Artesia, New Mexico.

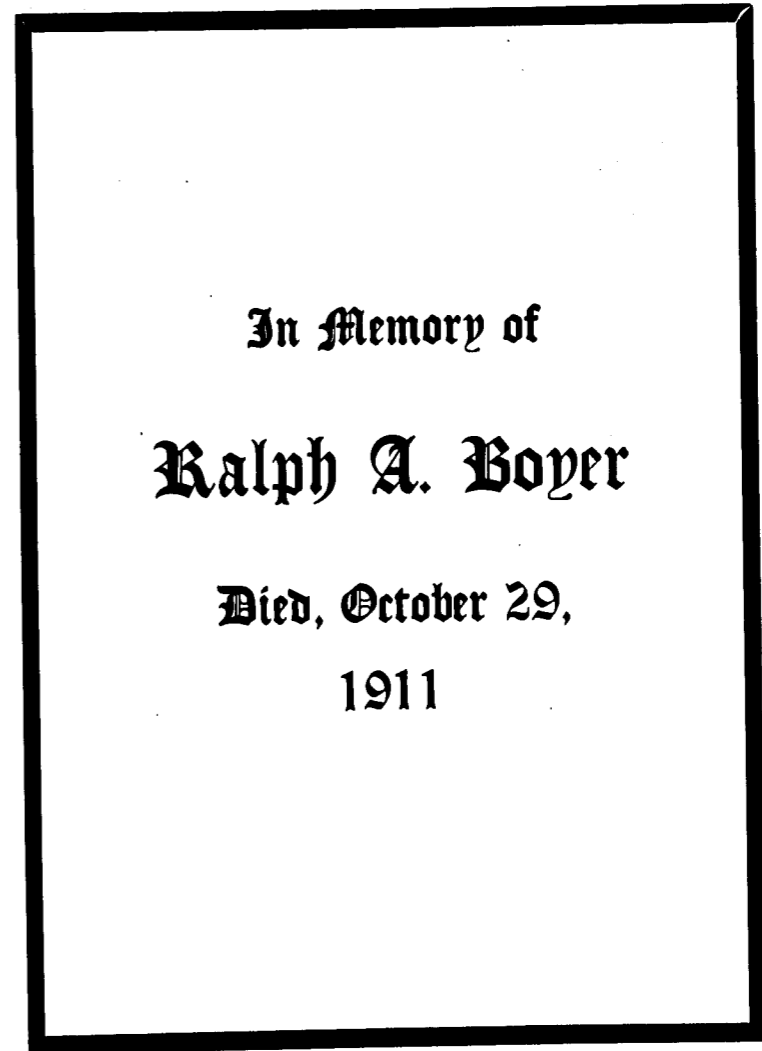
Philomathian; Minister; President Juniors; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '07-'08-'09; President Philomathians, Second Term; Volunteer Band.

WILLIAM HENRY WILSON,
Fredericktown, Mo.

Σ N.
Excelsior; Student Staff, '11-'12; Son of Rest; Aeons; Dutch Club; President Excelsiors; Glee Club.

GEORGE W. WISE,
Wellston, Mo.

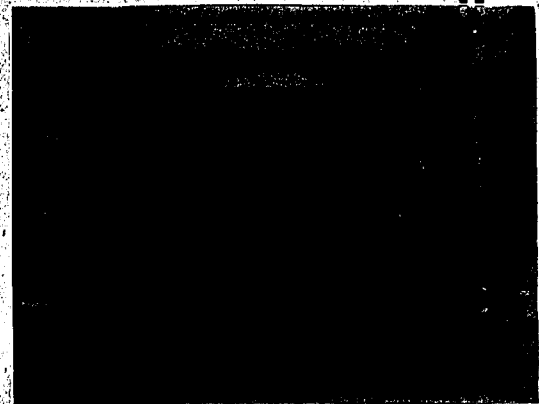
Excelsior; Minister; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '08-'09-'10.



In Memory of
Ralph A. Boyer

Died, October 29,
1911

INSIDE
NEW -
- ELY



Junior Class, 1911-12



F. L. RHOADES

OFFICERS

F. L. RHOADES	President
R. H. MOORMAN	Vice-President
J. R. CABLE	Secretary
R. L. HUNT	Treasurer
R. D. ARNOLD	Historian

COLORS

Olive Green and Old Gold

YELL

Hullabaloo, Hooray, Hooree!!
 Hullabaloo, Hooray, Hooree!!!
 One—Nine—One—Three!!
 Zip! Boom!! Junior!!!



Get a Girl

ROGER D. ARNOLD,
 Liberty, Mo.

Philomathian; Business Manager Tatler, '12; Debate Committeeman, '12; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '10-'11, '11-'12; President Dutch Club, '11-'12; Track Team; Volunteer Band; Assistant in Chemistry; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '12-'13.



Book Agent

HOWARD T. BEAVER,
 Rocky Ford, Colo.

Philomathian; President Colo. Club, '10-'11; Son of Rest; Student Staff, '11-'12; Literary Editor Tatler, '12; Inter-Collegiate Debater, '10-'11, '11-'12; Inter-Society Debater, '11-'12; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '11-'12; Volunteer Band; Track Team, '09-'10, '10-'11; Soccer Team, '10-'11; Glee Club; Emblem Club; President Y. M. C. A., '12-'13.



Captain Brandom

RALPH W. BRANDOM,
 Gallatin, Mo.

Σ N.
 Philomathian; Football, '08-'09, '10-'11; Captain-Elect Football; Mandolin and Guitar Club; Vice-President Sophomores; Advertising Manager Tatler, '12; Emblem Club.



Business Man

MARION E. BRATCHER,
 Ekron, Ky.

Philomathian; Minister; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '09-'10; President Junior Philomathians, '10.

JUNIOR



1912

JUNIOR



SAMUEL BRISTOW,
Buffalo, Mo.
Philomathian; Minister.



J. RAY CABLE,
Drexel, Mo.
Philomathian; Secretary Dutch Club; Kansas City Club.



CARL CASSINGHAM,
Bosworth, Mo.
Assistant in Physics; Student Representative O. S. B.



FRANK H. CONNELLY,
Shelbina, Mo.
Minister; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '11-'12; President Volunteer Band; Secretary Sophomores.

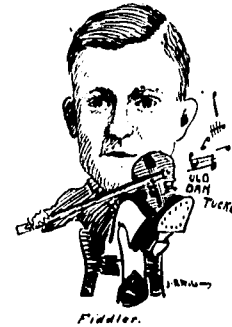


1913

JUNIOR



W. CLYDE CRAWFORD,
Liberty, Mo.
K. S.
Excelsior.



W. EARL DAVIDSON,
Chillicothe, Mo.
Philomathian; Minister; Track Team, '09-'10; Sophomore Scholarship; Associate Literary Editor Tatler, '12; Volunteer Band.



CHAS. DURDEN,
Birmingham, England.
Philomathian; Minister; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '10-'11; Volunteer Band; Inter-Society Debater, '10-'11; Inter-Collegiate Debater, '10-'11-'12; Student Staff, '10-'11, '11-'12; Ready Speaking Medal, '10; Oratorical Medal, '11; Debating Medal, '11; Reading Medal, '12; Soccer Team, '10-'11, '11-'12.



EDWARD D. FOWLER,
Excelsior Springs, Mo.



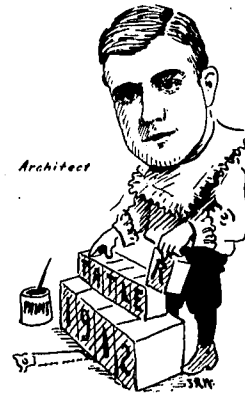
1913

JUNIOR



WILFRED R. HALL,
McLeansboro, Ill.

Φ Γ Δ.
Philomathian; Minister; Editor-in-Chief Tatler, '12; Football Squad; Treasurer Sophomores.



ROBIN L. HUNT,
Lincoln, Mo.

Excelsior; Minister; Student Staff, '11-'12; Circulation Manager Tatler, '12; Track Team, '10-'11-'12; Emblem Club; Treasurer Juniors; Captain Track Team, '12; Indoor Relay Team, '10-'11-'12.



LEWIS JACOBSEN,
Selma, Cal.

Excelsior; Minister; Winner Inter-Society and Missouri Inter-Collegiate Oratorical, '11; Soccer Team, '11.



ROY JOHNSON,
Independence, Mo.

Minister; Assistant Business Manager Tatler, '12; Kentucky Club; Dutch Club; Glee Club; Kansas City Club.



1913

JUNIOR



BENJAMIN F. KENNEDY,
Liberty, Mo.

Philomathian; Minister; Kentucky Club.



R. HENRY MOORMAN,
Braymer, Mo.

Philomathian; Minister; Athletic Editor Tatler, '12; Son of Rest; Football Team, '10-'11; Basketball Team, '11-'12; Vice-President Juniors; Emblem Club; Co-op Director, '11-'12; Center All-Missouri Football Team, '11.



JOSEPH O. PARROTT,
Liberty, Mo.

Excelsior; Minister; Volunteer Band.



JAMES P. PAYNE,
Fairfax, Mo.

Excelsior; College Band; Assistant in Chemistry.



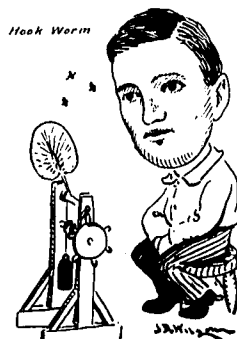
1913

JUNIOR

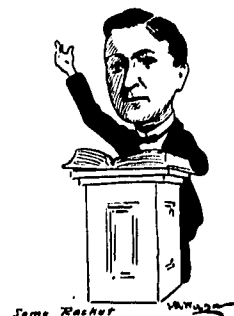


ROBERT L. POLLARD,
Bowling Green, Mo.

K A.
Excelsior; Son of Rest.



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



FOREST L. RHOADES,
Liberty, Mo.
Excelsior; Freshman Co-op Director; Emblem Club; Dutch Club; Athletic Board, '11-'12; Basketball Team, '10-'11-'12; Captain Basketball Team, '10-'11; President Junior Class; Representative O. S. B.; All-Missouri Basketball Team, '10-'11.



FRANK G. RUSSELL,
Liberty, Mo.
Excelsior; Staff Photographer Tatler, '12.



J. HERBERT SATTERFIELD,
Pittsville, Mo.

Φ Γ Δ.
Philomathian; Minister; Associate Editor Tatler, '12; Inter-Collegiate Debater, '12; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '11-'12; Football Team, '10-'11; Son of Rest; Emblem Club.

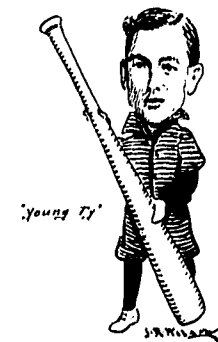


FRANK SMAY,
Bolivar, Mo.
Philomathian; Minister.



CECIL E. STEMMONS,
Houstonia, Mo.

Φ Γ Δ.
Excelsior; Baseball Team, '09-'10-'11; Captain Baseball, '11; Emblem Club; Dutch Club; Instructor in Graphics.



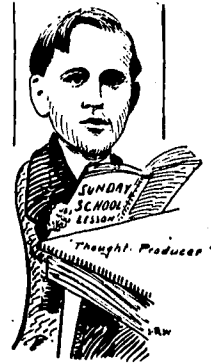
HOMER B. STEPHENS,
Santa Fe, New Mexico.
Philomathian.



JUNIOR



FRANKLIN L. STILLIONS,
Palmyra, Mo.
Minister.



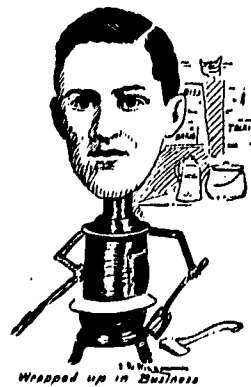
WILLIAM E. STONE,
Kirksville, Mo.
Σ N.
Philomathian; Football Team,
'11; Inter-Collegiate Debater, '10-
'12; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '11-'12;
Organization Editor Tatler, '12;
Track Team.



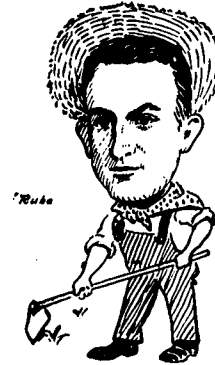
SANFORD E. TILTON,
Allendale, Mo.
K Σ.
Excelsior.



G. DAWSON TRIMBLE,
Liberty, Mo.
K Σ.
Dutch Club; Spanish Club.



1913



GORDON C. WILSON,
Lawson, Mo.
Φ Γ Δ.
Art Editor Tatler, '12.



WILLIAM B. YANCEY,
Liberty, Mo.
Φ Γ Δ.





DR. D. UMMI

of Louisville, Kentucky, will address the students in Chapel

TOMORROW MORNING

Dr. Ummi is a personal friend of the College and will address the students on some of the questions for young men.

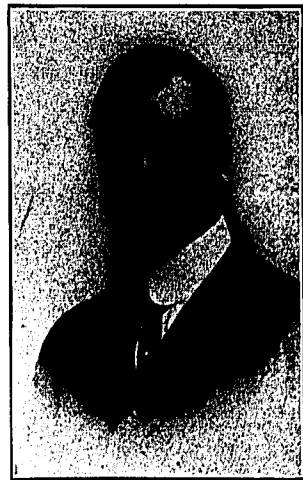
8:30 SHARP

DON'T MISS IT!

The Finest Lecture of the Year



Sophomore Class



R. B. BAGBY

OFFICERS

R. B. BAGBY	President
JOHN BRIGHT	Vice-President
NELSON RIDER	Treasurer
E. L. PINKERTON	Secretary
F. GROVES	Yell Leader

COLORS

Purple and Old Gold



YELL

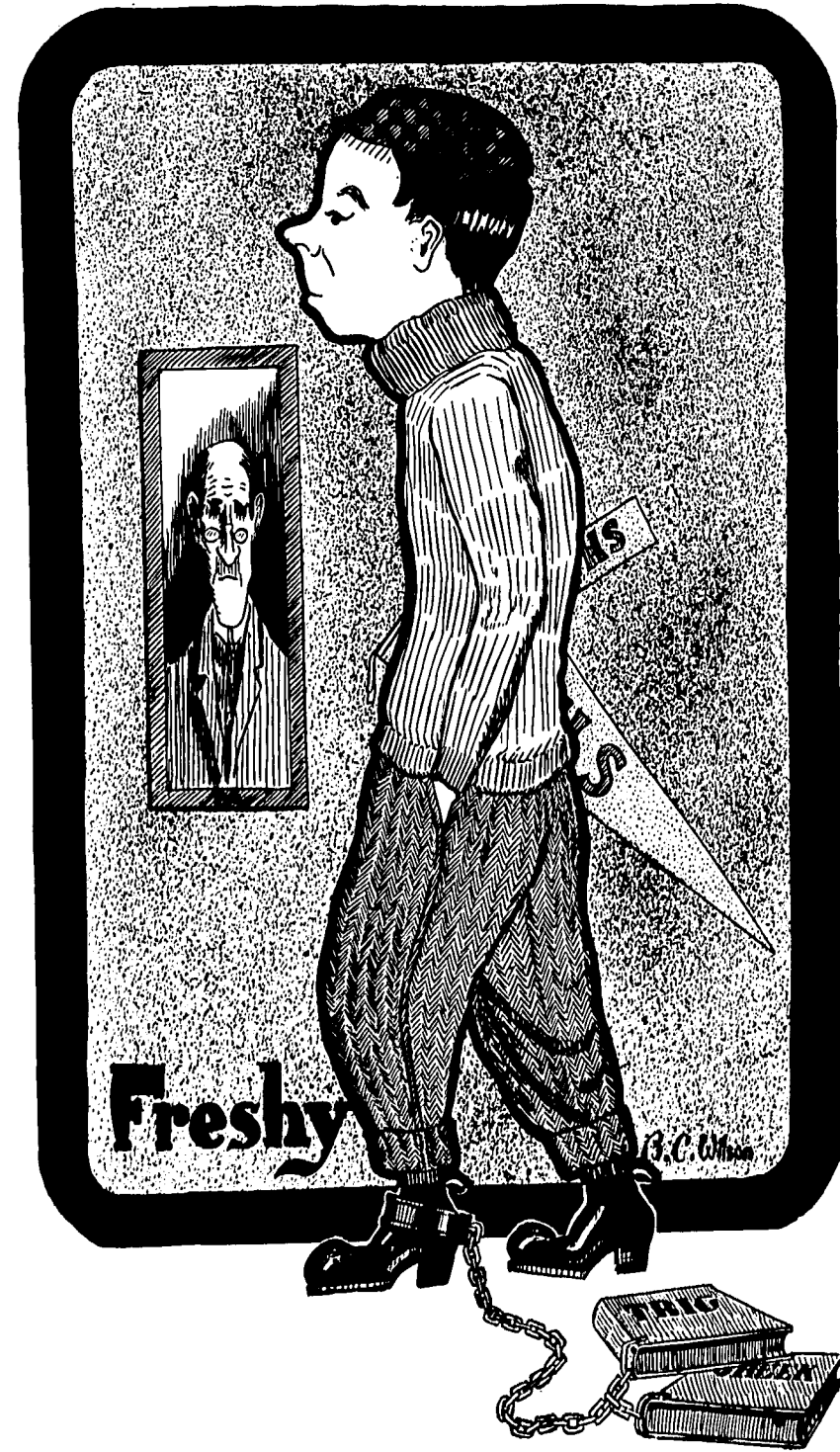
Hi—rickety—rip—ti—roar!
 Hi—rickety—rip—ti—roar!!
 One—Nine—One—Four!!
 Zis—Boom—Soph'more!!!



SOPHOMORE CLASS



SOPHOMORE CLASS



Freshman Class



W. J. MATHERLY, PRESIDENT

Debate Medal, '09-'10.
Ready Speaking Medal, '11-'12.
Intercollegiate Debater, '11-'12.

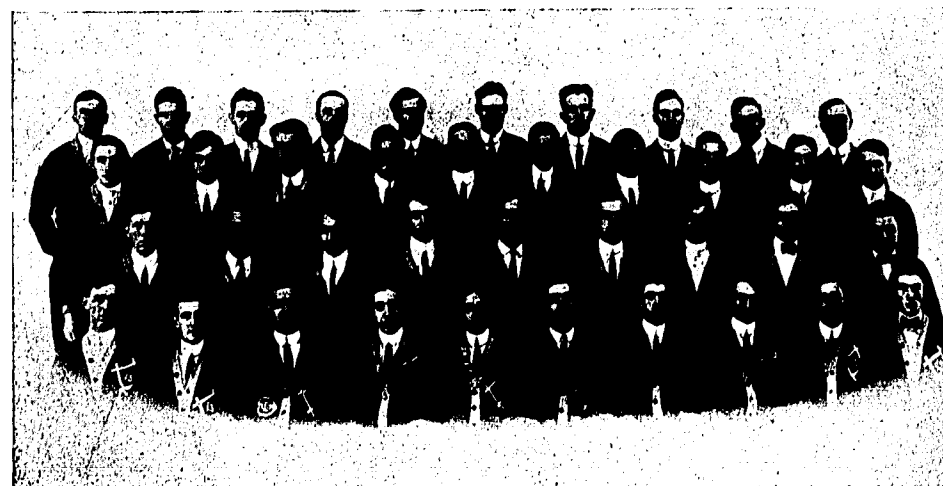
OFFICERS

W. J. MATHERLY	President
C. H. NINEGAR	Vice-President
ASA Q. BURNS	Secretary and Treasurer
HENRY R. GODFRIAUX	O. S. B.

YELL

Hy—O! Cry—O!!
Cry—O! Sy—O!!
Freshmen! Freshmen!!!
Fight—O! Fight—O!!!

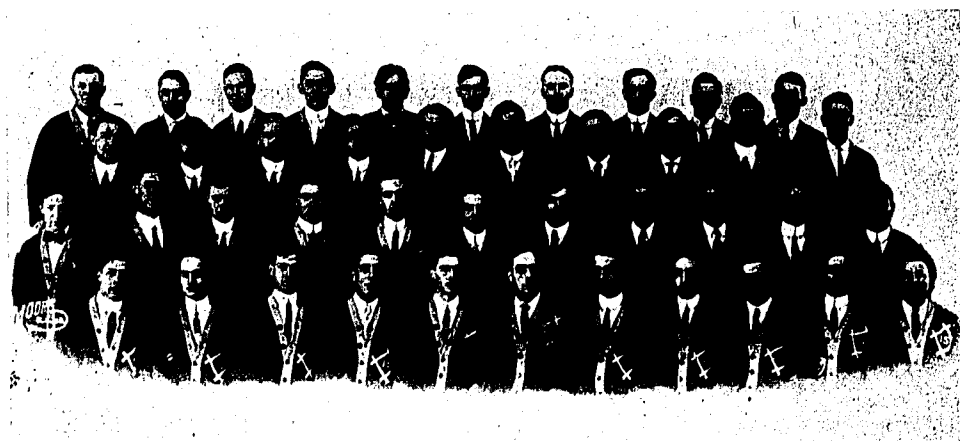
Freshman Class



HONORS

Winners of Class Scrap.
Winners of Fresh-Soph Football Game.
Winners of Fresh-Soph Basketball Games.
Winners of Inter-class Basketball League Trophy.
Varsity Football men: "Kick" Overlees, "Butch" Sanders, "Chet" Magill.
Varsity Basketball men: "Cec" Martin, "Jeff" Jeffries, "Henry" Godfriaux.
Baseball Captain, Henry R. Godfriaux.

Freshman Class



HONORS

F. R. Birkhead, W. J. C. Representative in Missouri Oratorical Contest.
 W. J. Matherly, Ready Speaking, '11-'12.

INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATERS

H. G. Leedy Asa Q. Burns W. J. Matherly

Freshman Football Team

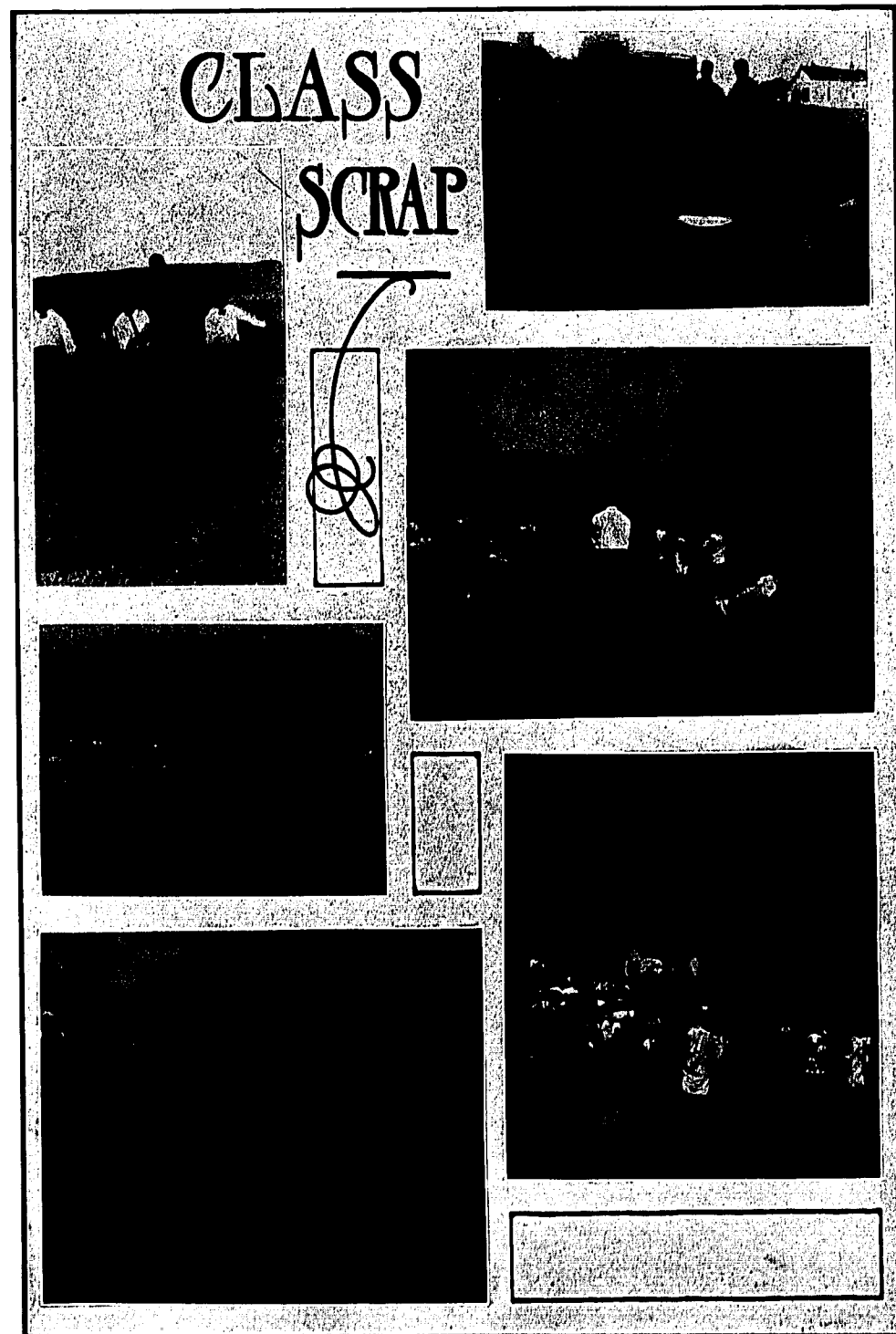


LINEUP

"Scotty" Turner	Right Half
"Lindy" Lindburg, Captain	Quarterback
"Butch" Sanders	Full Back
"Jess" Rixey	Left Half
"Cec" Dawson	Left End
"Henry" Godfriaux	Left Tackle
"Bill" Charles	Left Guard
"Frank" Rose	Center
"Big" Bell	Right Guard
"Jerry" Schaeffer	Right Tackle
"Iky" Ninegar	Right End

SUBS

"Vic" Tatum	L. E. Bagby	"Jeff" Jeffries
"John" Layne	Cadwell	"Dick" Miller
Canady		Chas. Byrn



The School of Theology Club

Organized February 6, 1912, among the students for theological degrees, for the purpose of encouraging a closer friendship among such students and of stimulating interest in this department.



J. A. COOPER, A. B., MISSOURI U., '11.

OFFICERS

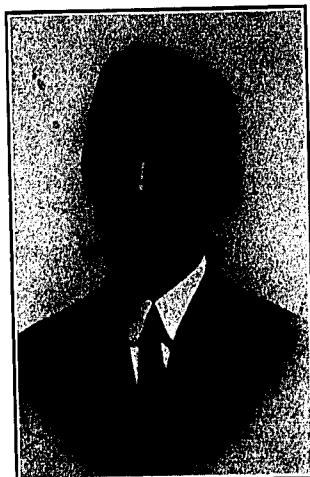
J. A. COOPER	President
S. L. WILLIAMS	Vice-President
J. C. HOUSE	Secretary and Treasurer

CANDIDATES FOR THE TH. B. DEGREE

S. I. Myers, '12	J. A. Cooper, '13	J. H. Hoff, '12
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CANDIDATES FOR THE TH. G. DEGREE

J. D. Briggs, '13	L. R. Kenney, '12
J. C. House, '13	Estelle Hopson, '12
U. E. Burroughs, '13	G. C. Davis, '13
	D. B. Wilcox, '13



J. H. HOFF,
St. Clair, Mo.
Philomathian.



S. I. MYERS, A. B.,
Liberty, Mo.



J. D. BRIGGS,
Roseland, Mo.
Excelsior.



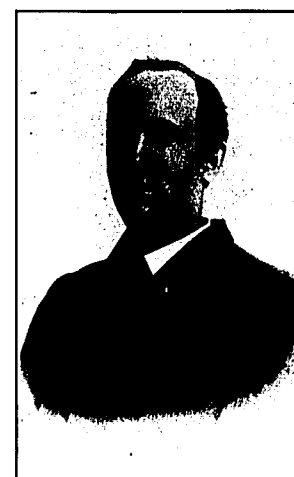
J. C. HOUSE,
Liberty, Mo.



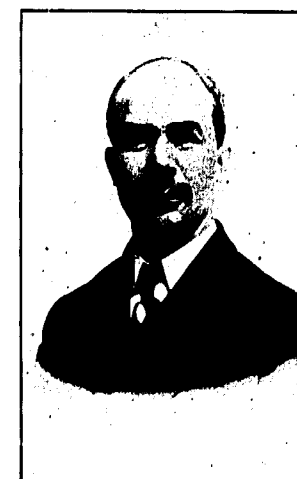
U. E. BURROUGHS,
Coffey, Mo.



D. B. WILCOX,
Ashland, Mo.



L. R. KENNY,
Liberty, Mo.



E. HOPSON,
Liberty, Mo.
Philomathian.



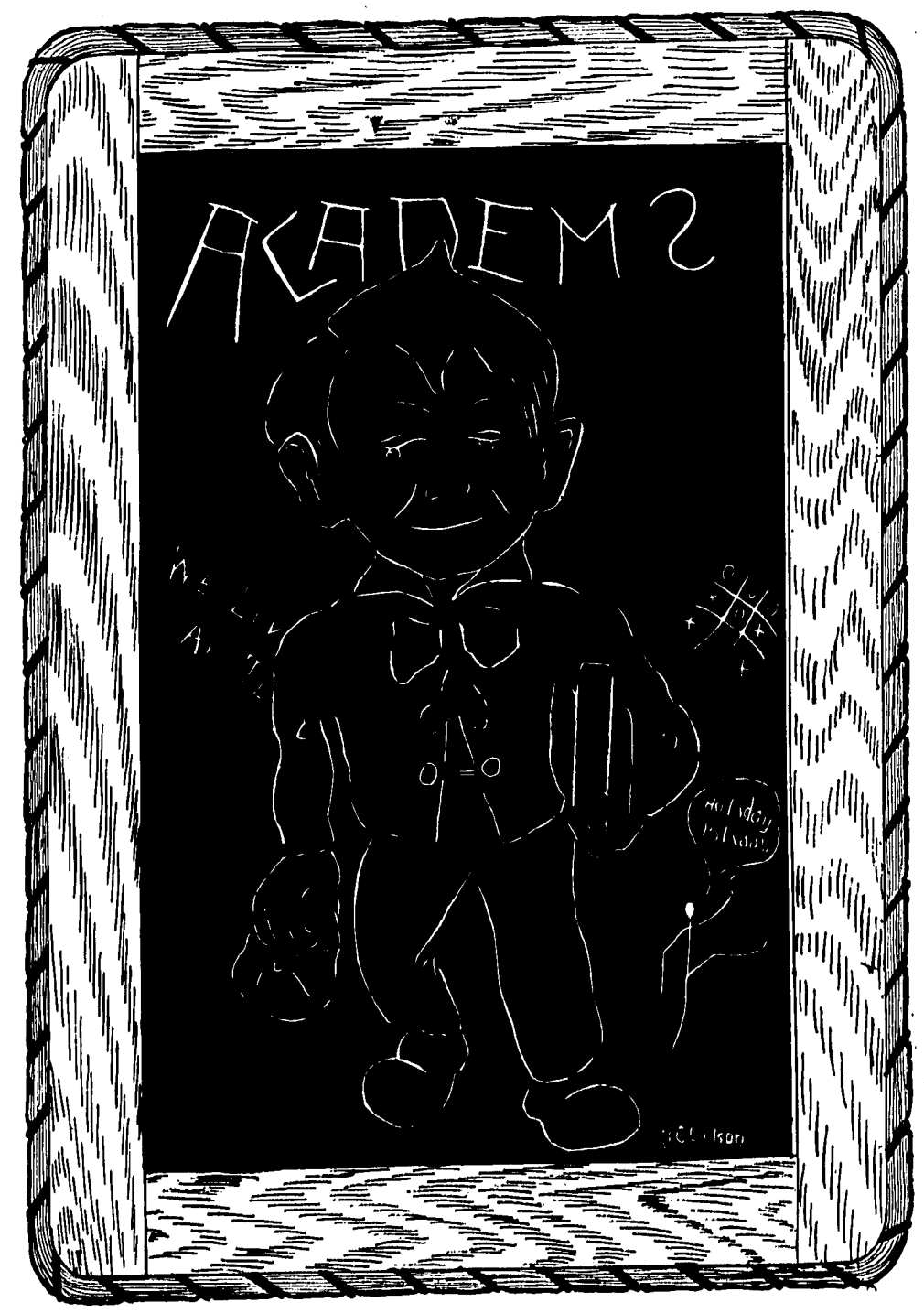
S. L. WILLIAMS,
Liberty, Mo.
Philomathian.



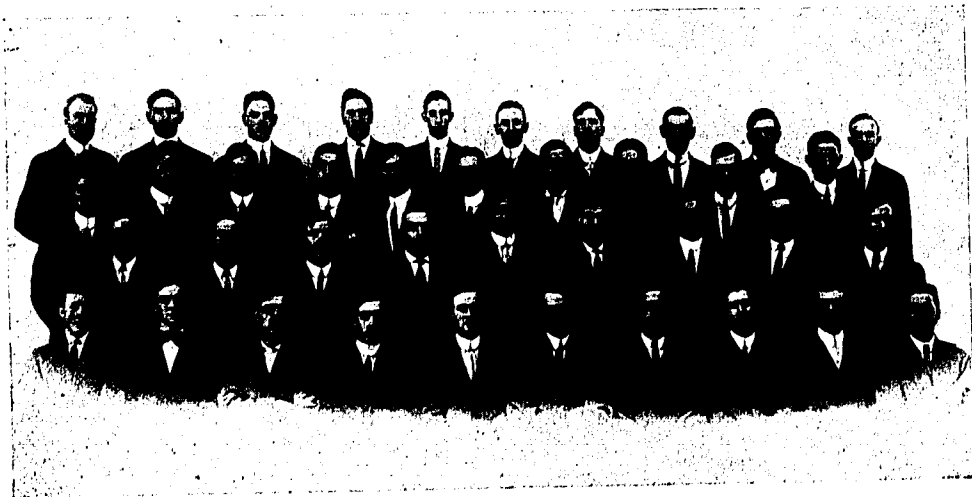
G. C. DAVIS,
Liberty, Mo.

EVOLUTION OF NEW DORM

The image shows a vertical progression of four stages in the development of a dormitory. Each stage is accompanied by a stylized geometric logo that evolves in complexity from top to bottom. The logos consist of various combinations of squares, lines, and rectangles.



Fourth Year Academy



OFFICERS

E. A. HOOD	President
H. L. CALDWELL	Secretary
H. B. VANHOOK	Treasurer
R. L. HAZLETT	Representative, O. S. B.

Third Year Academy



OFFICERS

JULIUS R. MANTY	President
CHARLES E. FILLER	Treasurer

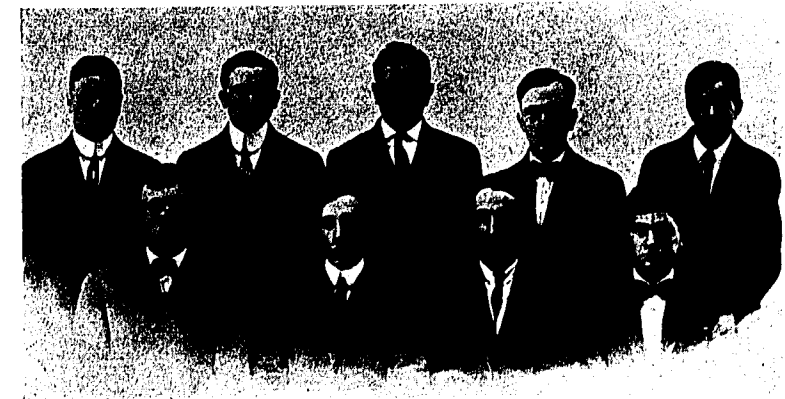
Second Year Academy



OFFICERS

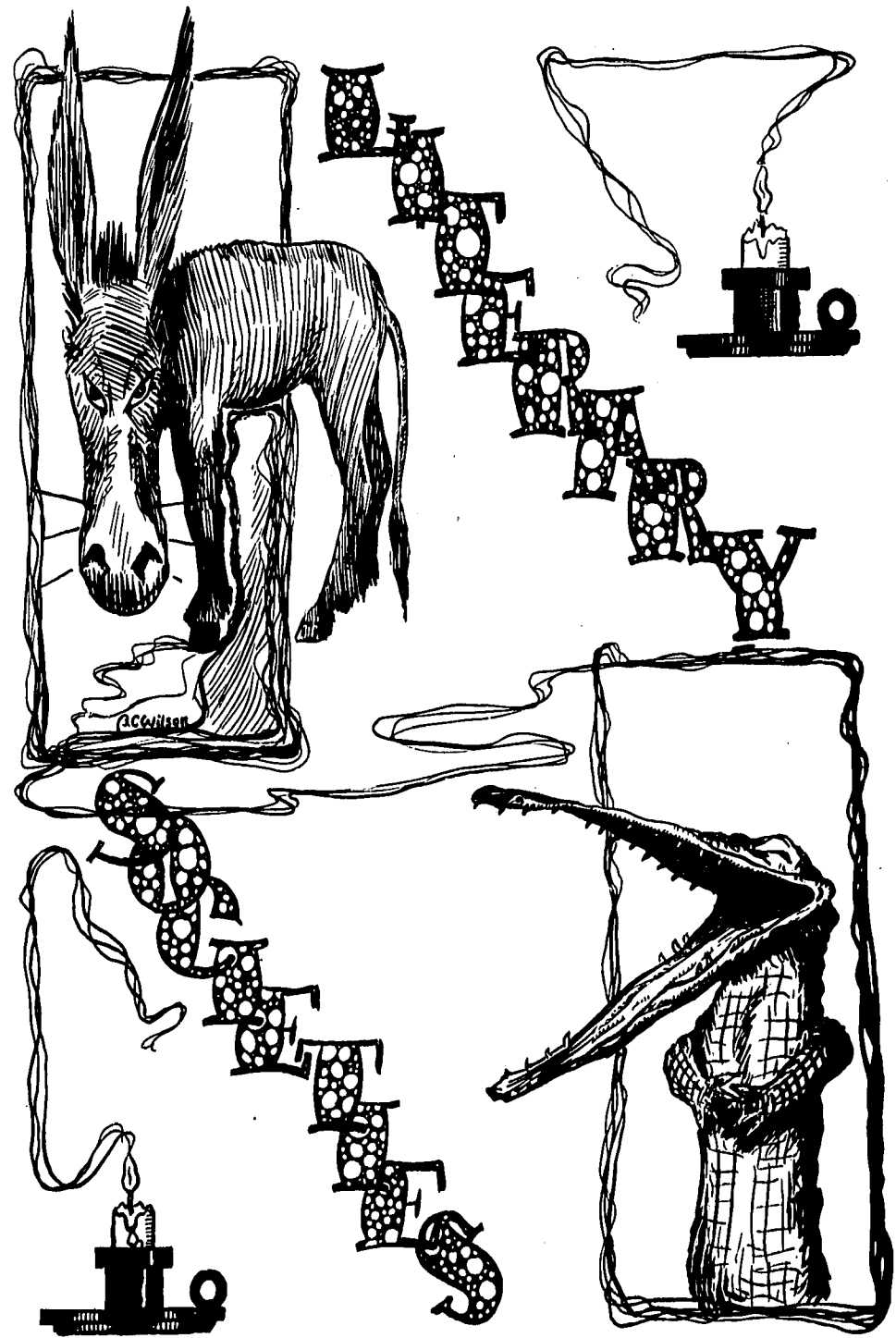
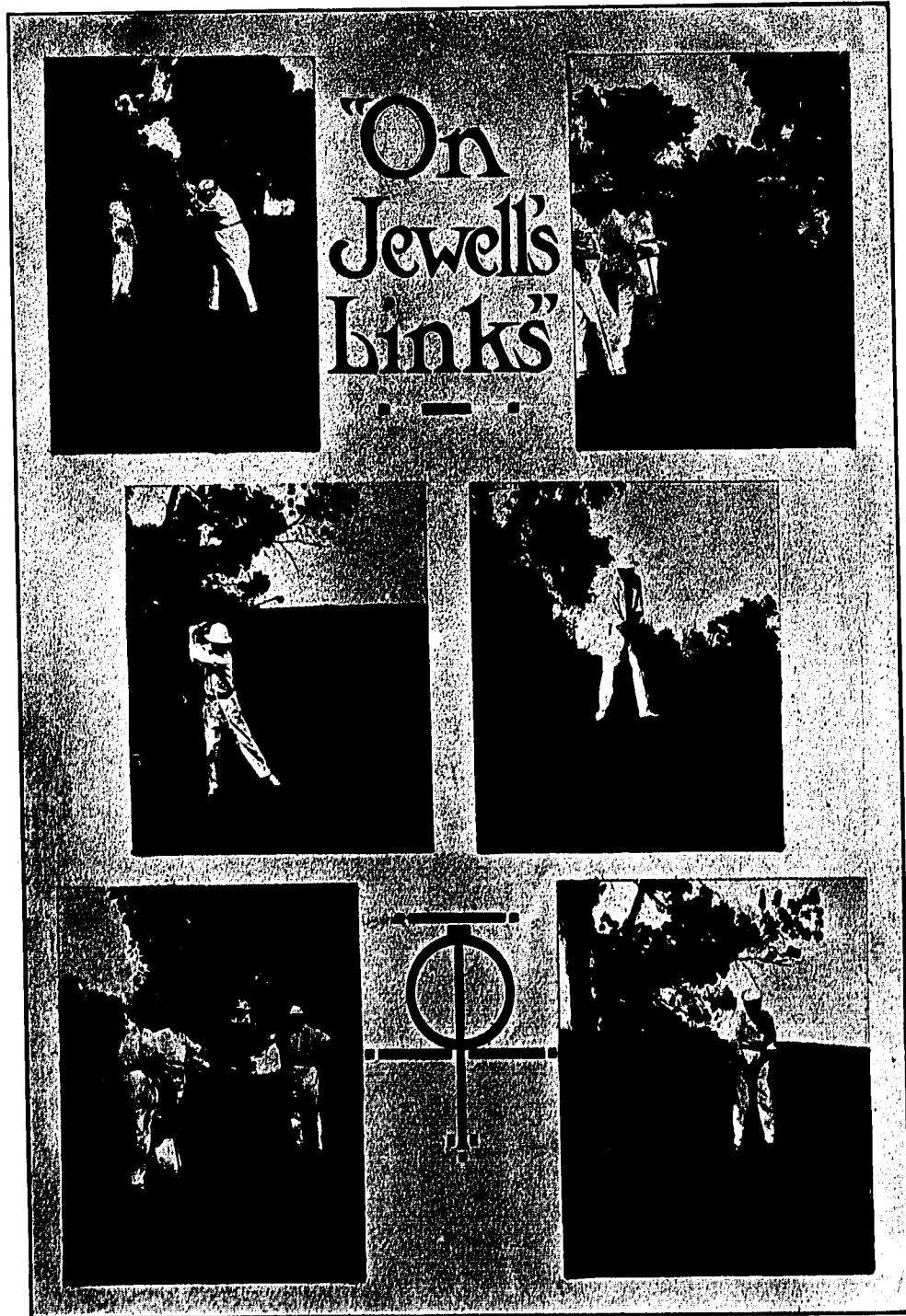
T. S. KESTERSON	President
B. L. SLUSHER	Secretary and Treasurer

First Year Academy



OFFICERS

T. H. DORRIS	President
C. M. MAYBRAY	Vice-President
E. B. HUNTER	Secretary



Senior Excelsior Literary Society

Founded 1857

	PRESIDENTS	VICE-PRESIDENTS	SECRETARIES
First Term	THEODORE PLATT	E. C. WEAKLEY	J. O. PARROTT
Second Term	W. H. WILSON	R. E. BOWLES	R. T. BRYAN
Third Term	E. E. WIDENER	W. A. HOLLADAY	F. I. GORDON

JUNE PRESIDENT

R. E. Bowles

MEDAL WINNERS

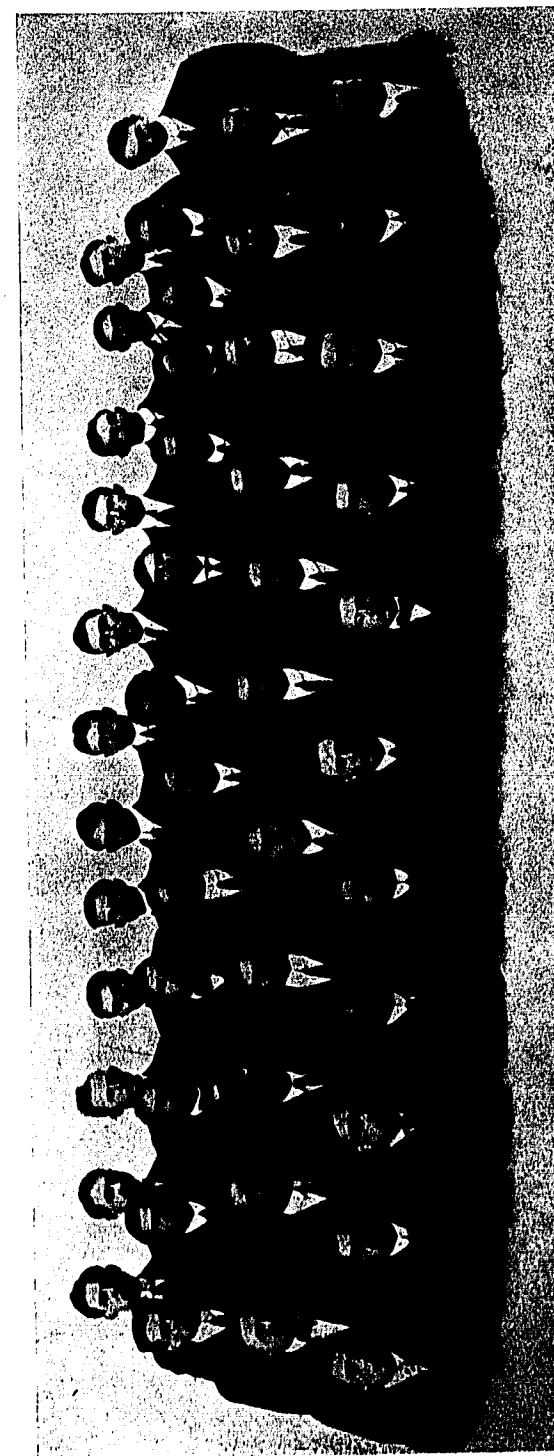
C. H. White, Declamation Walter Matherly, Ready Speaking

INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATERS

Walter Matherly H. G. Leedy

YELL

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



SENIOR EXCELSIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

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 1911-1912

Presidents C. L. MOTLEY S. C. WILLIAMSON R. E. MCGRAW J. H. HOFF	Vice-Presidents R. D. ARNOLD H. T. BEAVER F. SMAY	Secretaries E. L. PINKERTON E. L. PINKERTON C. H. NINEGAR W. S. RUSSELL
------------------------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------	-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

TREASURERS

R. H. Moorman W. E. Parks

JUNE PRESIDENT

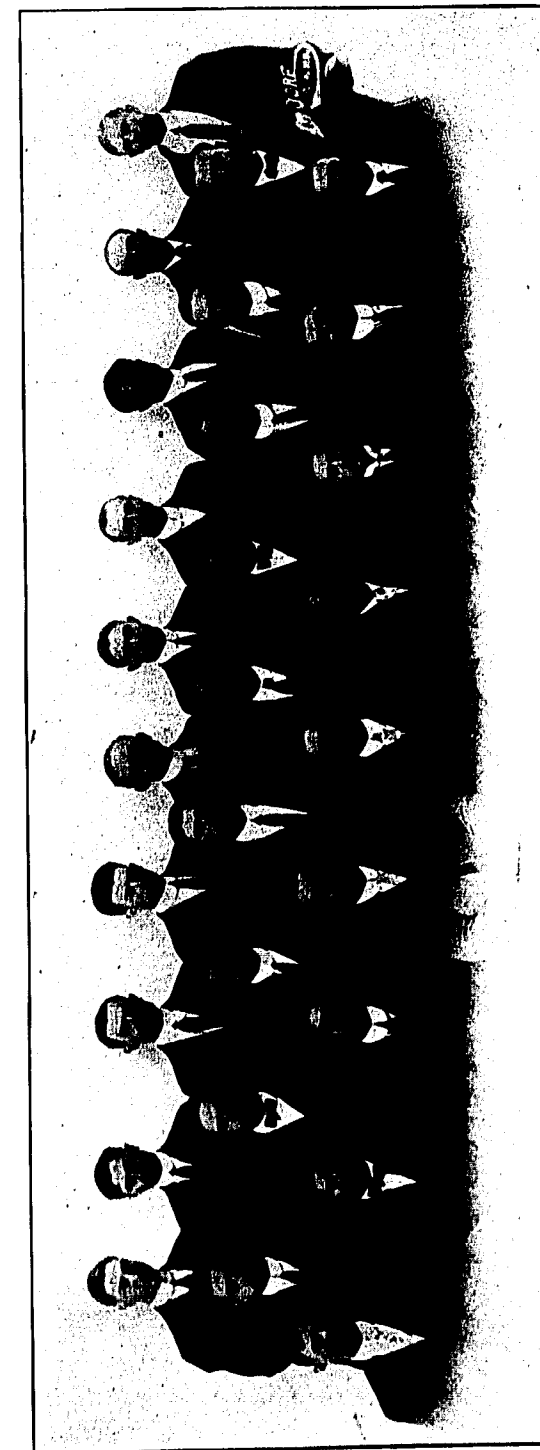
T. M. Grimmett

INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATERS

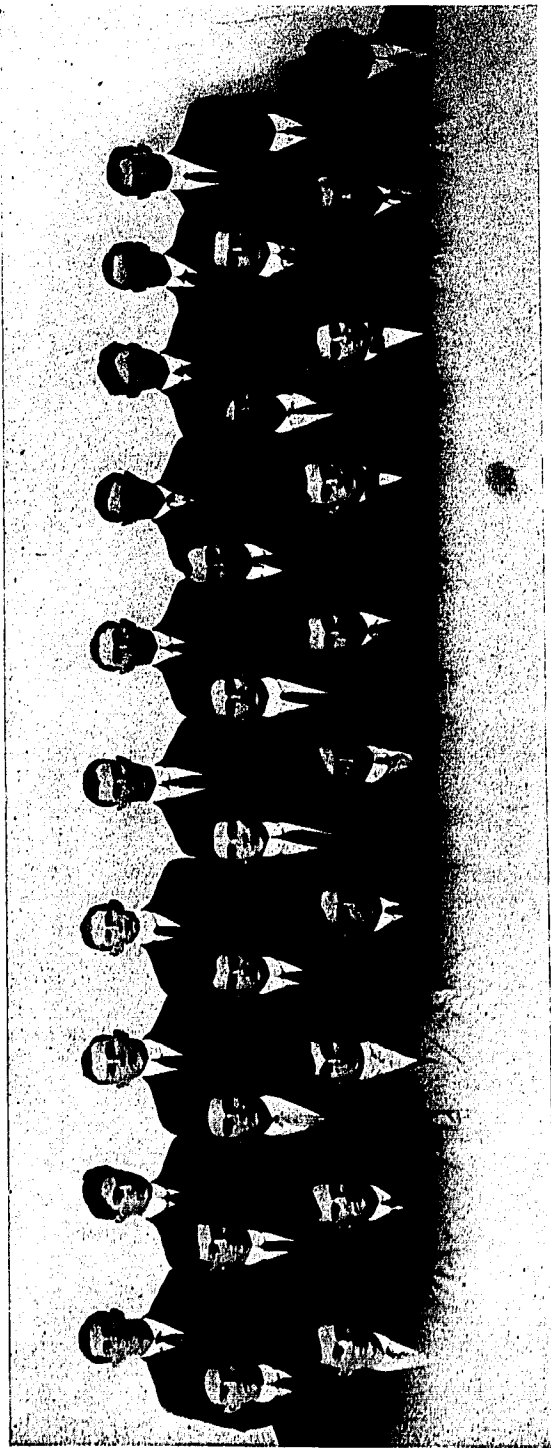
F. M. Powell	J. H. Satterfield	Chas. Durden
H. T. Beaver	Asa Q. Burns	W. E. Stone

MEDAL WINNERS

L. J. Snow	Essay
Chas. Durden	Debate
Chas. Durden	Oratorical
Chas. Durden	Reading



SENIOR PHILOMATHIC LITERARY SOCIETY
Group I.



SENIOR PHILOMATHIC LITERARY SOCIETY
Group II.



CHAS. DURDEN



F. R. BIRKHEAD

Oratory

The home contest was won by Charles Durden, Philomathian, but he was debarred by the professional clause from the inter-collegiate contest. His oration was entitled "The Cry of the Outcast."

Mr. Birkhead, Excelsior, who took second place in the home contest, represented the College in the State contest. His oration, "The Awakened Giant of Asia," won second place, first going to Mr. Samuels of Park College, whose oration was upon the subject, "The Conflict of the Ages."



R. E. BOWLES
Committeeman

Inter-Collegiate Debates

WILLIAM JEWELL'S DEBATE RECORD

DR. E. C. GRIFFITH

The Debate Council at William Jewell has proved a decided success. Whether it is a debate against a Law School, a State University, or a Denominational College, William Jewell very rarely loses the contest. Last year the string of victories consisted of unanimous decisions over the State University of Arkansas, Drury College, and Baylor University. The present season William Jewell's habit of debate victory is again manifested. The first debate of the year was a victory for William Jewell over Drury on March 8th. The second debate, with Monmouth College, resulted in a second victory, and in the third debate of the year our clean record was preserved when we defeated Baylor University. Out of the last sixteen debates, our college has won fourteen victories, winning from such institutions as the Kansas City Law School, Westminster, Washburn, Ottawa, and Drury College, from the Law School of Washington University, the State University of Arkansas, and Baylor University.

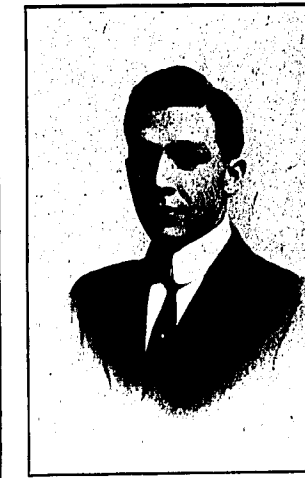
Debate contests call forth the unselfish best of a man in his effort to win for his college. William Jewell has been honored through her debaters by their victories; also by the distinction of having the speeches of one of last year's teams inserted in full in the Congressional Record; and also by having two debates of last year given places in a bound volume of inter-collegiate debates. A strong interest in debating is shown by the large number of men who annually enter the lists.

DRURY COLLEGE vs WILLIAM JEWELL

At Springfield, Mo., March 9, 1912.



W. E. STONE



HOWARD T. BEAVER



H. GAVIN LEEDY

Question:—Resolved: That the Commonwealths should enact legislation providing for the Recall of their public officials.

William Jewell	Affirmative
Drury	Negative

Decision in favor of William Jewell.



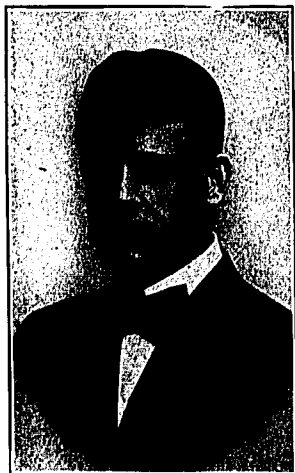
ROGER D. ARNOLD
Committeeman

MONMOUTH COLLEGE vs WILLIAM JEWELL

At Monmouth, Ill., April 12, 1912.



CHARLES DURDEN



W. J. MATHERLY



ASA Q. BURNS

Question:—Resolved: That in state courts of common jurisdiction, a bench of three judges should be substituted for the present jury system in trial of causes. Constitutionality waived or granted.

Monmouth Affirmative
William Jewell Negative
Decision in favor of William Jewell.



THEO. PLATT
Committeeman

BAYLOR UNIVERSITY, WACO, TEXAS, vs WILLIAM JEWELL

At Liberty, Mo., April 18, 1912.



FRANK M. POWELL



J. H. SATTERFIELD

Question:—Resolved: That in state courts of common jurisdiction, a bench of three judges should be substituted for the present jury system in trial of causes. Constitutionality waived or granted.

William Jewell Affirmative
Baylor Negative
Decision in favor of William Jewell.



T. M. GRIMMETT
Committeeman

Junior Excelsior Literary Society

MOTTO
"Excelsior"

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1911-1912

Presidents	Vice-Presidents	Treasurers
L. T. HITES	N. N. SMELSER	H. H. PLANCK
H. C. HEAD	E. A. HOOD	R. I. DAVIS
J. E. BELL	J. R. MANTEY	L. R. LAMB
W. H. ALLISON	J. D. BRIGGS	I. JAMES

HONORS

L. T. Hites	Essay
A. M. Alexander	Declamation

YELL

One a zip,
 Two a zip,
 Three a zip a zam!
 Four a zip, five a zip,
 Don't give a razzle, dazzle,
 Hobble gobble, zip, boom, bah!
 Junior Excelsiors!
 Rah! Rah! Rah!



JUNIOR EXCELSIORS



Junior Philomathic Literary Society

Founded 1853

MOTTO

"Libertas et Eloquentia una Florent"

SPECIAL SESSION, NOVEMBER 17, 1911.

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 1911-1912

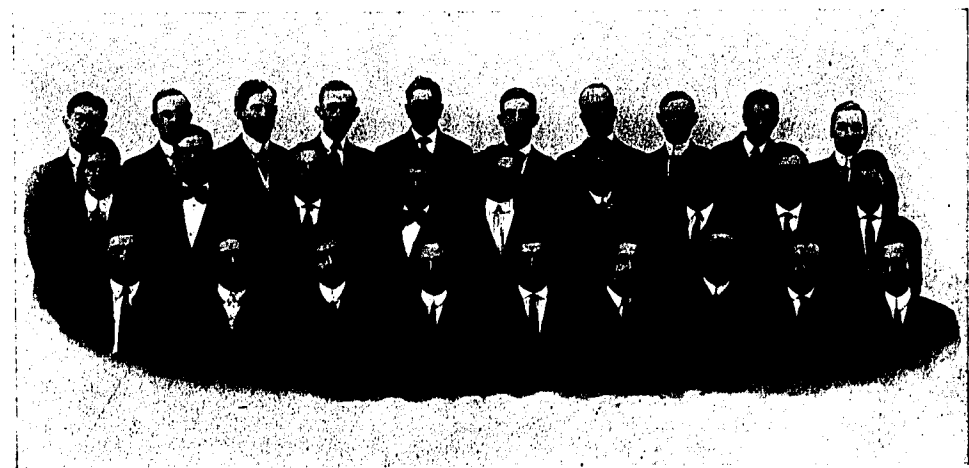
Presidents	Vice-Presidents	Secretaries
W. B. McGraw	H. L. CALDWELL	J. L. PEPPER
A. W. GRAMMER	R. E. HANEY	L. S. CONNER
R. P. DOUGLAS	R. H. PARKER	C. E. FILLER

HONORS

G. O. Baxter	Debate Medal
W. B. McGraw	Reading Medal
Asa Q. Burns	Ready Speaking Medal
Asa Q. Burns	Oration Medal

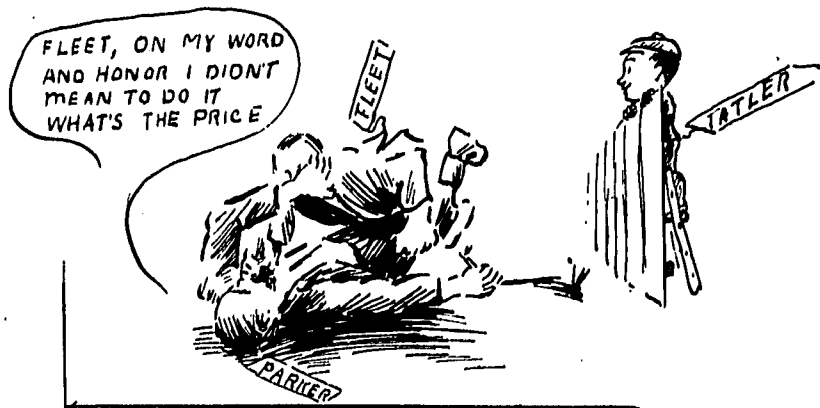
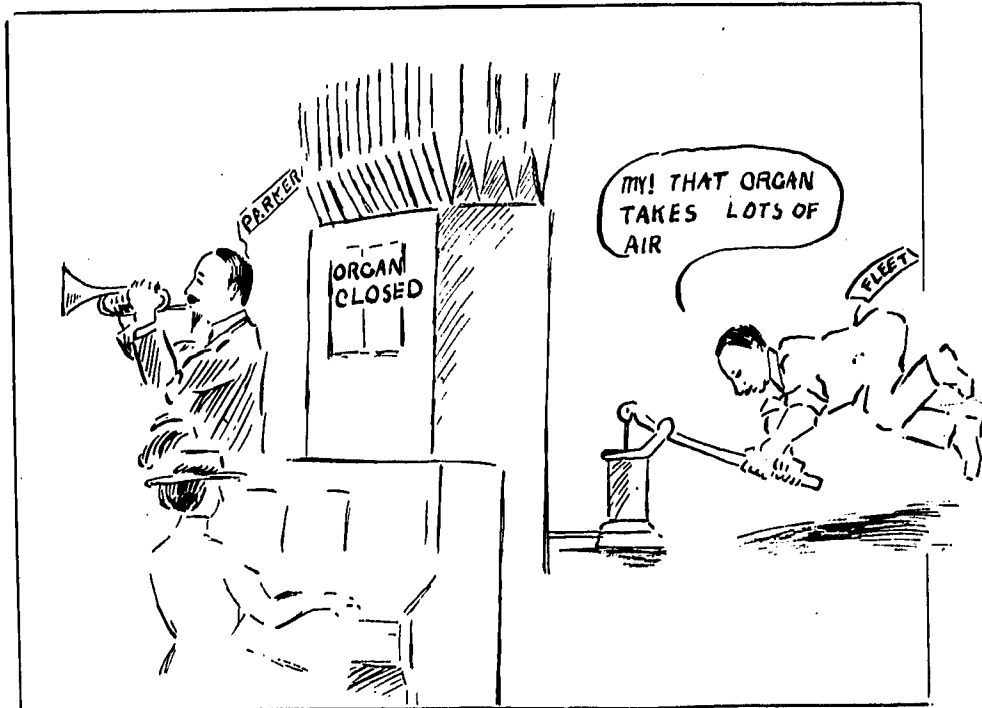
RELAY RACE

C. W. Warren	O. C. Perry
J. R. Rixey	S. P. Baker



JUNIOR PHILOMATHIANS





Dec 31st Dr Fleet pumps the organ."



Kappa Sigma Fraternity

Founded at University of Virginia, 1867.

FLOWER

Lily of the Valley

COLORS

Scarlet, White, and Emerald Green

ALPHA OMEGA CHAPTER

Established May 8, 1897

CHAPTER ROLL

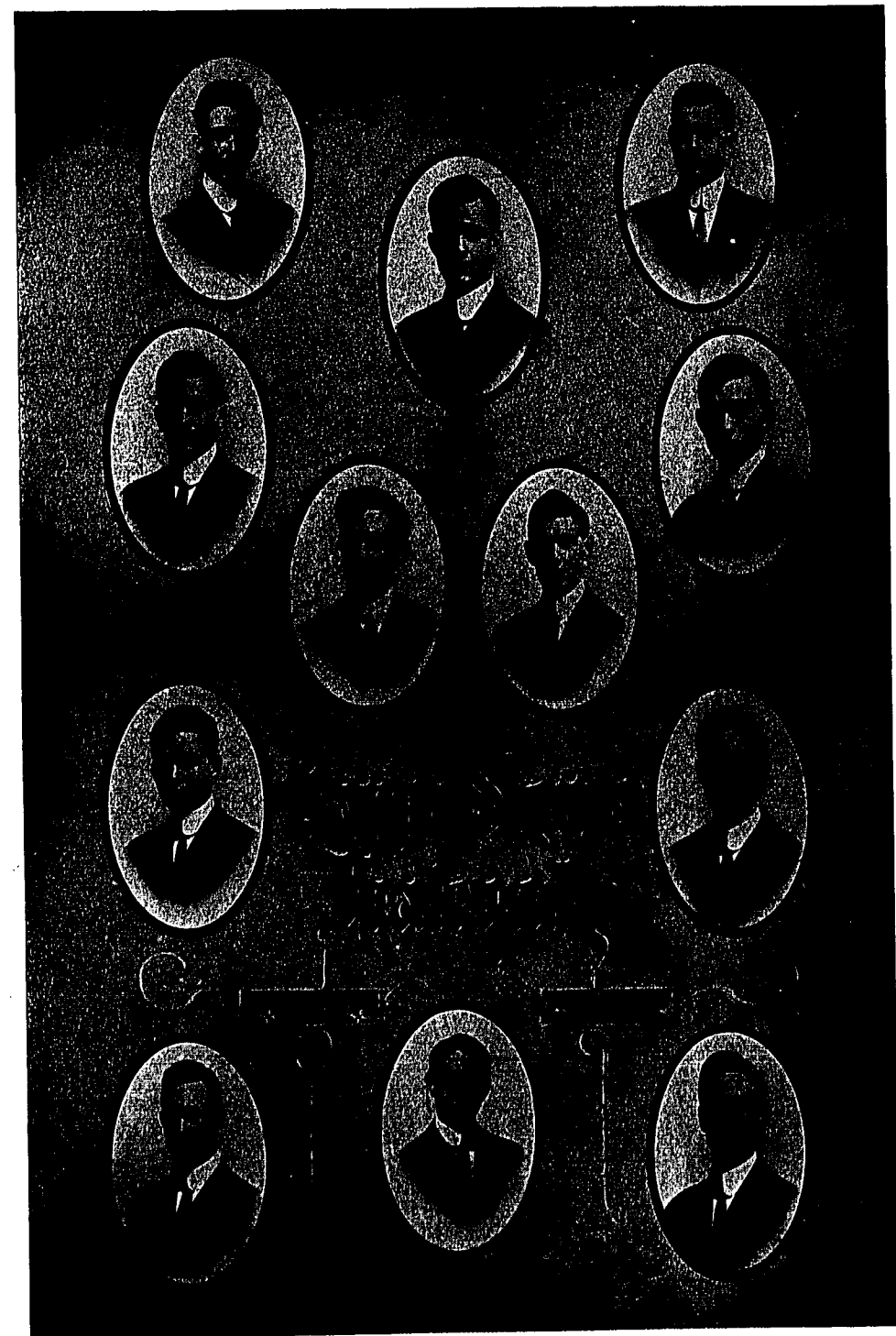
E. K. Bell, '12	K. G. Neuhauser, '14
W. H. Arnote, '12	E. F. Groves, '14
W. C. Crawford, '13	J. B. Cocke, '14
A. B. Crawford, '13	J. M. Tatum, '15
S. Tilton, '13	V. E. Tatum, '15
G. D. Trimble, '13	

PLEDGES

H. H. Palmer	J. J. James
Joe Clark	R. M. Mitchell
Milo Overlees	Coburn Herndon
Gavin Leedy	

FRATRES IN URBE

E. E. Bell	S. M. Hunt
H. F. Simrall	Dr. R. G. Frank
J. S. Simrall	E. S. Simrall
R. G. Gilmer	R. I. Bruce



Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity

Founded at Washington and Jefferson College, Cannonsburg, Pa., 1848

FLOWER

Heliotrope

COLOR

Royal Purple

ZETA PHI CHAPTER

Established April 24, 1886

CHAPTER ROLL

Frank M. Powell, '12	Truman A. Harvey, '14	Hopkins Wade, '14
Carey L. Motley, '12	Merry D. Fleet, '14	Roy G. Sanders, '15
W. Earl Long, '12	Arthur B. Merritt, '14	Richard P. Dorris, '15
Sam E. Babb, '12	Ralph B. Bagby, '14	Albert Hammen, '15
William B. Yancey, '13	Bayard C. Wilson, '14	W. Hunter Price, '15
W. Raymond Hall, '13	Maple T. Harl, '14	Cecil Dawson, '15
Gordon C. Wilson, '13	Sam Y. Pitts, '14	Lew B. Bagby, '15
Cecil E. Stenmons, '13	Julius M. Hickerson, '14	Wayne S. Turner, '15
J. Herbert Satterfield, '13	Robert H. Thomas, '14	

PLEDGES

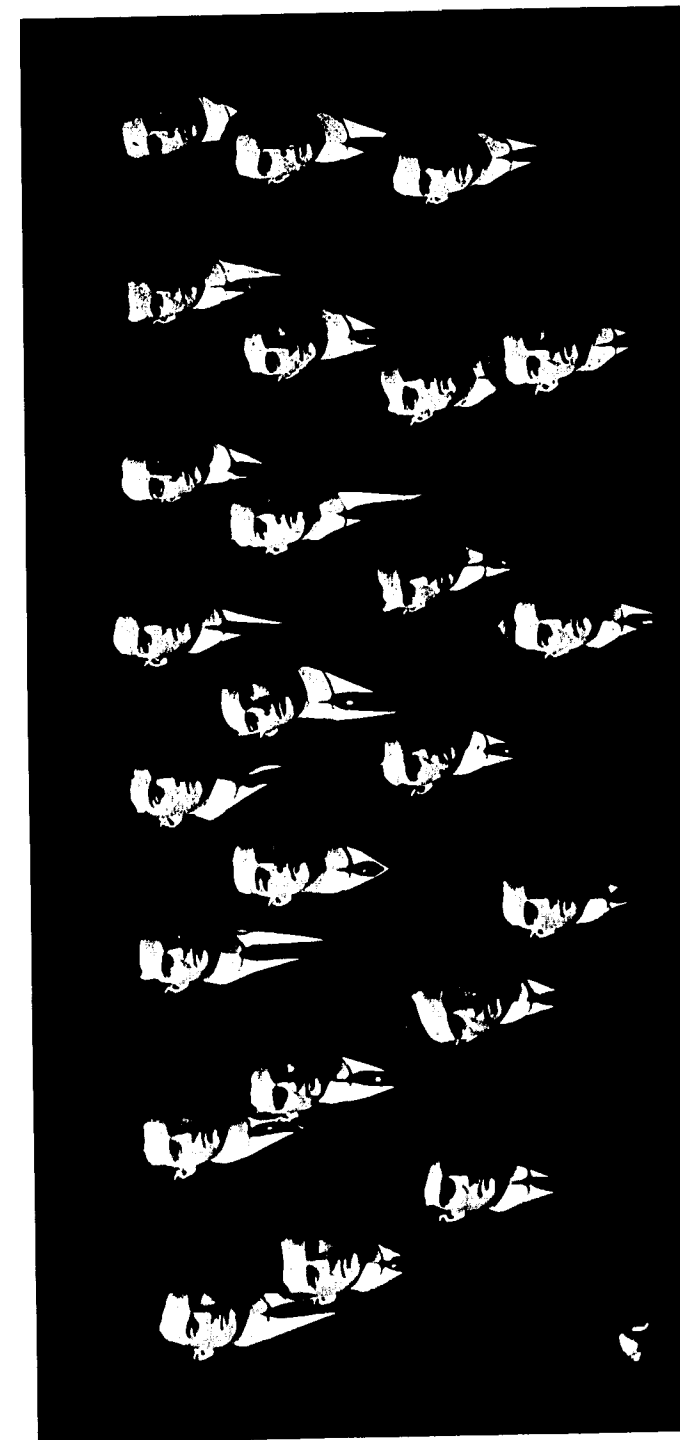
Earl G. Woolf	Byron C. Foy
Richard E. Lewis	Lawson LaPrelle

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

John P. Fruit, Ph. D.	Ward H. Edwards, A. M.
Harry G. Parker, Ph. D.	Chas. W. Moore, A. B., D. D.

FRATRES IN URBE

Dr. E. H. Miller	Webster Withers
Dr. J. H. Rothwell	Norton Hardwick
Judge F. H. Trimble	James A. Miller
Dr. H. A. Bagby	Lynn Shouse
C. E. Yancey	Frank Shouse
R. W. Stogdale	J. J. Morrow
R. T. Withers	



PHI GAMMA DELTA FRATERNITY

Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Founded at Washington and Lee University, 1865

FLOWERS

American Beauty Rose and Magrolia

COLORS

Crimson and Old Gold

ALPHA DELTA CHAPTER

Established January 26, 1887

CHAPTER ROLL

Stephen Reynolds Pollard, '12	Bowling Green, Mo.
Isaac Roy Martin, '12	Liberty, Mo.
Robert Lee Pollard, '13	Bowling Green, Mo.
Minetry Leigh Jones, '13	St. Joseph, Mo.
Nelson Willard Rider, '13	Independence, Mo.
Benjamin Adolphus Singleton, '14	Independence, Mo.
John Wallace Bryant, '14	Rogers, Ark.
Mark Selsor Godman, '15	Kansas City, Mo.
Ludwick Graves, '15	Jefferson City, Mo.
Foster Bolton McHenry	Jefferson City, Mo.
Charlie Richardson Byrn, '15	Murfreesboro, Tenn.
Jesse Watkins Crouch, '15	Liberty, Mo.
Cecil Raymond Martin, '15	Liberty, Mo.

PLEDGES

Hugh Emerson Watkins	Liberty, Mo.
Wynkoop Kiersted, Jr.	Liberty, Mo.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

Paul Reece Rider

FRATRES IN URBE

Rev. C. M. Williams	Dr. A. M. Tutt
Rev. J. H. Dew	Arthur Lee Mitchell
Ralph Hughes	J. L. Dougherty
J. W. Jones	Gen. James A. DeArmond



Sigma Nu Fraternity

Founded at Virginia Military Institute, 1869

FLOWERS

White Rose

COLORS

Black, White, and Old Gold

BETA XI CHAPTER

Established January 1, 1894

CHAPTER ROLL

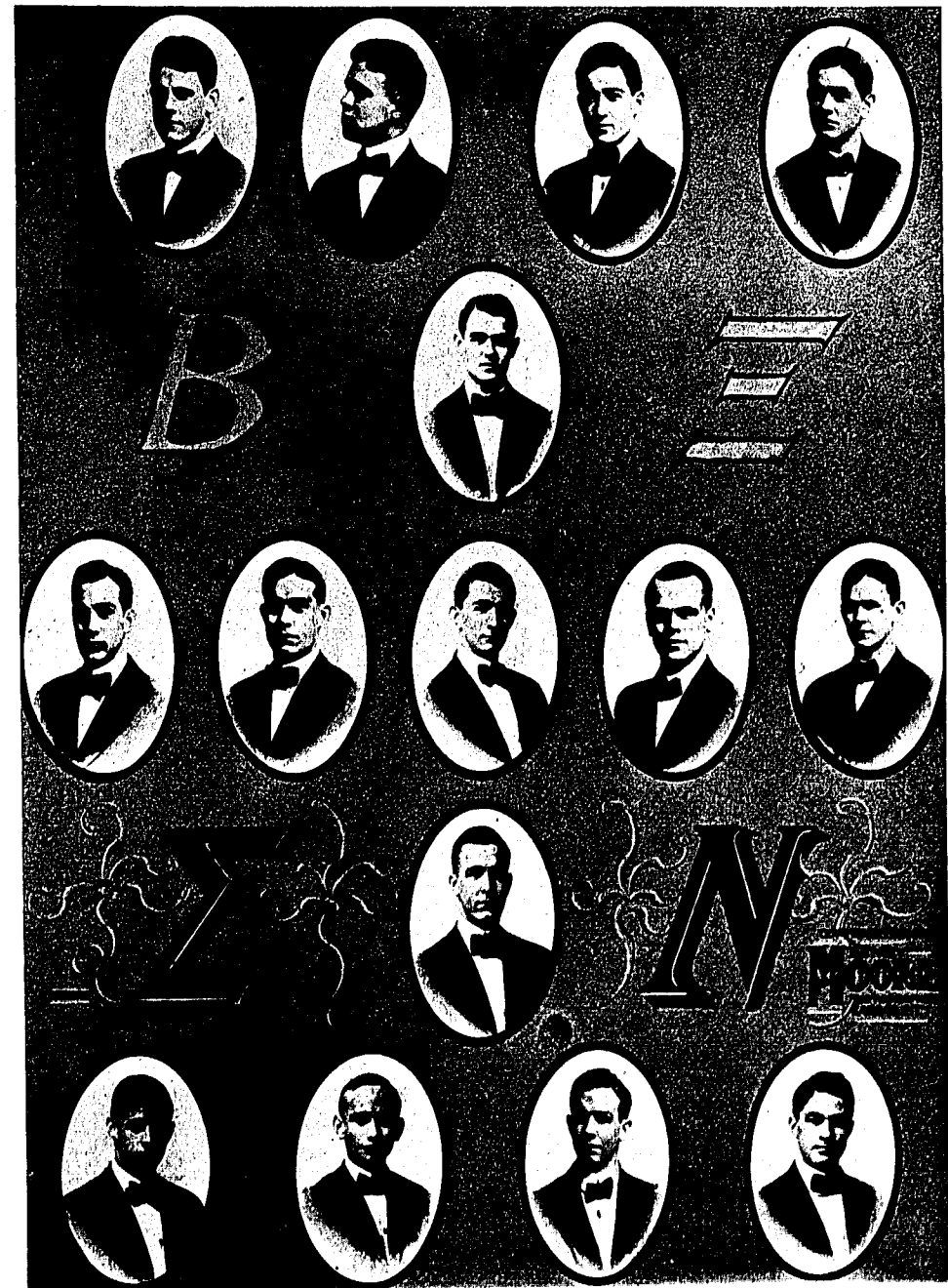
J. W. Storer, '12	S. M. Brown, Jr., '14
W. H. Wilson, '12	W. J. Matherly, '15
R. W. Brandom, '13	L. W. Hazard, '15
S. H. Murray, '14	F. R. Birkhead, '15
W. C. Boone, '12	C. W. Settle, '15
W. E. Stone, '12	G. C. Carbaugh, '15
G. V. McPike, '13	C. C. Hammond, '15
W. R. White, '14	J. S. Jeter, '15

PLEDGE

"Cotton" Petty
L. E. Robertson

FRATRES IN URBE

F. D. Hamilton	R. Z. McKinley
M. A. Burch	T. J. Wornall, Jr.
E. J. Norton, Jr.	C. B. Vardeman
Ralph Major	



The Aeons Society of Seniors

PURPOSE

To further the best interests of William Jewell



MEMBERS

S. E. Babb
E. K. Bell
I. R. Martin
C. L. Motley

T. Platt
W. H. Wilson
J. W. Storer



Organized Student Body

The Organized Student Body is composed of all the students. Its purpose is to support all college activities and create a united college spirit. It boosts the honor system and has kept all cheating out of our college. It systematizes the rooting, works up special trains to athletic events, and celebrates our victories with shirt-tail parades.

OFFICERS

R. E. BOWLES, '12	President
F. L. RHOADES, '13	Secretary

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

T. M. Griffiths, '12	T. A. Harvey, '14
F. L. Rhoades, '13	C. T. Garnett, '15

R. P. Douglass	Sub-Collegiate
R. L. Hazlett	Sub-Collegiate

THE ORGANIZED STUDENT BODY

T.M. Griffiths

F.L. Rhoades

R.E. Bowles

T.A. Harvey

C.T. Garnett

R.P. Douglass

R.L. Hazlett



WILFRED R. HALL
Editor-in-Chief



J. HERBERT SATTERFIELD
Associate Editor



HOWARD T. BEAVER
Literary Editor

Tatler Staff '12



WM. E. DAVIDSON
Associate Literary Editor



R. HENRY MOORMAN
Athletic Editor



GORDON C. WILSON
Art Editor



ROGER D. ARNOLD
Business Manager



ROY JOHNSON
Assistant Business Manager



WM. E. STONE
Organization Manager

Tatler Staff '12



ROBIN L. HUNT
Circulation Manager












RALPH W. BRANDOM
Advertising Manager



FRANK G. RUSSELL
Staff Photographer

STUDENT STAFF

 J.W. STORER '12 Associate Editor	 R.L. HUNT '13 Athletics	
 E.E. WIDNER '12 Circulation Manager	 C. DURDEN '13 Editor in Chief	 H.T. PLATT '12 Around the College
 E.C. WEAKLEY '12 Alumni	 C. L. MOTLEY '12 Business Manager	 H.T. BEAVER '13 Ass't. Bus. Mgr.
 W.H. WILSON '12 Intercollegiate	 LOIS RONEY L.L.C.	 H.D. SCHAEFFER '14 Realm of College



The William Jewell Student

The Student, which in the past has always been a monthly literary publication, made a new departure this year into the weekly newspaper field. While the change was largely experimental, necessarily, the success which the venture has attained thus far assures the permanency of a weekly newspaper in William Jewell College.

Much credit is due to the Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Durden, and his board of Editors, and especially to Mr. Motley, who has made no small sacrifice in order to put the paper on a good, sound, financial basis.

The monthly literary number has not been abandoned, but has been issued every four or five weeks, as before, except that the size and make-up of the weekly has been adhered to in its composition, and that the regular weekly news matter has been inserted in addition.

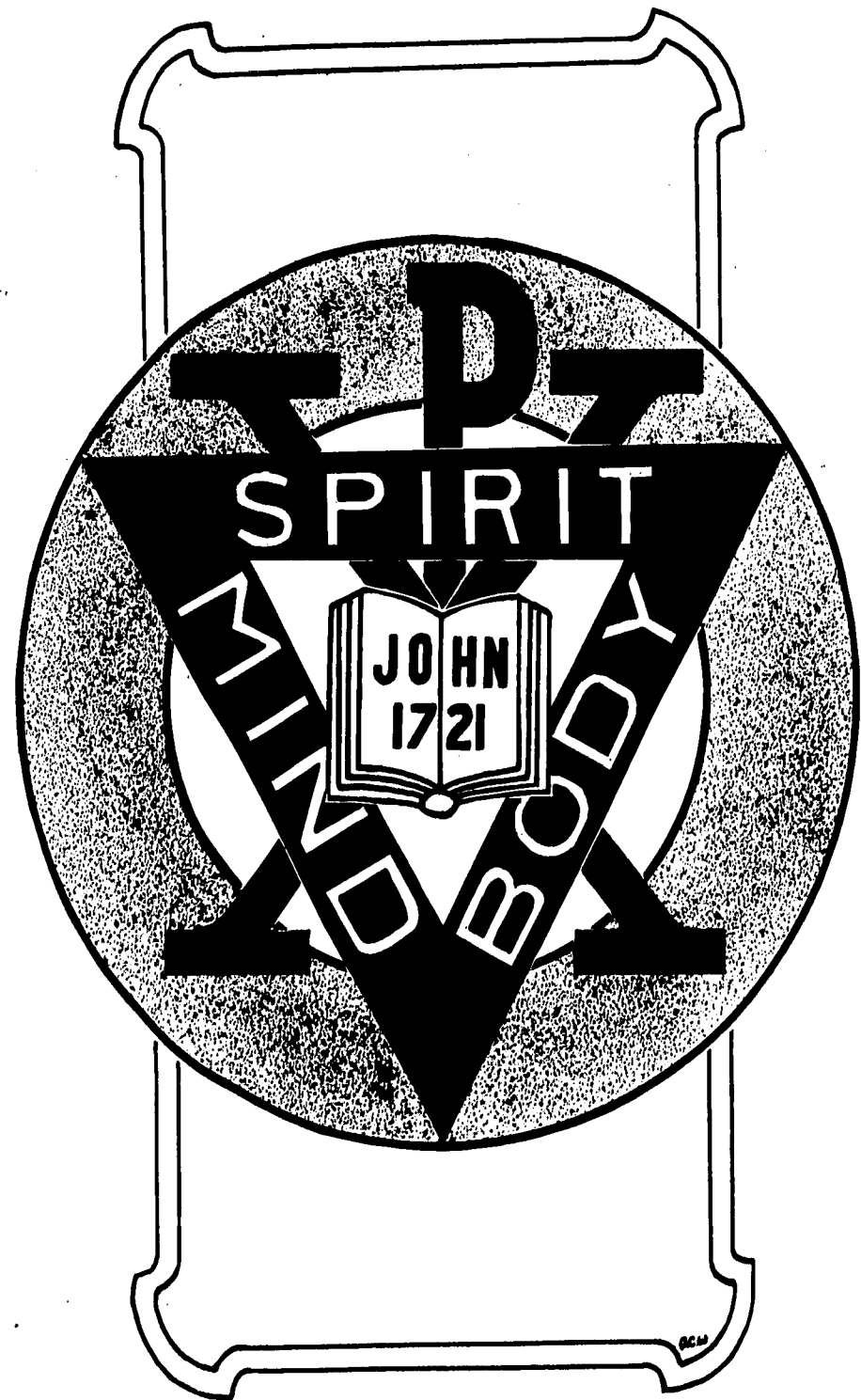
The rush of subscribers to the office of the Student on the afternoon of publication indicates well its popularity. Under the old system, athletic and local news reached the students two or three weeks after the events happened. Now news is news—right off of reel.

The Weekly has had an invigorating effect on the student body. It has been a logical step in the progress of the institution. The change has made necessary the enlargement of the staff of editors from eight to ten.

The success of the New Student has made it a permanent college institution. With the experience of the present staff as a guide, the next year's staff ought to be able to place the William Jewell Student at the very top among Western College publications.



PROFS *AT* PLAY





GOSPEL TEAMS

Y. M. C. A.

The past year has been one of record-breaking for the Young Men's Christian Association. As the Cabinet began their term of office at the beginning of the Spring term last year, they realized that they were facing a situation which was unique in the history of the Association. The organized Christian work of the college had grown to such an extent during the few years of its existence that it was too much of a task for students to handle. Accordingly their first efforts were directed on a vigorous campaign for a General Secretary, which received the support of the entire school. The Missouri Collegiate Officers' Training Conference was entertained in April with about sixty delegates present from other colleges.

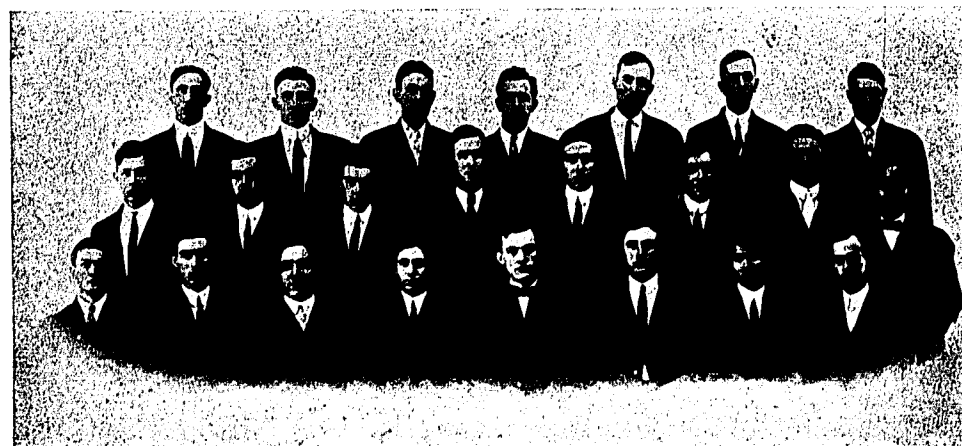
The work started again in September with the new General Secretary, Mr. C. F. Kemper, a graduate of Denison University, on the field, and with the brightest prospects for a successful year. The Association work was organized on a broad, sound scale, and results began to show. A Committeemen's Policy Luncheon, attended by about sixty, held in the fall, outlined clearly the work of each committee for the year and put vision and enthusiasm into the men. The State Gospel Team

Training Conference was held with us in December. Three Gospel Teams were sent out to Kearney, Greenwood and Platte City and did good work. Sixteen men took part in this enterprise, with a result of over twenty decisions for the Christian life, over one hundred deciding to make a Forward Step, and the forming of men's classes in the different Sunday Schools.

The sky was clouded by the sudden serious illness of Secretary Kemper in December, which compelled him to give up his position a few weeks later. His resignation was a big blow to the Association, and the work was crippled seriously. Mr. Kemper's work with us was signally successful and permanent. In spite of his resignation, the results in all departments were larger than in any previous year. The membership was increased to 436 men, 250 men were enrolled in Bible Study, and 201 in a one-term course in Mission Study. From two hundred to three hundred fifty men were present at the Friday morning Association meetings.

After a very careful search, a new Secretary is about to be secured, and every indication points to a very successful administration for the next year.

The Student Volunteer Band



OFFICERS

JOHN H. WILLIAMS	President
WM. EARL DAVIDSON	Vice-President
WM. E. PARKS	Secretary
WM. B. CHARLES	Treasurer

COMMITTEE ON EXTENSION WORK

Frank H. Connely Wm. Earl Davidson

The Student Volunteer Band is composed of 30 men who have volunteered to go to the Foreign field as missionaries. Its aim is to give others the same vision of service on the Foreign field. To bring this about, its members are sent to the churches and Young People's Societies to give talks on Mission Work, and to organize Mission Study classes. These speakers have addressed about 3,000 men in the past year, and have organized several classes in different churches. The Band is also organizing Young People's Mission Bands in many of the churches.

Oklahoma Tribe

MOTTO

"Tong-lee to shuk King-wee-lu-su"

PURPOSE

To make the world better by living in it

YELL

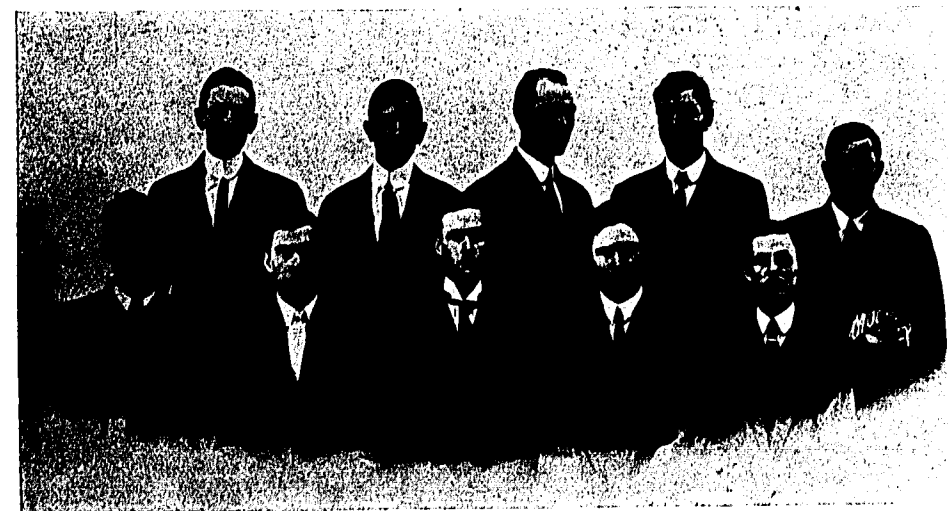
Roma, Koma, Boma, Soma,
We're the Tribe from Oklahoma.

FLOWER

Mistletoe

COLORS

Red and Bronz



OFFICERS

E. P. GARRETT	Chief
V. J. SIMS	Sachem
J. O. BROWN	Medicine Man

MEMBERS

L. E. Nelson	T. W. Henshaw	E. P. Garrett	V. J. Sims	L. E. Marvin
J. H. Pollard	H. M. Huffman	R. A. Stonebraker	O. R. Robinson	J. O. Brown

Oh, Oklahoma land of God,
Where once the wild deer lightly trod,
Where once the red man long did roam,
Thou hast become the white man's home.

Now in the flag's deep azure sea,
There is a star to shine for thee,
An emblem of a new-born state,
A commonwealth both grand and great.

Kentucky Club

Oldest and largest state club in William Jewell College.

COLORS

Red and Blue

OFFICERS

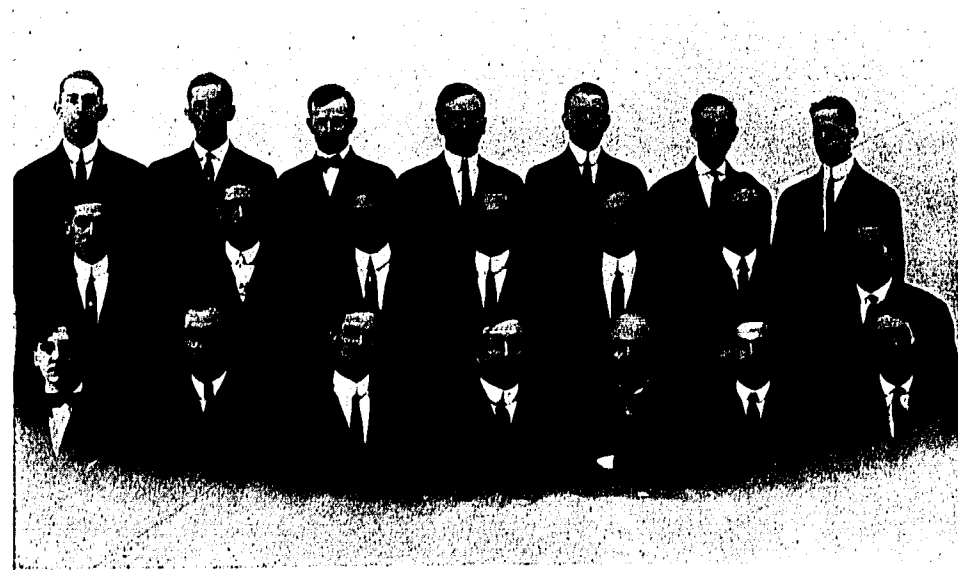
DR. J. P. FRUIT	Colonel
THEO. PLATT	Lieutenant Colonel
M. E. BRATCHER	Captain
W. J. MATHERLY	Major
B. B. BLACKFORD	Sergeant

PURPOSE

To establish closer fellowship, keep alive memories of our native state, and to preserve the proverbial hospitality and brotherly feeling of the "Dark and Bloody Ground."

MEMBERS

Dr. J. P. Fruit	M. W. Lamkin
Dr. J. E. Cook	W. J. Matherly
J. E. Bruner	Theo. Platt
M. E. Bratcher	J. A. Chaudoin
H. B. Bruner	Murat Schively
J. E. Bell	C. R. Scarbrough
T. C. Brammer	G. N. Smith
H. C. Combs	R. H. Thomas
W. L. Derringer	T. A. Wallace
J. N. Ford	U. M. Smith
W. A. Holladay	E. L. Derringer
H. C. Head	V. H. Coffman
B. F. Kennedy	



KENTUCKY CLUB

Colorado Club

PURPOSE

To uphold at all times the name of Colorado; to keep in touch with Colorado affairs; to draw within the hallowed influences of William Jewell College, many more of Colorado's noblest sons; and to unite ourselves more closely in a band of fraternal union.

OFFICERS

ELTON G. HARRIS	President
R. L. HAZLETT	Secretary

MEMBERS

R. F. Beasley	B. F. Howard
Howard T. Beaver	Jose F. Jeantet
C. H. Carter	A. L. Lantz
Peter De Young	J. L. Pepper
J. W. Fields	A. B. Robinson
D. T. Griffiths	W. E. Sparks
Maple T. Harl	J. Wilson Storer
G. Elton Harris	Jack Willard
Ralph L. Hazlett	Earl Woolf

COLORS

Gold and Silver

MASCOT

Rocky Mountain Canary, alias, Burro

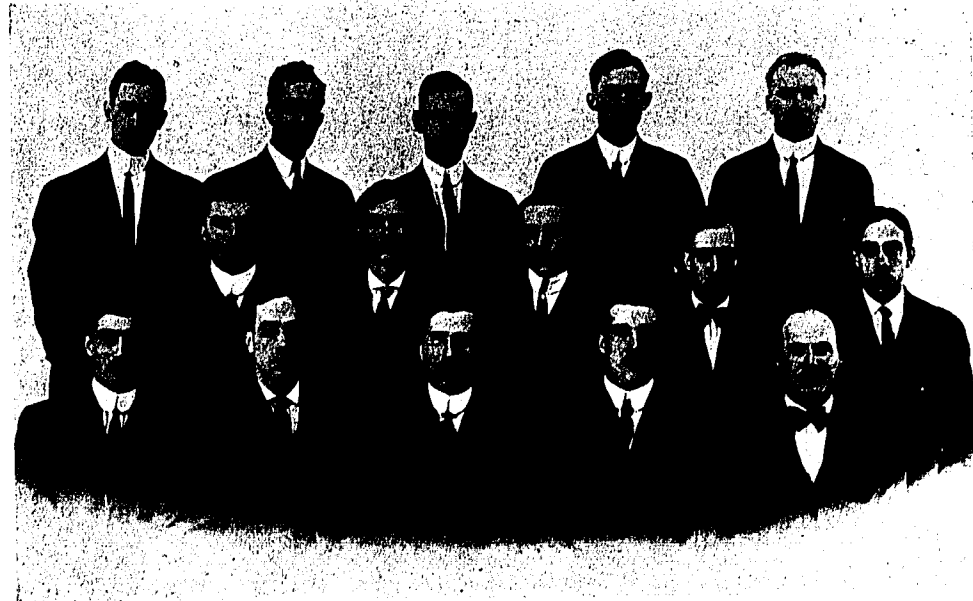
YELL

Pike's Peak or Bust!
Pike's Peak or Bust!!
We're from Colorado!
Yell We Must!!!!



COLORADO CLUB

Illinois Club



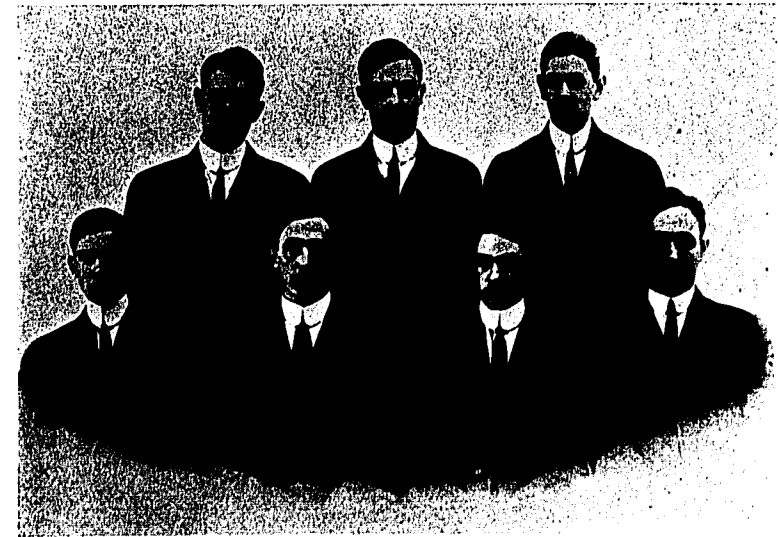
STATE FLOWER

Violet

ROSTER

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| D. Alexander | T. M. Griffiths |
| L. J. Arnold | W. R. Hall |
| G. C. Brenneman | W. C. Hanson |
| Prof. R. H. Coon | F. O. Hess |
| T. H. Dorris | A. H. Karraker |
| H. W. Flagg | J. L. McCune |
| H. R. Godfriaux | C. H. Ninegar |
| A. W. Grammer | J. A. Sskwor |
| Dr. E. C. Griffith | W. J. Swartz |
| C. W. Warren | R. A. Wester |

Tennessee Club



FLOWER

Magnolia

COLORS

Orange and White

PURPOSE

To "show" Tennessee boys the advantage of William Jewell

OFFICERS

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------|
| W. R. WHITE | President |
| C. R. BYRN | Vice-President |
| J. S. JETER | Secretary |

MEMBERS

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| W. C. Boone | J. S. Jeter |
| C. R. Byrn | W. R. White |
| T. M. Grimmett | A. R. Herrel |
| J. R. Hickerson | |

El Liceo Castelar

FLOWER
El Clavel

MOTTO
Hablemos Espanol

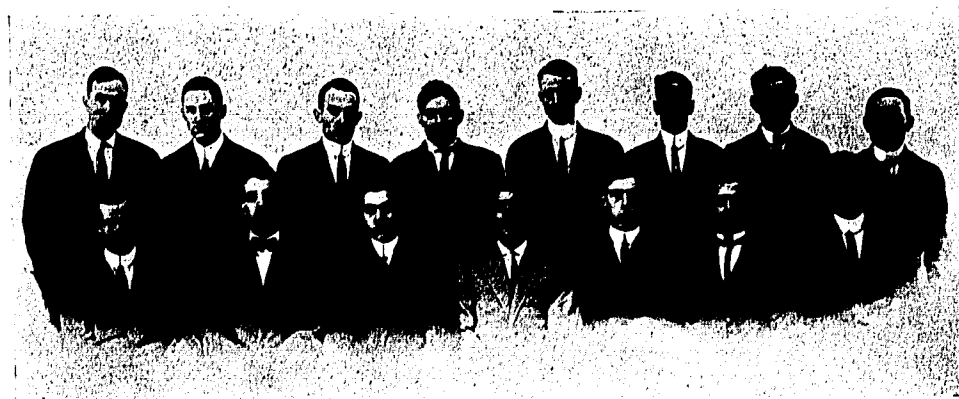
PURPOSE

To promote an interest in the speaking of Spanish

El Senor Cantu Instructor

OFFICERS

NELSON RIDER	President
M. S. GODMAN	Vice-President
R. B. BAGBY	Secretary



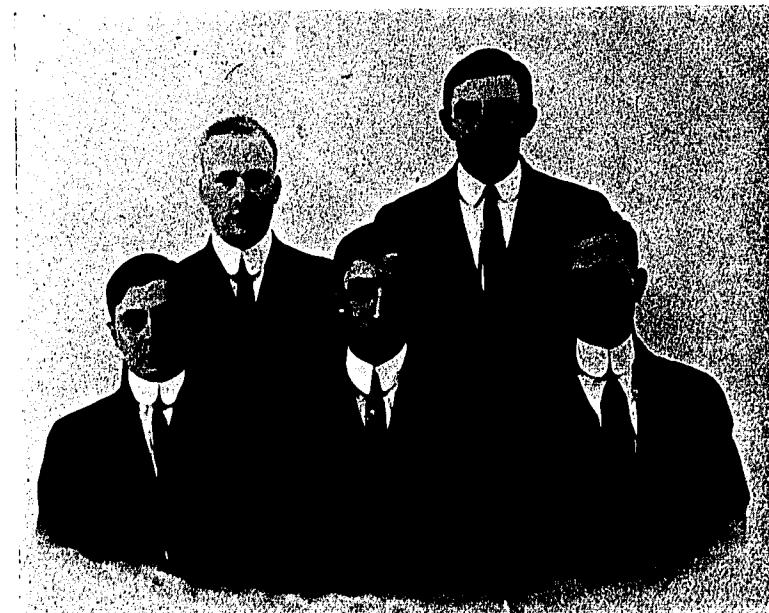
MEMBERS

R. B. Bagby	N. W. Rider
B. B. Blackford	G. D. Trimble
J. W. Crouch	J. W. Storer
D. Cuthbertson	G. C. Wilson
M. S. Godman	J. W. Zentmyer
Ernest Graham	O. W. Stanbrough
C. L. Motley	R. Rendlen
W. E. Petts	A. Anderson

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

Prof. W. D. Basket Prof. Martini

Tarkio Club



OFFICERS

C. M. BOYER	President
CHAS. SCARBOROUGH	Vice-President
PRESTON PAYNE	Treasurer
R. V. BOYER	Corresponding Secretary

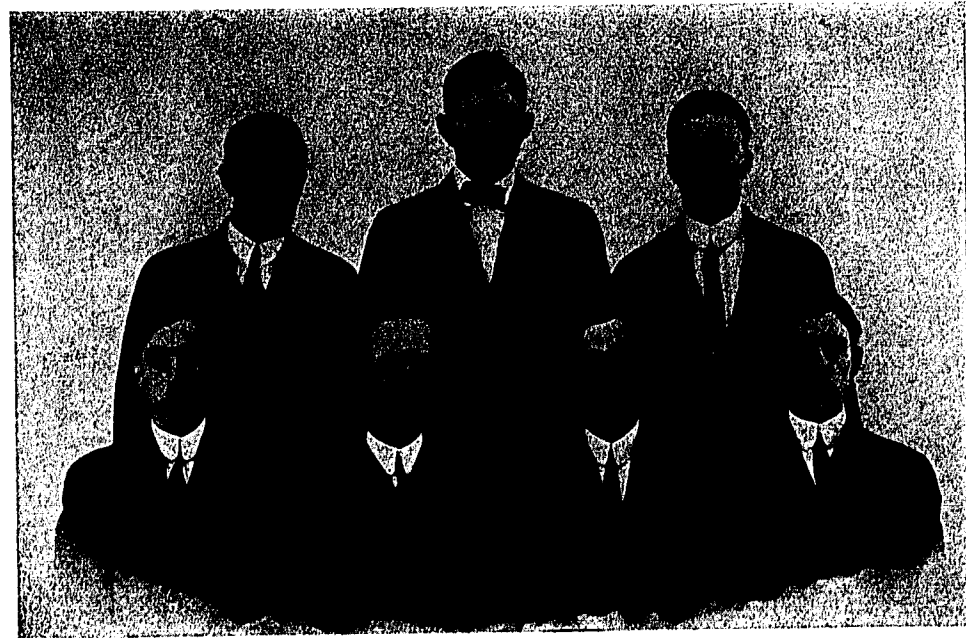
PURPOSE

To increase friendly relations between Tarkio and William Jewell.

YELL

Rip—Bang!
Rip—ho!!
Get there
Rain or Snow!!
Set Fire!!
Tarkio!!!!

Students' Co-operative Association



BOARD OF DIRECTORS

S. E. Stout, Ph. D.	E. L. Pinkerton, '14
W. D. Baskett, A. M.	H. R. Godfriaux, '15
R. A. Wester, '12	E. A. Hood, Academy
R. H. Moorman, '13	W. J. Swartz, '12, Manager

The Students' Co-operative Store was opened in the fall of 1908. Its purpose is to furnish students' supplies at reduced prices. In 1909-'10 it paid dividends of 8% and in 1911 it paid 9%. It has a present membership of 385, and is controlled by the student body through a board of directors elected by them.

Ye Sons of Rest

Founded at University of Eden, 7000 B. C.



ROLL

"Count" Motley, '12	"Dutch" Neuhauser, '14
"Tubby" Wilson, '12	"Swigger" White, '14
"Ike" Martin, '12	"Hubbie" Satterfield, '13
"Hank" Schaeffer, '14	"Stu-d" Moorman, '13
"Blustie" Beaver, '13	"Beck" Settle, '15
"Pork" Singleton, '14	"Earl Percy" Pollard, '13
"Empty" Harl, '14	

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

"Foxy Granddaddy" Fruit, (Extraordinary).

FRATRES IN URBE

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

YAWN

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

Der Deutsche Klub

OFFICERS

ROGER D. ARNOLD President
J. RAY CABLE Secretary and Treasurer

MOTTO

"Wie heisst das auf Deutsch?"

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

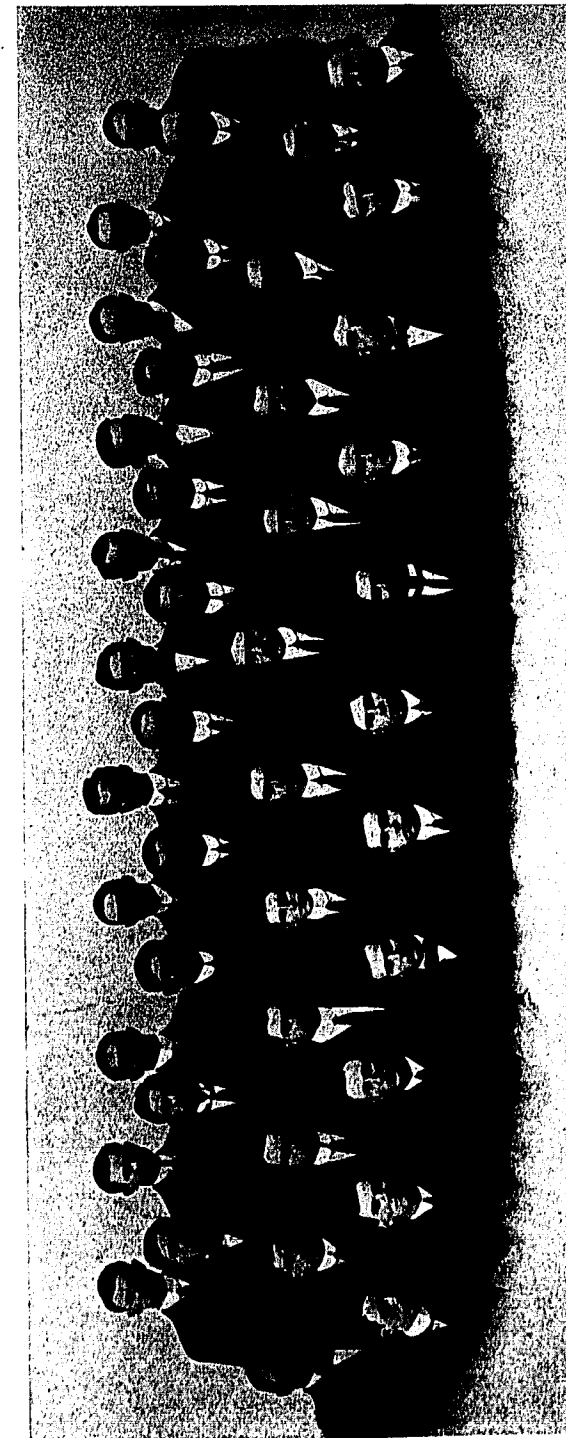
Prof. Wm. D. Baskett Prof. M. F. Martini Prof. R. P. Rider

MEMBERS

Students who have completed German I. and German II.

YELL

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



DER DEUTSCHE KLUB

William Jewell Glee Club

OFFICERS

DR. D. J. EVANS	Musical Director
W. E. LONG	Manager
W. H. WILSON	Treasurer

FIRST TENORS

W. E. Long
J. H. Williams
Earl Woolf

FIRST BASSES

A. G. Alexander
H. T. Beaver
Roy Johnson
W. J. Swartz

SECOND TENORS

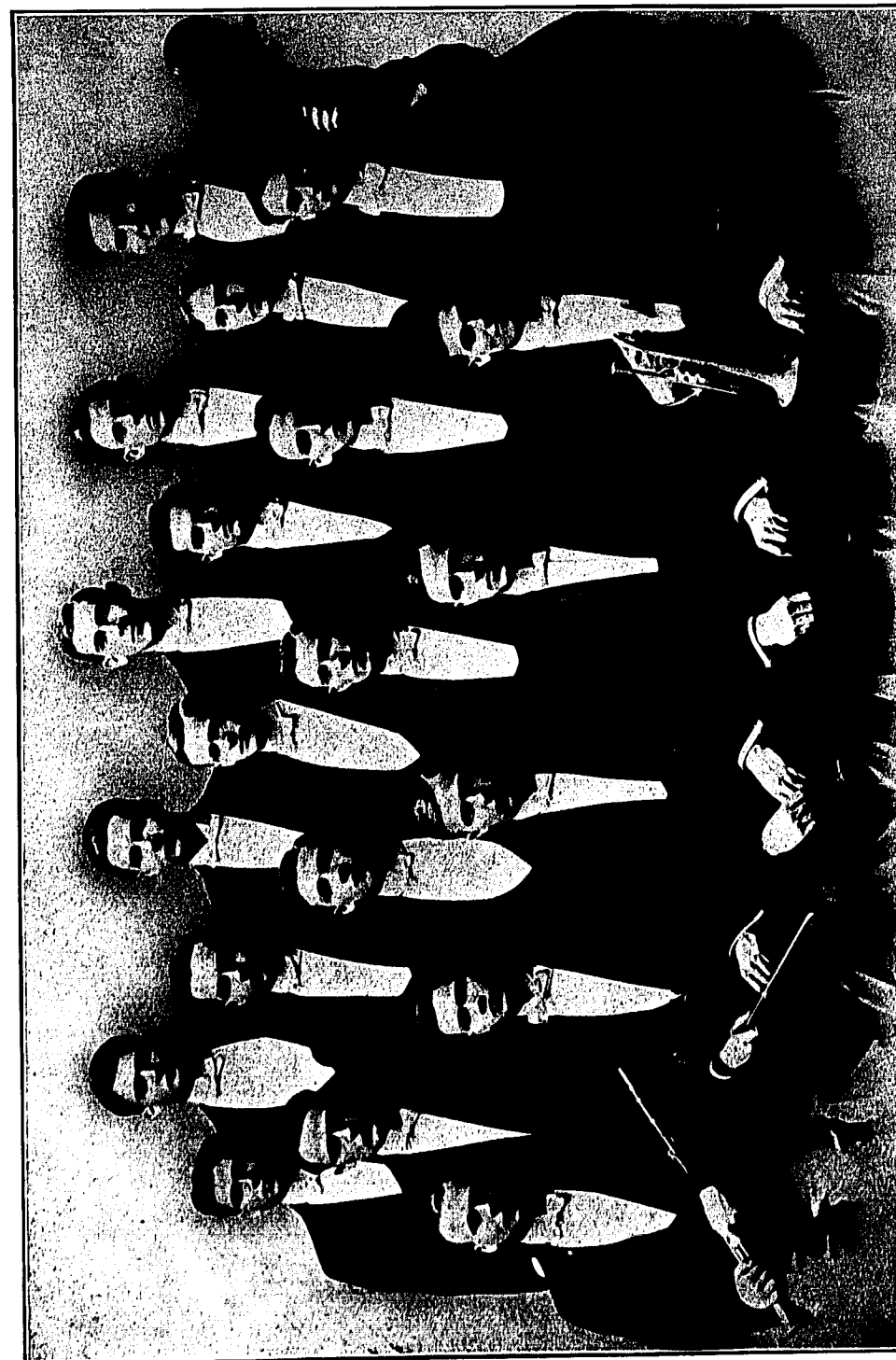
E. E. Peets
J. L. Pepper
G. F. Schaeffer
W. H. Wilson

SECOND BASSES

F. L. Hazlett
H. T. Moore
H. D. Schaeffer
W. D. Norton

Orchestra

R. P. Dorris	Violin
L. E. Cockrell	Coronet
J. P. Payne	Clarinet
G. L. Miller	Bass Violin
W. J. Swartz	Piano
L. E. Durham	Cartoonist



WILLIAM JEWELL GLEE CLUB

Alumni Association



J. E. FRANKLIN,
President.
St. Louis, Mo.



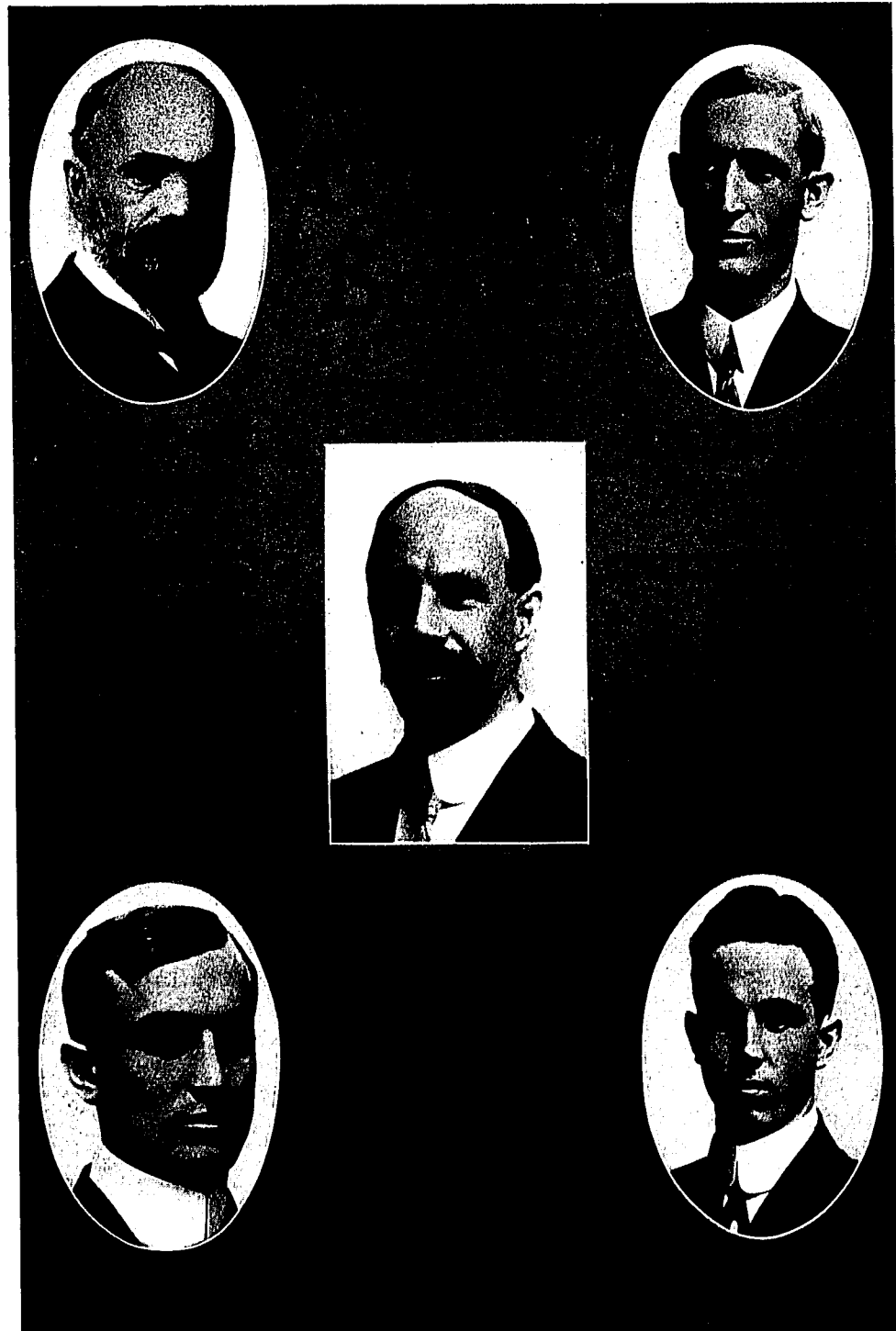
D. A. SHARP,
Secretary.
Liberty, Mo.

The Alumni of William Jewell have always taken an active part in the affairs of the institution. Wherever you find a William Jewell man, whether he be teacher, minister, banker, lawyer, jurist, farmer or man of business, you will find him a dominant factor in the affairs of his community and always a loyal supporter of his Alma Mater.

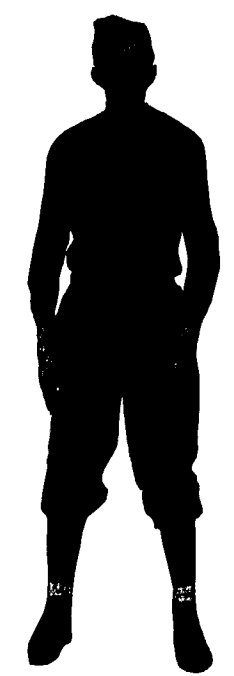
For many years Tuesday of Commencement week, has been set apart as Alumni Day. At 9:30 A. M. there is the annual business meeting, at 10:30 the annual address by some prominent alumnus, and at one o'clock, the Alumni Dinner. This year all these meetings will be held on the Old Hill,—the business meeting and address in Wornall Hall and the dinner in the new dining hall. W. O. Anderson, of Springfield, Mo., is to address the association on the subject, "The College Man as a Prophet."

The association publishes a bulletin containing the names and addresses of all the alumni. A copy of this can be secured from the secretary.





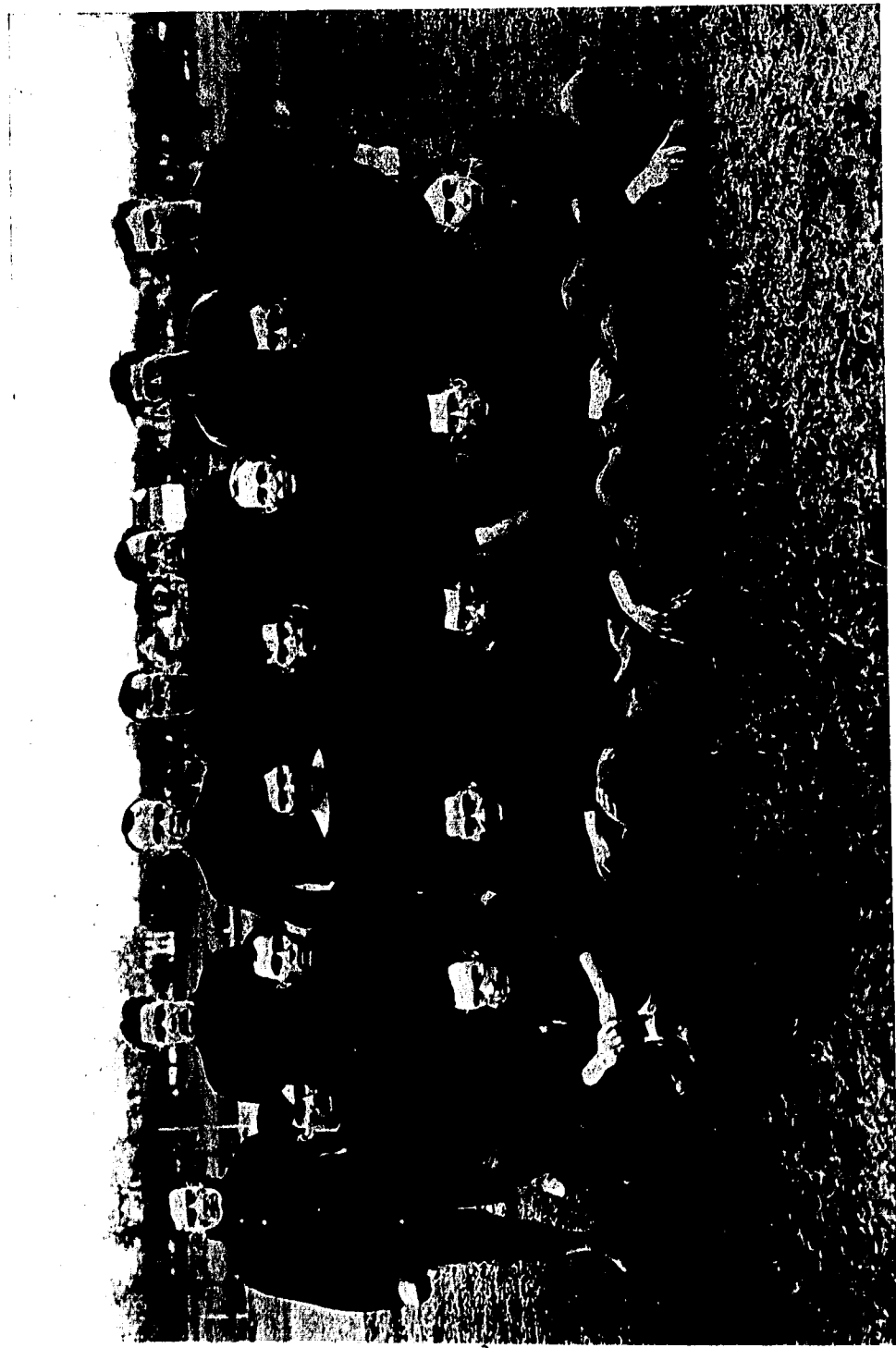
FOOT BALL



"Hog" BOYER, Captain

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE 1911

Jewell	0	Missouri University	15	at Columbia
Jewell	6	Central	20	at Kansas City
Jewell	6	Ottawa	6	at Ottawa, Kan.
Jewell	0	Warrensburg Normal	0	at Liberty
Jewell	6	Haskell	6	at Lawrence, Kan.
Jewell	29	Tarkio	0	at St. Joseph
Jewell	2	Rolla	2	at Kansas City
Jewell	0	Baker	6	at Baldwin, Kan.
Jewell	6	Missouri Wesleyan	0	at Liberty
Jewell	0	Drury	0	at Springfield



Saunders (Coach), Singleton, Stone, Bagby, Long, Bright, Copas,
Hall, Foreman, Moorman, Sanders, Bowles, Martin,
Groves, McGill, Boyer, Tubbs, Brandom.

Foot Ball Season, '11-'12



Our football season of 1911 can hardly be called a really successful season, nor can it be called a disastrous one. We might call it a peculiar one,—peculiar in that we played five tie games.

Our prospects at the beginning of the season seemed very bright, when we found nine "J" men in school and nine of last years "scrubs." The "J" men who reported early in the season were Bowles, Moorman, Martin, Hughes, Brandom, Long, Guion, and Boyer. From last year's "scrubs," Bagby, Hall, Overlees, Bright, Tubbs, Singleton, Foreman, and Stillions returned. Sanders, Magill, Stone, Groves and Copas were the only new men to make the squad. On account of so many old players returning,

the fellows did not take the game so seriously as they should have done.

Our schedule this fall was the hardest we have had in years. We played a total



of ten games and instead of starting the season with easy games, we played three of the most difficult games of the season first. Of the ten games played, we won two, tied five, and lost three.



The back-field was one of the strongest offensive back-fields in the state and on the defensive, showed itself equally strong. Before the season closed, many changes were made in the back-field by "Coach" Saunders. Overlees, Satterfield, Bagby, Long,



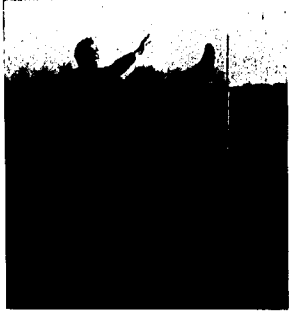
Martin, and Boyer, played the back-field position. Martin, at full, was a great open field runner, good at stiff-arming and gained many yards for Jewell by his speed. Bagby and Long, at halves, made a great pair both on offense and defense. Overlees and Boyer, at quarter, made



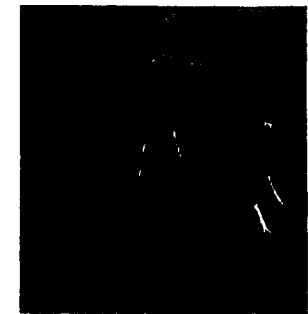
good generals, and were especially strong in returning punts.

Our line was one of the strongest in the state. Copas and Brandom, at ends, were strong at breaking interference, and exceedingly fast in getting down under

punts. Bowles and Sanders, at tackle, could always be depended upon at critical times. Bowles' punting gained many yards for Jewell. They broke up many of our



opponents' plays, and also opened big holes for the back-field men. Guion, Foreman, Bright, and Groves fought for the guard positions all season. All were hard, consistent players and good fighters.



Moorman, at center, never found his equal all season. He opened big holes in the opponents'

line for his back-field, blocked punts and stopped many of the opponents' plays before they were fairly stopped. Magill, Tubbs, Singleton, Stone, and Hall played in several games and before the season ended, passed several of the veterans for positions on the team.



While our team had one or two individual stars on it, the team, as a whole, was composed of a bunch of hard workers and good fighters. It might be asked why we had so many tie games,



but if one has been a close follower of football "dope," he will have noticed that there were more tie games the past season than ever before. This was due to the change

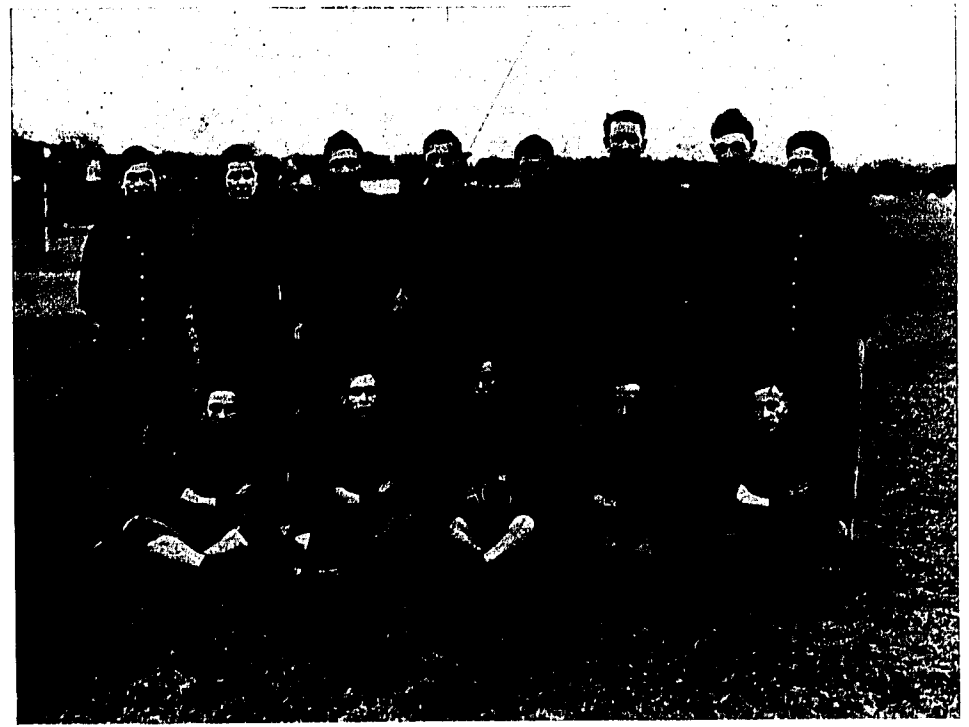


in the rules and also to the wet fall we had. A muddy field tends to equalize two teams. Most of the close games the past year were won by drop and place kicking, in which department we were very weak.



The best way to answer the query of the inquisitive, when they want to know what kind of season we had, it is say that our team lost only three games out of ten.

Academy Foot Ball



Sam E. Babb Coach
Walter Holmes Captain

SCHEDULE

Independence H. S.	8	Acs	5
Platte City H. S.	6	Acs	10
Woodson Institute	6	Acs	6
Independence H. S.	3	Acs	5

JEWELL WINS



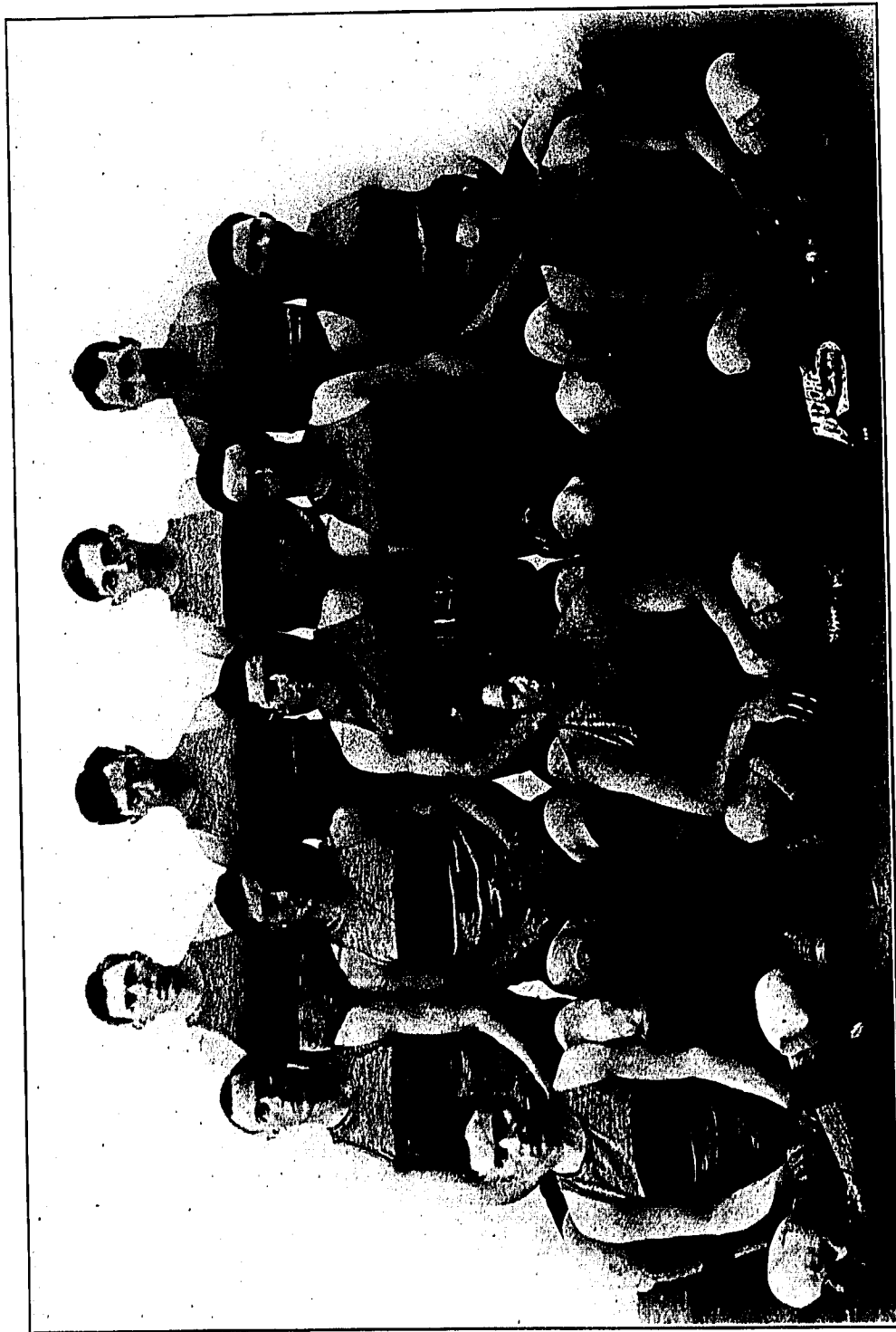
BASKET BALL



"SAM" BABB, Captain

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE, 1911-1912.

Jewell	21	Washburn	16
Jewell	30	Warrensburg	26
Jewell	39	Warrensburg	13
Jewell	17	Central	16
Jewell	17	Central	12
Jewell	39	Bethany	23
Jewell	29	Mo. Wesleyan	10
Jewell	34	Central	19
Jewell	34	Central Baptist	16
Jewell	25	Washburn	18
Jewell	22	Bethany	23
Jewell	34	Bethany	25
Jewell	37	Park	15
Jewell	378	Opponents	232



Jeffries, Boyer, Wester, Martin, C.
Bowles, Martin, R., Babb, Rhoades, F., Moorman.
Godfriaux, Bright, Rhoades, A.

Basket Ball



S. E. BABB, L. F.
Captain



I. R. MARTIN, L. G.



HENRY MOORMAN, C.
Captain elect

Basketball, in William Jewell, since the building of the present gymnasium, has been the most popular sport in college. William Jewell is always represented by a strong team, and this year's team has been no exception to this rule. In fact, the team of 1911-'12 has made the best record of all the teams in the history of the college, having *lost* only one game out of thirteen played, besides winning the State Championship. There was plenty of good material on the first squad for a winning team.

Captain Babb played his third and last year for Jewell. He played a brilliant and steady game at forward, played throughout every game, was never scored on, and led the team in shooting goals from the field. F. L. Rhoades and Roy Martin certainly played a great guarding game. Henry Moorman, although this was his first year on the team, played a strong game at center. Cecil Martin and A. M. Rhoades played good basketball, and it was a close race between them for the right forward position.



A. M. RHOADES, R. F.



CECIL MARTIN, R. F.



F. L. RHOADES, R. G.

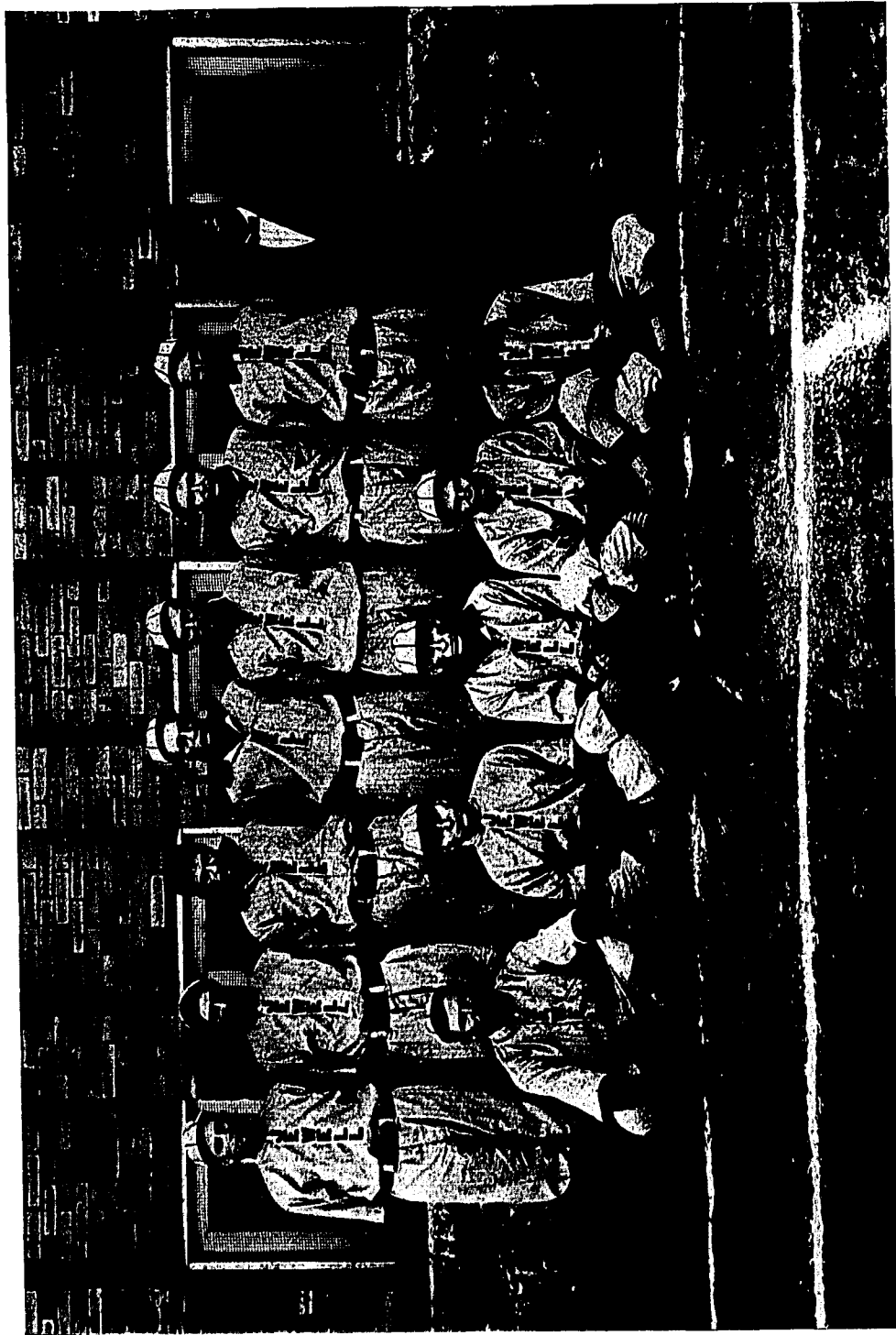
BASE BALL



"HENRY" GODFRIAUX

BASEBALL SCHEDULE, 1911-1910.

Jewell	2	Missouri Valley	5
Jewell	5	Missouri Valley	2
Jewell	7	Central	3
Jewell	6	Warrensburg	8
Jewell	2	Warrensburg	1
Jewell	6	Baker	1
Jewell	7	Ottawa	2
Jewell	2	Baker	1
Jewell	4	Kansas University	3
Jewell	0	Central	7
Jewell	4	Missouri Valley	7
Jewell	4	Missouri Valley	2



Motley, Reccius, White, Bell, Stemmons, Jones, Greenway, Campbell,
Copas, Godfriaux, Bowles, Bagby, Boyer.

The 1911 Base Ball Season

Since the 1911 Tatler went to press too early for a full account of the 1911 base-
ball season, a summary of it will be given in the Tatler '12.

The 1911 season is considered by the Jewell baseball critics to have been one of the most successful baseball seasons the college has had in years. Only twelve games were played, but nine of these twelve were victories, the boys defeating every team they played, breaking even with Missouri Valley two and two, and Central one and one.

Prospects for a good season were very gloomy when practice began the first of March and the faculty had finished their weeding out, but the gloom was overcome. Much credit is due to the consistent work of Sab Greenway on the slab, who finished the season with a percentage of 1.000, having won seven games and lost none. The other five games were pitched by Bowles and Jones, Bowles getting two defeats and two victories and Jones getting one defeat. Greenway showed his worth as a pitcher when he held the heavy-hitting Jayhawkers to three hits, the slugging Centralites to three and Missouri Valley hitless in the last game of the season.

The line-up for the season was:

- Godfriaux First Base
- Bell and Copas Second Base
- White and Copas Shortstop
- Reccius Third Base
- Bagby Left Field
- Stemmons (Capt.) Center Field
- Motley Right Field
- Boyer Catcher
- Greenway, Bowles and Jones Pitchers



COPAS



GREENWAY



STEMMONS, Capt.



BOWLES



GODFRIAUX, Capt. elect.



RICCIUS



K. E. BELL



WHITE

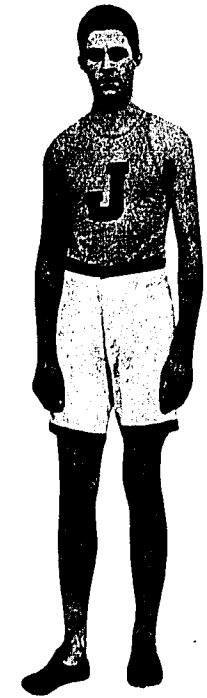
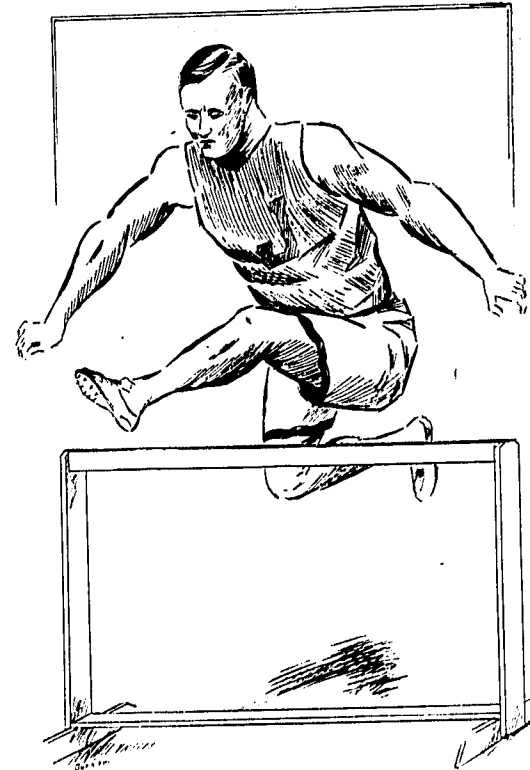


BOYER



BAGBY

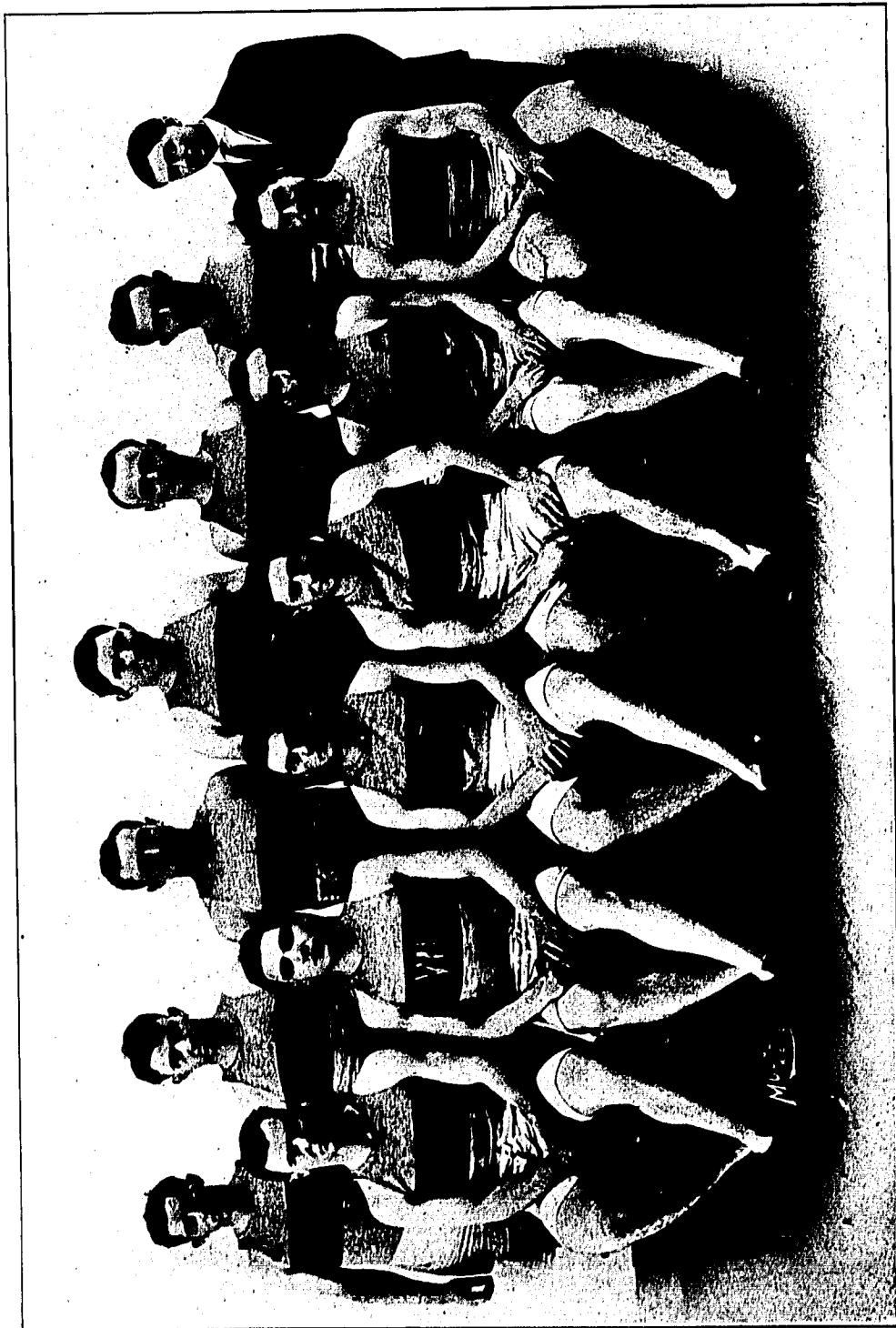
TRACK



"BOB" HUNT, Captain

TRACK SCHEDULE 1912

March 29	Cross Country Run.
April 6	K. C. A. C. Indoor Meet at Kansas City.
April 19	Baker at Liberty.
April 27	Washburn at Topeka, Kan.
May 3	Field Day.
May 17	Baker at Baldwin, Kan.
May 25	State Meet at Kansas City.



Tubbs, Rhoades, Martin, Moorman, Stone, Arnold, Campbell.
Copas, Beaver, Hunt, Babb, Cocke, Bell.

Indoor Relay Team



Hunt Martin Cocke

BEST COLLEGE RECORDS

Shot Put	Johnson, ex-'13	36 ft.
Hammer Throw	Shank, '13	102 ft.
High Jump	McConnel, ex-'13	5 ft., 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Standing Broad Jump	Custer, '07	9 ft., 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Pole Vault	Jones, '10	10 ft., 4 in.
50 Yard Dash	{ Rhodes, '95 Huxley, '06 Burnham, ex-'13	} 5 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.
75 Yard Dash	{ Burnham, ex-'13 Greene, '10 Huxley, '06	
100 Yard Dash	{ Motley, '09 Burnham, ex-'13 Greene, '10	} 10 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.
220 Yard Dash	Simmons, ex-'11	
440 Yard Dash	Simmons, ex-'11	51 sec.
880 Yard Dash	Ralph Boyer, ex-'12	2 min., 12 $\frac{4}{5}$ sec.
One Mile Run	Bell, '16	4 min., 57 sec.
Two Mile Run	Bell, '16	10 min., 45 sec.
120 Yard Hurdles	Martin, '12	16 sec.
220 Yard Hurdles	Martin, '09	26 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec.
Discus Throw	McGlothlin, '11	113 ft. 6 in.

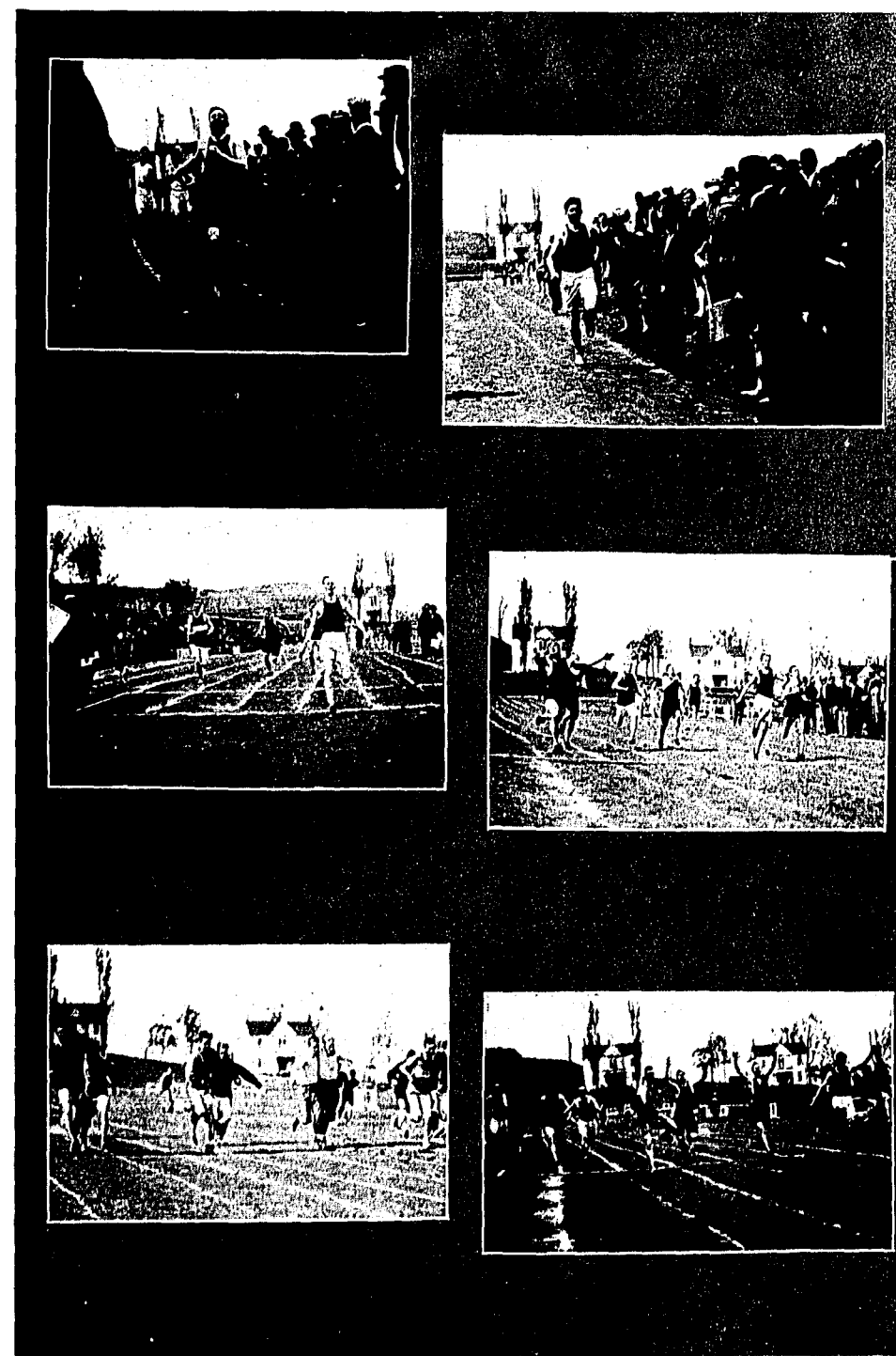
Track 1911 and 1912



Our track team last spring was not so successful as we had hoped it would be. Several of the men were not able to run for various reasons. Then all of our meets were with exceptionally strong teams. We do not expect to meet the Kansas City Y. M. C. A. team again this year, but shall have meets with college teams almost as strong. Our relay team last spring, composed of Martin, Boyer, Cocke, and Hunt, won from Washburn and Tarkio at the annual K. C. A. C. indoor meet. We will send a team this spring also, and perhaps a few men to enter the handicap races.

Ten of last year's team are back and there are several new men that are showing up well in practice. We have a return meet with Washburn at Topeka, Kan., this spring, and two meets with Baker University, one at Liberty, and one at Baldwin, Kan. No other meets have been arranged for yet, but there will probably be more meets, besides the annual field day events which usually come about the first of May.

We lost one of our strongest men in the death of Boyer, who ran the half mile, and was also a member of the relay team. Cocke, Martin, Copas, Babb, Bell, and Hunt were the main point winners on the team last year. The other men who have returned are Beaver, Arnold, Stone, and Tubbs. The new material that is promising to make good is almost all from the Freshman class. They are Clarke, Miller, Pearce, Bell, Martin, Moorman, and Lewis. There are, perhaps, others who have not yet been out practicing. We are looking forward to a strong team and a successful season this spring.



Soccer

SCHEDULE

At Liberty, K. U.	0	W. J. C.	2
At Lawrence, K. U.	3	W. J. C.	1



Top Row, Left to Right—WATTS, STEPHENS, SLUSHER, BURNS, CAMPBELL, Coach.
 Second Row—CHARLES, GORDON, FLAGG, ALEXANDER, RIXEY, BEAVER.
 Lower Row—PEARCE, DURDEN, PEPPER.

Tennis



TENNIS SCHEDULE

JEWELL VS. BAKER UNIVERSITY.

AT LIBERTY

Jewell	Two singles
Baker	One single, one double

AT BALDWIN, KAS.

Baker	Singles and doubles
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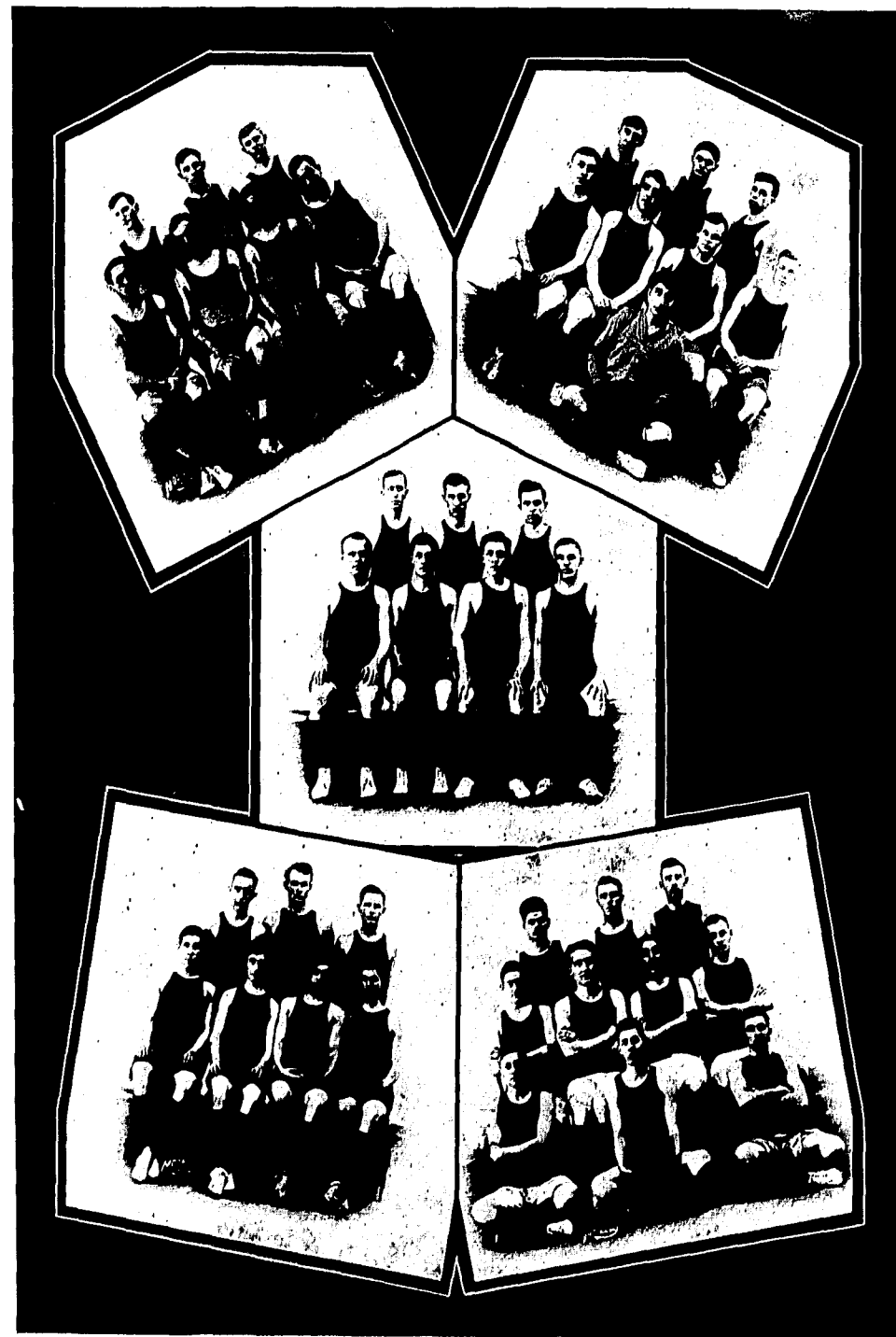
J. E. BROWN



R. A. WESTIER



C. M. BOYER



CLASS LEAGUE TEAMS

Freshman Basket Ball Team



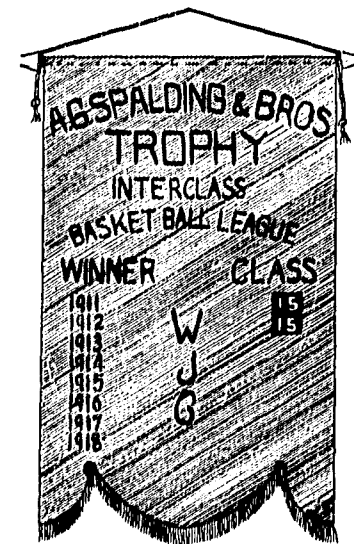
"Pete" Pearce, L. G.; "Ikey" Ninegar, G.; "Brick" Carbaugh, R. F.; "Mac" McHenry, G.; "Jerry" Schaeffer, C.; "Dick" Miller, C. and R. F.; "Rix" Rixey, C.; "Joe" Clark, R. F.; "Jack" Crouch, L. F.; "Josh" Billings, R. G., Captain.

RECORD 1911-'12

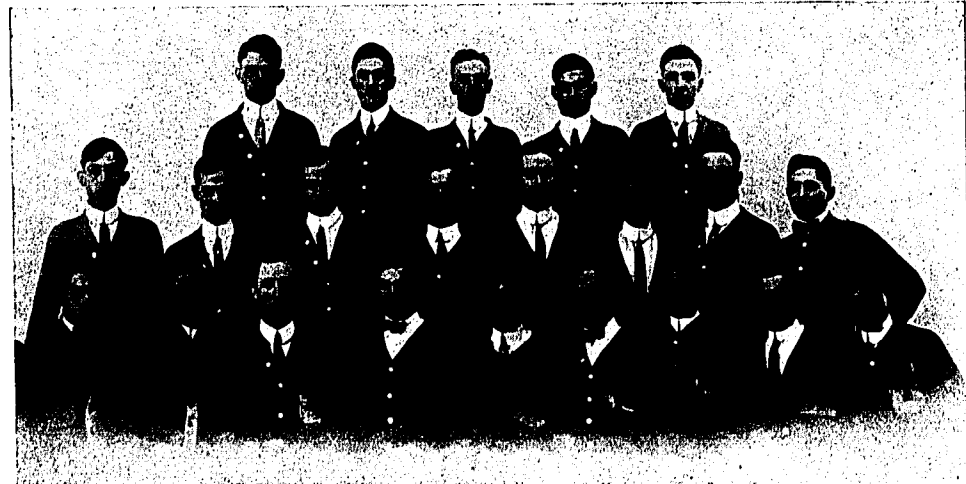
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4th Yr. Acs....	20	Class, '15....	11
4th Yr. Acs....	18	Class, '15....	22
Sophomore ...	12	Class, '15....	15
Junior ..	7	Class, '15....	15
Senior	12	Class, '15....	18
Opponents	73	Class, '15....	118

RECORD 1910-'11

1st Yr. Acs....	2	Class, '15....	50
2d Yr. Acs....	7	Class, '15....	22
3d Yr. Acs....	4	Class, '15....	26
Freshman	6	Class, '15....	8
Sophomore	7	Class, '15....	22
Junior	19	Class, '15....	25
Senior	11	Class, '15....	19
Opponents	56	Class, '15....	172



"J" Club



OFFICERS

R. H. MOORMAN	President
T. A. COPAS	Vice-President
M. H. OVERLEES	Secretary
R. W. BELL	Treasurer

PURPOSE

To further and promote better athletics in William Jewell.

MEMBERS

Arnote, W. H.	Cocke, J. B.	Martin, C. E.
Babb, S. E.	Copas, T. A.	Moorman, R. H.
Bell, E. K.	Foreman, C. M.	Overlees, M. H.
Bell, R. W.	Groves, E. F.	Rhoades, A. M.
Boyer, C. M.	Guion, J. C.	Rhoades, F. L.
Bowles, R. E.	Godfriaux, H. R.	Sanders, R. S.
Brandon, R. W.	Hunt, R. L.	Satterfield, J. H.
Bright, J. K.	Hughes, J. H.	Stemmons, C. E.
Beaver, H. T.	Long, W. E.	Wester, R. W.
Bagby, R. B.	Martin, I. R.	White, W. R.

Nobody's Magazine



ANNUAL
LITERARY NUMBER

1.50 The Year

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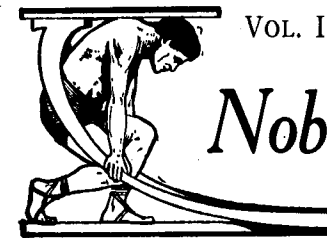
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Four Year Academy Basket Ball Team

R. W. BELL. Captain

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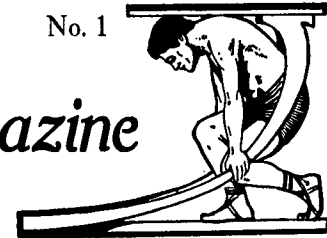


VOL. I.

No. 1

Nobody's Magazine

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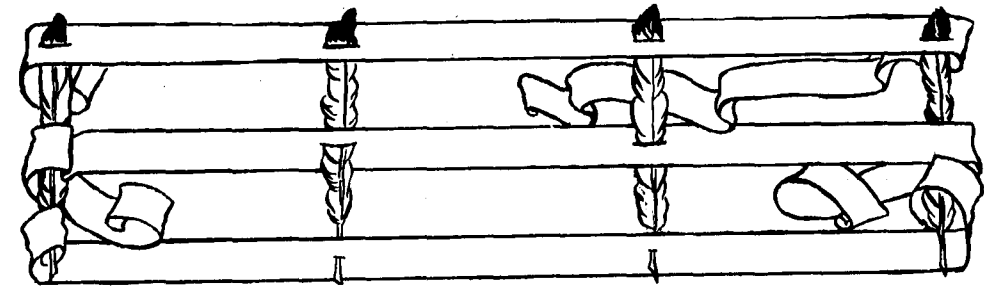
Fulllest information given concerning der Rhine, der deutsche Armeee, der heutige Kaiser, and especially Dutch farm life. We have been on the ground ourselves and know what we are talking about.

NOBODY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. I.

MAY, 1912

No. 1



The Mill That Grinds

BY R. L. DAVIDSON, JR.

THERE is no use in saying anything to the contrary, for the secret is now out and everyone knows all about it. Socrates was a born knocker. He spent most of his time sitting on a melon crate in front of Alcibiades' food emporium, with a "chaw" in one cheek and the distilled product that he periodically discharged in the other, commenting often and violently on the depravity of the times. "Yes, things were quite different when I was a boy, and, by Jove, they would be now, if I had my say about it. Politics and the government weren't on speakin' terms with each other, then, much less bein' boon companions; and the people were ruled by good old king George, instead of that despot,—Southern Pacific,—and the poor down-trodden public paid a rational tribute to their mother country, in place of a dearth-bearing tax to the Sugar Trust. So help me Jove, may Pluto take my dusty bones, if I be tellin' a lie," the old man used to rave.

Thusly, Mr. Socrates—according to some enthusiasts, Saint Socrates,—idle, lazy and unproductive of wealth, whiled away his time; but as "onery" as the "old skate" may seem, he had a redeeming trait. He could talk and he could talk so fluently that people sometimes thought he was saying something. Leastwise, they gave him credit for so doing and not understanding what the drift of his conversation might be, became uneasy lest he should poison the minds

of their darling youths and, so, they prudently saw that he was poisoned first.

But this dire fate does not meet everyone who talks incessantly. Our Mrs. Grundy has never been known to die before her time. But, if Socrates were with us now, he would be a pure food commissioner, reform leader, or Democratic nominee for President. Yes, he would even prove to our satisfaction that all men are perfect, and that the communal life is the only thing necessary to bring uncontrolled bliss to suffering humanity.

But how did this man Socrates manage to hand down his name to posterity? What did he do worthy of remembrance? He gathered about him a group of young men and, by his beauty of language and ceaseless flow of words, completely hypnotized them. They were so far out of their heads that they took down his priceless gems of thought in shorthand and did such a nice job of transcribing, that the universities perpetuated these said gems by requiring luckless youths to sweat out nice translations.

The gift of intelligent speech serves other purposes, however, than merely perpetuating a man's memory. Samson slew 1,000 men with the jawbone of an ass, but, with the jawbone of a man, monarchs have been overthrown, war has been brought on or averted, and continents have been discovered. Benjamin Franklin and Patrick Henry made our present Republic possible,



"PICTURE, GENTLE READER, A SUNDAY AFTERNOON UNDER THE PROPOSED ARRANGEMENT"
—Perverted Progress, Page 9.

while Abraham Lincoln saved the union. These men had a conviction and could not keep still, and by the power of speech they were able to transmit this conviction to others.

Expression deepens conviction. No sane person will attempt to express himself, if he does not know what he is talking about and, once having expressed himself, new thoughts will flock into his mind and demand utterance. With no facility of expression, conviction tends to die.

This power of expression is the most important phase of a man's education. If a man says he knows a thing, but cannot tell it, he is either a liar, or sadly mistaken; for he cannot truly know a thing until he can express it. It is far more important that he be able to express his education than that he acquire one; for an education is of no practical value without the power of expression.

Seventy-five per cent of the leaders of today in all lines are college men. It is true, they had the latent ability to become leaders in the beginning, but it was their college training that developed and put the finishing touches on them. A college training never decreases a man's ability, but will invariably add to it. In most instances, no doubt, these men were leaders while in college and did not lose any opportunity of training themselves in public speaking. Leadership involves public life; therefore, the ability to speak intelligently promotes efficiency.

Intelligent speech is not a natural gift, as some seem to think. It comes as the result of training and hard work. As a matter of course, some people have the "gift of gab," but that is only serviceable when talking to the opposite sex upon such occasions as a pink tea, or L. L. C. reception. It is true that it comes in rather convenient then, but at all other times it is a nuisance and is liable to get its possessor into trouble. The world is always ready to listen to a man who has something to say, but it will not often permit him merely to exercise his "jaw" in public, unless he is feeding or chewing gum.

Many people think that training is superfluous along this line, if they do not intend to become public speakers, but no

man knows when he will be called upon to express himself before others. It may be in prayer-meeting that Mr. Unprepared is asked to lead in prayer. He will open his mouth and no sound will issue forth. In his distress, he will mentally cry out, "A word! My kingdom for a word!" and, when it is given him, he will ride it unto an untimely death. Or he may be like the man who arose to testify and began: "Friends, I had something to tell you that only God and I knew." Then he paused awkwardly for a moment. "Now only God knows," he finished and sat down. Or again, he may be a business man called upon for an after-dinner speech. The ability to entertain is never amiss; but there can be no such ability without the power of good speech.

It is only in rare instances that the training necessary to become a pleasing speaker can be obtained without great labor. Demosthenes practiced for years upon the sea shore with pebbles in his mouth that he might overcome a single impediment in his speech; but Beanblossom, after a few months in the Academy, with no training whatsoever in Public Speaking, goes forth as a circuit rider, fully prepared to win men by his eloquence, from useless and sinful lives. He has no knowledge of composition or of the art of speaking. He storms and stews over the commonplace and monotonously drones through the grandiose, if there be such in his sermon. And to top off the whole business, he wonders how men can sleep through such glorious thought given with such feeling and emotion. He does not realize that men are human, nor does he know that beauty will pass unnoticed if ragged and befouled. In his way, he can do more to cool off the ardor of a faithful churchgoer than the Old Boy himself.

In the denominational schools of our country, there are scarcely three ministerial students out of one hundred, who are pleasing, forceful speakers. The average American citizen can perform as creditably as these who claim that they have been set apart for the Lord's work.

But you say that they are only in the formative period. Yes, and they will always be, unless a change takes place. In ninety per cent of these same institutions,

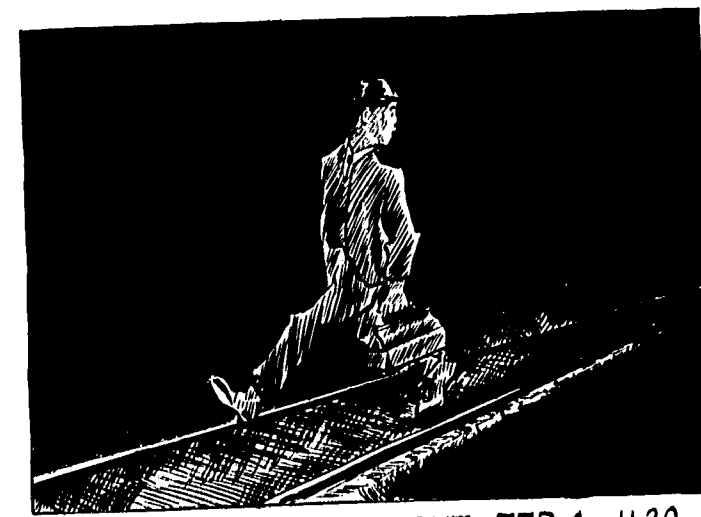
the good brethren have not deemed it wise or profitable to establish chairs of oratory and public speaking. The old-time Literary Societies, that have, until the present time, had to supply the deficiency, are now being discouraged and driven out of existence by changed conditions and outside influences. For this reason, few students, if any, have an opportunity to learn to speak properly. The school of theology gives them the theory and then unloads them upon the country churches that are unable to resist.

Two serious conditions are resulting from this: First, the country churches are dying out and the students will soon have no place to gain experience. The farmers are proud and refuse to discommode themselves merely to listen to an inferior expound the Bible. Second, the city churches will go on the decline, because of a lack of experienced and intelligent talent. Then where will our nation be, when the Bible is disregarded and rejected?

The debaters and orators in no institution are allowed to represent their *alma mater* until they have had training and have proved their ability. Would it not be wise to follow the same course in regard to their preachers? The reputations of the

schools would be furthered, the present condition in regard to the country churches would be improved, and the future of the city churches saved, if such care and discretion should be used. Why not forbid ministerial students to preach until they have received certain preparation? Why not give them that preparation? And why not require a course in Public Speaking before granting them diplomas? Without this most essential department, a college is merely a mill that grinds out trousered pea-cocks, birds of beautiful plumage, without voices.

But when this most burning subject is broached before the good brethren, they raise their hands in great dismay and plaintively mention a lack of sufficient funds. But did they ever consider that money might be judiciously taken from some other expenditures and placed in that department with great profit? What is the value of a preacher who cannot preach, or of a singer who cannot sing? It is time that the good brethren were waking up to the situation and seeing that the present conditions are speedily changed. For the sake of the churches, for the sake of the ministerial students, and for the sake of all who may attend such institutions, may they soon have Chairs of Oratory and Public Speaking.



PINK'S RETURN SUN. NIGHT FEB 4 11 30

PERVERTED PROGRESS

By H. D. SCHAEFFER

Liberty, Mo., February 1, 1912.

To Mr. H. H. Savage,
President Liberty Ladies College:

We, the Organized Student Body of William Jewell College, respectfully present the following for your consideration:

Whereas, feeling that the environment of a strictly men's and a strictly women's school is not conducive to the complete development of manhood and womanhood; that on account of the lack of association with young ladies of culture, there is bound to be a tendency toward the deterioration of the refinement, culture and the more delicate sensibilities among any body of young men denied such association; and feeling that a more democratic social relationship between the two Liberty colleges would solve, in a large measure, this problem:—

Therefore, we, the Student Body of William Jewell, having assembled in regular session, hereby respectfully ask you and the Faculty of Liberty Ladies College for the privilege of calling on such young ladies as our individual preferences shall dictate, and the individual preferences of the young ladies shall sanction, on one, two, or more Sunday afternoons of every month, as your judgment shall decide, between the hours of two and five, and the privilege of walking with them on such occasions around the city of Liberty, subject to such restrictions as your Faculty and the Student Body of Liberty Ladies College shall deem fitting and proper.

THE ORGANIZED STUDENT BODY OF WILLIAM JEWELL COLLEGE.
By R. E. BOWLES, President.

Mr. R. E. Bowles:

Dear Sir:—In reply to your petition, beg to advise that I am sorry we cannot consider it. Our young ladies have all the company that will mix well with their work.

Very truly yours,

H. H. SAVAGE, President.

Liberty, Mo., February 15, 1912.

WE don't like to discourage college spirit. There is nothing more inspiring than to see a body of loyal students take upon themselves the problems of their beloved Alma Mater and make them their very own; approach them with a scientific attitude of mind; analyze and study them carefully; seek earnestly for a solution and apply

the proper remedy. Inspiring, I say. Positively can't be beat.

But when such constructive effort produces nothing but opposition, it were better that it were never born. Ice-water is a splendid dampener for ambition. Suffice it to say, that we have lost our pep. No more scientific investigations for the O. S. B. What's the use?

For years the student body has been degenerating into a state of barbarism under the rustivating influences of single school education. Back in the old days when everyone in school had his wife with him, it was all right, but conditions are different now. The lack of refinement is almost appalling.

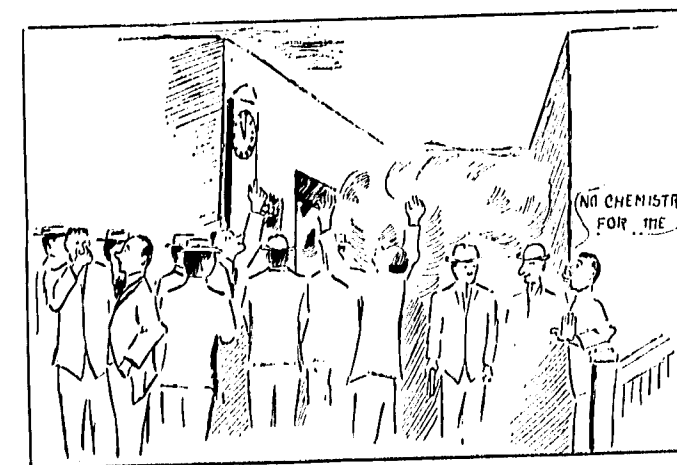
Fully two-thirds of the students have quit blacking their shoes, while soft shirts are so prevalent that white collars are at a premium. We admit, however, that the economic side of this situation has its merits, for it provides more money to subscribe for new gymnasiums. But the general carelessness with which most of us keep our habiliments would give our fond mothers many a pang if they could see us. For instance, Huffman never gets his hair cut, and Hog Boyer is wearing the same necktie that he had when he was a Freshman, while Dr. Lewis never does press his trousers any more, Dr. Fleet shaves about every two weeks, and Dr. Crossley wears an old brown mother-hubbard around all the time.

These things all have a debasing influence on a man's moral sensibilities. Is it any wonder that there is a lack of poets in such an atmosphere? In an environment where a man deals entirely with men, there is a big tendency to become over-masculine, and his aesthetic nature is stunted. What is the aim of our college course, anyway? Don't we owe it to ourselves to cultivate the finer side of our nature along with other

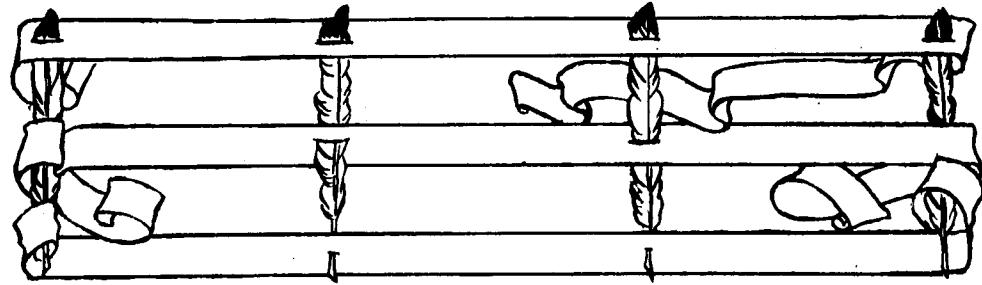
things?

The one panacea for all these defects is society with ladies of culture. When man is left to himself, the brute side of his nature develops; on the other hand, society with cultured womanhood awakens within him a response from the finer side of his make-up and, under its refining influence, his rusticity is lost. And the best part of it is that such society is available here at our very doors. Picture, gentle reader, a Sunday afternoon under the proposed arrangement. L. L. C. and William Jewell strung all over town in co-educational duality! Here you will see a happy pair strolling quietly along some shady street, threshing out some problem in calculus, another pair on ahead engaged in a friendly argument in higher criticism, over yonder sitting on a bench under a shade tree on the campus, will be two more discussing Plato, with no thought of anyone but themselves (not even Plato), and yonder go two more earnestly conversing about the philosophy of history. The mere educational value of such a scheme, to say nothing of its cultural value, would in itself be worth two college courses, and in addition, consider the beautifying effect it would have on the town to have its highways decorated with such a profusion of bloom of youth.

But the big deal has fallen through, and the jig is up. The petition has proved nothing more than partition. Such is the lot of reformers.



NOV. 29; REED SPILLS THE BROMINE



Outwitting the Professor

BY J. W. STORER.

ALL the Professors to the contrary, the things that really count in a college education are the complications that a fellow gets in. Books are a bore, most of them deal with dead ones, biology is useless to most of us, we can hire some runt with a brain that runs to statistics—and seed, for \$10 per to do our math,—while we captains of industry pull the strings that make the small book-fed fellows do our work. Now don't misunderstand me, I can see a little good in college education, the book part of it, I mean, and I reckon I might see more good in it if I had studied a bit harder—but as I remember it and as I get it, the main good came from the scrapes we got into and not from Livy or a problem in parabolas in Math.

They used to say that a fellow spent too much time on side lines, but that so-called side line was really our main line. If after running the college paper, taking part in debates, oratorical, etc., cleaning Central to the tune of 18 to 0, making good in the big basketball games, doing a little Y. M. C. A. work, keeping our Frat. neck and shoulders above the others, showing the dear girls that our hearts were theirs—until a new girl came to town, and a thousand and one other things, if after all this we had time for books—well, I confess I had to take a 12 weeks' course in Chem. and Analytics the night before examination, many a time! Speaking of girls, too—did I ever tell you how Sid and I outwitted

Prof. Jones of the Ladies' College? No? Well, say, that was some stunt, believe me. I'm prouder of it than of my diploma. The kid wanted something to play with the other day and I gave him the sheepskin, but he just kept on crying; when I gave him my old Ingersoll, though, he got happy right off, and that's why he takes after his dad, I reckon; the little no account things interest him a lot more than the fruits of four years' labors!

The yarn though about Sid and Me.

In my Junior year, my Frat., Sigma Tau, had succeeded in landing the choicest specimens of young devils ever matriculated, and on the other hand some of the choicest saints that ever wore wings. It kept things in pretty good shape, though, for the saints kept the devils from going to hell—and I fear we devils kept the saints from going to heaven!

That was the year of the small pox encampment, the health officers took us out in the country about a mile from town and made us live in tents. Say, the times we had! We slept days and tramped nights, the farmers quit getting eggs, the cows quit giving milk, hens disappeared by magic, it wasn't safe to leave washing on the line, and finally in response to a petition from rural Clay County, we were moved back to town—and the Frat. house!

It was also the year of the big party at the Winner hotel, when Bill and Sam had the big fight over the sorority party, both

had bids from the same girl—she had her wires crossed on something, and neither would give in—they finally removed their dress suits and environments down to their B. V. D.'s and fought it out—and somehow the girl's mother heard of it and refused to let her go at all! Whereupon, both Bill and Sam made up and got on a tear, don't know as I blame them, either!

It was a great year, something doing all the time, and Sid and I put the climax on it by our stunt with Prof.

There is a Ladies' College across from Billduel that seems to have been instituted for the double purpose of getting the sons of Billduel parlor broke—and in hot water!

The head of this emporium of sweetness was as sour an old codger as you ever saw. 'Course he had to be, with us young hyenas ready to snap up any fair morsel he left unguarded, but we couldn't see it, then, and it was a continual round of battle between us, and it was a happy day when we could circumvent Prof. There were a couple of girls from down in Oklahoma whom we were just ready to die for, who were in just about as bad with Prof. as we were with the faculty at Billduel.

It spoiled 'em to be shut up in his old convent, they had too much life and ginger, and, while they never broke any of the ten commandments, they beat 'em pretty bad, sometimes.

Sid and I were tabooed at the Ladies' College. Prof. hated us (had plenty of cause, too, of course) and we had to go up under some one's else name or sneak in some way, many's the time he's led me out from behind a screen of palms and showed me the door with more dispatch than courtesy!

When we had the big dance, of course Sid and I sent bids to these girls—of course they accepted, and of course Prof. said they should never, never go!

We sent in some notes, however, through the aid of the nigger cook at the house, and the girls agreed to sneak out and meet us the night of the dance. They were sure dead game girls, and when the big night came, Sid and I left our cab outside the campus in a shady nook and crept up to the building. The girls had rooms on the third floor. We gave the Frat. whistle which we had agreed upon as a signal and the girls

appeared at the window all dressed, ready to make the hit of their lives.

By putting a two-by-four against the first floor window, still I could just touch the bottom of the second window. The girls had some of their sorority sisters lower them out of the room in a big clothes basket, and I guided it in safety to the ground. They came one at a time, first Sid's girl and then mine, I had just got mine to the ground when there came a scream from the other end of the rope and I heard a girl's voice yell (yell is the word!), "Prof! Prof!" and say, you ought to see us beat it for the cab—Sid and I in our dress suits, which are not just the thing for marathoning, and Bess and Jenny in their party dresses! As I told Jenny later as running clothes they might have been in poor taste, but they certainly showed good form!

We just did make it to the cab in time to escape Prof. and his shot gun, too!

Well, we were in a pickle, we didn't dare to go to the dance, and we didn't dare go back to the Ladies' College, so we rode around three or four hours and discussed and cursed the situation till it began to look pretty hopeless.

Finally the girls decided they would get canned from school, anyway, so they would just stay out the rest of the night and go home on the early morning train.

We called up the matron at our Frat. house and told her we were bringing some company home and to get ready to receive them with open arms—and some hot chocolate! She didn't want to, but Sid was a persuader, and she finally consented. But the Gods were certainly against us that night, for we were hardly seated in the back parlor when in marched the Prof. and the Marshall, the former for the girls and the latter for us!

It was no use to show fight, the girls were marched off and so were we! I've often thought what a comical figure we cut, but it was tragedy with a capital T then!

The chapter heard about our predicament and by dint of sightdrafts, etc., bailed us out inside of an hour. Prof. had told the girls he was going to take them home in the morning, so Sid and I boarded the early train for K. C. and sure enough, there he was with the two tired, sleepy, weepy,

looking girls! We never let on we saw them, but the porter managed to smuggle them a note of cheer!

At K. C., I crowded in while Prof. was buying the tickets, and he only got his as far as Olathe, aiming to see the girls that far and then return.

So Sid and I got past the gate keeper on the pretext of seeing some friends away, and crawled into the blind baggage of Prof's train!

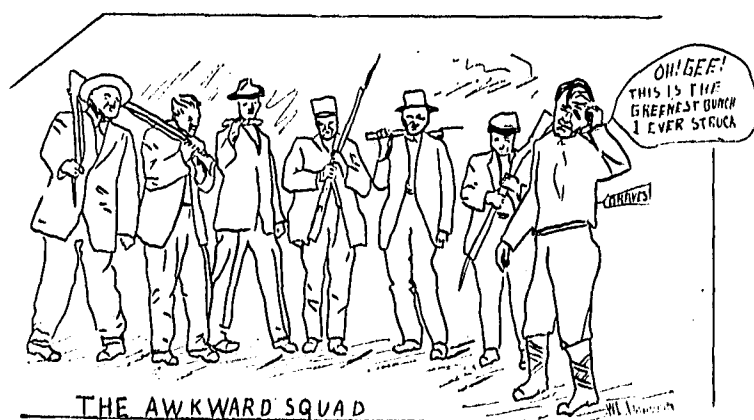
When we got to Olathe, we got out on the opposite side of the depot and bribed the porter to let us in. We found the girls and hastened to the observation car, and, as the train pulled out, we appeared each with an arm around a girl and waved Prof. good-bye! Well, I've seen some mad men in my time, but he took the medal! He raved and shook his fist, forgot his religion and did everything else, and when Sid kissed his girl—well, if he had had a gun he would have killed us both, and maybe the girls! We rode clear down into Oklahoma and then found we didn't have money enough to get back home! We beat it back to where

our money would carry us and finally got back, all puffed up and tickled to death—but you bet we fought shy of Prof!

Of course, he came to Billduel and told his tale of woe. He fumed around and met us every day for a week, but it was so near Commencement and even Prof's are human and enjoy a joke—on some one else, so the matter finally dropped and, when fall came, was forgotten—by everyone, but Prof. He hates us yet!

The girls? Well, I 'spose a common danger made us realize that four such foolish ones ought to stay pretty close together. Sid and I are partners here in the Banking business, and Bess and Jenny are doing their best to raise up little Sid and little Jim in the path they ought to tread, they will be in in a moment, are out to a missionary society meeting, or something!

But Prof. has never forgiven us or them. Not long ago Jenny sent her alma mater money to endow a chair of Home Economy—but Prof. returned the draft! And when a college refuses money—sounds like a joke, eh?



THE DESERTER OF CLASS '84

BY CHARLES DURDEN.

THE finest, truest, friendliest bunch of men ever gathered in the old halls of Murdock was Class '84.

Loyal to the colors always, they were in the thick of every fight with the town boys, on the top in every bloody bout on the football field, first in every forensic contest of the day, ever and always leaders of the college. There never was such a combination of brains and brawn, pluck and persistence, loyalty and brotherhood as in this bunch.

"Smike" Brown, six-footer and president, who had snatched more victories for the black and green than any man ever known, said that nothing in the world could separate the crowd. Theirs had been the brilliant career, and as they looked into each others faces at the farewell banquet on Commencement eve, a great big lump of something hard to swallow seemed to rise in each man's throat.

"That we meet for a glorious reunion in May, '94," the president was saying. One by one they registered a vow of fidelity. "Doc" Hawkins, the quiet, sturdy plodder of the class, was saying nothing. When his turn came he only shook his head.

In grades, "Doc" has done nothing brilliant. Only his genius for hard work had saved him. After all, what is genius but hard work? The ability to win is largely the ability to stick. The tired feeling develops trailers, not leaders. The conquering habit comes of hard struggling, not meteoric flights. Some men are like squibs, all sparks and smoke, but precious little steady fire.

There was nothing of the squib about "Doc." He realized his limitations, and took joy in overcoming them. Accordingly, it was no surprise when a two-year scholarship was offered him. With his usual obstinacy—"pigheadedness," "Lank" Dargan called it—but then "Lank" was outspoken, his folks had money—"Doc" said, "No! I have a field in sight." "Field d'ye call it, Field! Why, just think of any decent man trying to practice in that dirty slum."

But practice he did, slum or no slum. The passing years found him plodding steadily on, night and day, day and night, with very little break in the monotony of his labors.

It was nine years since the great Commencement Day of '84. "Doc" found himself one night humming the old song, and wondering where all the fellows were, and what they were doing.

For a short time he had kept up a desultory correspondence, but his wearing tasks had forced him to forego even this pleasure.

He had just come in from his last visit of the day. It was midnight. It had been only the ordinary day's work, but somehow he felt unusually discouraged tonight. His head throbbed, his very bones ached. He dropped into a chair and began to mutter to himself, "What a fool I am. Here I have plodded on year after year. No time for study. No time for recreation. No time for friends. I am worn out. They don't appreciate it. The people do not care. They wouldn't even miss me. Poor? Yes, poor devils, they are poor. All around me

they are starving. But why should I stay and share it?"

The very room had the atmosphere of failure. The dingy old lamp, the threadbare carpet, the bare walls. Nothing but his framed diploma remained to bring back the old days.

It had been only the habit of dogged persistence that had kept him at his post all these years. Surrounded as he was by the utmost filthiness, crime and poverty, his soul revolted again and again.

His battles with the chill Enemy had been many, and often he had come off victorious. But to what end. Was it worth while to save the lives of these creatures tossed upon the outskirts of civilization, living in the shadows and darkness of a great city?

He realized that in a way they were grateful—at least as grateful as they knew how to be. But what was he doing for them? If he were coming any closer to the dregs of humanity with whom he lived, it was not because he was lifting them to his level, but rather because they were dragging him down to their depths. The bungling things he called operations were a disgrace to the profession. He was doing mere patchwork. He had no time for investigation, no money for instruments or books.

His was a sacrifice unknown to men. No grandstand play this, but the tough work of the underside of the pack. He had cast away friendship, promotion, opportunity, to minister to the degraded and poor. But he was being sorely tried tonight.

Wearily he turned over his evening mail. "Duns, of course," he muttered. He was getting used to them now. "No, here is a letter from old 'Lank' Dargan."

My Dear Hawkins:

I heard last week that you were still working in the slum district, and, being in New York, had a talk about you to Smythely—you remember him—he is Superintendent of the City Hospital, and doing splendidly.

We fixed it up together for you, and he will send you an offer worth accepting.

This is only the advance notice from "yours truly" to make sure you don't entertain the old quixotic notions of former days,

and refuse such a fine opportunity.

You will be happy in New York, I know. There will be ample opportunity for research work.

In May, Class '84, is to get together. We shall expect you to come. Don't disgrace the crowd by being a deserter. Till then, I remain,

Yours for old time's sake,
James Dargan.

It came as a great shock to the tired, discouraged, self-sacrificing man. "Dear old Lank," he said, "he has a good heart. Accept it—accept it—how can I refuse it?"

And yet what about little Jennie? For four months he had been battling for her; and often the pale-faced, eager little woman, who would have died for her crippled child, had said, "Oh, doctor, what should we do without you?"

And there was the man who had been so terribly mauled in saving a gutter-child in a runaway last week. He had no money, no friends, and who would care for him?

Slowly he went over the long list. What would these do without him? But this opportunity would never come again. He must seize it now. Irresolutely he took up his pen.

My Dear Lank:

Your news is welcome. Yes, I'm busy here, but anxious for a change. I shall accept the offer when it comes, with the deepest gratitude in my heart for you.

I shall pack up right away ("God knows, there isn't much to pack," he said) and come to New York.

I hope I can find someone to carry on the work. Someone must do it.

I will most certainly be at the grand reunion in May. Never fear for me, I am no deserter—

Hark! What was that? Floating up with the sounds of drunken revelry as some fellows reeled their way down the street, he heard a woman's sobs. He strode to the door and downstairs. No rest at all. Couldn't they let him sleep even an hour?

It was the wife of one of the French laborers from a factory nearby. Jacques was sick. Could he come immediately?

He was no man to shirk his duty. With a nod of the head and an encouraging word, he went upstairs for his case. His big heart responded to the cry of distress, and soon he was racing after the woman.

Together they entered the squalid hovel where lay the breadwinner of the poor household. A brief examination convinced him that only an immediate operation could save the man.

He couldn't do it. He wouldn't risk it. The man must die. But how could he tell the eager, anxious little body who would have to care for all these already nearly starving children?

Anxiously he racked his brain to know where to get assistance. The wife would have to help. Could she stand it? Earnestly she nodded her head. Love is sufficient for all things. She would not desert her post, she said. She would stay to the last.

He gritted his teeth, and was soon busy at work. Hour after hour they worked, and, as the first streaks of early dawn appeared in the sky, the doctor packed his instruments and proceeded home to snatch an hour's respite before the day's labor commenced again.

But the brave little woman remained at the bedside, to cry and pray and work alone.

But his battle was over. Again he had won. The inspiration of victory was in his soul. As he picked up the unfinished letter, he read aloud, "I am no deserter." "No, thank God, no deserter. My post is here." He tore the letter into small pieces and, taking up his pen, wrote—

Dear Friend Lank:

I appreciate beyond measure your kindly interest in me. It is indeed a flattering opportunity you present, but my work lies here.

There is too much to be done for me to leave.

I am afraid '84 will have to dub me 'deserter,' for, as matters stand, it will be absolutely impossible for me to attend the reunion in May,

Sincerely,

William Hawkins.

And another of God's heroes faced his work with a new heart.

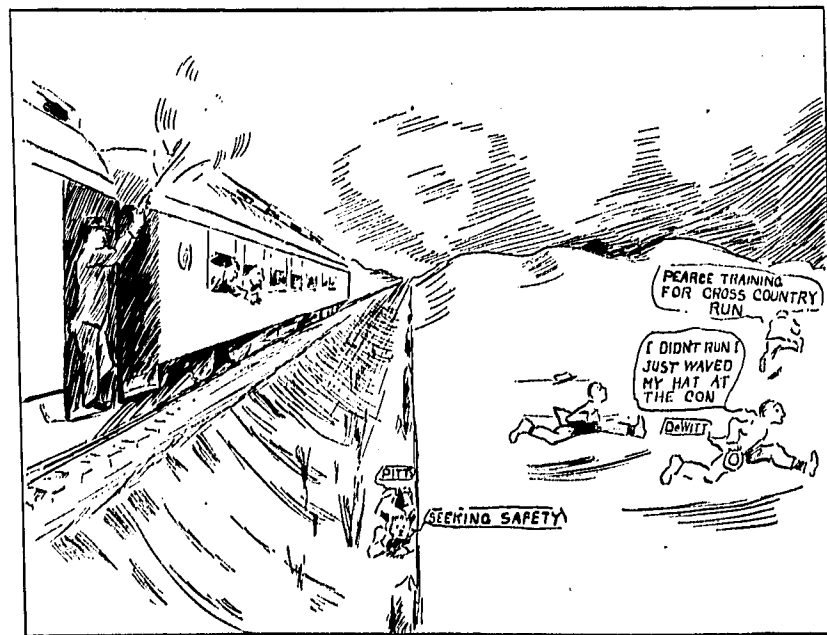


SWANES SPORTING
OLD LADY'S J



LITTLE STORIES OF
COLLEGE LIFE

Bumming it to Lameron



FROM the dignified and scholarly young student pastor at the cultured little town of Roberly, to a young vagabond bumming his way on the blind baggage up to a basketball game at the neighboring town of Lameron, is a change which you don't often find, but it wasn't at all uncommon in my college days. It was the year after the big drouth when coin was scarce, and the year that our five won the State Championship. There

was nothing we liked in those days so much as paradoxes, and we used to have the grandest rascal in college selling tickets on the Lecture Course for the Y. M. C. A.

Well, it wasn't hard to get a crowd together, preachers and all, to bum up to Lameron to see our all-victorious five wallop the up-starters. And in order to do the thing in proper style, we planned to meet the late afternoon passenger, and, fifteen strong, to board the blind and tender and

ride the forty miles to Lameron in broad daylight. A few of the timid planned to wait for the evening freight and board an empty box car as it passed the water tank, but school spirit was high that year, by the way, it was the year the victorious Teddy ran for a third term,—and infected with the germ of adventure, we collected on the station platform late in the afternoon and waited for the "Dude" to pull in from the city.

She came in all right, and, as she pulled out, we climbed her and literally covered the tender and blind with grinning college fellows, "Nick Carter" Bewitt, "Little" Searce, "Sy" Mitts, "Indian" Tell, "Hank" Rankins, "Toad" Royer, "Texas" Hoy, and some of the others. We knew the fireman and brakeman would try to put us off at the first stop, ten miles up the line, but we figured that we were too many for them.

betting on us, two to one. The conductor was getting heated up, his train was already late, and we held him ten minutes. He consigned us to the State Penitentiary and to sulphur and brimstone, so we obligingly dropped off again.

With the yells from the crowded car windows and platforms urging us on, we rushed her again as she started, but by this time Mr. "Con" was bursting with rage, his face purple with fury, and just as "Little" Searce touched the tender, he let fly at us with a Colt's, as long as your arm and as black as death. We had been through bloody class scraps, but we didn't want to be plugged by any employee of the Miserable Pacific.

He banged away again as we raced out toward the open country and, take it from me, since then I've stood with Andrew Carnegie and Manly O. Hudson for peace



We hung on all right all the way and, when the train stopped, jumped off and streaked it behind the station. The engineer was loaded for us and, when we started to board her again as she left, he stopped the train while the fireman showered coal at us. We jumped off and hit back for shelter, and as soon as the "Dude" started, we boarded her again. Again the engineer stopped her, again the fireman showered us with coal, while the brakeman yelled at us from the smoker. We again dropped off and, as soon as she started, boarded her the third time. By this time the windows in the whole train were open and the passengers were enjoying the fun,—"Stay on, boys," yelled a fat traveling man, "Wear 'em out! We're for you!" And the fellows in the smoker were

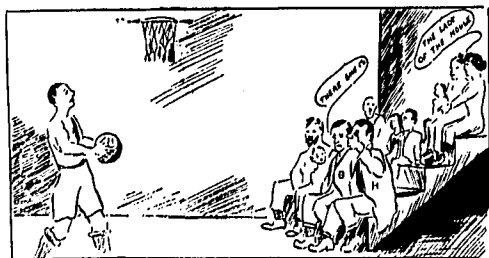
and international arbitration. Those bullets whirred and whined over our heads and sent cold chills through and through us. "Sy" Mitts was so scared, he just dropped in a ditch like a hunted rabbit, "Nick Carter" Bewitt and "Little" Searce sprinted across the country at a ten-flat pace. It's scandalously ridiculous when I think of it now, but then we had visions of bereaved parents and a tender fair young creature in black, weeping in a black-bordered handkerchief.

The "Dude" pulled out; but we didn't stop to look around until nothing could be seen but the smoke. We soon collected again at the station and waited for the evening freight, while Bewitt assured us that he "didn't run," but just stood and waved his hat at the "Con." We boarded

a box-bar on No. 184 when she came in, and landed safe in Lameron in time for the game.

Two of the fellows, "Indian" Tell and "Hank" Rankins, weren't satisfied and went out to bum a supper. They were turned down once, but tackled a wealthy home and found a sympathetic housewife who "fed only old men and boys" and got a scrumptious meal. And to add to their all too poorly concealed delight, the pretty daughter of the house helped wait on the two "unfortunates" and hovered about them like a good Samaritan.

But later when we were all down at the game, down on the front row giving "Hic! Wah! Sag! Wah!" who should come in but the same pretty daughter of the house,



Professional Spontaneity

TWO First Year Academic students were walking across the campus and came upon a green book lying on the ground. They picked it up and looked on it to find the name of the owner, but no name could be found. On running over the pages, however, they found a great deal of writing on the margin. At the beginning of a chapter named "The Wood Industry," where the words: "Tell the story about Johnny going down the street with his pants on backward so that you couldn't tell whether he was going or coming," and at the end of a chapter on "Banks" was written, "Spring the one about the Jew taking the money out of the coffin and putting in his check," and numerous other marginal notes of a similar nature.

convoyed by some youthful gallant! And as luck would have it, she sat directly behind "Indian" and "Hank." They tried to hide, but she spotted them as part of the bunch. She took the joke all right, but spread it, and the notoriety was something intense.

After the game was chalked up in our favor by a big score, four of us caught No. 13 and came home with the team. The rest came in on local freights all during the night and next day. But it was Saturday, no recitations, and we slept all day.

Shades of Jack London! For a laboratory course in the fundamentals of human nature, with full credit allowed, let the youngsters try bumming it!

As puzzled as ever, the two unsophisticated preps hailed an old alumnus who was passing by. They showed him the book inquired if he could give any light as to its ownership. The alumnus looked it through with a smile or recognition and handed it back to the Academic, saying:

"That belongs to Dr. Griffith. It's a Polycon. You'll get to take that when you are a Junior."

An L. L. C. Episode

THE shades of night were falling fast as our young heroine, Nora MacCler, surged forth from L. L. C., clad in a wiggle-stick blue serge suit, and dodged the swiftly falling shades. It being night, everything looked

How to Advertise

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

Scene—Chapel, December 12, 1911.

ACT I.

Dr. Parker: "Gentlemen, I wish to call your attention to the fact that on the 23d will be given, down in the Auditorium, a Cantata entitled, "The Bells of Elfarnie." Now, this will be given by the best singers of Liberty Ladies' College, and it will be some production. Also Prof. Dunwoody's orchestra will give a special concert before the curtain rises. Tickets are fifty cents. I advise you all to get your seats reserved early and avoid the rush."

(Editorial Comment: The gentlemen making the announcement is the chief bugle-blower in the orchestra mentioned.)

ACT II.

Dr. Evans (rising immediately): "Gentlemen, on the 20th will be given, in the High School Auditorium, one of the most delightful little operas that has been presented in Liberty for some time. The title is, "The Maid of Plymouth," and it will be sung by the best singers obtainable in the city. All of the students here need something of this kind, and as it comes just before examination, I advise you not to miss hearing *this* opera."

(Editorial Comment: The gentleman making the announcement was the operatic star in the performance mentioned.)

ACT III.

Prof. Richmond (rising even more immediately): "Gentlemen, I wish to O. K. all that Dr. Evans has said about the "Maid of Plymouth," to be given on the 20th. It is going to be great! I am going to take a leading part myself."

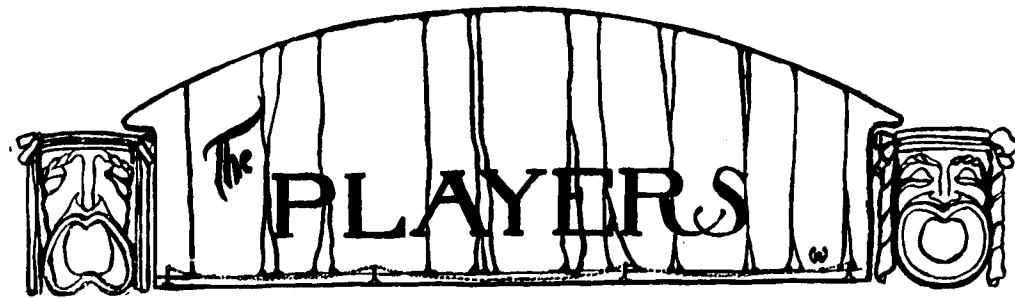
When the faculty become not only theatrical stars in rival productions, but also hustling press agents, what are we coming to? O Tempora! O Mores!

dark to her. A moonbeam fell across her open face, but was too light to inflict any serious injury. Brushing it away with a whisk broom, she directed her steps eastward. As she walked, she planted first one foot and then the other, a habit acquired from her father, who was a farmer. The clock in the court-house had cuckooed for the ninth time, when the damsel halted at the foot of the campus steps, and glued her eyes on an approaching figure, using Le-Page's glue for that purpose.

A short, stubby form appeared, tripping merrily, and fell prostrate at her feet, breaking a five dollar bill by the fall. With the aid of Yeast Foam, she raised him up. His lips parted with such sweet sorrow, as he moaned, "Nora, are you alone?" and her voice trembled and its knees shook as she replied, "No, Rodney, you are with me."

Rodney took a drawing pencil from his pocket and drew himself to his full height, resting his weary gaze on her as he did so. Then they moved softly and swiftly away, lest they should awaken her foot, which had fallen into a slumber some twenty fathoms deep. For some time they continued in silence, a silence delicately flavored with the aroma of Wrigley's Spearmint. Finally, by a clumsy move, she broke the silence, into a million fragments; as the honeyed words fell from her lips, Rodney gobbled them up speedily before they hit the ground.

So completely wrapped up in one another were they, that it was hard to undo the wrapping when the time of parting came up and introduced himself. The moon paused in its headlong career across the heavens; the town clock struck an attitude. A sound was heard as when a cow pulls her foot out of the mud, and with a paper cutter, Rodney tore himself loose and sprinted home in pursuit of his studies, while Nora entered the house, holding her breath in one hand and a fragment of a coat lapel in the other.



The PLAYERS

THE dramatic and musical season of the two colleges has been a successful one from every standpoint. The year has been unusually productive. For the first time in the history of William Jewell a genuine Glee Club has been organized, under the leadership of Dr. Evans. The program worked out is a very attractive one and the organization has met with considerable success. The year '10 and '11 has produced the best orchestra in the history of the institution. It is led by Mr. Richard Dorris, '15, and has not been exceeded by any other student organization in producing college spirit. The highest priced lecture course ever conducted by the Y. M. C. A. has been given this year. The June plays, given last Commencement by the two Literary So-

cieties, met with success, although the attendance was not so large as usual.

We started in September with a band, which gave promise of bringing no mean glory to the college. But one dark night, a month or so later, when no one was looking, the band escaped. Whither it went we know not. In spite of large rewards offered, it could not be found and returned.

The Ladies' College gave a Cantata in December and also a play in February, both of which were well presented. There were also numerous recitals by members of the Conservatory, and also by some very capable outside talent. In addition, there were a few circuses and minstrel shows from which the general public, for some reason, was excluded.

Philomathic June Play

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

June 3d and 5th, 1911.

FROM the time the curtain rose on the bar-room of "The Three Jolly Pigeons," blue with smoke, ringing with the strains of, "It's Always Fair Weather," and filled with tipsy English countrymen, until the gentle-bred Miss Harcastle, in the role of a barmaid, brought the haughty and aristocratic Young Marlowe to her feet in surrendering love,—there was not a dull moment in the Annual June Play staged by the Philo-

mathic Literary Society. The plot though involved, was absorbing; the acting was far above the usual standard; the climaxes in the play were approached and used to the fullest advantage; the scenery was good; the costuming was especially appropriate and complete; the orchestra was a feature.

Merry Fleet, as Young Marlowe, played the title role in a masterly manner, bringing down the house with his skilful characterization of the diffident and bashful young suitor. Henry Moorman, as the overgrown booby, Tony Lumpkin, played his part well; when the psychological moment came, he made the change from an addle-headed roysterer to a keen-thinking strategist most effectively. A. B. Potter and



THE EXCELSIOR JUNE PLAY—"DAVID GARRICK"



THE PHILOMATHIC JUNE PLAY—"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

Ralph Hazlett, as the charming Miss Hardcastle and her coarse, emotional mother, interpreted to the complete satisfaction of all these difficult parts. The remainder of the cast were well chosen and the entire play well balanced.

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

- Young Marlowe M. D. Fleet
"She's too grave and sentimental for me."
- Hardcastle R. D. Arnold
"I love everything that is old; old friends, old times, old manners, old wine."
- Tony Lumpkin Henry Moorman
"Ecod, Mother, all the parish says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on't."
- Hastings H. T. Beaver
"Happy Man! You have talents and art to captivate any woman."
- Sir Charles Marlowe C. W. Warren
"Girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know."
- Miss Hardcastle A. B. Potter
"O! Sir! I must not tell my age. They say that women and music must never be dated."
- Mrs. Hardcastle R. L. Hazlett
"There's nothing in the world that I love so much to talk of as London and the fashions."
- Miss Neville L. E. Mahan
"What will repair beauty at forty will certainly improve it at twenty, madam."
- Diggory Ralph Boyer
"Ecod! I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry."
- Stingo (Landlord) W. E. Parks
"Alack! We have but one spare bed in the whole house, Master."
- Ralph Orie Gruelle
- Mat Muggins C. J. McGlothlan
- Tom Twist E. L. Slusher
- Jack Slang C. F. Williams
- Jeremy C. H. Ninegar
- Aminadab Tom Griffiths

Excelsior June Play

DAVID GARRICK

June 6th and 7th, 1911.

ON the following evenings was presented the annual June Play of the Excelsiors. Considerable rivalry has always existed between the Phils and Exes, and the similarity of the two plays in period and plot, gave an opportunity for a real comparison of the respective merits of the two societies, as far as dramatic ability is concerned.

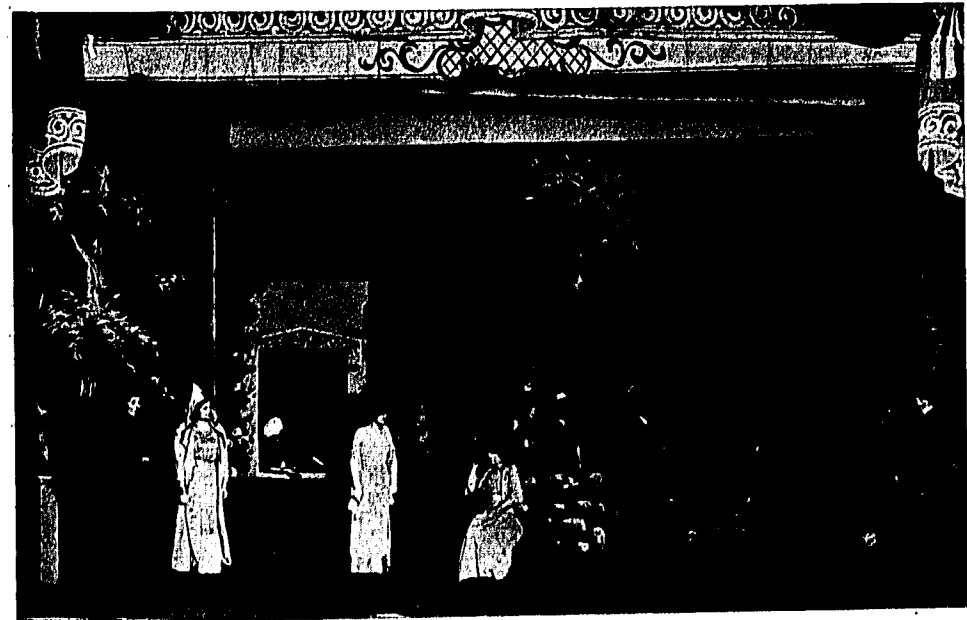
The simple and direct plot of David Garrick gave ample room for many strong scenes and the presentation of well-rounded climaxes. The play was well staged and held the interest of one of the largest audiences that has attended a June Play in late years. Joe Brown gave a complete characterization of the great actor, David Garrick, presenting the many different moods of that whimsical genius freely, and delineating with bold strokes this many-sided character. Jimmy Reber, as Squire Chivy, gave an inimitable representation of the dissolute and sport-loving English fop. Ted Platt, as the wealthy and jealous father of the delightful Ada, read his lines with freedom and discernment. Minx Jones, Sam Brown, and Crim-minger, in the female parts, looked sweet enough to kiss, and went without a hitch through the strenuous task of managing trains and various feminine paraphernalia.

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

- David Garrick Joe Brown
- Mr. Simon Ingot Teddy Platt
- Squire Chivy Jimmy Reber
- Mr. Smith Royal Williams
- Mr. Brown G. L. Newkirk
- Mr. Jones R. W. Settle
- Thomas R. L. Davidson, Jr.
- George R. Williams
- Ada Ingot Sam Brown
- Mrs. Smith Chas. Criminger
- Miss Araminta Brown Minx Jones



"THE BELLS OF ELFARNIE"—PRESENTED BY LIBERTY LADIES COLLEGE



"THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY"—PRESENTED BY LIBERTY LADIES COLLEGE

The Bells of Elfarnie

BY L. L. C. SENIORS

THE Bells of Elfarnie told a good story. It was a ringing success. It was the epitome of every mode of musical and dramatic art. The musical program, which preceded the Cantata, was well rendered by the large orchestra, under the direction of Professor Dunwody.

We decided at the outset that the Bells of Elfarnie, whatever they were, had nothing whatever on the belles who composed the cast of the play. The dramatic action and the swift change of scenery and costume were significant features.

The Professor's Love Story

BY L. L. C. SENIORS

THE advertising said, "Lots of pretty girls; a good show," and in our wide experience of theatre-going, we were rather curious as to just what we ought to expect. So we procured a front seat and some opera glasses and—waited.

The plot centers around an old electrical professor who got dead struck on his private secretary and tried to make everyone believe that he was innocent. The entire cast was excellently adapted to the play, and the acting was quite beyond criticism.

The costumes of the male characters were beyond all doubt the most modest that we have seen yet this season. They seemed to be rather novel, and had quite a tendency to flare at the bottom. Professor Goodwillie hadn't been on the stage longer than ten or twelve minutes before we decided that he was a man. We have since figured out that there must have been at least three or four male characters altogether. The costumes, as a whole, were very becoming, especially when enhanced by the boots of Petey and Henders.

Considering the title of the play, the absence of even one real love scene was rather disappointing. Effie almost perpetrated one with Henders and then backed out. The nearest approach was made by the professor himself, but that was through a window

and left entirely too much to the imagination.

The orchestra added materially to the program, and its repertoire was loudly applauded.

Y. M. C. A. Lecture Course

THE series opened on November 2d, with a lecture by Mr. Byron Piatt, on, "American Morals." Mr. Piatt is a genuine orator and held his audience spellbound, while he bemoaned the fact that present day mothers are so indiscriminate in letting their daughters run around with the rattle-headed boy tribe.

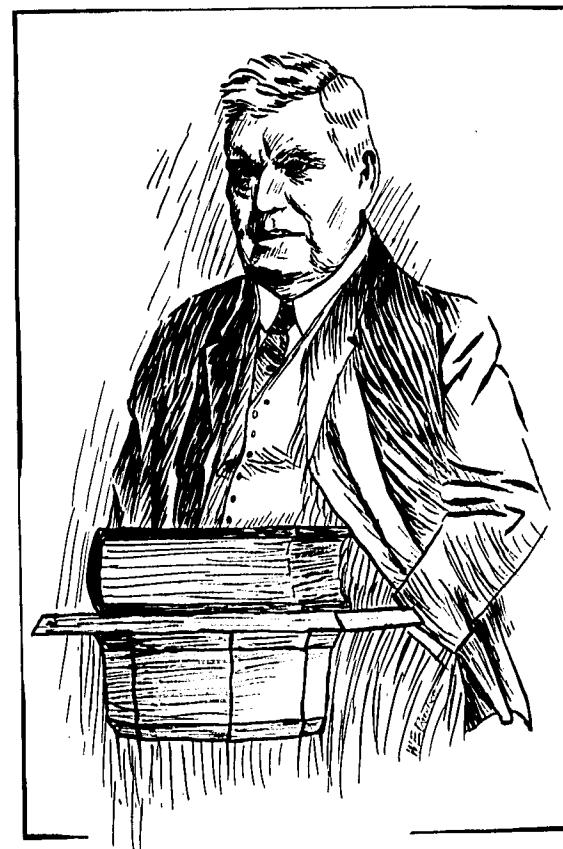
Mr. Heney, of San Francisco, was the next occupant of the lecture course rostrum. His subject—our memory slips us just a little here, but it was either "First One Thing and then Another," or "Rambling Through Arkansas." The most remarkable thing about his address was its brevity. He talked just a *little* over an hour, during which time the attention of the audience was profound. A pin-drop could be heard at any time. Those who remained to the end of the lecture were sorry to see him close, for the time scarcely seemed over fifteen minutes.

William Sterling Battis appeared on the 27th of November and showed us a Dickens of a time. He interpreted the characters of that famous author in a way that was not only entertaining, but also instructive. Roy Johnson preceded Mr. Battis with another lecture.

Mr. Flowers, on January 15th, gave us a very pleasing interpretation of Hamlet. For the benefit of the Academs, we might add that Hamlet was written by Shakespeare. Mr. Flower's lecture showed him to be a master of his subject.

The dash and college-gee-club life of the entertainment given by the Hussars, found an enthusiastic response from the entire audience, and particularly from college students. There was just enough real classical ragtime in the program to preserve the proper balance.

The Aidias, on March 21st, closed the series with a high class musical program which was well appreciated.



Taken From Our President's Chapel Talks

- "Don't profess to be too good. Men won't stand for it."
- "A hatchet is better than an axe without a handle."
- "You don't need a girl. She is an unwieldy surplus."
- "I don't like a quitter."
- "Don't be one of these 'petition' students."
- "You boys would call for a holiday on the day of Judgment."
- "The first thing God requires of us is that we be good animals."
- "The devil is doing more harm in not ventilating churches than in any way I know."
- "It is worth something to have the love of a yellow dog."
- "Stand up to the rack, hay or no hay."
- "Man's helpmeet is in every way his equal."
- "When you marry, don't board; go to keeping house."
- "Women are capable of voting, but they have a bigger calling."
- "I don't mind talking politics on the street, but I don't want to go home to it."
- "You will not be what you ought to be till you gain the love of some good woman."
- "No ignoramus can live a happy life."
- "If you go to a dog-fight, you will sympathize with the little dog, even if he starts it or whips."

GOINGS ON

Without a rattle or a creak of machinery, the school year of 1911-'12, of our beloved

"She's Off"

The launching occurred September 7 and the master of ceremonies was Dr. D. D. Munro of Kansas City. The faculty row full from end to end presented once more to our gaze our guides through the tortuous maze of Learning. Once more we looked upon the living frieze, "Knowledge in Repose," from Richmond to Edwards, heads white, heads black, heads bare, some set straight on the shoulders, some tilted to the right, some to the left, some set naturally, some drooping forward, one set back in classic style, the chin pushed into the neck, some faces bare, some with beards, some sideburns, one little black goatee,—a characteristic and unique sight.

Seniors were there, grave with new-acquired dignity; Juniors, aping the maturity of men of the world; Sophomores eyeing the husky Freshmen, who twisted about uneasily on their seats; Sub-collegiates, bursting with ambition.

"She's Off! And in a keynote address, the speaker pointed out the way of the year, to the accompaniment of a loud "Amen" from the sub-collegiate ranks.

"Bon Voyage, Jewell," speaker, faculty, students breathed that sentiment. The year of 1911-'12 with its tremendous possibilities, its trying program, its tempting past-times, had been launched. A fresh start, smiling blue skies, quickening breezes, the

outlook fair, made the auspices propitious and out swelled the chorus: "She's Off!"

"You can't get me to go snipe-hunting," said one early-ripe Freshman to Secretary Kemper on this day, "I'm on." But the annual Y. M. C. A. First Saturday hike

Freshman Hike Sept. 9

to the River was well attended, nevertheless, and hugely enjoyed by some lonesome Freshmen.

Tuesday, the 12th, in Chapel, occurred the Annual Stag of the Y. M. C. A. Four hundred men listened to a rousing address by the new Secretary, C. F.

Y. M. C. A. Stag Sept. 12

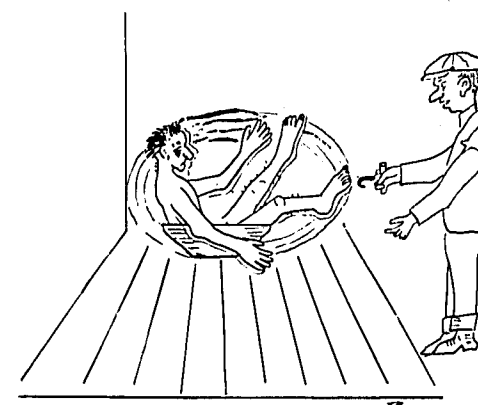
Kemper, cheered President Greene, and laughed at a Sawbuck Quartet Stunt by Teddy Platt, Jerry Schaeffer, Lamkin, and the Two "Hanks," Moore and Schaeffer. Everyone was given a triangular tag of his class color bearing his name, but nevertheless, our youthful new Professor Johnson was saluted many times with the patronizing greeting, "New Student, I suppose?"

The night of the 14th was a long one for a certain Walkup. He patiently submitted

to the funnel stunt, being whirled in a wash basin, and a little clipping and a close physical examination, besides nerve-teasers too numerous to mention,—all being the initiation to his choice of fraternities,

Alpha Nu Walkup Sept. 15

the Alpha Nu, an organization not listed in any roster of Class A or Class B fraternities, national or local. And on the morning



with the calm poise of a hero receiving a Carnegie medal, he rose in Chapel and spoke thus: "Dr. Greene and Friends, I desire to announce that I have joined the Alpha Nu fraternity." R. L. Davidson, who has had experience at political conventions and had a stop watch ready, caught the length of applause and cheers at four minutes. And the proud neophyte actually didn't tumble to the joke for two days!

The Sophomore-Freshman Annual Scrap was pulled off on this date. It wasn't much

Class Scrap Sept. 16

like the midnight battles of a few years ago, but it was a warm affair. Referees Evans, Parker and Fleet nailed the flags of each class to the top of a twenty-foot pole, lined up the picked scrappers of both classes fifty yards apart on opposite sides of the pole and set them at it. It was a clean scrap, but shirts went in a hurry and considerable backbone was



displayed by all concerned. After fifteen minutes of tying up and scrapping, a little group of Freshies rushed the pole and shoved "Little" Pearce up it, and jerked down the Soph. Banner. The Sophs came back hard, but couldn't duplicate the feat, and the hour closed with the silver gray and maroon of the Freshmen waving victoriously over the field. The tug-of-war across the College pond wasn't on the program, but it wasn't hard to remember the last scrap when the Freshies hit the pond and were pulled through it for a muddy bath.

"Extra! Extra!—latest football prospects, news from L. L. C. by our special correspondent,—Extra!"

Extra! Sept. 22

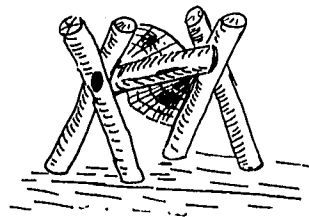
Since the days of Uncle Johnny Rider, nothing like this had been heard on the campus until the new weekly Student appeared in Chapel, a bright, newsy sheet, full of racy, snappy news. "Don't come around the corner smoking like a freight train," ran across the top, sage advice from President Greene; a full-length portrait of that dazzling dignitary, "Hog" Boyer, football captain, blossomed out on the front page; and a column



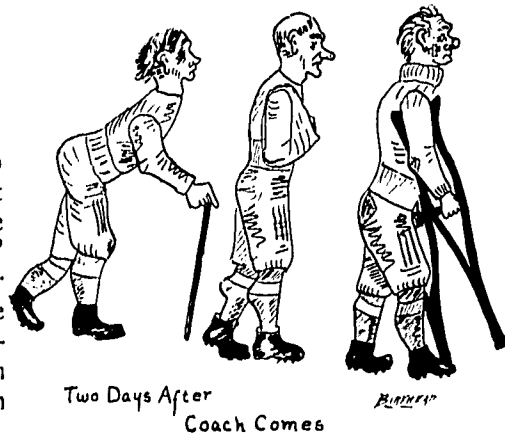
of gossip from Liberty Ladies' College ran down the edge. A college newspaper! Wow! To the Jewell's bulging eyes it spelled 'Motion' in big letters, and it indicated that progress typified in the tradition-smashing motto, "Let's Make History."

The Sons of Rest came lazily into Chapel on this morning, shambling along to the dismal refrain of "Rawbuck-Sawbuck," with the doleful and inharmonious "Ah-men" trailing away into silence. "Tubby" Wilson, "Ike" Martin, "Hank" Schaeffer, and "Count" Motley were the sole survivors of the crew that sailed one year before. But this morning a dozen delinquents shuffled in with them,

**R-A-W-W Buck
Sept. 28**



tagged with the modest indigo and pale blue insignia, and mauling out the same monotonous music. "Foxy Grandpa" Fruit again read out the list of the unfortunates who had asked for membership and were not considered, also those weighed in the balance and found wanting, "Chestnuts" Richmond and "Shoestring Jimmie" Storer heading the list for the third consecutive year. The yearly banquet was held at Bassett's at night, and all the Sons then meandered up to L. L. C. to present Son "Hilarious" Savage with a box of torches.



The last chapter of the first volume of football history was written at the Garden and Koppel Field at Kansas City where Central overwhelmed us 26 to 6. The sequel came in a student mass meeting where, amidst all kinds of enthusiasm and speeches by Dr. Crossley and Kemper and members of the Varsity Squad, a sum of \$250 was pledged to secure "Bud" Saunders, late star quarterback of Missouri University, as football coach. The true William Jewell spirit came to life in this meeting and has remained with us throughout the year. "Texas" Foy made a speech also on behalf of the Academy.

**New Coach
Oct. 9**

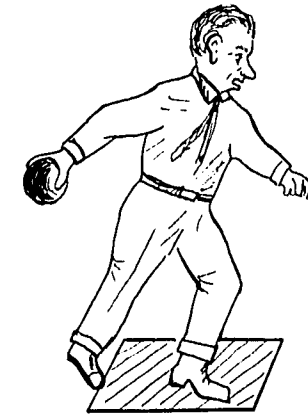
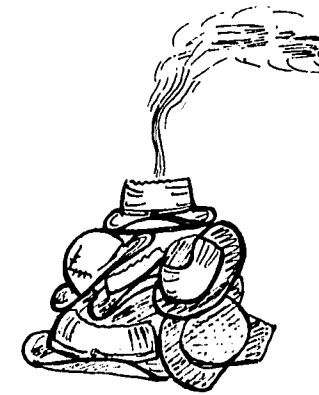
Heretofore you couldn't tell a Senior our Campus from a sub-collegiate or one of the janitors. And the exuberant feelings of being occasionally accosted by a stranger, as one of the Faculty, had always been completely swept away and submerged beneath the all too frequent feelings of disgust and grouch, over being mistaken by one of the newly-arrived as a brother-Freshman. So, led by Tennessee Tom, the Seniors marched into Chapel on this morning, forty strong, all panoplied out in distinctive garb. Caps and gowns? Guess again, Clara! Talk about the famous Missouri Compromise! Here's another Missouri Compromise!

**Seniors Celebrate
Oct. 10**

mise that ought to live in college history, as does its successor in the annals of the nation. For, disdaining Custom's centuries-old

The New York Giants and Philadelphia Athletics met on this date for the first game of a post-season series of indoor baseball games to be played between the above mentioned teams and the Detroit Tigers and St. Louis Cardinals, on a specially laid out diamond between Jewell

**"Play Ball"
Oct. 16**



tradition of cap and gown, these iconoclasts introduced Dame Dignity in the form of a rain-proof, ventilated affair, the ambition of every Hebrew youngster,—a Derby.

Mounting the platform, Tennessee Tom faced a howling mob who made the air hideous with screams for five minutes, during which time he calmly held at arms length a "Hear Ye" placard announcing that hereafter and forevermore no derbies be worn on the campus, except by Seniors. Woe be to the country preacher who economically had planned to limit himself to one piece of headgear, appropriate equally for shirt-tail parades and Sunday schools. The blow fell heaviest on the Sub-collegiates, and "Gabfest" Garrett, "Lanky" Lands, "Kentucky" Campbell, and "Hooligan" Hopson, took to caps only under Seniorial guidance and cajolery. For the next forty-eight hours the Campus heard the brassy windjamming of Arnote, the pious persuasiveness of Ferguson, the racuous recommendations of Platt, the jingle of Grimmitt's coin, and the hue and cry and harangue of the whole Senior class removing derbies.

and Ely Halls. Mathewson, Bender, all of these famous stars appeared. Connie Mack and Muggy McGraw made several exchanges of players, Muggsy paying the top price, given for any player during the season, when purchasing "Godfriaux" Merkle for first baseman, for the consideration of two hamburgers and a set-up. The Giants held the highest percentage when the season closed, "Hank" Schaeffer's Detroit landing in the cellar position.

Some people just will be original if in nothing else but spelling, but now and then someone really original comes down the hallway of Time, leaving us dazed and startled

**Willie Wingo
Oct. 30**

It was not altogether a bloodless revolution. A certain Harper resented "Hog" Boyer's attempt to ditch his derby and swatted him on the lip; and in high dudgeon, left college the next day, loudly asserting that his right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness had been grossly violated, and insisting that the college was controlled by the Evil One.

by his comet-like uniqueness. Of this type was Willie Wingo, an Ozark product, who landed on the Campus near Hallowe'en. He hadn't been away from home before and so went up to Liberty Ladies College first. Then he came over to the Campus and matriculated. "Are you the woman that runs this hotel?" he inquired of Miss Beswick at the college office. The next morning at Chapel, our dazed eyes saw this uncouth specimen mount the platform, jauntily, derby on the back of his head,

smile at Dr. Greene, and, while the crowd were getting seated, engage Dr. Griffith in conversation. He then sauntered over to Dr. Greene. Our beloved President gave all the information asked and answered



Willie in Chapel.

Willie's queries as he stood, hands in pockets, back to the audience, hugely enjoying himself and patently very much at home.

Over his many adventures we must pass hastily. When informed that only Seniors were allowed to wear derbies, he expressed himself as entirely willing to enter that class. He went into the college office and burst into Dr. Greene's sanctum sanctorum while that worthy was dictating a letter and interjected, "What time is it, Brother Greene?" "Just ten o'clock, my boy," replied Prexy, patiently, taking out his watch. And the time he had at the Church Reception to L. L. C! Enough! Enough!

William Jewell, 29; Tarkio, o. After a series of defeats and tie scores and some gruelling practices under Coach Saunders, news came that Jewell had struck her gait at St. Joseph against Tarkio by the above score. A night-shirt parade was put on, the team was met at the 9:21, and hauled around the square and up to L. L. C., heading a procession, two blocks long. The crowd obligingly cleaned out all the boxes, barrels, and inflammable stuff behind the stores and raised a bonfire up at L. L. C. that was a record breaker. After a wardance, we heard each fellow tell how

Shirt Tail Parade Nov. 4

the score was made.

Any spectators at the bonfire? Yes, but you could see only their heads above the window-sills.

"Many good things are heard from this platform during the college year, and some of the best are yet to come. Among them is an address tomorrow morning in Chapel time by Dr. D. Ummi." This announcement, by a hitherto perfectly reliable member of the faculty and accompanied by numerous bills, urging everyone not to fail to hear "Dr. D. Ummi, an old friend of the college who would talk on the problems of young men" brought no little inquiry as to who this gentleman was. Grimmert and McGraw nearly came to blows over the question of whether he was a Jap or an Italian. "Some Y. M. C. A. fellow," grunted our amiable friend, J. Wilson Storer.

The faculty arrived at Chapel first in the morning and started the hilarity when they discovered "Dr. D. Ummi" already on the platform, attired in a suit of old gold and green, straw sticking out of his legs and boots, head stuffed out as round as a billiard ball, apparently ready to make a speech for the '12 Tatler. Pandemonium increased as the Chapel filled. Dr. Clark took it all as a joke on him, but when everyone found a Tatler slip in his seat, Dr. D. Ummi's purpose was evident. After a few speeches concerning the Tatler, Dr. D. Ummi's name was called. Slowly his fingers began to move, jerkily he raised one arm, planted his hand on Dr. Cook's bald head and mechanically raised himself to his feet, and soon the student body was howling over the strident tones of Ted Platt coming through the stuffed face.

It was a good stunt, and the Tatler, '12, raked in an increased number of subscriptions as a result.

Demosthenes, Kickero, or Pat Henry had nothing whatever on the oratory that floated out of the windows of the Chapel on the night of November 22d. The air was full of poetry and eloquence.

Home Oratorical Nov. 22

One by one the contestants mounted the rostrum and championed every cause from the Congo outrages to the adulteration of vinegar. They viewed with alarm, they pointed with pride, they appealed to reason, sympathy, justice and other things too numerous to mention, until the audience, aflame with anger, and with blood in their eye, arose in a body and instinctively looked around for a Philip to fight against, a Cati-line to ostracise, or a King George to string up by the neck. Even the rafters were spell-bound, the roof sprung several leaks, the piano refused to work for days, and the electric lights were so hypnotized that they burned for an hour and 17 minutes after the current was turned off.

W. E. Stone headed the Websterian delegation with a very orthodox discourse on the lives of Abraham of old, and the modern Abraham, Lincoln. The next orator, W. C. Boone, with provincial loyalty, upheld the reputation of the Ku-Klux-Klan. F. R. Birkhead scared everybody to death by showing them a few things about the Sleeping Giant of Asia. F. M. Powell followed with an eloquent sermon on "The Triumphant Life." W. L. Robb burned up several thousand acres of timber, and wasted untold quantities of coal, oil, iron, and soil before he convinced his hearers of the necessity of conserving our natural resources, while Chas. Durden, in conclusion, shed numerous tears in behalf of the outcasts of society.

Mr. Durden carried away the medal, with Mr. Birkhead second. Since Mr. Durden was disqualified from the State oratorical on account of his being a pastor of a church, Mr. Birkhead represented the college in that contest.

Chapel raids do not often occur. In fact we do not suppose that one of those things

has, in the past, ever been recorded in our ann(u)als.

But raid it surely was. The lustre of the time honored Morgan dims into the realms of the 5th magnitude in comparison.

They came to Chapel four by each. Each was cozily sheltered by the cutest little black fuzzy piece of millinery creation im-

aginable. Boldly did they advance to the platform and take their places among our honored faculty, and at their dreary and condescending gaze upon the roughnecks below, did the whole room lapse into a restless silence.

Then did they proceed to expound into us the merits of the new annual. It was



a put-up job. They played upon our weaknesses. They told us that all we had to do was to buy an annual, go through the pictures and pick out our pick and that was all. Just take our choice and go up and see her. They told us we could all have a sweetheart on the other hill, if we would just try a little.

Who could resist such an appeal? (Nobody) The whole Chapel from Doc Greene to Willie Wingo capitulated. One of 'em, with one of those winning smiles (any of which was worth a king's ransom) went down faculty row in 6 1/2 seconds for thirteen goals. She could have gotten an A. B. then and there for the asking.

So ging der O. S. B., auch. Some heartless Freshmen turned the little fairies down and their consciences wouldn't let them sleep a wink for two weeks. Kemper dodged around the corner to avoid one and bumped into two more and surrendered. Who wouldn't?

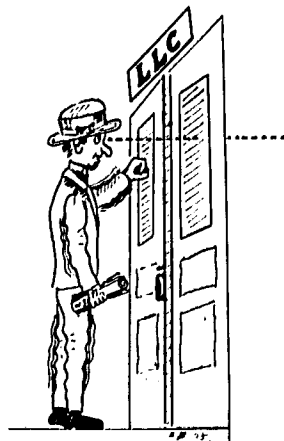
We don't ordinarily like holdups, but that kind is pretty nice. We rather enjoy being held up that way, no matter what the consequences. We hope they'll come back sometime.

Taken by Storm Nov. 28

However, great his previous worldly experience, a Jewellite is always still emphatically unsophisticated until he has attended and survived an L. L. C. General Reception. After that, he looks out on life with the blase and ennuied glance of one who has been there.

A confused buzz and chatter reaches him as he reaches the door. He steps gingerly across the floor and divests himself of overcoat and hat, and takes a farewell slap at his pompadour. Emerging into the hall, he slides giddily down the receiving line, repeating unfamiliar names and looking into unfamiliar faces. Some matter-of-fact young miss then takes him in charge and steers him down the hall. He gasps as he comes to the first settee to see some roughneck prep. brazenly monopolizing the attentions of a fair young creation in evening dress. Proceeding further, he grins all over to see a reversal of the former sight in the spectacle of two tender tots not far out of kindergarten, whose guests for the evening are the urbane Jimmie Storer and Well-cooked Boone, bristling with Senior dignity. "Adaptability, thy name is Jewell," he whispers softly to himself.

A step farther brings him to the parlor, where he catches a glimpse of Senor Abel Cantu, vainly pursuing some fair com-



panion who is escaping in the crowd. He sees "Hank" Schaeffer gloomily listening to the prattle of some "giggle and a chuckle, and a 'Let's go somewhere,'" while with

dejected eye, he looks for someone musical. He hears down the hall to his right, a bustle and commotion about the doors of Set-up Bigs and the Gabbles. Then he is steered up and introduced to some Juliet whom he sizes up as a good enough proposition for the rest of the evening. He finds her a seat and the conversation begins. It deals with everything from corns to coiffures, from dimples to dish pans. Finally, clang, clang, goes the bell, ninety-three, a bustle and a shuffle through the crowd to the stairs, a goodbye glimpse of feminine loveliness floating around the turn in the stairway and then out in the cool night.

"Some time!" he yells enthusiastically to a crowd ahead. The reply is universal and pregnant with savage disgust,—“Oh, Prunes!”

The rousingest exhibition of the year of real line-smashing of brilliant tackles, and of startling end-runs was in the Freshman-Sophomore battle. The 'Varsity games are good, but if we lose, our opponents aren't here during the rest of the year to crow over us, and if we win, our chance to crow is limited. But when Greek meets Greek,—stand off a safe distance and have the ambulance ready. From the first down when "Scotty" Turner made a slashing ten-yard run, punching holes and tearing his way through would-be tacklers, where in an ordinary game the runner would have been satisfied with two yards, the entire crowd was on its toes, howling, yelling, screaming, and going into paroxysms of enthusiasm over the constant turn of the tide of battle and the closeness of the fight. New thrills came every minute of play. In the first two minutes the Sophs. nearly scored and in the first quarter, Jack Cocke ran over the Freshman goal on a classy fake line buck, but was recalled, because of offside playing. "Toad" Boyer played like a house afire; Rixey ripped off one fifteen-yard gain after another; Lindberg played like another Eckersall; Elephant "Butch" Sanders ran back punts in rare style, worming and dodging his way along as though he had

been doing nothing else all his life. Wow-ee! such games are few and far between. And when the final score was chalked up 2 to 0 for the Freshmen, it was a grinning and satisfied crowd that left the field and talked itself excitedly up the Hill.

The annual inter-society debate was an event of genuine merit. The question was **Inter-Society Debate** **Dec. 7** "Resolved, that all cities in the United States with a population between 25,000 and 300,000 should adopt the commission form of government." The Exes, Matherly, Holladay, and Gordon, took the negative, against McGraw, Beaver, and Durden of the other society. The Philomatheans won the question; Durden first place, Beaver second, and Matherly third. The debate was a stemwinder from start to finish.

The only thing the matter with the debate was the crowd. If there had been three or four hundred men there with a decent proportion of calico in addition with a good yell leader for each society and lots of pep, it would have come somewhere near doing justice to the occasion.

The days of the Log Cabin and Hard Cider Campaign with nights of torchlight processions and red fire and grandiloquent speeches by fat-necked and potbellied politicians, were brought to mind vividly by the Student Straw Ballot for our next President. Bill Taft, Champ Clark, Woodrow Wilson, La Follette and the ubiquitous Teddy were the most popular candidates. In order to properly educate the general public, a political convention was staged at Chapel, and each aspirant was given a proper oratorical send-off.

It started after the announcements. "Hank" Schaeffer, so full of eloquence that he scarcely could stand, rose and, after addressing President Greene, roared out in a sonorous voice: "Fellow Citizens!" It was like "Play Ball" for the first game of the season,—the O. S. B. simply shrieked with glee.

"Fellow Citizens!" calmly repeated the orator, "Those of you who read that great political weekly, the William Jewell Student, are cognizant of the fact that we, the body politic of William Jewell College, have been plunged into the throes of a Presidential election." With an attitude like Munyon advertising the road to health, he held the floor until the mad populace quieted down. Then in eloquent



tones and Chesterfieldian gesture, he expiated on the merits of corpulent Bill, "a man not only of judicial poise, but avoirdupoise." Hank is certainly some geranium! Then Jimmy Storer sarcastically poked his fingers in Bill's hopes and upheld the academic aspirant, Woodrow Wilson. The pugnacious and fuming Teddy, wielder of the Big Stick, foremost exponent of the Square Deal, was presented by Howard Beaver. The pompadoured little giant, La-Follette, he of roll-call fame, was eulogized by "Hub" Satterfield. And the pride of Pike County, Missouri's favorite son, Champ Clark, was presented, amidst tremendous applause, by Frank Powell.

When the first speech started, Dr. Greene simply threw up his hands and sat down with smiling face, to hear his boys orate. The vote was taken and as was announced later, the New Jersey Governor won, with Clark and Roosevelt at his heels;—and thus another presidential election had passed into history.

To the tune of "Down in Jungle Town," the newly organized Glee Club appeared for the first time of the season in Chapel, and were received with plenty of applause. The quiet harmony of "Love's Old Sweet Song" awoke a new sense of musical appreciation, long dormant in Jewell, and created an appetite for more. And Dick Dorris's new orchestra appearing in Chapel a week later, roused another round of applause for more music on the Hill.

**Glee Club
Jan. 19**

"Feeling that the atmosphere of a strictly men's school and a strictly women's school is not conducive to the complete development of manhood and womanhood—"in this ponderous style it started, but that didn't hinder it from going a long way. Sterling Lingo Williams spoke for it long and earnestly. Ted Platt, in an irresistible speech, gave kindly warnings of gas bills, an evil evidently keenly felt by this vociferous spouter. "Preacher" Powell dismissed the matter with a judicious O. K.,—but the crowd howled for "Stoode" Moor-man, and he shamefacedly and blushing gave it his approval.

But,—rats! Prim and formal, the answer came, "Our young ladies have all the diversion that will mix well with their work" and that was all. Diversion? Well, hardly, Not for us! Business!!

The occasion was long prepared for. Our orator had spent months and months in writing his oration, and weeks and weeks in training to deliver it. Our faculty adviser had labored long and hard in planning, advising, and supervising. Our committeeman had been faithful in perfecting the thousand and one contingent details and arrangements. The yelling squad, the fighting 200, had practiced for days in order to be able to contribute the utmost possible amount to the welfare of the occasion that

**State Oratorical
March 7**

lusty lungs could give.

The event was most auspicious. On one side of the house sat the confident enemy, Park. Opposite sat the equally confident hosts of Jewell. Immediately back was the ever loyal L. L. C., whose beauty added an immeasurable charm to the affair, and whose yells were a mighty stimulus. The William Jewell Orchestra was on the job;



the Park Band was on the job; everybody was on the job. William Jewell yelled; Park yelled; L. L. C. yelled; everybody yelled and everybody howled; pow wow, fireworks, flood and tornado; pandemonium was rampant. The opera house turned over three times and nobody knew it.

Westminster, Central, Drury, Jewell, Park, and Central Wesleyan orated consecutively. A close race between Birkhead, of Jewell, and Samuels, of Park, for first place was obvious. Both orators were stem winders. The referee came out and everybody stopped breathing while he announced the decision. "Drury third, Jewell, second—" the Park aggregation were not even gentlemen enough to wait for the judge to finish, but interrupted everything with a lot of boisterous cheering. The Sons of Jewell

gripped their teeth and consoled themselves with the fact that there was another time coming, that we took them down the line on basketball in the afternoon, and that after all it would have fostered a spirit of selfishness in the school, if we had won three State Oratorical Contests in succession. Park really needed it anyway.

A week later the management of the opera house sent in a bill of \$51.47 for repairs made on the roof.

And, so, with voyage nearly done, the Chronicle closes. The fair winds and blue skies which made the launching of the year so propitious have continued

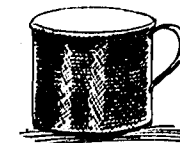
The End

throughout the voyage. To Faculty and Students alike, more learning, more comradeship, more brotherhood. May it ever be thus; Bon Voyage, and God-Speed.

Another year ends.

"THE LITTLE TIN CUP"

(Actual size)



DR. FRUIT'S ESTIMATE OF A SENIOR'S BRAINS


STRAIGHT TALK


THE article which we published last month, entitled, "The Present Condition of the Athletic Board," by Mr. O. B. Easy, has aroused a storm of controversial opinion. Our readers will remember that Mr. Easy, in his article, set forth many significant facts, and in an argument, which was very logically developed, he showed that William Jewell has absolutely the most economically run Athletic Association in the country, and that the Podunkville High School, of Pike County, Missouri is the only institution in the State, without a single exception, that has such an Indoor Baseball ground, or such a fine place to pitch dollars.

Mr. Easy, in his masterly article, exhorted the members of the Association to be tolerant in their criticism of the management of the athletic affairs by the Athletic Board. He pointed out the fact that the members ought to congratulate themselves on the scarcity of football games on the home field, because of the well proved scientific fact that too much of that element has a brutalizing tendency on the sensibilities of all college men, and detracts noticeably from the spiritual interests of the school. He asserted that games in Kansas City ought to be encouraged, for the reason that it provides the opportunity to spend profitably money that otherwise would go for candy and picture shows, and besides, the travel contingent to such procedure has a cultural effect on the entire student body.

Our readers will remember how Mr. Easy discouraged the enlargement of gymnasiums, on account of the added difficulty in heating, architectural difficulties, and the abnormal expense incident thereto, there being such a present need for money in the making of cliff drives, etc., etc. He concluded by stating that, while there may be a few little pebbles in the path of progress, yet all difficulties could be entirely eliminated by raising the athletic fee to twenty-five dollars.

We fully agree with Mr. Easy, ourselves, but much to our surprise our mail has been flooded for the past month with adverse comment, although there has been a little comment in favor of the article also. As it has always been the policy of Nobody's to give subscribers a chance to express themselves, we print below a few of the communications that we have received in this matter.

NOT A TERPSICHOREAN ENTHUSIAST.

EDITOR STRAIGHT TALK:

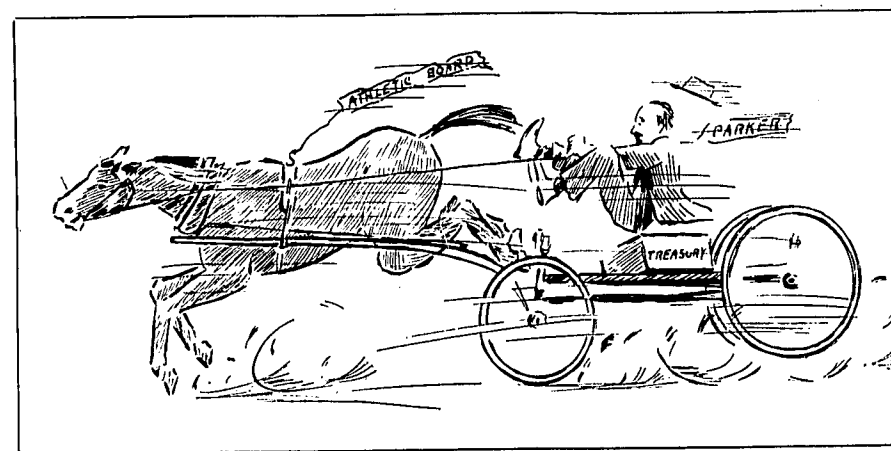
Dear Sir: I am very much disgusted to think that you would publish such an article as the one in last month's issue on athletics. I am a preacher of the gospel and am opposed to athletics and gymnasiums in general, for the simple reason that there is being introduced into our schools and colleges in this day and age, this so called "gymnastic dancing." I have it on good authority that Coach Campbell intends to introduce this device of the devil in this school in a few weeks. Not only myself, but my father and grandfather have always adhered to the good old Baptist doctrine and have always been against any form of dancing whatever. I am surprised that you would support such a movement with your magazine. You may cancel my subscription at once.

Yours truly,
SAMUEL BRISTOW.

ANOTHER KNOCKER.

EDITOR STRAIGHT TALK:

Dear Sir: I object most decidedly to the mention in Mr. Easy's article of a raise in the athletic fee. I would like to know what in the dickens good it will do to raise the athletic fee? Didn't they raise it this



year, and haven't we had less games than ever? Why don't the college endow athletics? We have to put up for everything. Whenever they get another cent out of me they will know it.

Yours truly,
G. F. SCHAEFFER.

SAYS EASY'S ALL RIGHT.

EDITOR STRAIGHT TALK:

Dear Sir: I appreciate very much the timely article in last month's issue on the Athletic Board. I am glad that there has risen up a Gideon from the student ranks as a champion against unjust criticism. The affairs of the board have been run as economically as possible and, in spite of that fact, Brethren, we have run consistently into debt. If we find it necessary to cut out baseball this spring, we trust that you will support us with your pages.

Very sincerely,
H. G. PARKER, Pres.

WOULD KICK OUT FOOTBALL.

EDITOR STRAIGHT TALK:

Dear Sir: Replying to Mr. Easy's article in your last issue, I want to say that the financial troubles of the Athletic Association are due to unjust distribution of appropriation. There is entirely too much emphasis placed on football, while soccer is almost neglected. Football is not only ex-

pensive, but is also brutal. Soccer is a gentlemen's game, is more exciting, more scientific, and more spectacular, in short, is just a ripping old game. We used to play it altogether in Canada.

Yours truly,
CHAS. DURDEN.

NO USE FOR ATHLETICS.

EDITOR STRAIGHT TALK:

Dear Sir: I don't think much of your article on athletics. I don't think that such things have much place in a college anyway. I think we ought to cut them out completely and learn more about church work.

Yours truly,
J. H. HOFF.

HOW ABOUT THE GYM?

EDITOR STRAIGHT TALK:

Dear Sir: Talking about athletics, I would like to know what has become of this gym that we were going to build. As far as expensive heating is concerned, don't we pay our little V for a fee? And didn't we all put up our little caution fees? Why didn't the trustees come through with the rest? We done our part. If the athletics were confined to Football, Basketball and Track, we would get somewhere. They ought to cut out this soccer business. It don't amount to a whoop.

Yours truly,
I. R. MARTIN.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE, PROVIDED WE WIN?

EDITOR STRAIGHT TALK:

Dear Sir: There's no argument like the full dinner pail. Why do we want a new gym if we can win every game on our home court in basketball? Besides, we ought not to be selfish. Why not let the students of the next generation have a new gymnasium so that they can have something that we don't have and will be satisfied? I supposed last spring, when the students raised \$2,000 for a new gym, that we could have one, but we wanted mottled brick instead of plain brick for the outside, and we wanted to wait until there was money enough to include a morgue if anyone should be killed, and an indoor baseball cage, and a roof-garden on top, and fire-escapes from the first-story windows, and a big room where the boys could play marbles, and where we could hold a state tiddledewinks tournament.

Boys, I have faith in the fundamental principles on which this glorious old institution was founded. Some time, some day, somehow, I am positive, that absolutely everything will be completely lovely. Whoopee! Hurrah! Yip-Yip-Yip-Yip! Climb into the bandwagon! Athletics won't starve to death, we'll manage somehow!

Sincerely your friend,

J. E. COOK.

LET THE BOOSTERS DO THE WORK.

EDITOR STRAIGHT TALK:

Dear Sir: It's been a long time since we had anything here in Jewell that has been up to the Booster Stunts of last year. There was more real fun and college spirit there than anything that the college has ever had, and they raised enough money to sweater all the teams, and the rest of us didn't have to bother our heads at all. Let the Boosters fix this up. Why should we worry about it? If we can get a Booster Committee to donate their services and work up something big,—let them put time and brains into it and work up something really worth the money—why, then, I'm willing to put

up fifteen cents admission and we'll raise this money without any trouble,—that is, no trouble to ourselves. No one will object to donating money for the Athletic Fund if they can do it by paying fifteen cents to see a dollar show. That's the only sensible way to raise money for anything!

Yours truly,

C. C. CASSINGHAM.

BUT WHERE DOES THE ACADEMY COME IN?

EDITOR STRAIGHT TALK:

Down in Texas they don't do things the way they do up here. Why, down there they give everyone a square deal. If the Academy students pay half of the Athletic Fund, why shouldn't they get half the benefit? Instead of getting their fair share, all the money goes to the College teams. We don't have any suits, or shoes, or headgears, or tape, or ankle supporters, or osteopathic treatments, or nothing. It's nothing but more, more, more for the 'Varsity teams! I'm tired of it. Let the Academy have a coach of their own.

I am, Sir,

BYRON C. FOY.

ABANDON INTER-COLLEGIATE GAMES?

EDITOR STRAIGHT TALK:

Our whole system of college athletics in this state is radically wrong at the root. Here, for instance, in Jewell, five hundred and fifty men pay five dollars each for athletics. Of course, we all get the benefit of the gymnasium, but the great bulk of our money goes to the training of a few champions for inter-collegiate contests, and we simply stand on the side-lines and root. The time has passed for such a great emphasis to be laid on winning games. The end of college athletics should be simply to turn out better men physically, not to turn out a few overworked champions. We ought to have more inter-class and inter-group contests, and have our money left to buy more equipment and more instructors.

COLLEGE SPIRIT HIGH.

EDITOR STRAIGHT TALK:

Dear Sir: M. T. Easy's article on the Athletic Board is a piece of monumental ignorance. There hasn't been enough applied headwork on the situation. The Athletic Board is economic enough considering their policy, but the policy is too one-sided. But college spirit is mighty high, anyway.

Yours truly,

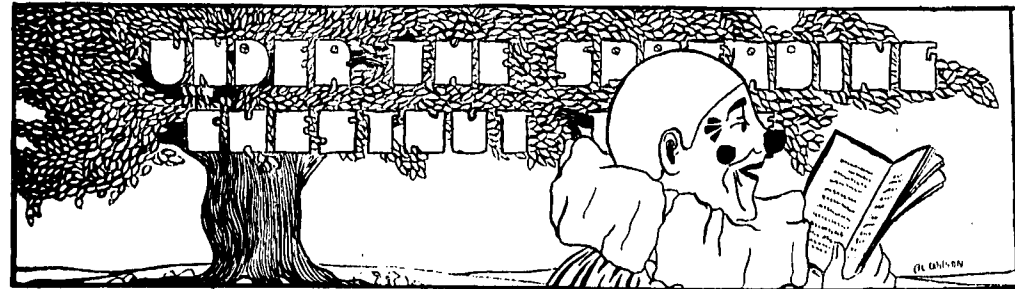
R. W. BELL.

Let's cut out these games, which cost up to three hundred dollars, and put our money into better equipment, and give everyone in college a chance to be on some team, and to develop *himself*, instead of producing a few physical monstrosities who will die early of heart disease and exhausted systems. When I'm frazzled out with too much studying and need recreation and exercise, instead of watching some beefy 'phenom' perform, I want to have a tennis court available where I can get out in the sun and wind and get some tan on my cheeks and a rousing appetite for dinner,—and there are plenty more like me.

Respectfully,

SUBSCRIBER.





"Hear about the big Mile Race?"

"No; who ran?"

"Hunt, Stone, Parrott, Payne, Weakley, Pepper, Bright, and Bussel."

"How did the event come out?"

"Well, Hunt couldn't find his wind; Stone ran heavy; Parrott talked so much that he got out of breath; Weakley didn't have strength to hold out; Payne didn't feel well; and Pepper got too hot. Bright was the shining star of the race."

"But how about Bussel?"

"Bussel came in behind."

Dr. Evans: "Platt, where was Samuel buried?"

Platt: "Well, he was buried a-a-ah somewhere a-a-a-h,—somewhere in the twenty-fourth chapter."

Dr. Fruit (to sleepy Junior English class): "You fellows pay attention like a donkey that listens with one ear and flops the other."

Bowles (making one of his jerky Chapel speeches): "I have been talking to the railroad about a special train, but it hasn't answered yet."

THE DETERIORATION OF DR. FRUIT'S FRESHMAN CLASS.

Doc Fruit likes his Freshman class;
They're attentive, good, and still;
He calls them, when he gets enthused,
The best class on the hill.
They're always there at roll call and
They never fail to pass;
Their purposes are serious—
This faithful Freshman class.

But when they get to Sophomore,
They start to fall from grace;
Their ambish wanes, they lose their pep,
They can't keep up the pace.
The thrill of Anglo Saxon
Does not interest as of yore—
Doc starts to get disgusted
When they get to Sophomore.

In this lamented down-hill scale
The Junior bunch comes next;
They see how long they can remain
In the course without a text.
And Dr. Fruit doth vent his wrath
At every recitation:
"I never saw a lazier class
In all the wide creation."

But when they reach the Senior stage
He gives up in despair;
"Your little small tin cups are full,
Your minds don't budge a hair;
You don't amount to a *hill of beans*,
In spite of all I've done;
I can't find language bad enough—
You're BUM! BUM! BUM!!

Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

43

Philosophic Young: "I learn something every time I flunk."

Another on Martini.

Wallace: "Was Philip born in Isteria?"
Martini: "No, not altogether."

Prof. Davidson (in New Testament, speaking of the legion of devils and the swine): "I am not sure but that this was the origin of Underwood's Deviled Ham."

Prof. Edwards (the morning after filling the pulpit of a country church): "Clark, you must have had a girl in the buggy with you last night when I passed you,—you were driving so slow."

Alexander (to the tune of "It's a Way We Have at Old Jewell"): "I love you Cottages, but O you Abdominal Rub."

Clark: "Was that you, Professor? I was sure it wasn't you, because I didn't know you smoked so strong a pipe."

Dr. Lewis (to class): "You fellows have a great many more advantages than I had when I went to college here; you have much better professors."

Dr. Fruit (to Senior English): "You remember I told you how they plow in Tennessee."

Grimmett: "That was mighty thin, Doctor."

Dr. Clark: "There will be an important announcement on the Bulletin Board the last of this week, and you can begin to look for it now."

Kite (in Ancient History): "What were their coins made of?"

Der Herr Professor Martini: "Of copper, silver, and gold, both."

Dr. Fruit (making an announcement to a bunch of "cutters"): "I want that brilliant, scintillating, coruscating Junior Class of mine to take the first two acts of 'The Tempest.'"

WHAT'S A FELLER GOIN' TER DO?

Tell me what feller's goin' ter to?
With a pretty girl-face a-fittin' through
The air, a-keepin' 'tween him and his books?

Fleet: "Don't say, 'Alpher.'"
Stout: "Don't say 'Ae-sop.'"
Edwards: "Don't say 'Gosh.'"

Why, try's hard's he kin, he just has ter look,
And, besides, I don't want ter try ter do
A thing, but just keep a-lookin', would you?

THE T. T. O. A.'s PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in sines and cosines
Trig is but an empty dream—
That passing Mathematics I.
Is such a snap as it seems.

Just keep er'lookin' and tryin' ter see
What that air little girl-face think er me.
Wonder why her eyes twinkled so t'other night
When I told her 'bout the trouble of my sight?
What did she mean when she said to me
She'd had the same sort of trouble to see?

Trig is real! Trig is awful!
Go is a far off goal;
Makes no difference how you study,
You can't pass to save your soul.

Wonder who that little girl's sweetheart is.
I wonder whether she's all the time
A-flutterin' 'fore his eyes like she is mine.

Not enjoyment, naught but sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
We get so swamped that each tomorrow
Finds us worse off than today.

Art is long and Fleet is timing
Us upon his record book;
With what fear we hope and pray
That our mistakes he'll overlook.

Lives like Weber's all remind us
We can make it through some time,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints there of grit sublime.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Trig's solemn main,
A forlorn and ship-wrecked Freshman
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still a-trying, still a-flunking,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Robinson: "How's Livy?"
Roy Johnson: "Stout."

This habit of reciting answers that are
whispered to you is risky.

Dr. Griffith (wishing to bring out the
fact that the Stone of Scone was brought
from Scotland to Westminster Abbey):
"Mr. Hess, what did Edward bring back
from Scotland that caused England and
Scotland to be bound more firmly to-
gether?"

Hess (prompted by Arnote): "A wife."

Who says that professors are musty and
dried up?

Dr. Evans (seeing that Yokely has
spelled "ruse" in this original way,
"Ruths"): "Yokely's heart must have been
lacerated, but by what lass?"

This is truly an Age of Reason.
Dr. Griffith: "How old was Henry
Sixth when he came to the throne?"
Bowles: "Why, six years of course."

THE OLD HILL.

We hold the Hill in bonds of love,
So strong that we can ne'er depart;
For she to us like Him above
Is fixed forever in each heart.

'Tis home to us and all that's dear
To be upon her sacred grounds,
And here to learn from year to year
What greatness she to us resounds.

We wonder as the years go by
Why God to us has been so good,
To let us live and glorify
Our Master here in brotherhood.

But yet we're here through sacred ties,
And now the dear Old Hill we prize,
And praise her name which signifies,
The place where all toward God may rise.

R. L. H.

Mathematics Prof.: "Where do parallel
lines intersect?"
Freshman: "In eternity, professor."

PECULIAR PLACE.

Trimble (in Dutch): "The count came
in and kissed her."

Herr Wm. Denny: "Mr. Trimble, how
could he kiss her in the dative case?"

A first year Ac was inquiring a few weeks
since, whether physical geography was a
study of the shape of the body.

Overheard on the campus:

"Did you pass in German II?"
"Yes, I passed by a hair."

We presume that he was talking about
Herr Baskett.

Platt: "Isn't a pulpit a good thing to
pound on?"

Dr. Evans: "Some of you preachers ought
to do less pounding and more expounding."

AN OMEN IN THE SKY.

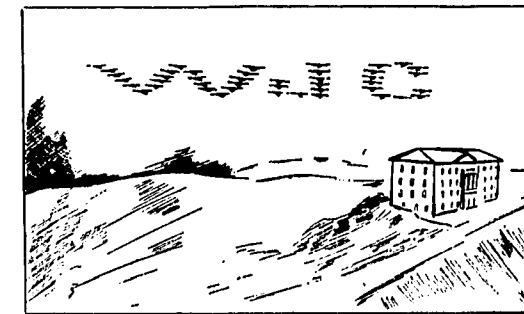
Sumpens gwine ter happen
Foh de college on de hill,
Dat'll set de wo'ld ter clappin'
'Count of de thrill.
'Caze ah hud de geese a'quackin'
An wen ah look u ter see
Dey wah flyin' nowthwud in a W. J. C.

O dey can say it's money,
But dat is all perttense,
Foh let me tell yer, honey,
Ah knows it's providence.

'Caze ah hud de geese a'quackin'.
And when ah look up; blieb me,
Dey wah flyin' nawthwud in a W. J. C.

O spring time am a-commin'
Foh de college on de hill,
And de cup ter over runnin'
Am a-gwine ter be fill.
'Caze ah hud de geese a-quackin'
Wen ah look up; yas sah-e
Dey wah flyin' nawthwud in a W. J. C.

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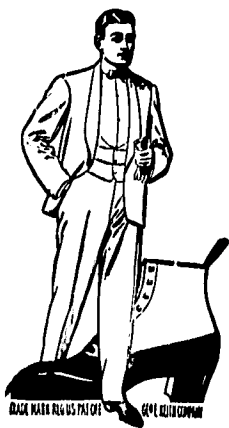
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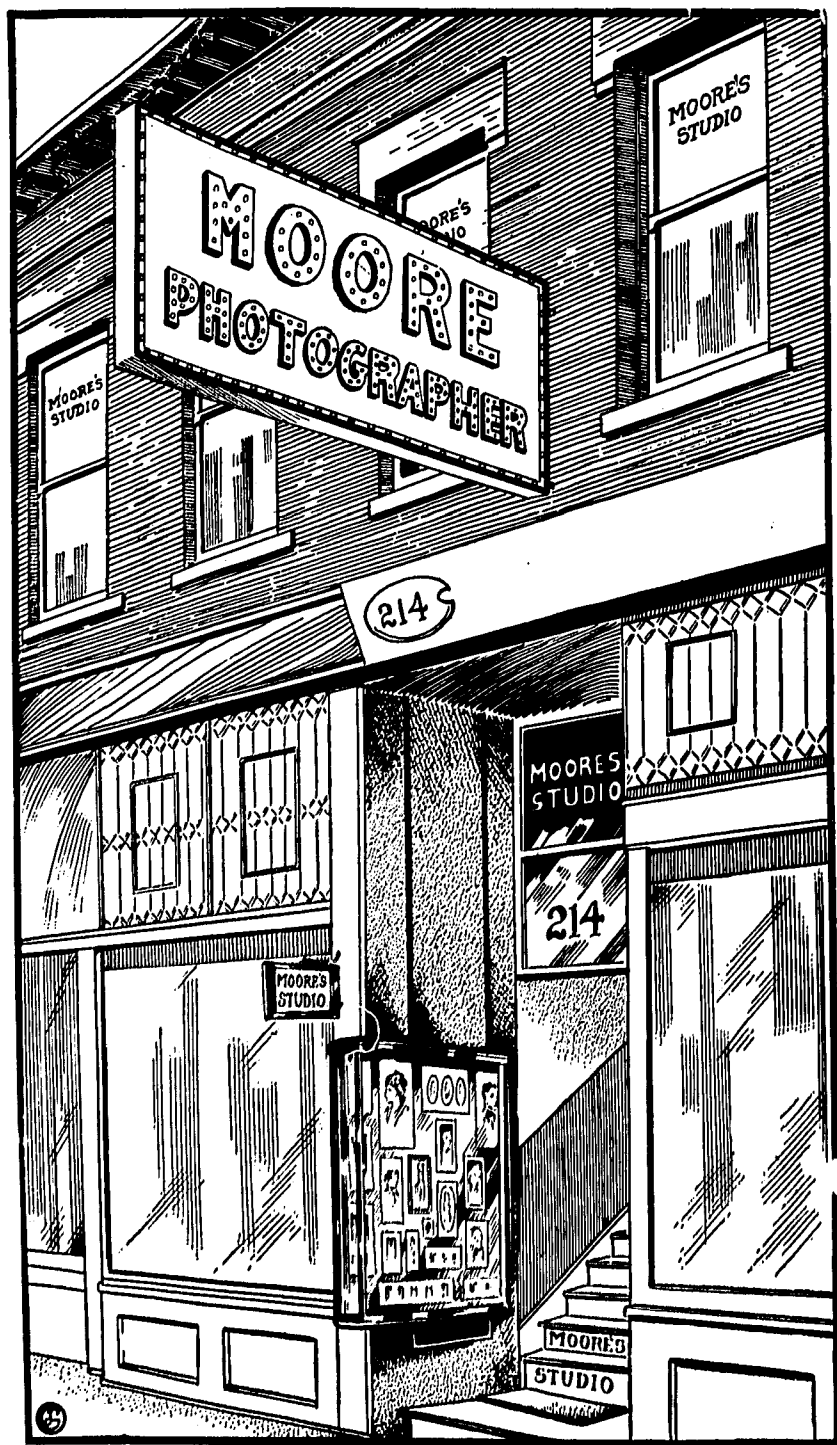
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