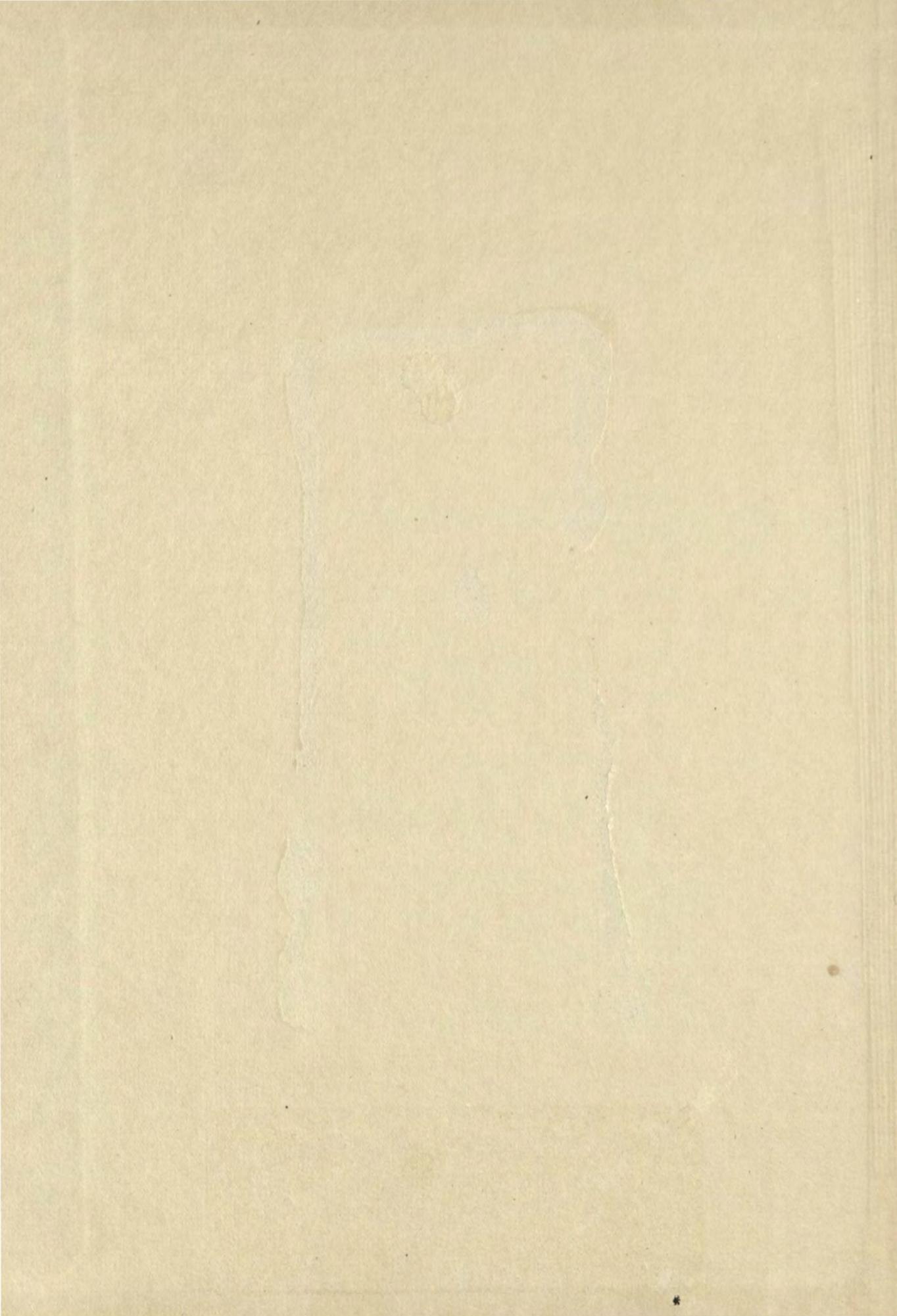


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SPECIAL
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The Rhetor

—'07—

Vol. III.

Published by
The Senior Class

Second District State Normal School, Warrensburg, Mo.

Star Press, Warrensburg, Mo.

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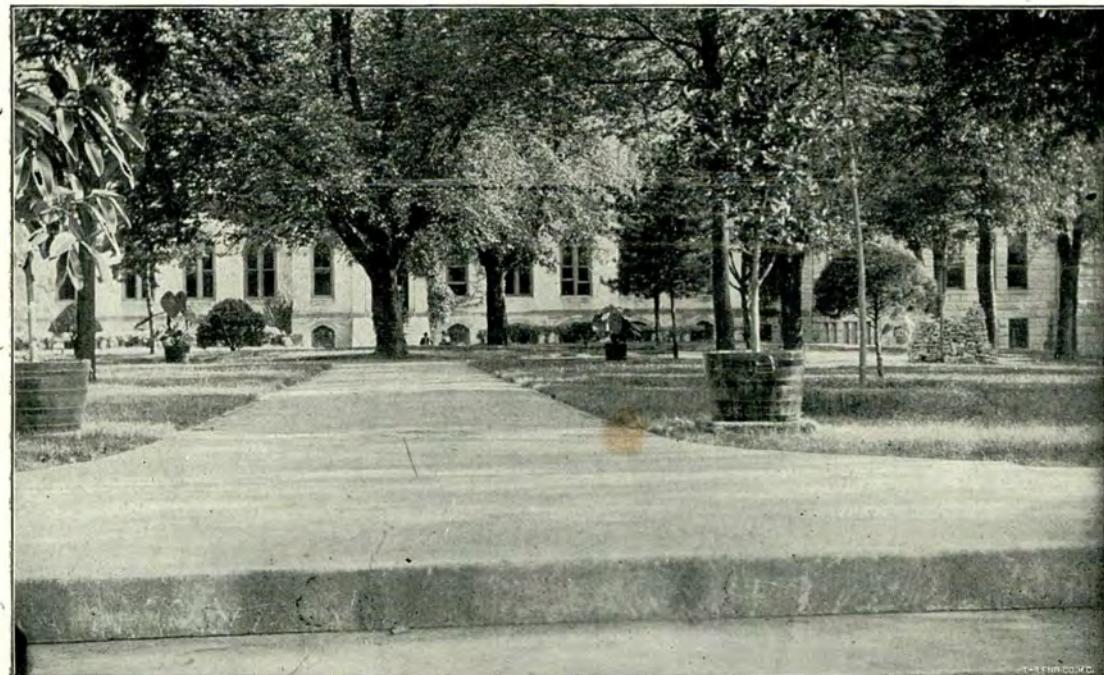
Dedication.

O thou who standest fifty years from now
The most illustrious of this joyous band,
Reared high above us as above the dale
A mountain towers sublime and free
In beauty, strength, and majesty; thou
Of clearer vision, broader view, who lived
With love and light and joy, hearing the sobs
And moans of the great multitude of men;
Feeling the jarring notes of man's turmoil;
Now hearkening to the deep, compelling voice
Born from the toil, the doubt, the misery,
The sorrow, pain, uncertainty, despair—
All of man's soul in the hard travail of
Its earthly life,—till you saw foregleams of
Perfection, indications of divine
True loveliness, a thousand marks of pure
Beauty amid man's ugliness and strife,
His uproar and contention dire,—and heard
Another note amid the storm, like far-
Off music swelling clear and sweet,—a note
From out the vast tumultuous chaos
Causing a song of peace and hope and joy,
The thrilling chant of a vast purpose in
All things, a vast design which is
Wrought out in slowness and in mystery
With men and tools; with iron, clay, and wood;
In trial and strife and agony; in love,
In sorrow, life, and death; a vast design
Converting truth and beauty into life,
Through pain, through anguish, sorrow, suffering,
Through love, and woe; to thee, thy soul well knit,
And all thy battles won, so great in love,
Wisdom, and life, in peace and strife,—to thee,
And thee alone, we dedicate this Book,
Distilled from toil and laughter and tears,
This glad memorial of this Senior year.

S.

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1907



MAIN ENTRANCE TO GROUNDS.

FOREWORD.

In the spring of 1905 THE RHETOR made its first appearance in the arena of journalism. The work was so cordially received by students and friends of the School that the Class of '06 took up the enterprise and brought out the second issue. And now, through its board of editors, the Class of '07 presents to the public the third number, hoping that it may, in a modest way, serve the purpose for which such publications are intended.

Our Class Annual, according to the views of the present editors, should contain a picture of Normal School life. It should be a book which Seniors may ever cherish as a means of recalling the multitudinous joys and experiences inseparably connected with their last year in school; a book which Juniors and Sophomores may peruse with pleasant recollections and happy anticipations; a book from which Freshmen may catch the real Normal spirit and thereby be made to feel that they are a part of the Institution. For the present volume the editors claim no superiority. It has been our aim to make this Annual represent every phase of Normal life, to make it reflect the progressive spirit of the School. We have tried to have all departments, classes, societies, and organizations represented. To what extent we have succeeded we leave our readers to judge. If any are disappointed, we hope they will be lenient in their judgment and will give us credit for having done our best.

Student life is characterized by an intensity of spirit not found in all lines of activity. Through this little volume we hope to give you some knowledge of the spirit which pervades every department of this great Institution. As you turn these pages may you catch a little of that spirit the very memory of which, in the years that are to come, will be so sweet, so tender, so sacred to the members of the Class of '07.

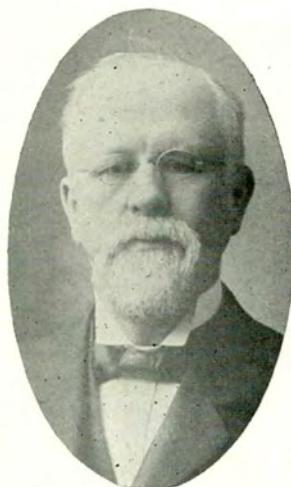


GENERAL VIEW OF BUILDINGS.

Board of Regents.



DR. JAS. I. ANDERSON, *President,*
Warrensburg.
Term expires 1909.



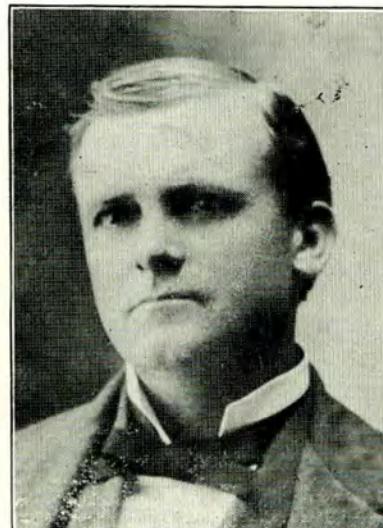
OSCAR G. BURCH,
Jefferson City.
Term expires 1909.



C. S. JOBES,
Kansas City.
Term expires 1911.



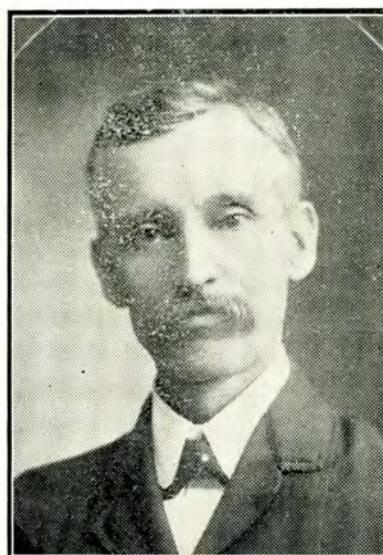
JUDGE ALLEN GLENN,
Harrisonville.
Term expires 1913.



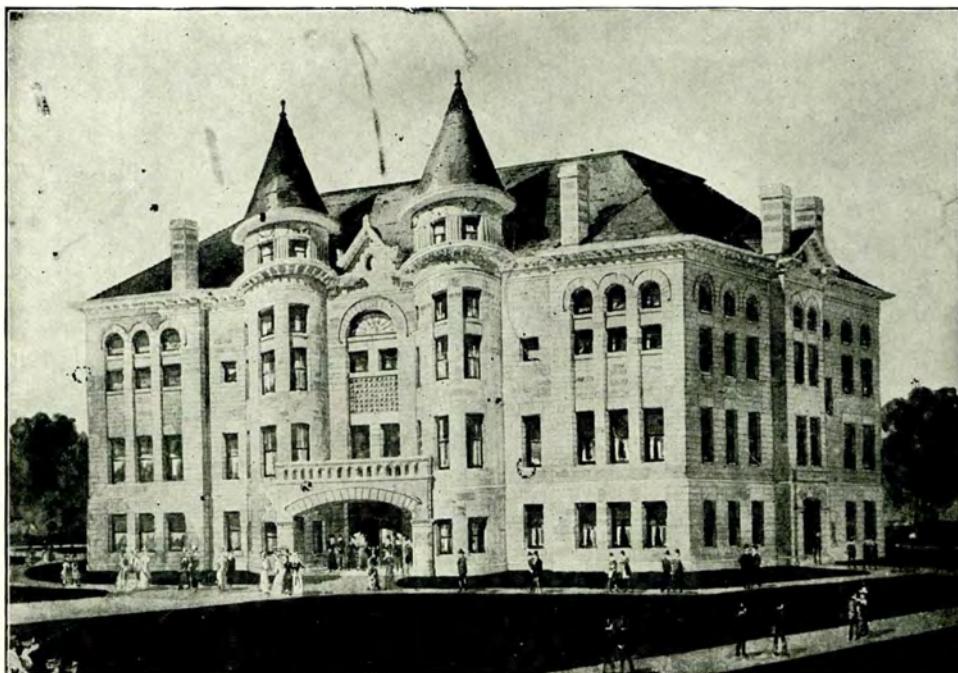
R. S. HARVEY,
Eldon.
Term expires 1911.



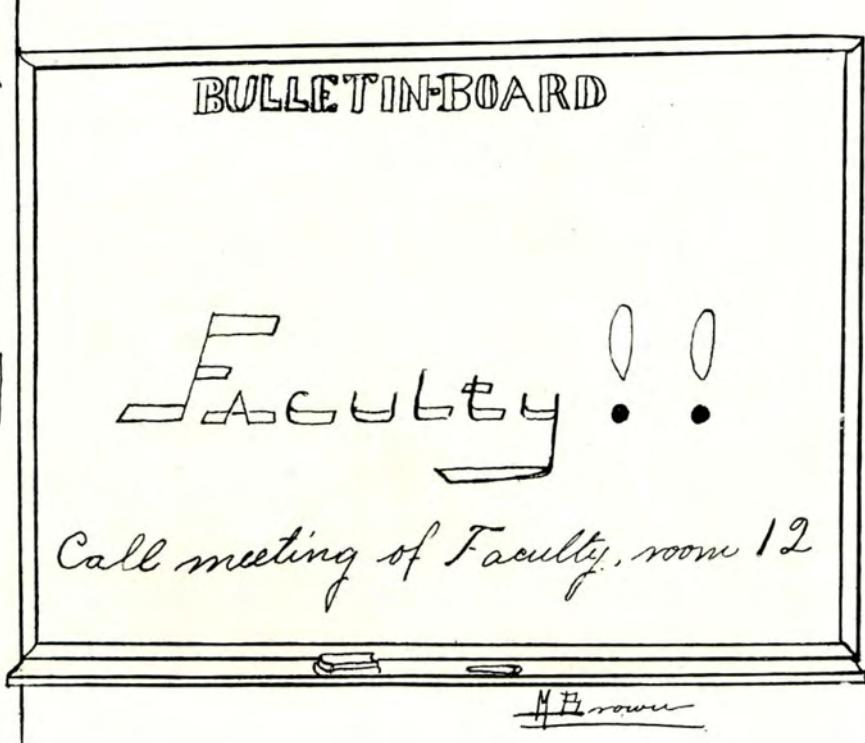
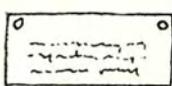
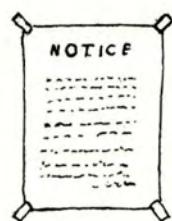
C. C. DICKINSON,
Clinton.
Term expires 1913.

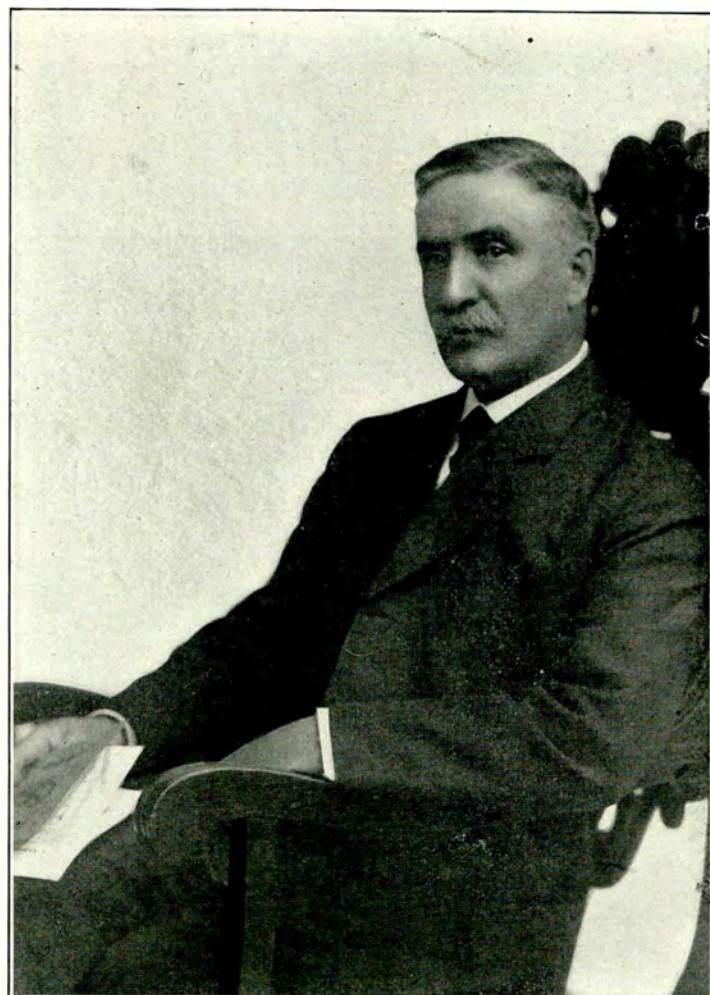


PROF. H. A. GASS,
State Sup't Public Schools,
Ex Officio.



DOCKERY GYMNASIUM.





WILLIAM J. HAWKINS, Ph.B., LL.D.

Our President

William J. Hawkins, the sixth President of the Second District State Normal School, is a native of Missouri, born December 20, 1851. With only a common-school education, he began his career as a teacher at the age of nineteen. Continuing his education under private instruction, ten years later he entered Weaubleau Christian College, where he remained four years as a student and instructor. His college course was completed in Missouri Valley College, from which he received the degree of Ph.B. and LL.D. In 1877 he accepted the principalship of the Clarksburg Public Schools. The next year he established the Clarksburg Academy and a year later resigned its presidency to enter the public school work at California, Mo. But during his first year at California, he was called to the presidency of Greenfield Academy, at Greenfield, Mo. The next year this Institution was chartered as Ozark College of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Under his administration, the enormous task of raising \$15,000 by church subscriptions to erect a college building was undertaken and in two years carried to successful completion. He continued in this position until 1883, when he resigned to accept the Superintendency of the Nevada, Mo., public schools. During the fourteen years of his supervision, the teaching force in this school was increased from nine to thirty-seven; four school-buildings were erected and the High School Department was equipped with one of the best libraries and also with one of the best laboratories in the country. As a result, the Nevada High School was one of the first in the State to secure affiliation with the State University. In 1897 he accepted a principalship in the Kansas City schools, which he held until 1900, when he resigned to accept a similar position in the public schools of St. Louis. In June, 1906, he severed his connection with the St. Louis schools and entered at once upon the discharge of his duties as President of this Institution.

In addition to filling the foregoing important positions, Dr. Hawkins has been called upon to serve the educational interests of his State in many other ways. For twenty years he spent his summer vacations in conducting and instructing in Teachers' Institutes, and in attending Teachers' Associations or other meetings. He was twice elected President of the Southwest Missouri Teachers' Association, first in 1882 and again in 1893, and in 1892 was honored with the presidency of the State Teachers' Association. In 1904 he was made Missouri Manager, and in 1905 Missouri Director, of the National Educational Association, which positions he still holds. Furthermore, through the medium of school journals and the State Superintendent's reports, he has made valuable contributions to the educational literature of his State. He is also joint author with Dr. E. A. Allen, head of Department of English, University of Missouri, of "The School Course in English," a series of two books published by D. C. Heath & Company. This series is now used in over thirty counties in Missouri and also in many cities, among which are Sedalia, Mo., St. Joseph, Mo., Quincy, Ill., Aurora, Ill., and Toledo, Ohio.

With his wide range of school experience and his knowledge of existing conditions and present educational tendencies, he is eminently fitted to direct the policies of one of the greatest Normal Schools in our great Commonwealth.

Faculty.



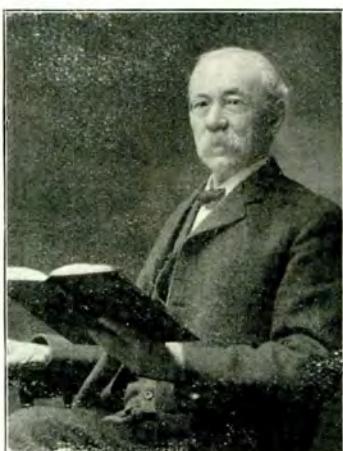
FREDERICK ABBOTT,
Professor of Expression and Speech Arts.

Private pupil of F. Townsend Southwick, New York; head Departments of Expression, London (Can.) School of Oratory; State Normal School, Alva, Oklahoma, Helicon Hall, Englewood, N.J.; Y. M. H. A.; Twenty-third Street Branch, Y. M. C. A., New York; lecturer Board of Education, New York; in present position since 1905.



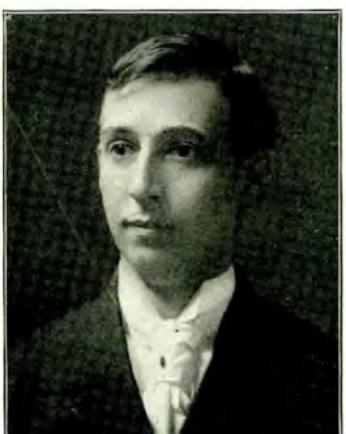
LUCY A. BALL, A.M.,
Assistant in English.

A.M., Central Female College, Lexington, Missouri; graduate student University of Chicago; teacher of English in Public Schools of Kansas City, Missouri; professor of English, Dillenbeck School of Oratory, Kansas City; assistant in English, Warrensburg State Normal, 1904; graduate student Chicago University, 1906-07.



WILLIAM F. BAHLMANN,
Professor of German.

Student University of New York; student in Germany, two years; County Commissioner, Johnson County, Missouri, four years; professor of Languages, Warrensburg State Normal, 1875-88; superintendent of Schools, Independence, Missouri, 1887-96; Professor of Latin and German, Warrensburg State Normal, 1896-1902; in present position since 1905.



H. H. BASS, B.L., M.L.,
Assistant in History.

Graduate of State Normal School at Platteville, Wisconsin; B. L., University of Wisconsin, 1902; M.L., University of Wisconsin, 1903; graduate student Chicago University, 1905; principal of High School, Yankton, South Dakota; instructor in History, High School, Rensselaer, Indiana; assistant in History, Warrensburg State Normal, 1906.



ROSE BAXTER, A.B.,
*Supervisor Grammar Department of Training
School.*

Graduate Ash Grove College; principal of School, Springfield, Missouri, 1894-99; student Columbia University, Summer 1901; A.B., Drury College, Springfield, Missouri, June, 1907; supervisor Grammar Department, Training School, Warrensburg State Normal, 1900.



H. D. DEMAND, A.B., A.M.,
Professor of History.

A.B., A.M., Central Wesleyan College; graduate student of History in Chicago University, summer of 1900; conductor and instructor in County Institutes; School Commissioner, Lafayette County, Missouri; superintendent Public Schools, Lexington, Missouri, 1886-1900; professor of History, Warrensburg State Normal, 1900.



MAY CLARK, Pd.B.,
Instructor in Manual Training.

Teacher in Public Schools, Old Orchard, Missouri, 1897-1900; Pd.B., Warrensburg, State Normal, 1902; graduate of Oread Institute, Worcester, Massachusetts, 1903; supervisor Manual Training, Public Schools, Lamar, Missouri, 1903-04; instructor in Manual Training, Warrensburg State Normal, 1904.



JOSEPH L. FERGUSON, Pd.B.,
Director of Physical Training.

Pd.B., Warrensburg State Normal, 1896; principal, Lockwood, 1896-97; principal, Warsaw, 1897-99; student University of Missouri, 1897-98; student Chautauque School of Physical Education, Chautauque, New York, 1899-1900; instructor in Physical Culture and Physiology, Warrensburg State Normal, 1899.



FLORENCE E. FLEMING,
Director of Physical Training for Women.

Graduate Upper Iowa University; graduate Cummock School, Northwestern University; in present position since 1905.



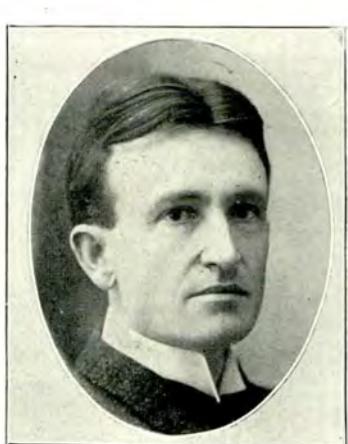
MAYME HARWOOD, Pd.B.,
Assistant in Drawing.

Pd.B., Warrensburg Normal, 1905; assistant in Drawing, Warrensburg State Normal, 1906.



ALMINA GEORGE.
Superintendent of Training School.

Principal of Schools, Minneapolis, 1893-96; graduate of Critic Course, Oswego Normal, 1897; Primary critic, Winona, Minnesota, Normal, 1898-99; student in Chicago University, Summer 1899; in Columbia University, New York, Summer 1901; student in University of Jena, 1903-04; superintendent of Training School, Warrensburg State Normal, 1899.



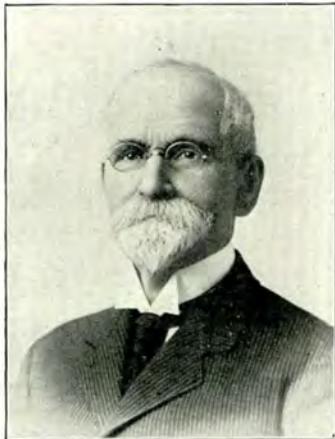
JOSEPH M. GWENN, A.B., A.M.,
Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy.

Pd.B., Warrensburg State Normal, 1893; principal High School, Nevada, Missouri, 1895-97; A.B., University of Missouri, 1902; student in Education, Columbia University, Summer 1903; A.M., Columbia University 1907; superintendent Joplin City Schools, 1902-03; professor of Pedagogy and Methods, Warrensburg State Normal, 1903-05; in present position since 1905.



ESTELLE HINTON,
Supervisor Primary Department, Training School.

Diploma Columbia University, New York City; teacher of Primary Grades, Springfield, Missouri, 1894-98; student Cook County Normal School, Summer 1899; instructor in Primary Methods, Cape Girardeau State Normal, Summer 1900; student Columbia University, New York City, Summer terms, 1901-03-04, and year of 1904-05; in present position since 1899.



S. A. HOOVER, A.B., A.M.,
Professor of Geography and Agriculture.

Educated in Public Schools of Illinois, Orion Academy, Iowa College, Southwest Baptist College, Northern Indiana Normal, University of Nebraska, Harvard University, and University of Goettingen; professor of Chemistry and Biology, Cotner University; professor of Chemistry and Biology, Springfield Normal; professor of Agriculture, Warrensburg State Normal, 1901.



MABEL J. HOWARD, Pd.B., Pd.M.,
Instructor in English.

Pd.B., Warrensburg State Normal, 1905; Pd.M., Warrensburg State Normal, 1906; assistant in English, Warrensburg State Normal, 1906.



MARY ANNE KENNEDY,
Associate Professor of Mathematics.

Graduate Cortland, New York State Normal; student Cornell University Summer School; student Correspondence Department, Chicago University; assistant in Mathematics, Warrensburg State Normal, 1891-1904; student Cornell University, 1904-05; in present position since 1905.



JUNE LINN,
Assistant Librarian.

Graduate North Denver High School; student Denver University, 1902; graduate Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, 1904; assistant Librarian, Warrensburg State Normal, 1905.



MARY A. MILLER, Pd.B.
Assistant in Latin.

Pd.B., Warrensburg State Normal, 1901; teacher in Latin, High School, Pleasant Hill, Missouri, 1901-02; principal of High School, Pleasant Hill, Missouri, 1902-05; assistant in Latin, Warrensburg State Normal, 1906.



CLOYD N. McALLISTER, A.B., Ph.D.

A.B., Yale University, 1892; instructor in Mathematics, St. Joseph High School, 1892-97; Ph.D., Yale University, 1900; lecturer in Experimental Pedagogy at Yale, 1901; instructor in Psychology at Yale, 1903-06; member of American Psychological Association; instructor in Psychology, Warrensburg State Normal, 1906.



PERL A. MINICK,
Director of Music.

Graduate Northwestern University Conservatory of Music in full course—Piano and Voice; private student of Dr. William Mason, New York City, Madame Iveson, London, and Walter John Hall, New York; Summer student American Institute of Normal Methods, Chicago; in present position since Summer School of 1904.



WILSON C. MORRIS, M.A., Ph.D.,
Professor of Physics.

Nine years a student in Millersville, Pennsylvania, State Normal School, Mount Union College, Illinois Wesleyan University, and University of Chicago; four years an instructor in Science and Mathematics in Alliance, Ohio, High School, Johnstown, Pennsylvania, High School, and Millersville State Normal School; elected to present position, August, 1906.



MARY V. NEET,
Dean of Women.

Instructor of English in High School and principal of Franklin and Prospect Schools, Sedalia, Missouri, 1878-88; principal Belcher and High Schools, Gainesville, Texas, 1888-91; student at Chautauqua, New York, 1892-94-96-97; in Warrensburg Normal School, as professor of Reading, Director of Study Hall, Dean of Women, 1891.



MYRTLE OSBORNE, Pd.B., A.B.,
Professor of English.

Pd.B., Warrensburg Normal; A.B., Leland Stanford, Jr., University; assistant in English, Warrensburg State Normal, 1899-1900; graduate student University of Chicago, 1903; assistant in English in Warrensburg State Normal, 1903-04; absent for study in Europe, 1904-05; in present position since 1905.



ELIZABETH T. NICKERSON, Pd.B.,
Assistant in Mathematics.

Pd.B., Warrensburg Normal; graduate of Mary Institute, St. Louis, Missouri; student Harvard Summer Normal, 1893; instructor, Warrensburg Normal, 1890.



C. A. PHILLIPS, M.S.,
Professor of the History and Philosophy of Education.

M.S., Odessa College, 1892; principal Dover Public Schools, 1893-96; principal Odessa Public Schools, 1897-98; graduate student University of Chicago, 1898-99, Summer 1902; graduate student Harvard University, Summer 1903; superintendent Lexington Public Schools, 1900-06; professor of the History and Philosophy of Education, Warrensburg State Normal, 1906.



S. FRED PRINCE,
Assistant in Geography and Agriculture.

Formerly teacher of Art and assistant in Science, Springfield, Missouri, Normal; three years Biological Artist for University of Nebraska; in present position since 1905.



FLORA B. ROBERTS,
Librarian.

Graduate Drexel Institute Library School, 1899; assistant cataloger, Library of the University of Pennsylvania, 1899; cataloger, Northwestern University, 1899-1900; assistant Drexel Institute Library and instructor in Library School, 1900-01; assistant, Michigan State Library, 1901-04; in present position since 1905.



LAURA L. RUNYON, Ph.B., A.M.,
Assistant Professor in History.

Ph.B., Chicago University; teacher of History, Dewey School, Chicago, 1898-1903; supervisor of Training School, Warrensburg State Normal, 1903-04; student Columbia University, Summer 1904; in present position since 1904.



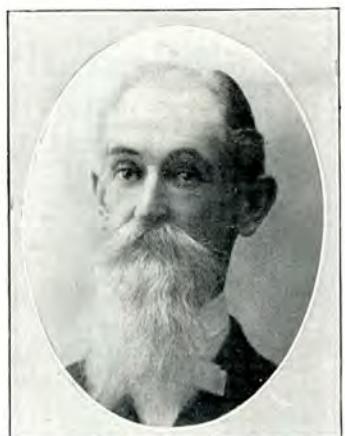
B. L. SEAWELL, Pd.B., B.Sc.,
Professor of Biological Science.

Graduate Warrensburg Normal, 1887; principal Moberly High School, 1887-89; student Harvard University, Summers 1888-89; instructor in Science, Missouri Valley College, 1889-90; Summer student British Museum, 1890; B.Sc., University of Edinburg, 1892; instructor in Science, Nebraska Normal Schools, 1892-96; instructor in Science, Hastings College, 1895-96; professor of Biology, Warrensburg State Normal, 1897.



JAMES H. SCARBOROUGH, A.B., M.S.,
Professor of Mathematics.

A.B., Trinity College, 1887; professor of Mathematics, Pacific Methodist College, 1891-93; assistant in Mathematics, Vanderbilt University, 1893-94; M.S., Vanderbilt University, 1894; professor of Mathematics and Physics, Kirksville State Normal, 1894-99; Fellow in Mathematics and Astronomy, Vanderbilt University, 1905-06; professor of Mathematics, Warrensburg State Normal, 1899.



RICHARD D. SHANNON, A.M., M.D.,
Professor of Economics.

A.B., Missouri University, 1863; A.M., University of Missouri, 1874; M.D., Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, 1868; State Superintendent of Public Schools (Missouri), 1875-83; superintendent Joplin Public Schools, 1889-91 and 1892-94; professor of Civics and Economics, Warrensburg State Normal, 1898.



ARTIE STILLWELL,
Assistant in Music.



FRED W. URBAN, A.B.,
Assistant in Mathematics.

Graduate of Kirksville State Normal, 1900; A.B., Missouri State University, 1902; graduate student Missouri State University, Summer 1904; superintendent King City Public Schools, 1902-03; principal Maryville High School, 1903-06; in present position since 1906.



MAUDE WILLIAMS, A.B., B.S.,
Professor of French.

A.B., B.S. in Education, University of Missouri, 1906; professor of French and assistant in English, Warrensburg State Normal, 1906.



FRANCIS M. WALTERS, A.B., A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Physiology.

A.B., Indiana University, 1887; A.M., Indiana University, 1891; principal Monticello, Indiana, High School; instructor in Science, Laporte, Indiana, High School; professor in Physical Science and Physiology, Warrensburg State Normal School, 1892-1903; graduate work, University of Chicago, 1900-01; in present position since 1903.



ELLIS J. WALKER, A.B.,
Supervisor Intermediate Department, Training School.

Graduate Oshkosh Normal School, Wisconsin, 1900; University of Wisconsin, 1905; student in Columbia College, New York City; teacher Primary Grades, Kankanna, Wisconsin; Intermediate Grades, Indianapolis, Indiana; Ethical Culture School, New York City; supervisor Intermediate Department, Training School, Warrensburg State Normal, 1906.



ELINOR M. WILKINS,
*Supervisor Kindergarten Department, Training
School.*

Graduate of Academic Department, School of Mines of University of Missouri, 1896; graduate St. Louis Kindergarten Training School, 1900; student in Berlin, 1903-04; supervisor Kindergarten Department of Training School, Warrensburg State Normal, 1900.



LAURA J. YFATER, A.B., A.M.,
Professor of Latin.

A.B., A.M., Wellesley College, 1900; student at University of Chicago, Summer of 1894; teacher of Ancient History and Greek, High School, Sedalia, Missouri, 1894-96; assistant in English Department, Warrensburg State Normal, 1900-01; professor of Latin, Warrensburg State Normal, 1901.



ROBERT L. ZOLL, Pd.B.,
Instructor in Drawing.

Pd.B., Warrensburg State Normal, 1895; critic teacher in Warrensburg State Normal Training School, 1895-1900; student National Summer School, Chicago, 1896; student Art Institute Summer 1900; student Prang Art School, Summer 1901; student in Berlin and Paris, 1903-04; in present position since 1900.



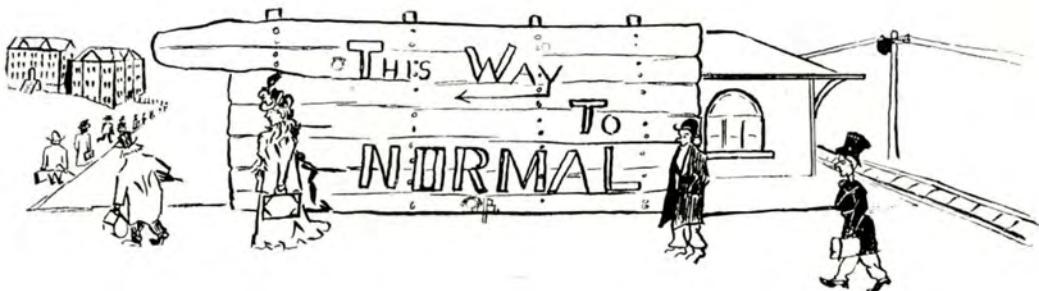
S. T. MCCLURE,
Registrar.

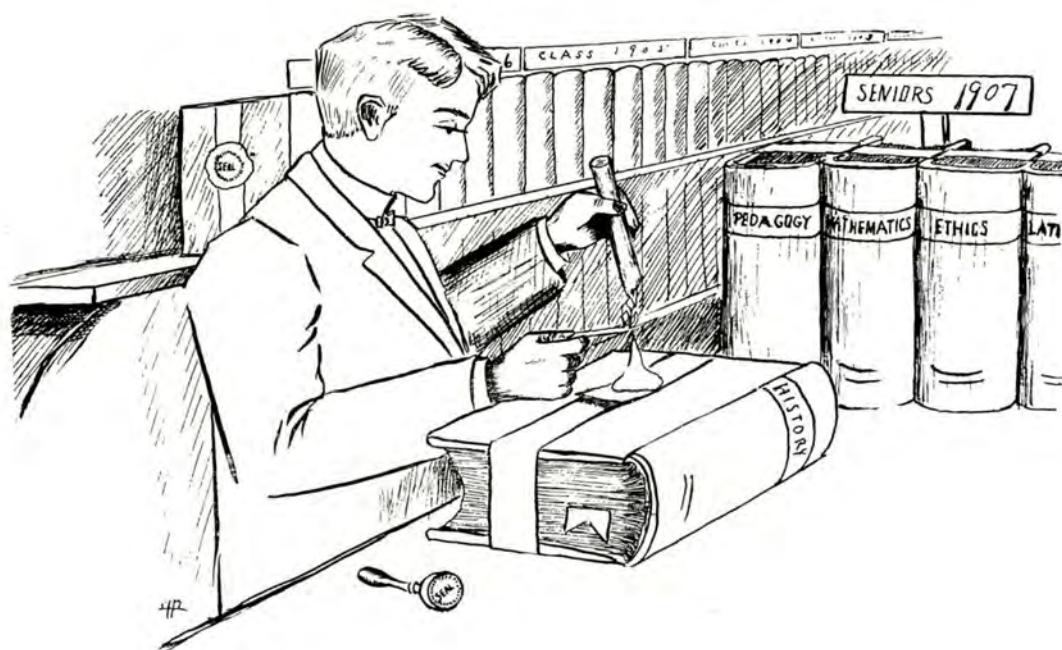
In the office is a man;
He is very new,
Our ways he'll learn fast as he can,
And friendly spirit show.



STELLA STILWELL,
Secretary to the President.

Dainty, gentle, smiling, fair,
Soft my lady goeth:
Ever happy, free from care,
Her face her sweetness showeth.





THE VAMPIRE—BANE OF THE SENIOR.

(1)

A Senior there was and he made his prayer
(As even the Soph. and I)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair;
We called her the "Head" who did not care,
But the Senior called her his "Super-fair,"
(As even the Soph. and I.)

(2)

Oh! the ink we waste and the paper we waste,
And the work not of head, but of hand,
Belong to the "Head" who did not know,
And now we know that she never could know,
And did not understand.

(3)

A Senior there was and his time he spent
(As even the Soph. and I)
In planning the future in good intent,
And it wasn't to lose his grade he meant,
But a Senior must follow his natural bent,
(As even the Soph. and I.)

(4)

Oh! the red ink she lost and the grade we lost,
But the excellent "Plan" we planned
Is the cause; but the "Head" she didn't know why,
And now we know she never knew why,
And did not understand.

(5)

The Senior was stripped of his sheepskin hide,
(As even the Soph. and I.)
Which the "Head" might have known when she threw him aside,
But it's down on the record that lady him tried;
As long as he lived, he "Vengeance!" cried,
(As even the Soph. and I.)

(6)

But it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white-hot brand,
It's coming to know that she never knew why.
(Seeing at last she could never know why.)
And never could understand.

RIPLING.

Seniors.

ELLEN AFTER Zora, Mo.

"Words pay no debts; give her deeds."

"Take life two seriously and what is it worth?"

"Every man meets his Waterloo at last."



JOHN F. BLYHOLDER Raymore, Mo.

"He must be a dull fellow indeed whom neither love, malice, nor necessity can inspire with wit."

"I love everything that's old—old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine."

"This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit."

"The tallest, hungriest, wittiest, biggest-mouthed fellow in school."



SOPHIA BORN Savannah, Mo.

"None knew thee but to love thee,

 None named thee but to praise."

"She's beautiful, therefore to be wooed;

 She's woman, therefore to be won."

"I have no ambition to see a goodlier man."



CASSANDRA BURNETT Warren, Ohio.

"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

"I have heard the nightingale herself."

"Fear stared in her eye and chalked her face."

"And whispering, 'I will ne'er consent!' consented."





LEONARD BURRUS. Drexel, Mo.

"A minister, but still a man."

"How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world!"

"He hath a daily beauty in his life."

"Speaks three or four languages, word for word, without a book."

"Mama, mama, pin a rose on me!"



J. G. BRUNE. Warrensburg, Mo.

"A fool at forty is a fool indeed."

"I am declined into the vale of years."

"Noble by birth, yet noble by great deeds."

"Ah me! how weak a thing the heart of a woman is!"



MARY BROWN. Hamilton, Mo.

"Too civil by half."

"Man is certainly stark mad; he cannot even make a flea, and yet he will be making gods by dozens."

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn—

Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."



GUY H. CAPPS. Arnett, Mo.

"Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin."

"The native hue of resolution

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

"Why, he's a man of wax!"



LEESON COOK Warrensburg, Mo.

"Three times more noble than three scores of men."

"Fair words that gladden so many a heart."

"I'll drown my book."



CLARA COURTEOL Granby, Mo.

"But yet she listen'd—'tis enough:

Who listens once will listen twice;

Her heart be sure is not of ice,

And one refusal's no rebuff."

"Beautiful as sweet, and young as beautiful."



MINNIE DIXON Warrensburg, Mo.

"He saw her charming, but he saw not half

The charms her downcast modesty concealed."

"I am not now that which I might have been."

"I am constant as the northern star."



THOMAS H. DOUGLAS Warrensburg, Mo.

"He was quick as mettle when he went to school."

"Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator

As if the golden fee for which I plead

Were for myself."

G. B. DOWELL Adrian, Mo.

"I feel that I am happier than I know."

"In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute."

"At dinner-time I pray you have in mind where we shall meet."



ANNA MAY FINCH Warrensburg, Mo.

"Grand, epic, homicidal."

"More sinned against than sinning."

"Character is higher than intellect."



MATTIE FLEMING Auburn, Neb.

"Win her with gifts if she respect not words."

Dumb jewels often in their silent kind

More than quick words do move a woman's mind."

"All I ask to be let alone."

"Thoughts are mightier than strength of hands."



MABEL GEER Warrensburg, Mo.

"Have heard her sigh and soften out the name."

"Happy am I; from care I'm free!"

Why aren't they all contented like me?"

"It is only the ignorant who despise education."





JOHN H. GEHRS Warrensburg, Mo.

"He doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus."
"Ambition should be made of sterner stuff."



RAYMOND GRAHAM Centerview, Mo.

"Give thy thoughts no tongue."
"Bid me discourse; I will enchant thine ear."
"Shine out, fair sun, till I have brought a glass
That I may see my shadow as I pass."



ELLEN GOEBEL St. Charles, Mo.

"My mind is very opal."
"I have a heart with room for every joy."
"I bear a charmed life."
"Teach me my days to number and apply my trembling heart to
wisdom."



SUSIE GOOCH Shelbyville, Mo.

"Her voice is sweet and low, an excellent thing in woman."
"Often seen, but seldom heard."
"Quiet, charming, and ready to be loved."

E. L. HARRISON Blairstown, Mo.

"I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard."

"Everyone is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse."

"I am called away by particular business, but I leave my character behind me."



C. D. HOGREFE Tarkio, Mo.

"A proper man as one shall see in a summer day."

"'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful."



R. A. HOLTON Warrensburg, Mo.

"My only books

Were woman's looks,

And folly's all they've taught me."

"And look how well my garments sit upon me."

"Far off his coming shone."



LENA JACKSON Smithton, Mo.

"God's eldest daughter."

"The dove and very blessed spirit of peace."

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint;

To those who know thee, know all words are faint."





JAMES JENNISON Sarcoxie, Mo.

"Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness."
"Ay, every inch a king."
"He is the very pink of courtesy."
"Thou hast the patience and the faith of saints."



MARY JENNER Warrensburg, Mo.

"It is better to wear out than to rust out."
"She is the rarest of all women."
"In every gesture dignity and love."



BERKLEY JOHNSON Braymer, Mo.

"And do you now put on your best attire?"
"What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!"
"Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge."



DAISY JONES Tucson, Ariz.

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."
"Oh! the midnight oil!!!!"

ANTOINETTE KING Shackelford, Mo.

"A lovely lady, garmented in light."

"My soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."



HAZEL KIRK Warrensburg, Mo.

"I am nothing if not critical."

"Hear ye not the hum of her mighty workings?"

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



FLORENCE McMEEKIN Warrensburg, Mo.

"A maid that paragons description."

"Tell me, sweet eyes, from what divinest star did ye drink in your liquid melancholy?"

"The mind, the music, breathing from her face."



VIRGINIA MURRAY Warrensburg, Mo.

"There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip."

"Beauty truly bent."

"Shut up, in measureless content."





WRENETTA MILLER Warrensburg, Mo.

"For her own person, it beggared all description."

"Oh, I am stabbed with laughter!"

"I have a room whereinto no one enters
Save I myself alone;
There sits a blessed memory on a throne,
There my life centers."



LOLA OSGOOD Ogden, Utah.

"To love is to believe, to hope, to know;

"Tis an essay, a taste of heaven below."

"A social smile, a sympathetic tear."

"Better not be at all than not be noble."



R. E. RAWLINS Lincoln, Mo.

Aristotle said: "Melancholy men of all others are most witty."

"Wisdom is my friend."

"His words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him
at command."



SARAH L. SAYLES Lowry City, Mo.

"She wished that heaven had made her such a man."

"Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going."

"My heart is true as steel."

H. P. SEWARD Hardin, Mo.

" 'Tis who I love determines how I love."
"Mine eyes were not in fault, for she was beautiful."
"This is the very ecstasy of love!"



MOLLIE SCRUGGS Warrensburg, Mo.

"A rosebud set with willful thorns."
"Thou hast the fatal gift of beauty."



W. F. SMITH Denver, Colo.

"The myriad-minded Shakespeare."
"That capability and godlike reason."
"His mind is his kingdom and his will his law."
"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!"



EDNA STERLING Warrensburg, Mo.

"More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'rything."
"If she errs, she does it in her own grand way."
"Tresses that wear
Jewels but to declare
How much themselves more precious are."
"Hair verging upon orange."





RAYMOND STALEY Warrensburg, Mo.

So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long."
"Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee."
"There buds the promise of celestial worth."
"Comb down his hair. Look! look! it stands upright."



LEORA VAUGHN Warrensburg, Mo.

"Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."
"A small degree of wit accompanied by good sense is less tiresome
in the long run than a great amount of wit without it."



GRACE WALLACE Warrensburg, Mo.

"Another rose may bloom as sweet."
"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."
"Literature is the thought of thinking souls."



ELIZABETH WALLACE Warrensburg, Mo.

"For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise and make it halt behind her."
"A sympathy in choice."
"My own thoughts are my companions."

W. A. WILKINSON Alton, Mo.

"Men are April when they woo,

December when they wed."

"My library was dukedom large enough."

"I might call him a thing divine, for nothing natural I ever saw so noble."



LEWIS WEBB Oak Grove, Mo.

"I will roar that it will do a man's heart good to hear me."

"A man in age, but a boy among the ladies."

"That man that hath six tongues I say is no man
If with his tongue he can not win a woman."



BURKE YATES Holt, Mo.

"A man of mark."

"Fine words! I wonder where you stole them."

"The trumpet of his own virtues."

"Ez tew my princerples, I glory in hevin' nothin' uv the sort."



The Seniors' Journey to the Oracles.

O Muse, that dwelt erewhile on the sacred mount of Hellas and inspired the voice of the blind bard to sing in matchless strains the wrath of Achilles, the woes innumerable of the Grecian host, the numberless heroes sent to the shades below; Muse, that gave to human tongue the power to relate the adventures of Odysseus and the wanderings and love of Anchises' son; O heavenly born, dwell a brief space with me, that I may with sublime tone and accent clear sing of the SENIORS—glorious heroes, matchless women, they who in the foremost files of time, as the heirs of all the ages, lived and loved and wrought; inspire me, O Muse, guide my hand, illumine my mind and my vision purge, that with truth and clearness I may relate what befell these mighty people in their sojourn to learn their fates and futures from the oracles.

Ere the world was waxes old, ere time had wrought so many changes, there was a kingdom dight Normal—wide in fame, glorious in name and honor and praise. Magnificent was this kingdom. Huge, stately buildings rose high into the air; beauteous to see were the enormous blocks of sandstone of which their walls were made. Power and magnificence shone from every structure. Years of successful use and service, periods of changing, wearing time, touched them with a beauty and charm beyond the power and reach of the architect. Up the front of the most aged building a Virginia creeper wound its way, lending something of the charm and enchantment of the Middle Ages. In front of this aged structure—so thrilling with memories of the past, so fascinating and dear to those who knew it—a mighty elm stretched itself skyward, seeming to touch the pure blue above—an elm which had withstood the tempests and frosts of numberless winters and with its luxuriant foliage had sheltered innumerable birds of many summers gone; a witness of the past it stood, a tremendous king of the younger world. Far about spread the Campus, abounding in all sorts of trees, the pleasant haunt of myriad birds and tiny denizens of earth; walks penetrated here and there; flowers breathed a life-giving, soul-sustaining fragrance and appeared beautiful to the sight and touch. Elysium this of which the ancients never dreamed.

Over all this demesne ruled King Hawkins, gray-haired and seeming ancient, a man of many years. Oracle he was, as were all his nobles, who were called the Faculty. The fates and futures of deserving folk he told. Many were the tales of him, for widely was he known. When the reorient life of the spring, pulsing, throbbing, beating behind the mask of the cold and frost and death, had at length burst forth like a fountain from the depths of the earth and strewn the land with flowers and vernal luxuriance, there came to him at dawn SENIORS six in number; at dawn they came early, ere the odorous breath of morn attuned the trembling leaves, ere the sweet birds anthemed the approach of day; in that joyous time they came, they six—three brave youths accompanying beautiful maidens three.

"All hail to thee, King Hawkins, far-famed throughout the lands! To know our fates and happenings of all the days to be we come to thee. Our honor and our service we pledge thee in all the years to be."

Stern grew his countenance then, cold his eyes, and as a bull moose, tortured all day on the mountain-side by savage dogs, rolls his furious eyes, glares wildly, and stamps in dreadful rage, so glared the King enraged. Back they shrank amazed, yet stayed to hear, for they saw that he would speak. He spoke; harsh was his voice and quivering, like grating thunder in autumn rains.

"Dare ye come thus to me in pairs? Have I not looked with disapproval upon your studying in pairs, your walking along the streets, your passing through the hall in pairs? Such is not tolerated in good society. And have I not told you so before? How dare you thus abuse my patience and my sense of proper conduct in good society?" He ceased and silent stood, his voice dying away like far-off thunder; while the students looked at each other in mute wonder, surprise, and rising fear, for they knew what a man enraged is able to do. They spoke not, so grew they like stone within. He spoke: "You must suffer the consequences of your conduct; evil will back on itself recoil. Never before in the history of the world has such disregard for a king been manifest, never such disgrace to *good society* appeared!" The six trem-

bled; *obstipuere verba, voces fancibus hauserunt.*
For stern to behold he was, and harsh in voice.

Out he strode.

There they stood, mute, motionless, aghast, as the innocent often stand when accused of crime. Noon had come and gone; the sun, riding high in the heavens, had sloped far to the west ere they spoke or moved.

The other Seniors, very anxious because of the long absence of the six (for they had promised speedy return), assembled and were considering by what plan they should search for their companions. Bused in discussion, oblivious to all else around them, they were suddenly startled by the voice of a messenger. Approaching hurriedly, he spoke: "Hail, SENIOR people! King Hawkins desires an assembly of all the SENIOR folk in the bowling-alley. Woe to him who fails to appear! For no longer will he be considered a SENIOR, but as an exile among Junior folk he must in Cimmerian darkness ever dwell."

Eager to obey any mandate of their King, forgetting for the moment their lost companions, they hasten to the alley. Over the great hall stillness reigns, a stillness born of respect, reverence, love for the King. Intent they listen as he begins to speak. They look at him with mingled eagerness and wonder; for the rage had not yet vanished from his face and anger sat on his pallid cheek.

With unwonted dignity he spoke: "SENIORS of 1907, great and mighty people, I have for you a message serious and grave, yet necessary and good. Let the girls depart now to Chapel, where Mrs. Neet will speak to them.

"SENIOR boys, things have come to such a pass that you must not associate publicly with the girls. Boys and girls of your age lack sufficient experience to care for yourselves without strict supervision. Henceforth in this kingdom you must remain apart in public. Promise to obey, else henceforth ye shall be confined; iron bars shall close the windows, strong guards shall keep the doors; apart ye must stay here."

A silence like that of death held the air; then low and indistinct came a muffled murmur as from a great multitude; gathering volume, it burst into loud, scornful cries of dissent: "Pah!" "Bosh!" "Huh!" "Stuff!" "Never!" "We object!" "Out with the King!" "Down with despotism!" "Where has freedom fled?" "Bah!" "*We're not kids!*" The shouts multiply till, blended, they produce a vast roar of revolt. The clamor rises to the roof and, reverberating, passes into a vast, tumultuous disorder.

Indignant at this insult to his dignity, the King called the guards, commanding them immediately to place the boys on the first floor of the building,

whence they could not escape. Grinding his teeth, he roared: "My will shall prevail. Let them remain under guard till they willingly obey."

Going to the Chapel, King Hawkins announced: "SENIOR girls, know ye now that the boys of the SENIOR folk are under guard on the first floor because they have refused to cease associating with you! There they shall remain until they promise. The universe shall crumble and the heavens roll up in a scroll ere *my will* shall change or relent!"

With quiet contempt and dignified scorn, the girls arose and left the spacious hall made so beautiful by former kings. They besieged the building for the purpose of rescuing the noble youths. Long the battle raged; divine and tremendous the courage and love of those women fair! Silent they fought, but fought in vain. Even Ellen, Florence, Elizabeth, and Alice battled indignantly and fiercely. Great numbers of the King's guards were surrounding them and at length all the SENIOR girls were captives.

Confined to the second floor, the girls wept and, sighing, wept again. They moaned a sorrowful chant, the sad song of lost endeavor and shattered hope. A despairing chant it was, woeful and human. The angels in heaven wept, and from beyond the hovering clouds, across the deep abysses of space, through the rustling night air, rang the the silver voice of the immortals as sweet and soft they sang:

"We hear above
Thy notes of love.

O cease to weep! O cease to weep!
Thy song of sorrow stings and stings,
And ever with its sounding brings
The pangs and pains of human life,
Of mortals in their scene of strife.

O cease to weep! O cease to weep!
Let anguish take a noble tone,
Let hope sit kingly on thy throne;
Know that true love can never cease,
But lives always with truth and peace.

O cease to weep! O cease to weep!
Realizing their situation more fully, the boys became more angry than before. From all communication cut off, hemmed in by iron bars and watchful guards, lost to freedom and to love—their rage increased, rose, boiled, seethed, and at length found adequate expression in words and gesticulations.

Wildly, frantically, turbulently, Harrison raged: "How can I live longer? They cannot see us—we cannot see them! O girls, my stay, my comfort, my love, my life! No more? No more? Can Fate hold us apart? If so, I shall surely die; yet I fain would live, for life has been sweet. But they are gone—also goes life with

them! Oh, bitter, painful, harsh, stale, flat, and unprofitable is existence without them! O women, light of the earth, human and divine, soul of the universe, moulders of men, saviors of the world! Break the bars, and let me fly! my soul would ascend to them or leave this mortal life. Joy, peace, happiness, light, all have fled since we see them no more. So let me pass. Better the company of the shades below than this horrible place! Let my soul depart. Soon shall I see Proserpina, the Queen of Dis, on gloomy Lethe's shore."

With these words he ceased, and, muffling up his face, fell prone, weeping bitterly.

Firm, mute, motionless, with drawn face and gleaming eyes, baring his kingly head, the mighty Douglas stood, sole like an oak that wind and gale and tempest never move. Over him there came no change, save those keen eyes gleamed fiercer, the face gained color, and the huge frame quivered slightly with the deep passion that was surging in his heart.

Turning with dignity, he roared: "Disgrace to gentlemen, dishonor forever, unless we save ourselves; escape from here we must. Walls made by human hands, by human hands can be rent asunder! Let me seek a weak spot and I'll break through. Can stones restrain a resolute, living man? Then make a man a stone himself. All is possible to him who wills. Plans for escape we need and we'll have them! Think, gentlemen, and we shall acquit ourselves like men."

Serene, untroubled, blue-eyed, and fair, far from the scene of rage and mad desire, resting in the comfort of cushion and couch, sat Leonard Burrus, reading a book. Quiet as a stone he sat and read and read, and knew what he read.

The book closed and he rose up, "Ten minutes recreation now. The boys are terribly wrought up. It would be right pleasant for the girls to be here five or ten minutes now. They really are rather useful to aid in relieving one from the arduousness of work. I suppose I have not sufficiently appreciated women heretofore. I believe I can now. I would like to talk with one now for six or eight minutes. I wish Dowell wouldn't smoke such foul tobacco; I guess it's all foul, though. I fear Capps will break the boards in the floor by his springing if he doesn't secure rubber heels. My! but Seward looks morose and sour; I am glad he's not so frantic as some others. I wish Bruné would cease mumbling so disconsolately in German; I can't tell whether he is repeating a psalm or swearing—he is likely to be misinterpreted.

"The uproar made by those boys is greater than the one caused by the multitude at the boat-race in the *Eneid*. They mourn worse than the Greek soldiers did when Cyrus was killed; I am sure the

Greeks had greater cause, for they were ten thousand stadia from home and twenty parasangs from provisions, and besides they had no time or opportunity to read through the desert."

The ten minutes having been spent in recreation, he returned and took his book. The goddess of learing had woven her charms about him and made him her captive.

Surpassing all in height and breadth of shoulders, Jennison stood, a gigantic form. Awe-struck he stood, dazed, motionless, endeavoring to speak. His huge bulk sheltered a kind, jovial soul; but now his heart was wrung with grief as he struggled to voice his feelings.

In feverish haste Robert Holton ran about in a circle, wringing his hands and beating his breast. "I don't care for myself, but to think that the poor girls are confined up stairs; I know they're there, for I hear their soles. They miss us; I knew they would. Women need men as well as men need women; as the old poem goes,

'Man alone is but a stick;

Woman alone will soon be sick.'

How true it is! Oh! how long must we remain from the angels? heavenly they are. He's a dolt who says such beings were made from man's rib. Oh, half the beauty has departed from things! Nature, pictures, frescoes fade and are insignificant when I think of the girls. Beauty should be cherished. How cruel for them to pine there in misery and sadness and uncomfor!"

With marked dignity Harrison walked from the corner and demanded: "What are you fellows raving about? You are demoniacal, idiotic, idiosyncratic! A bronto-saurus in the Jurassic or Paleozoic seas of primeval times never caused such unseemly disturbance. Speak! Why do you rave thus?"

"Dunce!" quoth Yates, "he is no man whom such insult and wrong fails to move to anger. It is outrageous to keep us from the girls."

Harrison looked surprised. "'Keep us from the girls.' Who are they? 'Girls'? 'girls'? No such appellation exists in my vocabulary, multitudinous as is the extension of the nomenclature of which I possess cognizance. To my apperceptive faculty that word is devoid of either connotation or annotation. Its signification remains unknown. I recollect no category in which it deserves location; therefore it must be a hypothetical or conjectural term."

Yates turned away; for his heart was laden with infinite longing. "Come, Carnagey, let's bowl. I know I can make a strike the first throw."

"I couldn't bowl at all, I know. All else has gone wrong. Woe and trouble have ever been my lot. The anguish and pain and suffering in the

Training School was followed by a fine for absence from the society, and after that came this separation. There's no use in anything. We don't know anything, neither does anybody else. We're cut off from the fairest beings on earth (and they're none too beautiful); the Fates are against us. Ever deepening gloom surrounds us; the girls don't like us anyhow. Our hopes and longings and fine desires are dissolved and there's no precipitate."

"Let's dance a little, just a little; I know we'd feel better," urged Blyholder. "Berkley Johnson here will play for us. Come, boys, step lively; I feel gay at the very thought."

"We can't dance without girls," growled Seward.

With impetuous speed John Gehrs paced the floor, muttering, plotting revenge; his pace increased, doubled, quadrupled, till he ran back and forth uttering savagely, "Individual liberty! individual equality! they are strangers here." More eagerly he ran, gathering speed till the momentum forced him inevitably against the iron bars of a window directly in his path. Two bars broke and he fell heavily to the floor.

Raymond Staley mounted to the window and stretched his arms through the aperture left by the shattered bars. Thus he remained, as if rejoicing in his partial freedom. Looking upward, he saw a white object perceptibly moving downward. Slowly it fell; intently he watched it. A thousand fancies as to its character thronged his brain. Nearer it came. A piece of folded paper, white as the snows of Mont Blanc. "A message from Jove!" exclaimed Staley. "Perhaps the immortals will aid us in escaping. Man's power is limited and he must make the best of it, though he be as huge as Douglas or as small as I. O happy south wind, waft the message to me!" A slight breeze brought the paper within his reach and, seizing it eagerly, he read the superscription—"Herr Wilhelm Schmidt—Monsieur Smith." "Jove doesn't know Dutch. Here, Smith!"

Smith came with unwonted alacrity, clutching his hands nervously. "Who called me? I'm here."

"Here, Smith, this has your name on it."

"Oh, thunder! you fellows are trying a joke of some sort. You may keep your paper."

"Wait, Smith, don't go off. Just look at the writing."

Seeing the superscription in beautiful German and more beautiful French, he took the paper immediately and clasped it to his bosom. "A word from the girls, I'll bet a quarter. Staley, you're a jewel."

Unfolding the note, he read:

"Oh, Mr. Smith.—

"The woes here are intolerable! No peace have we known since placed here. No scene have I ever beheld so pitiable. Tearing their hair and beating their breasts, the girls lament. Of course a few must be excepted. But Edna Sterling moans continually, crying, 'Oh happy, alas! too happy, would I be only to see them again! them, ah! them—those heroic and manly souls so like my brother, my own dear brother far away!'

"Virgie Murray seems to dream, for she calls out—I absent from them see them absent. How like Apollo they stand there! Were ever other lads so brave? Cassandra Burnett may speak of them slightly if she wishes, and talk of crafty Ulysses and pious Eneas of classical literature. Let Anna May Finch sneer and smile scornfully. They are our boys, our own dear SENIOR lads. Then how could they be equalled?"

"I love Virgie—she read a pretty poem to me and sang—before the heaviness of our grief was fully realized.

"Florence McMeekin has not wailed like so many of us. From those lustrous, dark eyes no tear has fallen. Calm, peaceful, serene she sits. I can't help but love her, though I think she ought to grieve. Sweet is her voice and even soothing when she reproaches us mildly, saying she always warned us that our associations could only bring grief and regret. Oh! how can she sit there and read poetry when grief has sapped my strength and snatched away all desire for study?

"Grace Wallace is writing a poem on 'Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder,' although she knows it's not true, for I told her so.

"Molly Scruggs writes jingles between her sobs. This will serve as a specimen:

There was a school in the early day,
When all our freedom was taken away.

Hi! ho! he!

The boys appeared to be half-dead,
And all the girls were sick a-bed.

Hi! hee! hi!

They treated us like boys and girls of ten,
Shutting us in a narrow pen.

Hi! ho! he!

"Miss Carleton is screaming so loudly in my ear that the distress is unspeakable. Miss Burnett has just swooned, unable to bear the strain. Elizabeth Wallace is singing 'Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.' I find little solace except in writing, but, alas! unhappy and tortured by wails and lamentations, I must close.

"Aufwiedersehen, si hoc umquam sit.

"ELLEN GOEBEL."

Still raged the boys till the wind fell off at dusk, till the sun had vanished and wrapped his quiver in the blackness of night. 'Twas eve;

'twas night. Stillness, silence, night were the universe. The joyous song of the spring birds had long since ceased. Not even a breeze breathed through the trees. All was one vast abyss of blackness, an inky gulf of oppressing silence. All creatures, beast and human, had sought rest; and sweet sleep bathed their tired limbs—all but the Seniors, who were now ceasing to give vent to their tremendous passion. The stillness, the silence, and the dark weighed upon them heavily. From the soul's subterranean depths there came a piercing sadness. Far away a solitary dog uttered a mournful howl that ended in long-drawn wailing and half-sobs. The lone owl prolonged its wail into a moan, a tremulous, complaining sob that spoke the burden of life, the woe of troubled hearts. Across the air, out from the window of the lower hall, begin to rise the notes of manly voices; with varied tones they rise, and die away across the field, the stream, and distant hill; then again they begin with tremulous cadence slow, and bring the eternal note of sadness in. The cadences, rising through the still air, blend and intermingle, and, softened and tempered, burst into a mighty harmony—sorrowful and sad, a magnificent dirge song, a stirring chant of grief over disappointed hope and longing; it was the plaint of tortured souls, the stinging utterance of human woe and pain and anguish and suffering, a pleading for life in its richness and fullness, the articulate travail of existence born of love and intense longing for life.

The voluminous swelling of the chorus gradually weakened, expressing a softer sadness and a grief more than human; softer grew the strains till they melted away. Then single voices rang out, voices touched with sadness, yet quivering with grandeur of human life:

"Oh let, oh let us meet again!
We weary of his woeful place,
Where sorrow sits on every face,
And every face is touched with pain.

"Here we may work by night or day,
With head and hand, in toil and strife,
In mad pursuit of empty life,
When ye are moved so far away.

"Oh, come to us, or let us meet!
Nor work nor books nor knowledge fair
To wisdom and life makes us heir,
But 'tis thy love and voices sweet.

"O angel voices, heavenly born,
Whose strong compelling note,
Like throbbing strains from sweet birds'
throat,
That anthems e'er the approach of morn,

"So thrills and moves the human heart;
O heavenly beings, so come near,
And let us love and hold you dear,
And love and live and never part."

When the rosy dawn had come, removing the darkness from the heavens—and lighting up the earth with glorious light, standing upon the ground some distance from the wall and looking upwards with eager faces, the boys saw four Senior girls. There stood those "heavenly beings," who had really "come near." And the boys marvelled at the sight and recalled the impassioned song of the night. They bethought them that Zeus had interfered or rather interceded or had interfered! How they gazed at the forms upon the ground!

Wilkinson's dark eyes burned with gladness and joy and wonder—those deep dark eyes where earnestness glows and regard for man forever shines.

Hogrefe looked plunged in thought; he looked, and looked again, and pausing looked. The color left his face and he was white—he spoke not, but, turning to Raymond Graham, sought with his look of wonder scientific explanation of the appearance of the girls. Graham shook his head, so overcome with joy—"Science fails here."

Peering through the bars, they saw what the girls were watching. Lola Osgood and Clara Courteol were descending on a ladder made from hair-ribbons. Lola was half-way down. "Oh, what a beautiful shade of green is here! how exquisite! How can I help but delay here? Don't hurry me so, Clara! Behold this pink! More delicate color was never seen; it will be ruined by the time all descend!"

Down the two girls came—heroic women they—blue-eyed Lola, resolute and firm, beautiful, pleasant, full of grace; unconquerable Clara, brown-eyed, energetic, sought and loved. Then came others and still others. Near the last Lena Jackson swung out upon the ladder. Graceful she stepped; for graceful were all her movements. Despite the grief and lamentation, her hair was unruffled, her fair face sunny. Precise, spontaneous Lena! Who did not love her? Great was her soul and her heart sincere.

Smiling with kindness and worth shining on her face, quiet Leora came, silent Leora Vaughn, known but to few, but by those few dearly beloved.

With steady hand and level head Georgia Cassell began the descent. Solemn was her mien; hard she had labored and much she knew and so much saw. Toil had not, with note-books, outlines, written reports, dulled her broad vision—that wide, sweeping vision that sees the elemental humor wherever it is present, sees it, knows it, feels it. When at the middle of her course downward,

the ribbons breaking, she fell, lodging in the vines, twenty feet from the ground. Breathless and trembling were the watching, waiting girls. Speechless for a moment they were—only for a moment—but, oh, how long was that moment! Serenely and calmly she clung to the vine.

"Oh! what shall we do? Can you jump from there? That's too high! Don't try it; you'd be hurt! We'll find a ladder, a long board, a pole!"

Three yet remained above. Sophia Born wept, shedding copious tears—not because she feared being left, but because she was certain her ribbon was broken—her own black ribbon. Undaunted, these three made wings of the backs of song-books and, leaping far out from the window, soared across the air, touching the tree-tops, skimming the liquid way, singing joyfully that dear chant, "Sailing Away"; and as they neared the Athletic Field, where their feet touched earth again, they burst into the soul-animating strains of "Wait for the Wagon."

Coming together under the trees, the girls all sang a beautiful, a magnificent hymn to the coming day; for the sun was illumining the world with his rays and all things were lustily rousing with life. This hymn, incited and re-enforced by the mighty tides of life that were flooding the world, sank deeply into the hearts of the SENIOR boys and roused their longing, their intense yearning to drink once more at the inexhaustible fountain of life; to live again with Nature and with men. Desire and strong purpose found means of escape. Cutting the bars with one of Demand's jokes (scarcely dulling the point), they leaped out, having no fear of distance and gravity.

Once more all the SENIOR people were free. All woes and sorrows were forgotten; bliss and joy unspeakable possessed them. Burrus even talked eight minutes with the girls whom he met.

Hogrefe spoke his gladness without blushing—so genuine and spontaneous was his feeling. Dowell stood and laughed, acting much like a two-year-old. In fascinating and compelling gushes of eloquence, Raymond Graham extolled freedom and the divine presence of the girls, showing the fallacy of the old adage—"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage."

Yates shouted, "Hooray!"

Rawlins remained silent, the first time in his life—overcome with bliss.

The grove resounded with laughter and glad shouts; the morning freshness possessed all, and life was joyful and full of worth and glory.

The herald's trumpet having been sounded, all the SENIOR people assembled under the boughs of a great elm. Their leader began to address them. A woman their ruler and leader was—*dux femina*

facti—fair, fascinating, firm—Leeson Cook was her name, and all men and women knew her—cheerful, helpful, kind. Intent the SENIORS held their ears while she spoke; silent they listened as life glowed from those dark brown eyes—whence truth and beauty shone always—those deep, dark eyes—human and divine. Spontaneous she spoke, fresh and free. Magnanimous was she, possessing sane and healthful grasp of human life; for she had heard the soul's song of woe and its cheering notes of rippling laughter; she had hearkened, perhaps unconsciously, to its hopes and aspirations, its longings and endeavors.

"SENIOR people, brave men and loyal women, you are free; but here we must not remain. Activity must be ours; for we would have life and life's activity. We must seek our fates to know the happenings of the days to be. Let us seek the oracles; let us sojourn now to that part of the kingdom called Perte Springs, where dwells the Faculty tribe known as the King's nobles. Let us seek them, for they are wise and learned in many things; far famed are they, and many are the legends and traditions of them. So let us go."

They departed with the hope and vigor of morning in their veins; and their hearts were light with the song of happy birds and the myriad wellings of life that were flooding the world and strewing the earth with flowers from sky to sky. Many were the things that befell them ere they reached the brink of the great lake, which they must traverse to the further side, where, scattered on the hillsides, lived the oracles in tents of white. They cross in boats and, the waters passed, on the green shore set their glad feet. The aged Bahlmann meets them on the marge, where paces he as picket day and night. By nature and experience kind, he points the path and welcomes them, telling of sundry events and days when on the battle-field he fought. They take the way and journey on; by tree and grass and stone they go, and shrub and briar and prickly thorn, till at a white tent's door they stand and seek admittance from within. A step is heard, so light and weak, and gently comes the sound again. The tent door opens and they see the reverend Shannon, old and gray—ay, like an ancient sage he comes, and, looking long into their eyes, bids them enter and take seats. The foremost enter; the others wait. And in his tent they now recline upon the grassy floor so smooth, and wonder how so sweet a man can stay to dwell on earth, with pain and woe and weakness fraught, with sin and sorrow burdened down. Slowly he turns his hoary head and looks on them with eyes so kind; he melts their hearts and soothes their minds. And then he speaks in tender tones:

"I have a message dear for you. You are to do

our work now soon; for soon, ah! soon, we soon shall pass. The world is wide and needs great men—it needs you women who can think. A noble lawyer with work to do, with work and toil and life and love, with fame and praise in heaven and earth—this you shall be, O girl so fair, thou Lola Osgood with soul so pure.

"Now, Guy Capps and Jennison, hear; now, Bruné and Staley, also come; many your deeds that are to be, yet a similar path each one shall tread. Ropewalkers ye all shall be, with praise and applause of merry crowds, with gifts of flowers and cigars free; in winter crossing the sunny seas, in summer seeing your own fair fatherland. O thou tall John, Blyholder huge, your fate is fixed, and firm and fast: the shoemaker's task thou shalt ply. Thy task is great, though small it seems, for thou shalt love and cheer mankind, and this is better than just to know.

"Oh! knowledge is a vain, cold thing; knowledge alone is desolate; 'tis but the barren surface of things, dead, dead and cold, unless there's love and life and wisdom fair. Go on thy way and happy be, be happy with the sons of men, for life is the end and aim of all, and thou shalt find it everywhere. Go, R. E. Rawlins, tread this path, this path with men and John so loved; but thou must learn to love mankind, to see its good and shun its ill—and cease to love thyself for aye.

"Men of sweet eloquence the great world likes—with honeyed words and sugared tongue; men who can make untruth seem true, and so control the common mind—the orator, the auctioneer, lawyer, and doctor quack. As auctioneer Graham shall spend his life, Raymond Graham erect and fair, so learned in science broad and deep. Come haughty Douglas, go thy way, and be a lawyer keen and shrewd; go help the nation in its need, in its hard strait of civic strife; succor thy country as *thyself*, and know that you are only one.

"A doctor's craft must be thy lot, O Berkley Johnson, toiling e'er, thou must relieve men of their pain, know all man's ails but of the heart—these leave to Seward and Garrison, to Wallace Grace and Jennison. Always with effort you'll do your task and make bread pills and sell them high, now and then with bag and cart sell patent medicine from town to town.

"Such is my message, SENIOR folk; my task is done, so farewell now; like drift-wood spars on ocean cast men meet and pass and meet no more. So fare you well!"

They part and take the path again, as all must do in this strange world; they go and with the winding road they turn; they turn, and near a tent snow-white they meet the smiling Seawell there—kind, lovely man, with streaked gray hair; sweet,

noble man, with heart so large and calm and just. They stop and seat them in the shade, and feel at home where he is near; they wait with pleasant faces now to hear his voice, to hear his speech.

He speaks, and clear the accents fall, and touch their hearts and move them deep; a voice oracular is pealing now, and hushed they lean and list to learn.

"The bloom of youth is on you now, you feel the vigor in heart and limb; the sunshine of hope is blazing bright; you soon shall know the world of men. This earthly life of ours is fair, with care and limitation fraught, and joy and bliss and happiness.

"To travel o'er this wide old world, to see the spots where men have bled, to sit where poets have lived and sung on mountain height or river marge or Grecian ruins or Roman stones, to spend long months in villa fair in Italy across the seas, where roars the surf not far away and mountains spread away so blue, to pass long days joyous and free with music, Nature, and delight of novels and of human life—this is for you, ye lovely girls, O Leeson Cook, with dark brown hair; Caddie Burnett, from whose sweet face self-reliance and independence shine; Lena Jackson and Clara Courteol; Virginia Murray, whose mellow voice sings life's deep music strong and sweet; Minnie Dixon, whom many love, who loves the children most of all; Grace Wallace, for her learning famed, in wit and satire ever bold, in thinking clear and keen of sight.

"O stout Burke Yates, your fate is plain. Thou art ingenious and strong of mind. Thou shalt invent a great machine, whose aim shall be to save men work.

"Come now, a band of graceful girls, for o'er life's long and solemn way as chorus dancers ye shall wend. Come, Annie May Finch and Mollie Scruggs, Elizabeth Wallace and Leora Vaughn, Mary Jenner, who worked alway, and Ellen Goebel, who loved not men."

When this was said, they left him there, and smiled upon him as they left. Across the flower-spotted grass they go toward other tents right near. They come along and stop at once, calling aloud for entrance there. They hear the music and the song of the rich soul that dwells within. The tent door opens, and there stands Miss Minick, smiling joyfully. She loves them well, and bids them come, and welcomes them to couch and seat or pleasing rest on grassy floor. They gladly take the offered seats, and on the soft grass place themselves and wait to hear the happy words of the sweet soul that loves mankind. She opes her lips and joy is theirs; for melody so pure and sweet swells out

from voice that knows man's joy as birds break out a-singing for the world's face waxen gay. The waves of mighty music on the souls of SENIORS fall, and they bow their heads and hush them as they think of hopes gone by. Then deep is that song—speech-laden with the deeds that are to be when the wide world opes her portals and their paths are sundered far. Then soared the song triumphant with tale of endless bliss and proud success ne'er ending in the realm of man-folk's strife:

"O'er plain and dale, through town and village small, o'er the whole country where happy men dwell, ye shall go, merrily, busily go; thou Mattie Fleming and Carrie Couchman, Georgia Cassell and Sarah Sayles, ye shall go busy and free; as traveling salesmen ye shall go, with vinegar, pickles, and shoe-polish.

"Six partners of a prosperous firm are seated here among your group; their breadth of wisdom and shrewd wit will make them famous in their time; they shall make money and have all the joys of happy and *good society*; six partners in a firm for junk that o'er the streets and town shall prowl with shrill high song for rags and rags, and bones and copper, and old brass, old rubber, iron and zinc worn-out—these six are here, you know them well: Edna Sterling and Holton R. A.; C. D. Hogrefe, tall and straight; Ellen After, whose heart is great and purpose firm and resolute; H. C. Carnagey and Daisy Jones—these shall ride in one wagon, calling and calling about man's homes, and Antoinette King shall be chaperon with Mary Holmes' novels always to read. Mabel Geer, be

proud and glad; your fate is high in honor great; professional chaperon you will be for dance and party and nutting groups.

"A dancing master of grace and power, with friends and bliss and praise sublime, thou shalt pass over life's weary way, O thou John Gehrs, of body lithe.

"Florence McMeekin and Alice Carleton, Wrenetta Miller and Hazel Kirk, your path is clear and bright and broad: your work is large, your influence great; for mankind's future ye shall guide—in boys' boarding-school ye shall teach and render sweet the soul of man.

"E. L. Harrison, whom we well know, shall serve his fellows in good part; as model in a clothing store his years he'll pass until he dies.

"Dowell, huge, strong, admired; W. A. Wilkinson whose soul is great; William Smith and Seward quiet—

"These all shall beggars be,

And wander abroad in a far countree."

These happy strains her voice did give till sweet and soft it ended as the rose falls 'neath the sun.

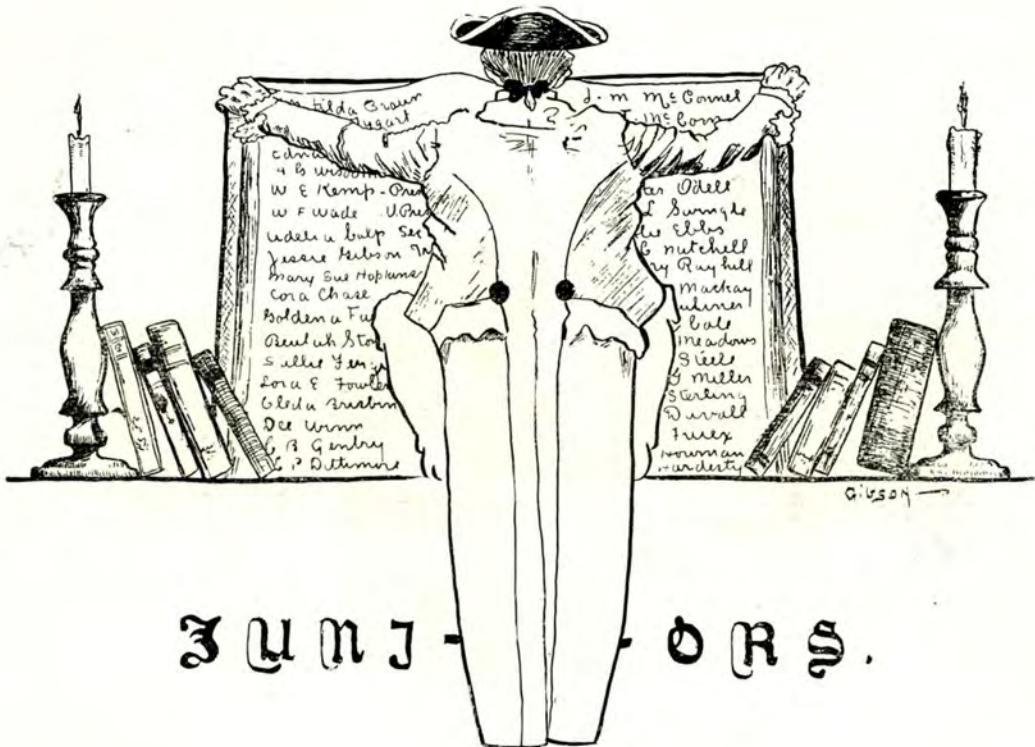
Still stand the stately structures and the great elms where children love to meet. Still bloom the flowers when spring winds blow and vernal shower freshens all. Still reigns King Hawkins, praised by Faculty and lauded high by Board of Regents great.

But many years ago—ay, many years ago, those SENIORS fled away into the storm and stress of the wide world where *omnis opere semita fervet*.

W. F. SMITH.









(NOTE.—The names come in the order of the pictures, beginning with the top row and reading from left to right.)

GEORGIA COX Stanberry, Mo.

"Until I truly loved, I was alone."

BEULAH DUVALL Freeman, Mo.

"I care for nobody—no, not I,
If no one cares for me."

J. S. HOMAN Easton, Mo.

"Come not within the measure of my wrath."

GEORGIA SIMMS Strasburg, Mo.

Philosophy is nothing but discretion.

W. E. KEMP Lamonte, Mo.

"For aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love ne'er did run smooth."

EFFIE FAMULINER Garden City, Mo.

"Faint heart hath been a common phrase,
Fair lady never wives."

IVA TRUEX Pilot Grove, Mo.

Those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor.

ADELIA CULP Warrensburg, Mo.

As merry as the days are long.

EDNA MEADOWS Maitland, Mo.

Surely the stars are images of love.
Hopkins.

DEE WINN Kearney, Mo.

The cautious seldom err.

A. G. WISDOM Urbana, Mo.

Exhausting thought,
And having wisdom with each studious year.



(NOTE.—The names come in the order of the pictures, beginning with the top row and reading from left to right.)

INA AKINS Humansville, Mo.

What will not woman, gentle woman, dare
When strong affection stirs her spirit up?

EDNA STEELE Warrensburg, Mo.

Or if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

J. M. MCCONNELL Kearney, Mo.

Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look.

KITTIE TURLEY Mexico, Mo.

Charity is a virtue of the heart and not of the hands.

MATTIE WINN Plattsburg, Mo.

"A priceless treasure is a temper mild."

MATTIE ANDERSON Odessa, Mo.

A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

MATILDA BRAUN Heckman Mills, Mo.

Marriage is a desperate thing.

RACHEL FOWLER Pittsburg, Mo.

Oh that a dream so sweet, so long enjoyed,
Should be so sadly, so cruelly destroyed!

MELVINA LINDSAY Kansas City, Mo.

The web of our lives is a mingled yarn, good and ill together.

NELLIE STERLING Warrensburg, Mo.

Truth is the work of God, lies are the works of men.

L. W. CAHILL Knebner, Mo.

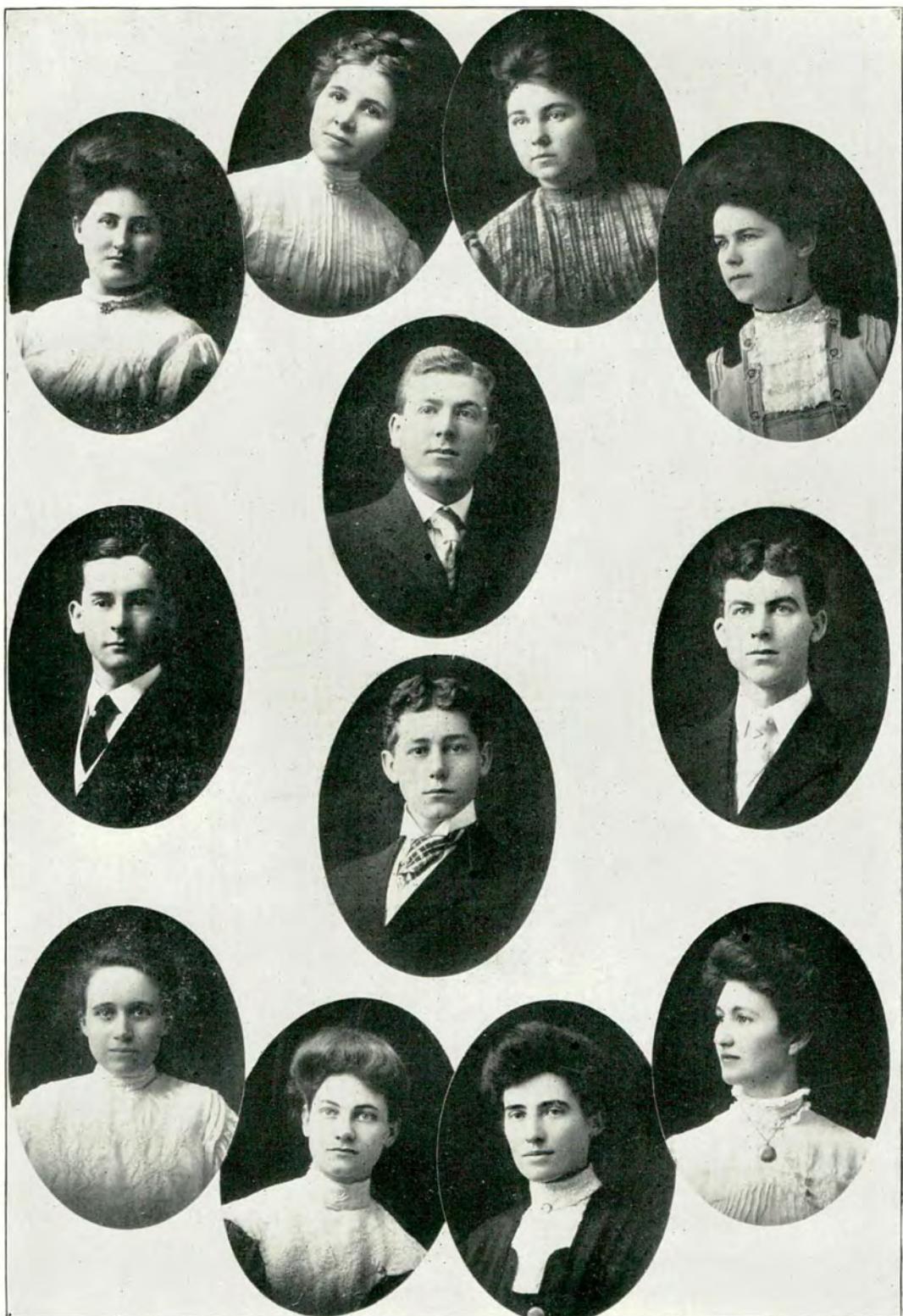
A merrier man
Within the limit of becoming mirth
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

JESSIE GIBSON Windsor, Mo.

Who can tell for what high cause
This daughter of the gods was born?

MELLIE MARTIN Blairstown, Mo.

In her tongue is the law of kindness.



(NOTE.—The names come in the order of the pictures, beginning with the top row and reading from left to right.)

NETTIE BURTON Bronaugh, Mo.
There is society in the deepest solitude.

LOLA MILLER New Franklin, Mo.
"The world knows only two—that's Rome and I."

CLEDA BRISBIN Raymore, Mo.
The majority is wicked.

MARGARET SHELDON Stewartsville, Mo.
A peace above all earthly dignities—
A still and quiet conscience.

W. G. NEET Warrensburg, Mo.
"I never knew so young a body with so old a head."

CHAS. GENTRY Warrensburg, Mo.
The mildest manners and the gentlest heart.

J. M. HERRELL Urich, Mo.
A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking man.

CHESTER O'DELL Belton, Mo.
"I'll put a girdle about the earth in forty minutes."

NELLIE EBBS Warrensburg, Mo.
Let the world slide.

LENA WHARTON Lawson, Mo.
Her virtue and the consciousness of worth
That would be wooed and not unsought be won.

EDNA HACKLEMAN Pleasant View, Mo.
Pleasure admitted in undue degree
Enslaves the will nor leaves the judgment free.

BERTHA MACKAY Fulton, Mo.
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.



(NOTE.—The names come in the order of the pictures, beginning with the top row and reading from left to right.)

S. T. McCORMACK Bates City, Mo.
Oh! it is excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous.

EMMA GALENCAMP Washington, Mo.
"If I am not worth the wooing,
I am surely not worth the winning."

WILLIAM WADE Kearney, Mo.
Who dares this pair of boots displace
Must meet Bombastes face to face.

ANNA CHAPMAN Oak Grove, Mo.
Honest labor bears a lovely face.

LENA MORELOCK Jefferson City, Mo.
"I had rather have a fool to make me merry
Than experience to make me sad."

LORA FOWLER Schell City, Mo.
Her modest looks a cottage might adorn.

F. M. WATTERS, Jr. Warrensburg, Mo.
"An innocent look that makes him look as innocent as a lamb."

W. B. HARDESTY Winfield, Mo.
"Lord, what fools we mortals be!"

CATHERINE STEINMEYER Odessa, Mo.
"Hang sorrow! care 'll kill a cat."

L. P. DITTEMORE Halls, Mo.
"Life is as dreary as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ears of a drowsy man."

E. DICKERSON Centralia, Mo.
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

LEVA TYGART Aldrich, Mo.
"I want a hero, an uncommon want."

Junior History.

We, the Juniors, having passed through the embarrassments of Sub-hood, having withstood the sneers hurled at the Freshmen, and having won in our Sophomore year a prestige unrivaled in the history of this Institution under the leadership of President Homan, the acknowledged leader of all sorts of athletics, entered the year 1906-07 a strong, well-organized body, with Mr. W. E. Kemp as president and Miss Adelia Culp as secretary, two students most ably fit to form the destinies of this Class. And now we feel ourselves able to defend that marvelous reputation won in the past two years, even in the face of the haughty Seniors.

We have striven, and our strife has not been in vain, for within our ranks are found those who excel in every line of work pertaining to an institution of learning.

On the gridiron and basket-ball court, the brawny-muscled McCormack and agile Dittemore have proved themselves the leaders of athletics.

On the floors of debate we have been most ably represented by Mr. Wisdom, the class-room giant.

In oratory we stand supreme and unrivaled. For from our ranks has been chosen that brilliant young man, Mr. William Neet, who is to represent not the Warrensburg State Normal alone, but

the State of Missouri, in the coming Inter-State Oratorical Contest, and who we believe, is an orator destined for fame.

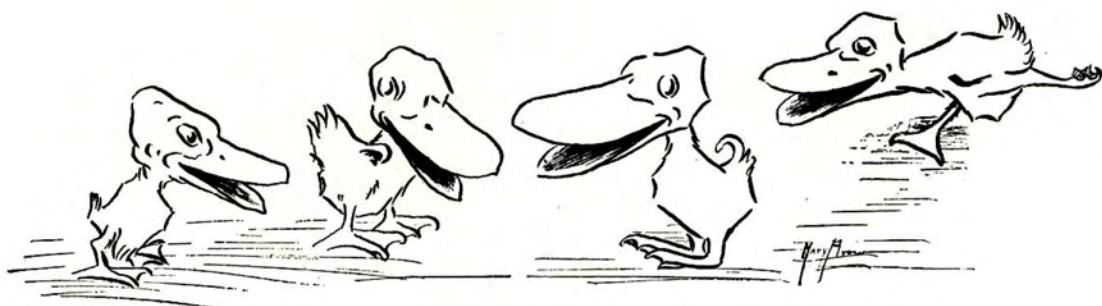
But lest we forget, the name of Chester Odell appears to the author's mind as an attorney of unusual prospects. His wonderful ability as a jurist has already been exhibited, and with that extraordinary power of invective, we may rest assured that all violators of our laws will be restrained behind the walls prepared for such (?).

It would be an impossibility for the author to attempt to describe the various talents of each member of this Class, but suffice it to say that *all* are tireless, zealous workers, each day bringing to light some of the hidden secrets of Greek, Latin, Psychology, or College Algebra with its ever unknown quantity.

We hope we do not seem boastful in telling of our achievements, for greatness does not lie alone in triumphs, but in rising when once defeated.

With achievements and defeats, joys and sorrows intermingled, the Juniors of to-day pass on to become the Seniors of to-morrow, and with Senior-dom in view we pass into reverie as to what the closing chapter of the Class of 1908 will contain.

Sophomores



Sophomores.

MOTTO.

Do to-day your nearest duty.

COLORS.

Emerald and White.

CLASS YELL.

Hobble! Gobble! Ahead of time!

Yes-sir-ee!

We're the Class of Naughty-nine!

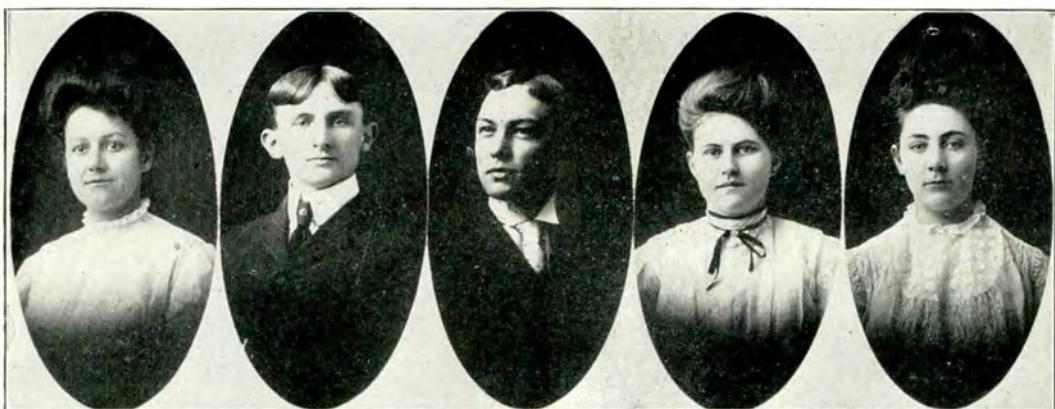
Don't you see?

The roll of our Class numbers seventy-nine—
The rest are too busy to fall into line.
However, we're proud of them all, for you see
Good students they are and true teachers they'll be.
Each one of us studies as hard as can be,
But we have a good time, so brilliant are we.

Steiner, our President, 's a favorite with all;
Often his laugh is heard all through the hall.
Prose is, he tells us, just perfectly horrid;
However, it leaves no lines on his forehead.
Our Vice, Carnagey, is sure to win fame,
Makes all of us students think he can declaim.
Our Treasurer, Gilbert, is a good Secretary;
Reading Latin and Greek, she proves herself wary.
Emerald and white so gayly do wave,
For this promising Class, of students so brave.

Charles Allen, our wise and successful Debater,
Loudly is praised by our old *Alma Mater*;
And all down the line of this notable Class
Sound sense is displayed by each laddie and lass.
Studious and honest, could you higher score?
Sophomores, Sophomores, famed evermore!

VERA FAY HENRY.



Greek Rogers,
Hamilton, Mo.

Dale H. Carnagey,
Warrensburg, Mo.
Vice-Pres.

James B. Steiner,
Houston, Mo.
Pres. of Class

Aline Walker,
Appleton City, Mo.

Ermile Foreade,
Clearmont, Mo.



Chas. W. Robinson,
Gower, Mo.

Eugenia Kirk,
Plattsburg, Mo.

Fay Henry,
Centerview, Mo.
Class Editor.

Beulah Long,
Kingsville, Mo.

Ruby Bond,
Warrensburg, Mo.



Walter Pemberton,
Pittsville, Mo.

Kathleen Moore,
Kansas City, Mo.

Helen Crumbaugh,
Hamilton, Mo.

Ella Hammond,
Platte City, Mo.

Essie Pitts,
Hermitage, Mo.



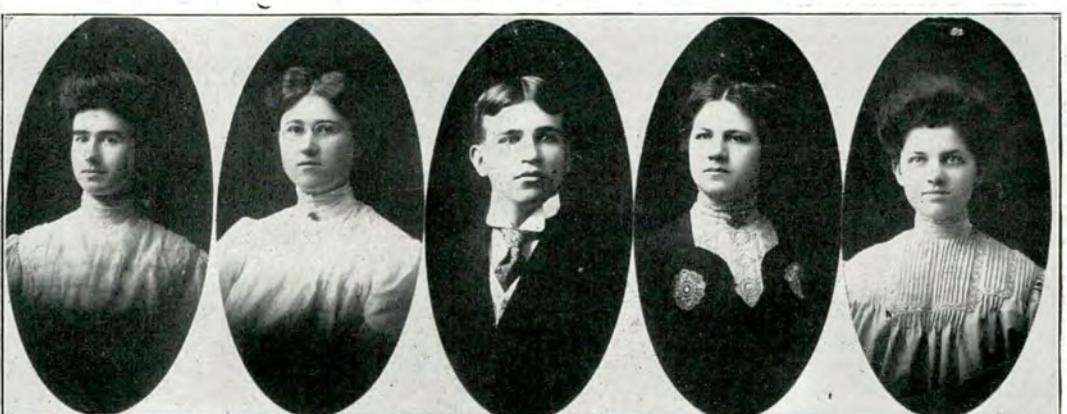
Clyde Curnett,
Montserrat, Mo.

Mrs. M. Blackburn,
Bonner Springs, Kas.

Mary J. Gilbert,
Warrensburg, Mo.
Sec'y and Treas. of Class.

Eula M. Curry,
Centerview, Mo.

Esther Sayles,
Lowry City, Mo.



Nellie Trail,
New Haven, Mo.

Eva Gentry,
Warrensburg, Mo.

Edward Baker,
Kingsville, Mo.

Marie Coats,
Kearney, Mo.

Welthea Hammond,
Platte City, Mo.



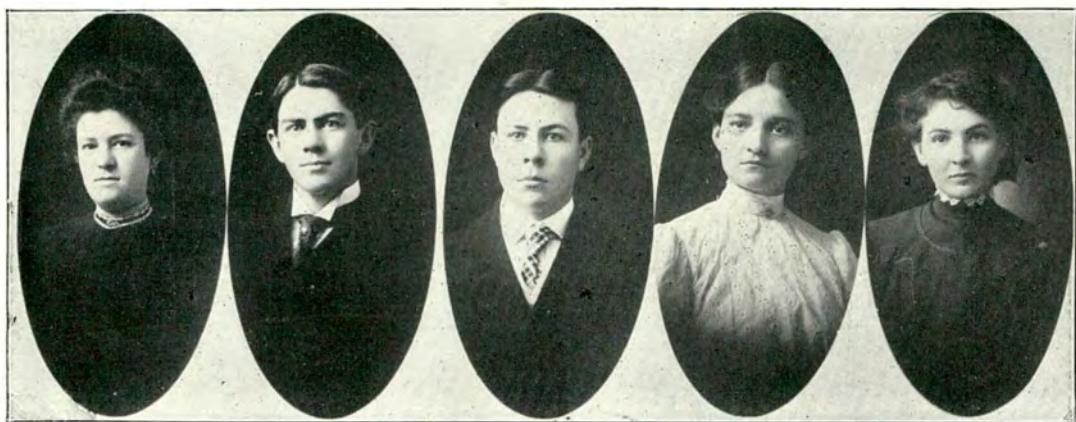
Lou Moran,
Winfield, Kas.

Jay V. McGee,
Trimble, Mo.

Alberta Johnson,
Peculiar, Mo.

Blanche Smith,
Drexel, Mo.

Myrtle Trapp,
Fayetteville, Mo.



Lucy Pettus,
Gray Summit, Mo.

J. D. Sexton,
Lawson, Mo.

Sam Tanner,
Savannah, Mo.

Emma Dewey,
Lisle, Mo.

Ethel Purell,
Sheldon, Mo.



12

Guy U. Young,
Lexington, Mo.

Hattie Garvey,
Leetown, Mo.

Mary Sheldon,
Stewartsville, Mo.

J. W. Edgemon, d
Eugene, Mo.



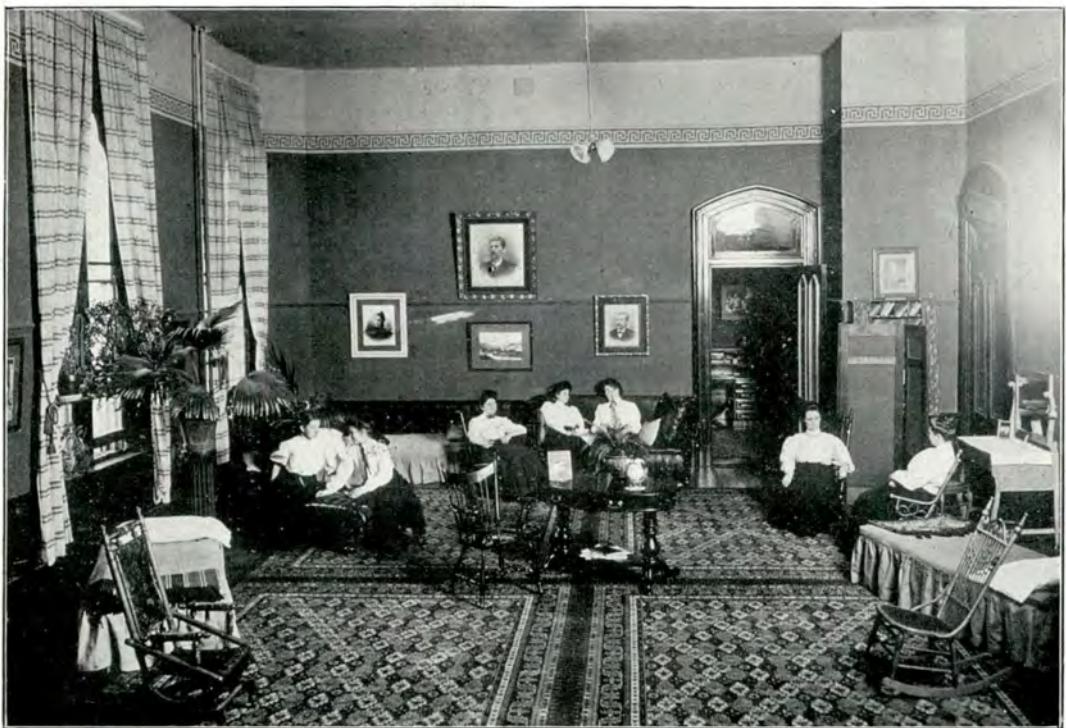
13

Carl Kenagy,
Warrensburg, Mo.

Effie N. Barton,
Odessa, Mo.

Jessie Van Meter,
Odessa, Mo.

E. T. Pitts,
Pittsburg, Mo.

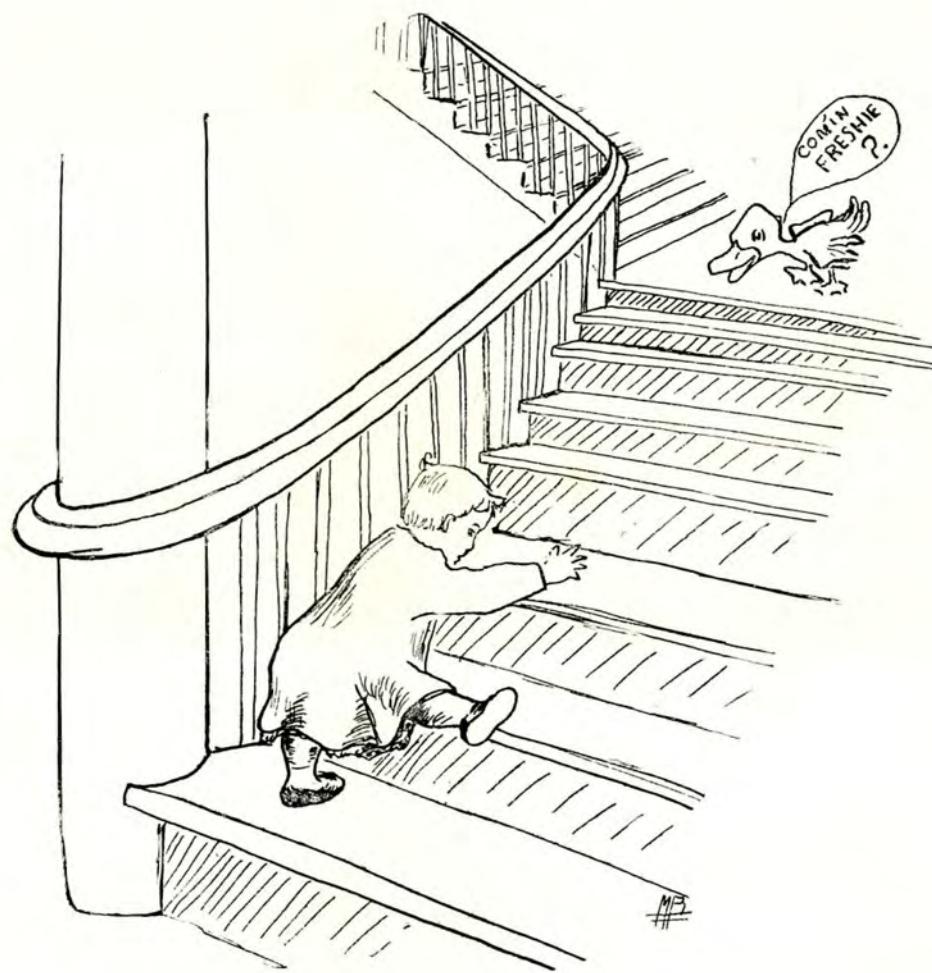


LADIES' REST ROOM.

THE DEAN.

The Little Mother of the Girls
With gentle reign holds sway;
No crown she wears, nor scepter bears
But just her kind, sweet way.

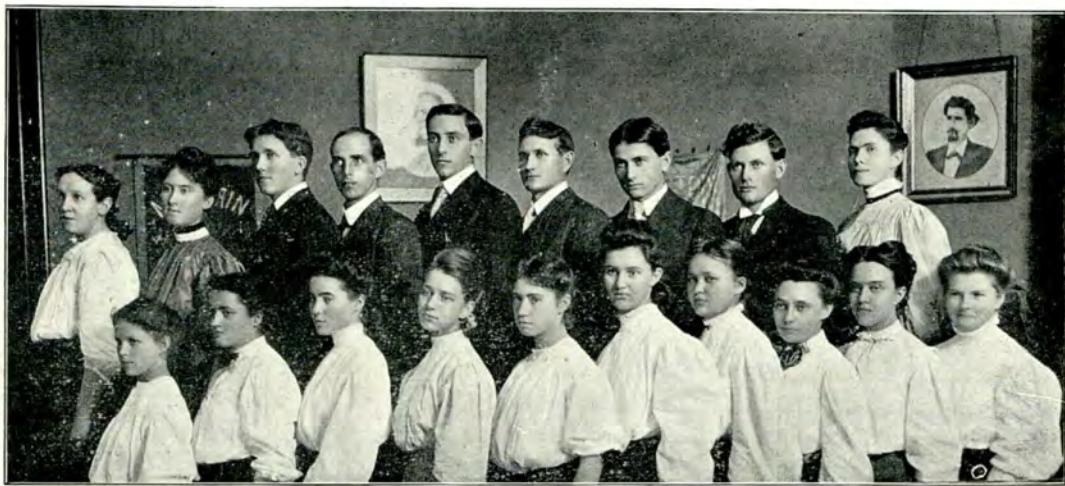
We girls submit to tyranny
When such as hers we bear;
Such kindly, thoughtful earnestness
You will not find elsewhere.



Baby Book of 1910.

1. *Arrival*.—September 18, 1906.
2. *Weight*.—3 lbs. of body and 6 lbs. of brains.
3. *Length*.— 2×150 people = 300 feet.
4. *Color of Eyes*.—Violet (lavender).
5. *Color of Hair*.—Light; of that class commonly known as cotton-top (white).
6. *First Appearance of Consciousness*.—The challenge they sent the Seniors. (Note the impulsiveness of youth and inexperience.)
7. *Christening*.—Cold water administered by the Rt. Rev. Senior Class, D.D.
8. *First Words*.—

"Razzle! Dazzle! Zip-boom-bah!
Freshmen! Freshmen!
'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!"
9. *First Step*.—Election of
 ARCH BRIGHT *President*.
 IRVEN SCHNABLE *Vice-President*.
 CECIL ROBERTS *Secretary*.
 ORA DUFFENDACK *Treasurer*.
 J. M. THOMPSON *Editors*.
 EDITH PARSONS
10. *First Bump*.—First Latin lesson in Room 3.
11. *First Tooth*.—Basket-ball game with Juniors; came through successfully February 4, 1907.
12. *First Toy*.—A rag dollie, nicknamed June (short for Juniors), whom they took possession of February 4, and mauled most unmercifully.
13. *First Party*.—The Y. W. C. A. "At home" to the strangers.
14. *First Short Dress*.—June 5, 1907, when they emerged from baby-hood and became Sophs.



Top Row: CLARA STARR. SARAH WEST. W. C. TRAVIS. ANDREW WHEELER. BERNIE HALLER. ARCH BRIGHT, Pres. IRVEN SCHNABEL. SAM EBERTS. MAY FRANKLIN.

Bottom Row: BERNICE HUNTER. MARGARET THURNIGAN. ANNA CONELL. RUTH GILBERT. ADA HARNESS. LEONA THORNBURG. ORPHA MCPHERSON. LUELLA PARKS. VIRGINIA MCCOMAS. MINNICE EDGEMEN.



Top Row: LUTHER BOWEN. GEORGE PAHLMANN. T. H. HOLLOWAY. FRANKIE WILLHITE. NICKEL FRANKLIN. MACKIE EVANS. ROY PHILLIPS.

Bottom Row: WINIFRED GALLOGLY. LENA JONES. CECIL ROBERTS. IDA MITCHELL. SUSIE MORGAN. MYRTLE GARDNER.

Freshmen.

On December 18, in the year of our Lord 1906, there was organized in that noble institution of higher learning called the Warrensburg State Normal a class of students so young, so tender, so awkward, and so blushing that it was apparent even to themselves that they were Freshmen.

Now it may seem a little strange for me to say that we (for I am a Freshman, as is self-evident) could see this ourselves. But really now—don't contradict me, I know—we are about the wisest bunch of Freshies that ever scraped their feet on the baseboard at the junction of the halls, or loitered in the cloak-rooms, or wandered spooningly down the south corridor, or cut Chapel every day in the week except the day following a foot-ball victory, or did many of the other misdemeanors that Seniors are so prone to attribute to us and the Subs.

But, dear reader, don't form too harsh an opinion us, for we are young and inexperienced. And just here I feel called upon to say that, as "experience is a dear teacher," by the time we Freshies are ready for our "sheepskins" we will be well taught, judging from the number of "dears" our worthy superiors, the Juniors and the Seniors, seem to have.

But with all of our short-comings and inexperience, we, like the Sophomores, have something to feel superior over—the Subs. These have higher to climb on the ladder than we have, and they look up to us in the same way that we—do not look

up to anyone else on earth. I was once asked by a Sub if the Sophs. did not hold themselves very much aloof from us, and if we did not feel it our duty to look up to them. That Subbie failed to see the point when I told him that the one great source of misery to every Soph., and, in fact, to every one in the Institution, was in trying to get us to "look up" and in so doing feel our inferiority to all except the Subs.

Many things have been said by, to, and about Freshmen. Here are some of the "tos":
By the—

President—"Freshmen, beware of the cloak-room loiterer who takes his overcoat seriously—or yours."

Senior—"When in doubt, mind your own business."

Sophomore—"Literature is the art of saying a thing by saying something just as good."

Sub—"If you don't know what to say, don't say it."

Here are some of the "bys":

"Few Juniors can keep a secret, even with salicylic acid. (Neither can the Sophs.)"

"God must dearly love fools, otherwise He would not have made so many Sophomores."

"Only the Seniors are satisfied, and they would not be if they were conscious of their dissatisfaction."

J. M. THOMPSON,
EDITH PARSONS.



Athenian Literary Society.

The Athenian Society holds an eminent place among the six literary societies of the Warrensburg Normal.

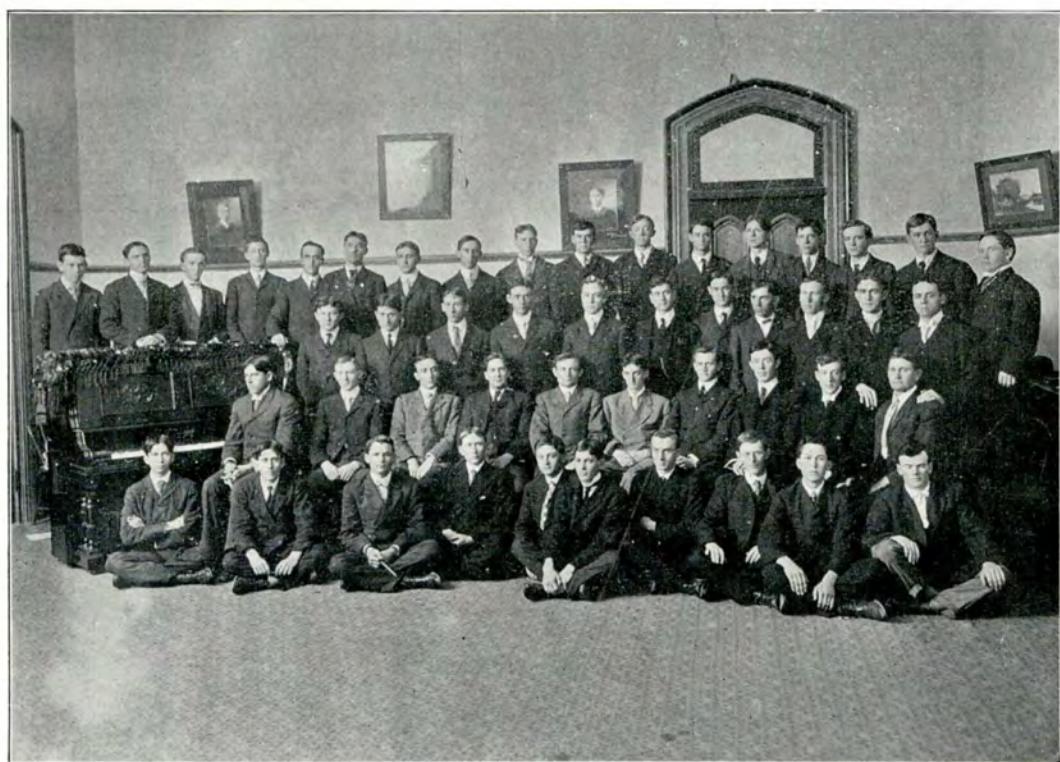
Our aim may be said to be two-fold. First, we strive to make the work of our regular Friday afternoon programs of such a nature that it will be of practical help to all members, and especially to new ones. Second, we endeavor to give our representatives special training in the preparation which they make for the inter-society contests. In these contests we have gained our share of victories, although our Society is the youngest among the boys' societies.

Since 1902 the history of the Oratorical Association has recorded almost a complete chain of Athenian victories in debate and oratory. In 1902 Harry E. Kilmer won first in debate. In 1903 Wayne Laidlaw and H. C. McClure tied for first place in debate, while Kilmer took off first honors in oratory and won second place in the inter-

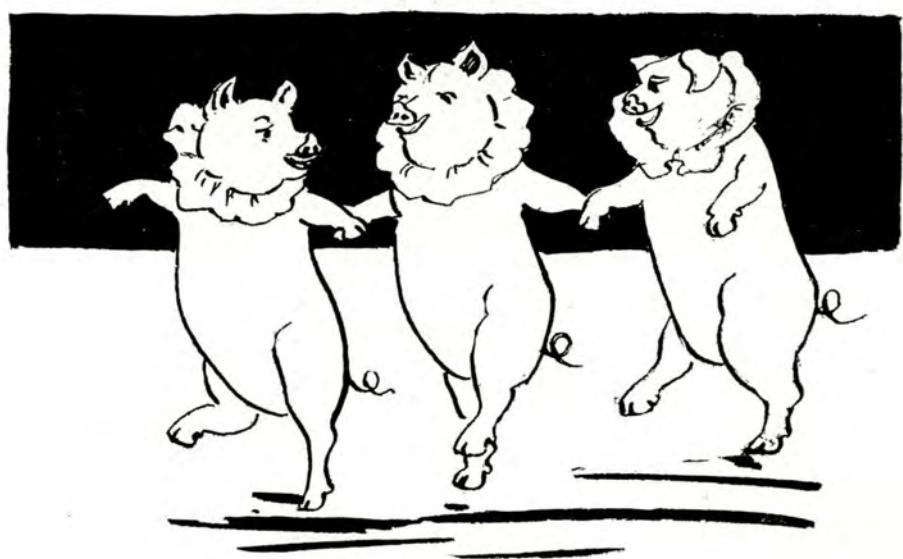
State contest. In 1904 John Laidlaw was easily first in debate, while our sister society, the Pericleans, won first in oratory. In 1905 Bert Robbins won first place in the inter-society contest and third honors in the inter-State contest at Milwaukee, Wis. 1906 was Athenian year in debate and oratory. J. H. Gehrs and L. C. Meader won first and second places, respectively, in debate, while T. H. Douglas won first in oratory and second in the inter-State contest. This year C. H. Allen will head the Missouri debating team against Nebraska. We are naturally proud of our platform successes, and we know they come from hard, continuous work.

We realize that ease and luxury can accomplish no permanent good; hence we stand for the harmonious development of each individual member. Visitors are always welcome at our meetings.

A. A. Q.



ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.



Baconians.

Through all the changes that more than twenty-five years have wrought, through all the vicissitudes of a social organization, Baconia has passed with marked honor and credit. How sweet the consciousness of unsullied honor and deserved merit amid this life of evil and error!

Across the years sweet and clear rings that proud slogan of Baconia—unstained honor. The sound is reverberated—unstained honor! and again and yet again is reverberated—unstained honor, white, pure, spotless!

In the contests Baconia has not frequently gained first rank. But our contestants have acquitted themselves like men, with honor, credit, praise. In athletics Baconia has stood pre-eminent, as the field meets attest. On our roll of this year there are athletes among the best in school—Curnutt, Cahill, G^olay, McCormack, Yates. A sane, cheerful mind in a body vigorous, active, healthy, alert—that beautiful and much-admired possession of the Greeks—this we desire and for this we have striven.

For honor and originality Baconia has ever been praised and admired. The pig and pigeons of last year are evidences of this Baconian characteristic. But the master stroke of originality, the most praiseworthy and delightful stroke, appeared when, in an inter-society contest to determine who could produce the best program, our boys, half of them dressed as girls, gave the sextette drill, winning second prize.

While solid work has been done in our hall,

while in our debates important literary, historical, social, political, and even religious questions have been discussed. The Anglo-Saxon seriousness has not held unbounded sway. The Celtic vivacity and nimbleness of wit and mind have crept in, giving us many an afternoon of sheer, inimitable delight; that Celtic freshness has ever been with us. Joy and delight amid labor, spontaneity and cheerfulness in all things, happiness in the present—these have been our possessions and remain ours still.

Our number is small this year; but great is the result when a few minds react on each other, and react with vivacity and strength; great is the result when a few minds, carefully chosen, act together in harmony and with reason; great is the result and great the praise when a few minds of diverse interests, associating freely and cheerfully, give to an organization that marvelous and much-admired trait of versatility.

Long is the list of illustrious Baconians—Professors Deerwester, Sevium, Toll, Ferguson, Seawell, Phillipi, Phillips, Brown, Jones, Carter, Curry, Hallar—too long is the list to continue. But in this list must be ranked men who are yet in our midst—Kelley, Kemp, Hardesty, and the most illustrious of all, the scholarly and urbane President, our own dearly loved Wilkinson.

Hail, Baconia! Hail! Hail! How far have you helped us along life's rugged way! How gloriously have you associated men with men!

SMITH.



BACONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.



BACONIAN DOUBLE SEXTETTE.



The Campbells.

Have you ever heard of the Campbell girls
Of nineteen hundred seven?
They're a marv'lous set of wonderful girls,
Whose fame will reach to heaven.

There's our ex-President, Miss Duvall,
Whom all will sure agree
Is "Osgood" a "Cook" as one can find
In any societe.

We're proud to own Miss Edwards,
Our winner of nineteen three;
Boys say her heart's as hard as "Stone,"
But the girls do not agree.

Miss Murray is our soloist,
And with the "Brown"-thrush vies;
She's fair of face, and boys all long
For a smile from her hazel eyes.

Miss Courteol in the Spanish dance,
Of her the "Parsons" say
That this one sin is greater far
Than all she's "Dun-can" pay.

Miss Shoaff, a "Farmer's" daughter,
With sweetest simplicitee,
Entrances the boys around her,
Then lets them drop—you see.

Miss Hopkins is our actress.
Boys "Allwood" love her well,
If they thought that she would willingly
In double "Harness" dwell.

Then there's Miss Gayl Pettus
A girl of "Sterling" worth,
Who builds such "Cassells" in the air,
She soars above the earth.

Miss Anderson's another
Whom I must mention here;
Her heart seems cold as any "Steele,"
But to all she is most dear.

Miss Wallace belongs to the "Gentry,"
For she's one of us, you know;
A little mischievous in her ways,
But who would not have her so?

Miss Gilbert is a wonder,
She's so extremely bright;
She "Sayles" so in her studies,
In a "Cloud" we fear she'll light.

Miss Miller next I'll mention,
I haven't time for all;
Her "Coats" are quite becoming
As they "Trail" along the hall.

There are many more I should tell of,
But the "Files" are so very long,
The "Frost" would fall on my forehead
Before I could finish my song.

Now you have heard of the Campbells,
Choose you a wife if you will;
In a "House" in the "Park" you'll find
A place she'll so tastefully fill.

ELsie C. STALEY.



CAMPBELL LITERARY SOCIETY.



Irvings.

While carelessly strolling around in the Irving Library recently, our eyes fell upon a parchment bearing what seemed to be the dust of centuries upon it. Thinking we had just come upon some treasure of classical antiquity, we unrolled it. But we did not find any of Homer's pet verses scribbled thereon; Plato had evidently not used that parchment for pocket notes; neither did Pythagoras' original proof for the square on the hypotenuse stare us in the face. Instead, upon translating it, we found "A copy of the Charter granted to Messrs. Fred Fitch, Fred Fulkerson, Milton Thomson, and others for the purpose of organizing a new literary society," dated March 18, 1886, and signed by George L. Osborne, President of State Normal, No. 2.

Subsequent history tells how this little band with their charter met in Room 2 for organizing. With "Excelsior!" as their motto in literary work and Washington Irving as their patron saint among American men of letters, the Irving Literary Society was the natural result.

Ed. Broughton was the first President, and under the leadership of that most brilliant man, who afterward became a noted journalist in St. Louis, the society soon numbered among its members young men of the highest class, men who to-day are pointed out as worthy examples of what high ambition and lofty ideals count for in life.

Judge Nicholas Bradley, of the circuit court here, was one of our earliest members. H. R. Marlatt, an old Irving, has now one of the largest law practices in St. Louis. Fred Fitch, one of our charter members and sometimes called the originator of the Irving Society, is now a high-class architect in Minneapolis. Several other prominent men whom Irvings of to-day point out as having been early members are: Fred Fulkerson; Harry George; Fred Shay, of Lexington Military Academy; Hugh Robinson, teacher in Kansas City; Hansford MacCurdy, teacher of biology in Kansas City Manual Training High School; Chas. McCaskell, a minister in the suburbs of Chicago;

and many others whose success has been no less marked.

In looking over the minutes of a regular meeting held January 14, 1887, we notice that the Society was favored by an interesting speech from Mr. Benjamin Seawell, at that time a student here and a member of the Baconian Society. It was the custom at that time for the societies to visit each other and also to give joint programmes.

The first inter-society contest was held in the spring of '92 with the Baconian Society. The Irvings were represented by S. F. Crawford, debater; T. C. Goodnight, orator; and B. S. Couch, disclaimer. There were no judges, the audience being left to decide for itself.

Since then our men have taken part in the contests annually, and that they have won their share of the honors is readily attested by the banners which adorn the Irving walls, banners bearing the names of such men as E. S. Stigall, Byron Crawford, Whitelaw, Manville, and Barton.

The Society has always stood for the well-developed man physically, as well as mentally and morally, and has always encouraged its members taking part in all forms of college athletics.

Irving hearts beat in the breasts of such football heroes as Leach, Mell, Stark, Rader, Bacon, Rissler, and Tanner. And base-ball fans become garrulous at once when the names of Kinney, Sexton, Bacon, and Rader are mentioned.

Mere vanity has not been gratified in recalling these names, for we feel that these men consider it an honor to be called old Irvings.

And the Irving Society of to-day stands for all it has in the past; the same spirit animates our members; and

"Soci! Soci! Socitee!
Irvings! Irvings! Yes-sir-ee!
'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!"

still echoes and re-echoes through the halls and awakes the old echoes of the same yell in years gone by.

J. M. McCONNEL, '08.



IRVING LITERARY SOCIETY.



shorncs

Osbornes.

A Society is, as you have heard tell,
Belonging to which the girls are all swell;
These girls are progressive, quick-witted and cool,
The best to be found in this great Normal School.

There are pretty ones, sweet ones, smart ones, too,
And original ones, as is proven to you;
Among Societies they take the lead,
And the laws of decorum they right well heed.

For instance, the Osbornes on All Hallowe'en
Sure showed you the very best time ever seen;
There were ghosts, and spooks, and witches galore,
To be found in the Gym., upon the third floor;

There was cider and gingerbread, apples a plenty,
Popcorn, and candy, and pumpkin pies many.
All things there were which would drive away sorrow
And make people wish it would last till to-morrow.

In the days of nineteen-seventeen,
Students all must give a play;
So the Bacons and the Osbornes,
Ever striving for the highest,
Placed before the awe-struck public
Shakespeare's play of "As You Like It":
Sweetest Celia, charming Ros'lind,
Brave Orlando and the rest,
Lived for two short hours before us,
Hoping, fearing, loving, hating,
Till at last the happy mating.

Twinkle, twinkle, all the stars!
All the Osbornes down from Mars!
When they gave their Ministrel Show,
And, I tell you, 'twasn't slow:
 Voices ringing,
 Jolly singing,
And the jokes that pleased us so;
 The Osborne girls,
 With "kinky kurls"
And pretty green dresses, all in a row.

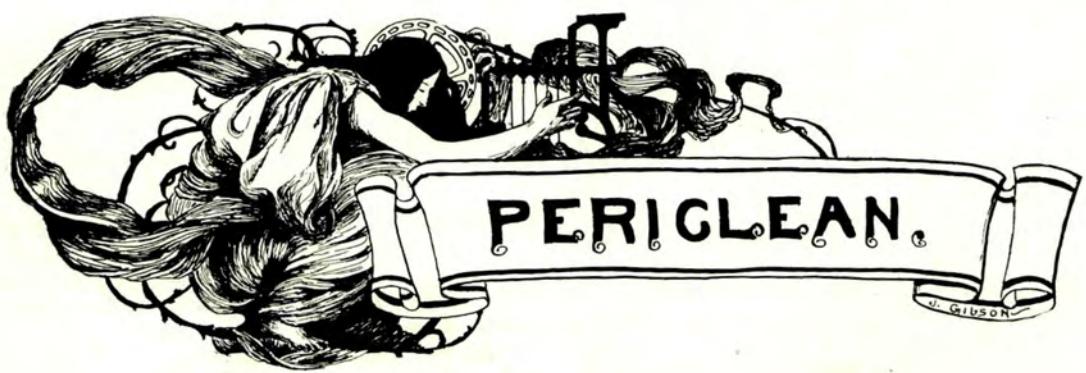
BERTHA STORY.



OSBORNE LITERARY SOCIETY.



OSBORNE MINSTRELS.



Pericleans.

Once upon a time, long, long years ago, when the State Normal School at Warrensburg was very young, this old prophecy was handed down to its students:

"The youthful brows of one to be
Shall wear the laurel wreath, I see."

Zealous Freshman, brilliant Sophomores, fun-loving Juniors, dignified Seniors, how often have you burned the midnight oil in trying to decipher its hidden meaning? And thou? O young ambitious Professors, you have studied long and earnestly over this modern Delphic Oracle, but it has jealously guarded its secret from those who would have stolen its jewel.

So for many years it has been almost forgotten, until now we find it is at last coming true.

In the year of 1903 a new society was formed, which is known far and near as the Periclean Literary Society, and we, the girls who are so fortunate as to be its members, are very proud of our achievements.

The path has been steep and rough, with obstinate barriers which seemed almost insurmountable; but we have toiled upward, ever upward, always pushing aside the difficulties, until at last we see the goal shining clear and bright above us.

In January of 1906, when we were given a hall in the new Gymnasium Building, one of our greatest difficulties was surmounted. It seemed to give

new strength to those who were devoting their best efforts to the upbuilding of the society.

Among the many names standing for all that is good and true and successful in our history are: Miss Olsa Sehrt, our orator, who won honors for us in 1903; Miss Emma Hyatt, who carried off the Class honors of 1905; Miss Jessie B. Gibson, our victorious declaimer in 1906; and Miss Adelia Culp, our contestant in the Inter-Society Declamatory Contest of 1907.

Listen! from afar we hear a voice calling out of the dimly remembered past. Ah! our ears are filled with the beautiful strains of that old prophecy:

"The youthful brows of one to be
Shall wear the laurel wreath, I see."

Hearken, ye wise Seniors! ye learned Doctors! Is not the prophecy coming true? Is not the oracle giving up its heretofore jealously guarded secret? Are we not young? Are not our brows already turned with laurel!

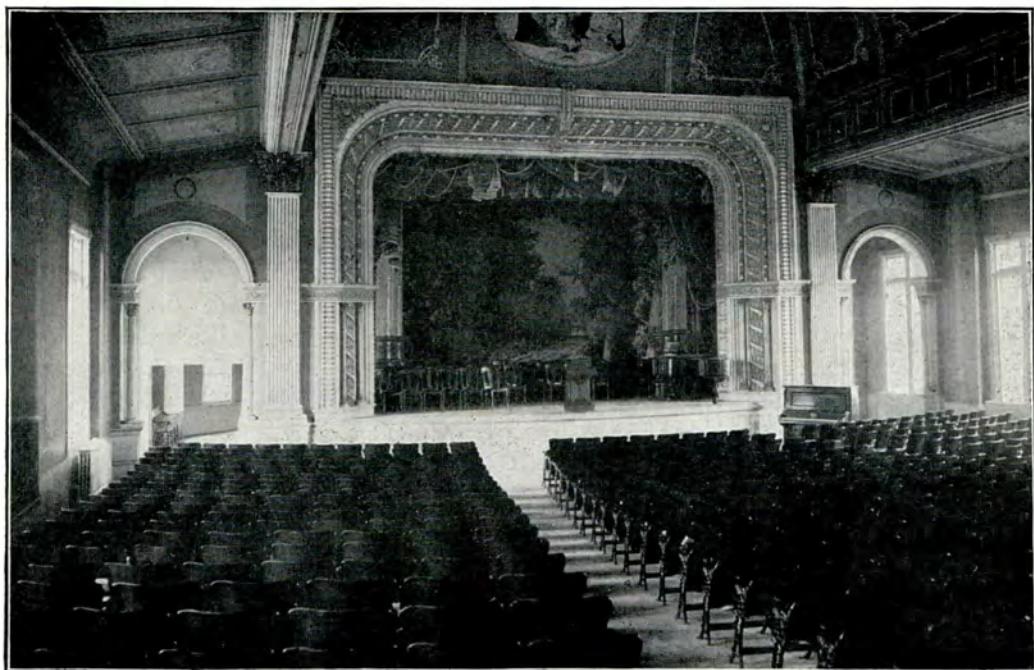
But we have yet victories to win, battles to fight, difficulties to surmount, and great questions to settle. Yet, for all these, we stand compact, invincible. Our goal is still above us and it will take many weary years of unselfish labor to attain our ideal.

The old prophecy is as yet only in part fulfilled, but we rejoice to believe that it will ultimately be fulfilled in the Periclean Literary Society.

LORA E. FOWLER.



PERICLEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.



IN THE AUDITORIUM.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. of this year, with Miss Edna L. Sterling as President, has been unusually successful. We have attempted more in every way and are accomplishing much. The weekly devotional meetings have been intensely interesting, due mainly to the efforts of the devotional committee.

It is the purpose of the association to promote the symmetrical development of girls in the Normal. True development means culture from four standpoints—spiritual, mental, physical, and social.

To help in attaining the ideal before us, six Bible classes and two round-tables have been organized, with a total membership of about one hundred. This method has in every way been a success; the earnest efforts of the teachers of these classes are appreciated.

The social side has not been neglected; begin-

ning at the very first of school, numerous receptions have been given.

It is impossible to estimate the value the State Convention was to the Association, or to the School. There were two hundred and one delegates here, representing ever so many school and city associations of this State. It is with the greatest pleasure that we remember Miss Paxton and Miss Anderson.

During the year the Y. W. C. A. has received four visits from Miss Edith Dabb, our State Secretary.

We feel that if we can have a General Secretary during the coming year, the Y. W. C. A. will be able to accomplish so much more that every girl in school can be made to better realize the value of the Y. W. C. A. to her. It is therefore our earnest prayer that we have a General Secretary next year.

LEESON COOK.

Y. W. C. A. CABINET.



LENA JACKSON.

ALICE CARLETON.

CARRIE COUCHMAN.

SUSIE GOOCH.

EDNA STERLING.

HARRIET YATES.

LEESON COOK.

MADGE McNAIR.

VOLUNTEER BAND.



FENWICK.

ALFTER.

SQUIRES.

COUCHMAN.

TABOR.

Y. M. C. A.

"Teddy, are you willing to make a sacrifice for your religion?"

"Yes, George," replied Teddy; "if you lead, I'll follow."

And so the movement began sixty-three years ago as the two young men, George Williams and Edward Beaumont, were crossing Blackfriars Bridge, in London, on their way home. Williams then proposed that they call their fellow-clerks together and form a society to help one another lead better lives.

No one suspected the latent possibilities of that movement. In seven years there were branches of the organization in Scotland, Ireland, Canada, and the United States. To-day it is known as a powerful organization that works for the good of society in a hundred practical ways. As a student organization alone it has more than thirty-two thousand students enrolled.

One among many of the grand developments of the movement is the Student Volunteer Convention, which meets every four years. Last year it was held at Nashville, Tenn., and was composed of the largest body of students that ever convened in America. Students and missionaries were there

from all parts of the world. This movement yields an influence that encircles the globe, an influence that will bear fruit for all time to come.

The Student Y. M. C. A. Movement of North America is divided into five districts, each holding a conference once a year. Missouri belongs to the Central West District, which convenes at Lake Geneva, Wis.

The Annual Convention of the Y. M. C. A. of this State was held at Joplin last November. Our representative, Mr. Dale Carnagey, brought back many new ideas for the furtherance of our cause.

The Y. M. C. A. of the Warrensburg State Normal School was organized in the year 1882, with Samuel T. Lightcap as President and Mr. Benj. F. Seawell as Secretary.

The Association is proud of its new home in the Gymnasium, a home which the Board of Regents so thoroughly prepared for us. Here the Association expects to do greater work than ever before. We are anticipating a library soon, which is greatly needed.

Let everyone call and feel at home with us.

J. M. FROST.

Phi Lambda Epsilon.

(Founded 1892.)

COLORS.

Scarlet, Gold, and White.

FLOWERS.

Red Carnation.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

CALLAWAY, ALDERSON.

HOLTON, ROBERT.

KELLEY, LLOYD.

KEMP, WILLIAM.

KENAGY, ERNEST.

LEEDY, DANIEL.

McCURDY, DWIGHT.

MORRIS, TIELE.

O'DELL, CHESTER.

SMITH, WILLIAM.

WILSON, CLYDE.

FRATER IN FACULATE.

ROBERT L. ZOLL.

FRATRES IN URBE.

DR. D. C. ADCOCK. AMA LEE SMISER.

Sigma Delta Chi.

MISSOURI BETA CHAPTER.

(Founded March, 1903.)

FLOWER.
White Carnation.

COLORS.
Turquoise and Wine.

MOTTO.

$\Phi\lambda\mu\alpha$.

Sorores in Collegio.

MAUDE HAWKINS, '08.

PATTI THURBER, '10.

CARRIE CALLAWAY, '09.

LENA WHARTON, '08.

EFFIE BARTON, '07.

SOPHIA BORN, '07.

CHARLIENE BRIGGS, '08.

MOLLIE SCRUGGS, '07.

GLADYS ANDERSON, '10.

HARRIET YATES, '08.

EDNA STERLING, '07.

Sorores in Urbe.

BESS THURBER.

ELsie HICKMAN.

ETHEL CRISSY.

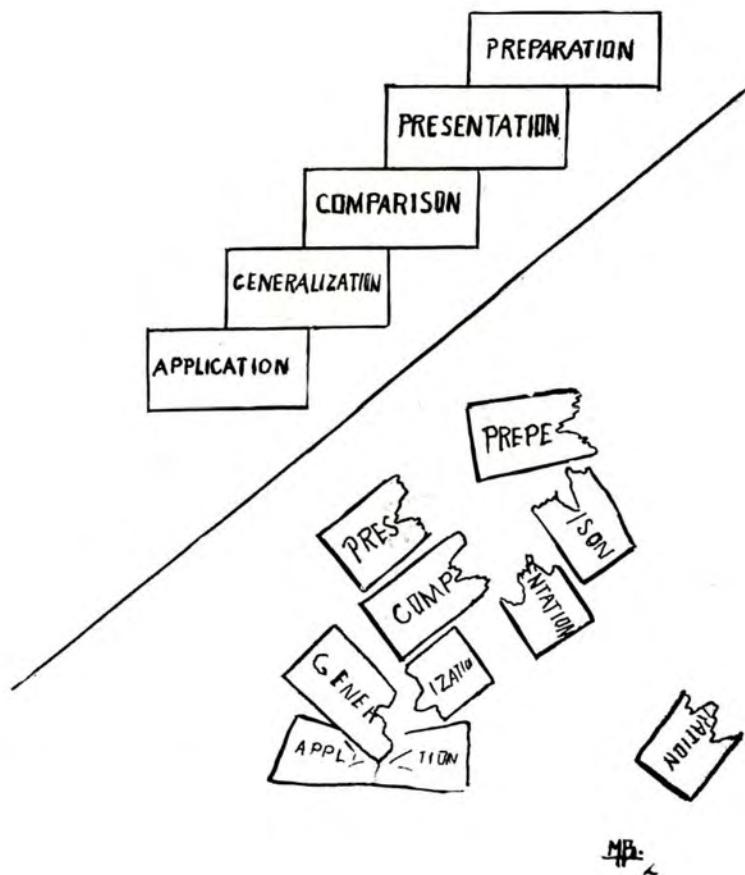
MRS. SMISER.

Soror in Facultate.

MISS ROSE BAXTER.



Pedagogy.



Joseph M. Gwinn.

Tho' absent, yet thy power is felt;
We can but honor thee
In cherishing thy memory strong
And learning gleaned from thee.

C. N. McAllister.

Psychological research late has found
Three happy synonymous terms—
Introspection, Man with the Dreamy Eyes,
And Cloyd N. McAllister.
Hypnotic conditions his mind do beguile;
He seeks his students to make studious;
Of ladies' company he's fond;
Of their mental states he's never dubious.

C. A. Phillips.

Fair, fat, and forty,
Kind, affable, and worthy—
These are but a hint of all thy virtues true;
Stirring foot-ball speeches,
The memory sticks like leeches,
And such athletic stunts
As you were wont to do.
Our "Methods" memory's shorter,
Our School Management exhorter,
Will live within our memories fresh and green
How he did take a tumble
In that Senior-Faculty jumble,
And balled up from the dust on us did beam.

G. W.

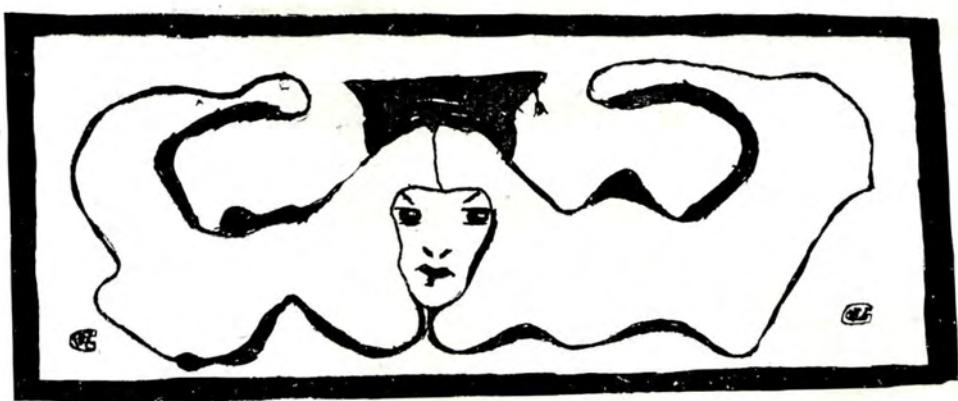
A Student's View.

To him who for a precious sheepskin holds
Communion with the powers below there comes
Delightful pastime; for his gayer hours
There is Methods and Observation, and there glides
Into his darker musings visions of
Plans and "See Mes" that steal away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of to-morrow's unwritten Plan come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of Preparation, Aim, Presentation, and Summary
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart—
Go forth to Teachers' Meeting and list
To all kinds of Teaching, while from all around
Behold thy fellow-victims. Yet a few days, and thee
The awful Plans shall see no more
In all their forms. Nor of the Spelling grades
Shall there exist an image. Thou shalt go
To mix together with thy friends once more—
To be a brother to the sedate Senior
And the serious Soph., who have trod the paths before.
Yet not from this most strenuous life
Shalt thou retire alone, for none can claim
The Pd.B. who does not this.
Thou shalt be numbered
With the chosen few of thy little world—with heroes
The powerful of the earth—the Quarterback, the Tackle—
Fair forms and empty heads of seasons past
All in one mighty conglomeration.
The Busy-work, e'er present, like the poor;
Exams., which take place now and then;
And precepts, ideas, sensations and affections,
Illusions and hallucinations, and poured
Round all in abundance and profusion
Are thoughts of Tichner, Dewey, Angel,
And McMurray. All these
Are but the awful vexations all
Of the embryo Pedagogue. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven
Are naught to him who winneth there an E.
All who now are there are but a handful
To those who have gone before. Take a trip
In your airship and the mighty (?) Ozarks visit,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Black Water and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet thy brothers are there,
And many in their little empires since first

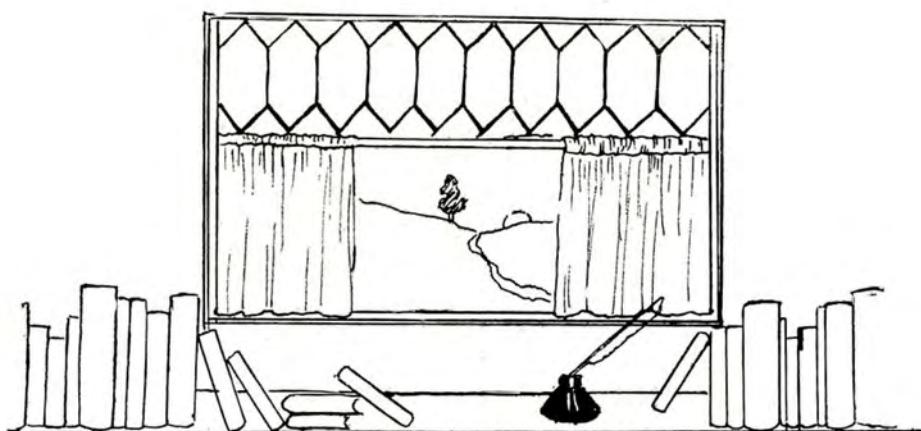
The flight of years began have sat them down
To nod and sleep—the Pedagogue reigns there supreme.
And what if thou receiveth thy Diploma
And go hence and no one
Take note of thy departure?
The Normal will continue to flourish.
The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, and all the classes will
Go on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite delusion; yet all these shall leave
Off working the Profs. and the manufacture
Of heated atmosphere, and in their turn be worked.
As the long train
Of years glides away, the sons of men,
The youth as verdant as life's green spring-time
Shall one by one be gathered to the Normal,
And others in their turn shall follow them.
So bluff that when thy summons comes to join
That innumerable caravan which moves
To many mysterious realms where each shall sway the rod,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By a superabundance of nerve, approach thy doom
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to restless dreams.

J.





English.



MP

English Department.

Myrtle Osborne.

None knew her but to love,
 Of her 'tis truly said,
For, having known, who did not love,
 That heart was surely dead.

Her smiling eyes will haunt
 Our happiest memories still;
Her cheerful tone and rippling laugh
 Bring back the birds' clear trill.

What can be said for one
 Whose every word could turn
Our tho'st in channels true,
 And false ideals spurn?

For one whose gladsome smile
 Makes hearts leap up in song,
Whose purpose high and earnest words
 Keep us from doing wrong?

Lucy A. Ball.

One is she wherein we find
 Sweetness and strength most happily blended;
Majesty, nobleness sits on her brow;
 With dignity she life's pathway ascended.

Mabel J. Howard.

Diff'rent from others of her sex,
 Apart from them she walked;
No little human cares her vex;
 Of world-like ways she seldom talked.

O beauteous, queenly, gifted maid!
 If you've not a virtue, it affect.
Of noble thoughts and purpose high,
 One spark of warmth would make perfect.

G. L. W.

THEN DO I KNOW.

The monarch of light drives his fiery steeds
Along his burning way,
And checks them only to observe
Soft lights of slanting day.

Moonbeams are climbing the silvery stairs,
With a step as steady and true
As the flame of the never-failing lamps
That light the dim, dark blue.

But when far out in celestial deeps
The lamps are hung out, one by one,
In the sky, a great inverted bowl,
Caressing winds are whisp'ring, "Come."

Then do I know there is a Power
Which guides, directs my way.
Then does my soul, assured, feel
The spell of Infinity.

G. L. W.

THE HIDDEN LIFE.

Look deep into the still recess
Where sits the soul unchanged and bare;
So different from the worldly air,
There, there in silence, without dress.

Look, for there dwells the inner life,
The inner life which is the real;
There thou dost reason and dost feel;
There is the scene of peace and strife.

Sink in thy heart this advice fair—
In what you say and what you make,
In whate'er plan and thought you take,
Forever let thy soul stand bare.

You do but choke and twist the stream
In its true course, if to one's eye
To be sincere you rarely try;
You act, and act, and only seem.

Oh let, oh let thy seeming cease!
To some fair port direct thy boat,
Drive straight ahead, nor drift nor float,
And thou shalt gain a gleam of peace.

Written by William F. Smith, August, 1906, Denver, Colo.

A POEM.

We romped and played her childhood thru;
She, when I played her unfair,
Would look at me with sorrowful eyes,
 Thru a tangle of sunny hair.
Like a yellow buttercup, gaily dres't,
 Like a tiny flower-spirit, gay,
A sprite or an elfin-child; like the rest
 She never seemed to me.

Then maidenhood with confessions new,
 Its confidence, dear and sweet.
Like the tender ivy she clings to me,
 The violet, modest, at my feet,
Or the lily lifting its chalice, chaste,
 That her God with His rays might nectar sip,
Or assenting buttercups, gaily dres't,
 And love was trembling on her lips.

Thru womanhood she my counsel sought,
 Womanhood, with its hopes and fears;
Life's widened horizon of her had wrought
 A woman, perfect, with smiles and tears.
And now a beautiful flower I see,
 Nor virgin lily, nor violet,
But a rose, full-blown, sun-kissed, I see,
 And deep in the heart a soul is set.

G. L. W.

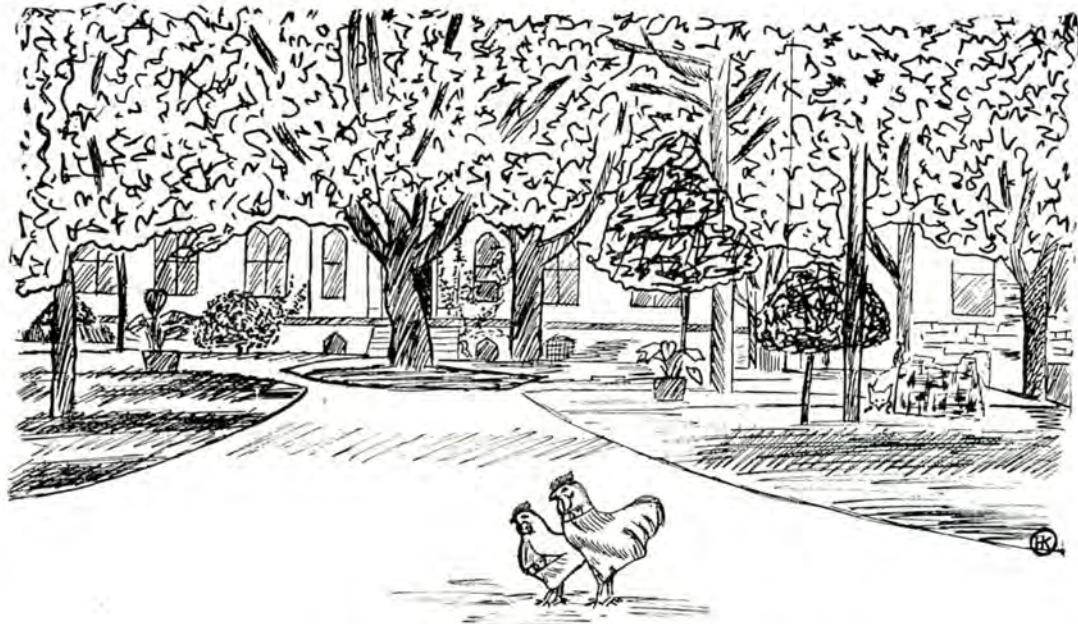
SONNET TO CHOPIN.

Dear Chopin, thou whose tender pulsing note
 Inspires a constant yearning in my heart
 To share thy vision bright, in humble part,
 That vision rare, which has so much of hope;

From what sweet-singing Muse didst thou evoke
 Those strains that rival nightingale and lark,
 Those strains that bid th' enraptur'd list'ner hark,
 As to the ear in spirit-waves they float?

From some far world thou wert allowed to bring
 Those melodies that Orpheus after death
 Still had within his heart desire to sing;
 And he—it was a boon—has given the breath
 From which the songs have taken their perfume
 And light, new worlds in darkness to illume.

ODESSA D. STERLING.



Here Begynneth the Lady Authoress's Tale
of a Cok and a Hen, Vauntecleer (the
Senior) and Juniorote; and the
Col-Fox Facultee.

Our *Alma Mater*, somdel stope in age,
The poet's theme, philosopher's and sage,
Was whilom dwelling in the narwe halle
Of gray olde Normal on the Campus alle.
This *Alma Mater* heroine of my tale,
"07s" venerate till breath shall fail.

Large halls she hadde, surrounded al aboute,
With grounds and nooks plesaunt; most beautiful withoute.
In these she had a cok, highte Vauntecleer,
In alle the land of learning nas his peer,
His vois was merier than the meryie organ
Of Daun Phillips that in the chirche gon;
Wel sikerer was his crowing in his lodge,
Than Chapel cut, you'll ne the rear-guard dodge.
By nature knew he his ascension
O'er other creatures in thilke lyttle toun,
When credits eighteen weren then ascended
He blisful crew it myght not be amended.
His comb was redder than the fyn coral
And batailled as it were a castel wal:
Gold tipped and green his feathers glossy shoon;
Lyk burnished gold his legges and his toon,
His nayles whiter than the lilye-flour,
All green and burnished gold was his colour.

This gentil cok hadde in his governance
Three hennes for to doon al his plesaunce,
His under-studies: in thair looks nat poure,
But nothing grand lyk hym as of colour.

Of which the eldest who on hym dide dote,
Was cleded faire damoysele Juniorote.
Curteys she was, discreet and debonaire,
Compaingnable, bar hirself so faire,
Syn thilke day jointly they studied, bold,
That trewely hathe she the herte in hold
Of Vauntecleer, loken in euery lith;
He loued hir so that wel hym was ther-with,
But such a joye was it to here hem syng,
Whan that the bryght sonne gan to spryng,
In swete accord, "Oh! part us not by thy command,"
For thilke tyme as I haue understande,
The col-fox, Facultee, made a decree,
That "by the twain lessons ne studied be."
Oh! villainye of trewe loue mordrer foul,
Thou thought'st that thou could'st fright by puny howl,
And didst thou think *thou* mating could put doun,
Thou! by thy falsest taunt and darkening frown?
Thou thought'st; now by thy wicked smile,
By that gude God aboue thy craft shul fail.

And so bifel that in a dawenynge,
As Vauntecleer among his loues alle
Sat on his perche that was in the halle,
And next hym sat this faire Juniorote,
This Vauntecleer gan gronen in his throte,
As man that in his dreem is dreeched sore,
And whan that Juniorote thus heard him rore,
She was agast and seyde, "O herte deere,
What eyleth you, to grone in this manere?
Ye been a verray sleper, fy for shame!"
And he answered and seyde thus, "Madame,
I pray you that ye take it not agrief,
In truth me mette I was in swich mischief
Right now, that yet myn herte is sore afright.
Now Saints," quod he, "my sweven rede aright,
And kepe my body out of foul prisoun.
Me mette how that we romed up and down
Withinne the Campus, wher I saugh a beest,
Was lyk an bound and wolde han maad areest
Upon my body, and from you had parted me.
All bright in rede and blak I now him see,
And tipped was his tail and both his eres
With blak, unlyk the remnant of his heres;
His snowte smal, with glowng eyen tweye,
Yet of his look for fere almost I deye;
This caused me my gronyng douteless."
"Avoy," quod she, "fy on yow herteless!
Have ye no mannes herte and han a berd?
Allas! and conne ye been agast of swevenis?
Nethyng, I wot, but vanitee in sweven is.

"Dere Vauntecleer, now say I trewely,
That faire *Miss Fleming* dremed surely,
That labors nor expense she need not count,
Up to the skies Gymnastic fame dide mount,
And now instead of golden harps and crowns,
She saw them bearing dumb-bells in their rounds
Of the grete city; alle a race-track gold—

Some Highland lassies did the 'Fling' so bold,
Jap dancers, 'Little Dutch Clog,' too, was ther,
Surely it was a sight to her most faire,
But deemeth you her sweyne wol holde trewe?
I wot it dide, my fate I wol beshrew.
To drede a dreem, it is a very sin.
Be mery, Vaunty, for alumni kyn
Dredeth no dreem; I can you say namore."

"Madame," quod he, "graunt mercy of your lore,
Touching Miss Fleming now to me it seems
Gymnastics occasion night-mares, not dremes,
And many a one, more of auctoritee
Than ever *Florence* was, so say I thee,
Say dremes ben significacions
As wel of joye as tribulacions,
That folk enduren in this lyf present,
Ther nedeth mak of this noon argument,
The verray preue sheweth it in deed.
Oon of the gretteste auctous that men rede
Said thus, and it is trewe indeed,
'*Daun Neet* a sweven hadde in which he rose,
Crowned with laurel midst the crowd's applause.'
Dide he holde dremes a vanitee?
Rede *James Ament*: ther shul thou see
Wher dremes ben some-tyme, I say not alle,
Warnyng of thynges that shul after falle,
For dide he not certyn in dremes see
The new 'Assembly Hall' just as it be?
The mural groups and wooded scenery all,
The lofty pillars, cushioned pews withal,
The sea-green cloudes lighting up the heavens,
And deemeth you he trusted not to swevyns?

"Lo! heer of *Leeson*, the Seniores king,
And rede of dremes trewe a wonder thynge,
A childe, she dremed of coins stamped with her seal,
It ment she would be king for woe or weal.

"Loke at the RHEATOR editor-in-chief,
Who will not say that he is not agrief,
Ne mette he saw a bird whose mate had left,
Which signified he too should be bereft?

"Descend to 'Tartarus.' Ther ye shul see,
(So dark it is) they dreme of what shul be,
Of decent section-rooms, discrete halls,
Of ample clinic-room with sun-kissed walls,
And has not grete Missouri promised this,
—I gabbe not, so haue I joye or blis—
But deemeth you they trust not now to swevynes,
And this new '*Practice*' is reward of Heaven's?

"Dame Juniorote, right now I say you surely,
The Senior Gehrs affermeth dremes trewely.
He dremed Seniorita swallowed pins,
And he hadde in his herte repented sins,
Affrighted woke and crowed his fears were trewe;
Syn thilke nyght, dremes ruleth all he do.

"Lo! *William Smith* that lived in Denver-town,
He dremed as he romed up and down,
So grym and walking high upon his toen,

With Leeson hanging, fond, upon his arm,
Valiant he guarded her and kept from harm.
He dreamed that they must needis parted be,
And shortly herd he Facultee's decree.

Lo! James Scarborough! sure I wol not jest,
September 15th wente unto his reste,
And casten hym ful erly for to rise
To lern to mak his 'College' classe wise;
A vision then appeared in sleeping as he lay,
Hym nette a wonder dreme agayn the day,
Before him rose with slate and dunce-cap alle,
Dunces of every type, long, lean, short, fat and tall.
Shivering, quod hc, 'They're shades of classes past,
Y-come they have for knowledge here, at last,'
And then he dremed haw as he taught them alle
Logs to compute, Binomial Theorem alle,
From him they seemed to vanish in the air,
His eyen glassy grew, up rose his hair,
As he awoke. Did this the truth presage?
It dide, and certyn blank is now their page,
For were the 'College' classe not dummies alle,
Who scarce 'got in the cage,' so nere their fall?

"But if you say your mind still proving takes,
And sweyvenes ben but vanitees and japes,
In truth, rede of the grete Seniores alle.
I, Vauntecleer, have kept their pride from fall,
Which now for generations has y-stood
The envy of that foul beest, Facultee,
But what that God forwoots must needis be,
After the opinion of certyn clerkis,
And my renouned name and glory is,
Because a vision hadde wher faire I saugh
Perfect in *Green and Cold*, without a flaugh,
My-selve and roosting high aboue the rest,
"07' emblazoned bright upon my crest.
Deem you I wol not euer trust to sweyven,
And lift my murie voys to God in Heaven?

"Now let us speke of mirthe and stynte alle this;
Madame Juniorote, so haue I blis,
Of a thyng God hath sent me large grace,
For whan I see the beautee of your face,
Ye ben so scarlet-reed aboue your yen,
It maketh all my drede for to dyen,
For also siker as 'In principio,
Junior est Senioris confusio';
Madame, the sentence of this Latyn is,
Juniorote is my joye and alle my blis.
I am so ful of joye and of solas,
That I defye both sweyven and dreem."
And with that word he flaugh down fro the beem,
With Juniorote the Campus walked aboue,
Faire and graceful, ne like *Demand the Stout*,
When he affrighted, crouched by stone-heap gray,
Saw that designing fox, the Facultee,
No word was spak, but sodenly hym felt
Hym hent by necke and then a quick blow dealt,



"'07" in fox's teeth, struggling y-bourn away,
And then a wonder tale fel agayn the day.
As broken-hearted, from his loue cut off,
This diplomatic cok began to scoff,
And sayde: "You col-fox, ful of sly iniquitee,
Prepared now against your wiles, I die,
But since from her trewe loue you've taken me,
My Juniorote, snatch her, compleet the day.

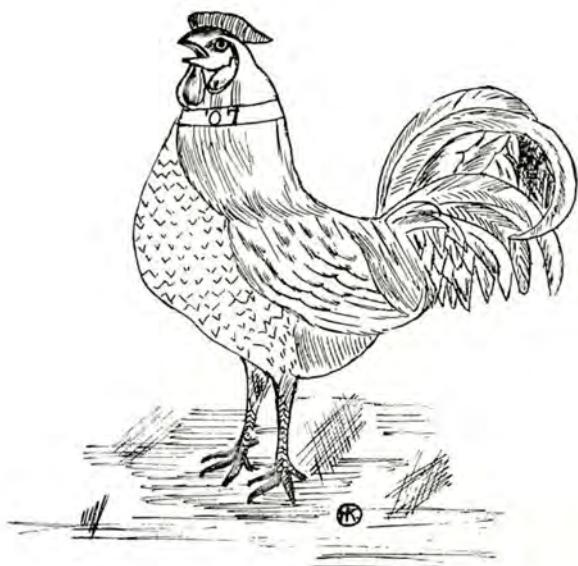


I wolde ete her in feith, and that anon."
The fox answered: "In faith it shal be done,"
And as he spak that word alle sodenly,
This cok brak from his mouth deliverly,
And heigh upon a tree fleigh anon,
But when he felt him-selve alle sound in bone,
He flapped his wings and crowed his blisful joy,
He was agayn his *Alma Mater*'s boy,
And soon to be with Juniorote, so deer,
What hadde he now from Facultee to fear?
"Thou foul and murderous beast," he sayde, "alas!
All your attempts so end, so sorrowful your cas.
Dost thou not know thy feeble echo's vain,
When thou dost try to check small Cupid's reign?
Our *Alma Mater* wol not let us suffer, twain,
Altho you Facultee as despot reign."

Now ye that holde this tale in vain,
As of a fox or of a cok and hen
Taketh the moralitee, gude men,
Lette not that cunning col-fox, Facultee,
Fright you from Cupid's paths by his decree,
For loue will conquer; I this euer say.
Now, *Alma Mater*, kind, this is thy way
As seith *Daun Bass*, so mak us alle gude men,
And bryng us to her heighe bliss. Amen.

Here Endeth the Lady Authoress's Tale.

GRACE L. WALLACE.





Languages.

Laura Yeater.

All Latin teachers near and far
Our Yeater will from first place bar;
The zenith's reached of Latin rule,
When Yeater holds us after school.

Mary Miller.

As the Miller in his dizzy flight
Encircles the light's bright glow,
So Mary with her Latin lambs
Forms a "Yeaterine halo."

W. F. Bahlman.

We see in fondest memory yet,
Tho' many years are past,
Our Captain, kind and Saturnine;
His glory e'er will last.

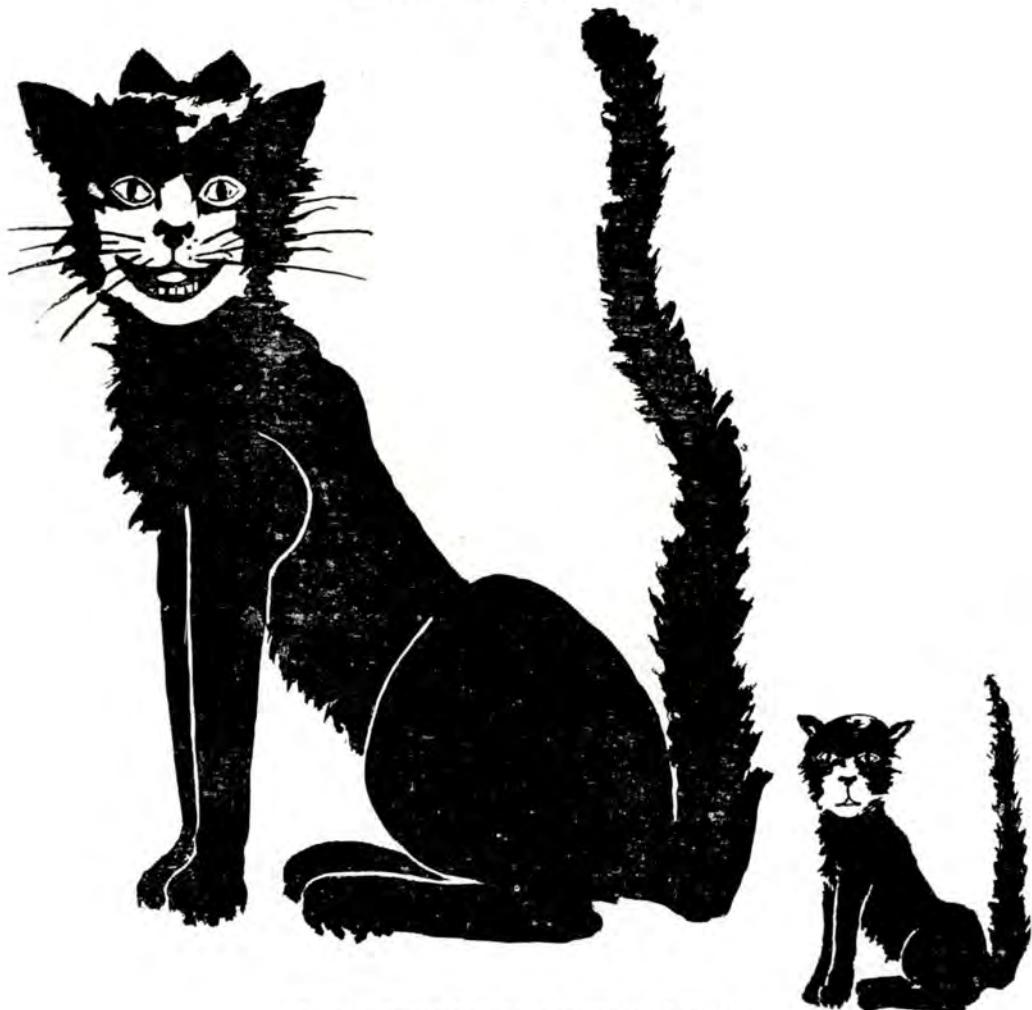
For tho' to Freshman he's a fright—
They walk so straight at just a frown—
The darkest earth conceals the brightest gem
That ever sparkled in a monarch's crown.

And so our Captain, tho' he's feared by some.
We love that knap-sack and that genial scowl;
We see his martial self in fancy's ken,
Beneath that gruff exterior there's a soul.

Maude Williams.

Energy untiring surely you'll accord her,
That 7:30 French Class with presents should reward her,
A face and spirit lovely; we can only guess,
We only look upon her face and criticism pass.

Latin Department.



AN INVOCATION TO THE MEWS.

Yeateria, of wisdom infinite, divine,
Divinest, clearest star of learning fair,
Boundless and fathomless, most gloriously sublime,
In mind and soul revealing spirit rare.

On mountain tall, far-reaching to the sky,
Thou beauteous soul of gravity and wit,
On high Olympus was the place for thee,
And in Minerva's place—there thou shouldst sit.

Oh! Muse of Greek and Latin, dull and drone,
Besmeared in Latin mould and dust, we lie,
And till thou beam'st on wail and sigh and groan,
Weltering in pain and mould we sorely die.

Oh! let thy cosmic love illumine thy
Dark soul, till o'er our weaknesses and childish ways,
Thou canst in smiling pity lift thine eye,
And have compassion on the child who prays.

De Bello Seniorum et Facultatum.

All Chapel is divided into three parts: the first part of which, the rostrum, the Facultates inhabit; the second part of which, the balcony, the Seniores inhabit; the third part of which, the remaining hall, those who in their own languages are called the Corpus Studentum, in our language the Subs, Freshies, Sophs., and Juniors, inhabit.

All these differ greatly among themselves in language, manners, customs, and personal appearance.

The bravest and wisest of all these are the Seniores, because they are farthest removed from the vanities and frivolities of youth, and from the petulance and garrulousness of old age, which all tend to effeminate the mind.

They are also most skillful in the art of war, since daily they contend in battle not only with the strongest and bravest of the Facultates, but also with the fierce races who inhabit the Training Department.

Of all these, the Facultates are least fit for fighting. Their age, their eyesight, and their avoirdupois are for a hindrance unto them.

Their chief, C. Antonius Phillipus, led on by the desire for nobility and power, persuaded to the Facultates that, forgetful of their infirmities, they should challenge the Seniores to a game of baseball. He persuaded this to them the more easily for this reason; namely, that the Ministores were about to declare themselves to be about to be able to aid the Facultates. This plan having been adopted, the Facultates decided to send a legate, F. Marcus Valterius, to the border of the rostrum to deliver this challenge to the Seniores. On the following day, at prima luce, Valterius, standing before the Amazon leader of the Seniores, dared her to collect her warriors and to meet the Facultates in physical combat, within the borders of the Gymnasium.

She, a council having been called and the matter having been decided, sent a powerful and mighty lieutenant, I. Iennison, who should respond in many words as follows:

"Themselves always to have wished to be in the faith and friendship of the Facultates, nevertheless themselves to have many indignities and down-gradings from them, themselves to be possessed of a love on account of which love they were sorry to accept the challenge, themselves even now because of tender memories, brotherly love, and pity for the weak, to beseech them to withdraw the challenge before it is too late.

"Let them remember the ancient valor of former Seniores. Let them consider their folly in striving against those who are pleasing to the gods. Let them disband their forces and be friends to the Seniores."

Having thus spoken, Iennison returned to his own camp.

Moved in no respect by this oration, the Facultates called for aid from their allies, the Ministores, and for support from their friends, the Corpus Studentum, who, having been made more certain that the Facultates had grades and holiday galore in store for them, gladly responded.

Both forces having been collected, the Gymnasium having been invaded, the women and children and all those who on account of age seemed useless for fighting having been placed on the race-track, the signal having been given, both armies rushed to bats.

During the first attack Clodius M. C. Allister having delayed the ball (their chief means of defence) near the left wing, victory seemed to favor the Seniores. During the second attack Phillipus, having reached the first halting-place by a forced march and being unable to firmly station himself there, came with a great noise into contact with the floor. The Facultates, frightened by the uproar, were thrown into confusion, and vainly time after time they tried to offer an impediment to the flank movement of the ball sent out by Dowellus, a lieutenant of the Seniores.

The conflict raged with great fury until late at night, when the Facultates, having been hopelessly beaten, suffused as to their eyes with tears, their heads having been cast down, humbly prayed the Seniores to spare themselves and their possessions.

The Seniores, moved with great pity for their old advisers and deeply touched by the tears of the Femina Facultates, promised to spare them, if they would bring it about that they, the Seniores, on the following day should occupy the territory of the Facultates. These terms being gladly accepted, the Facultates, having been sent under the yoke, withdrew to their plundered camps, amid the yells of the victorious Seniores.

On the day after this day, the Seniores, having successfully occupied the territory of the Facultates, returned into their own country, and now dwell in peace with the Corpus Studentum and the humble Facultates.

LEONARD BURRUS, '07.

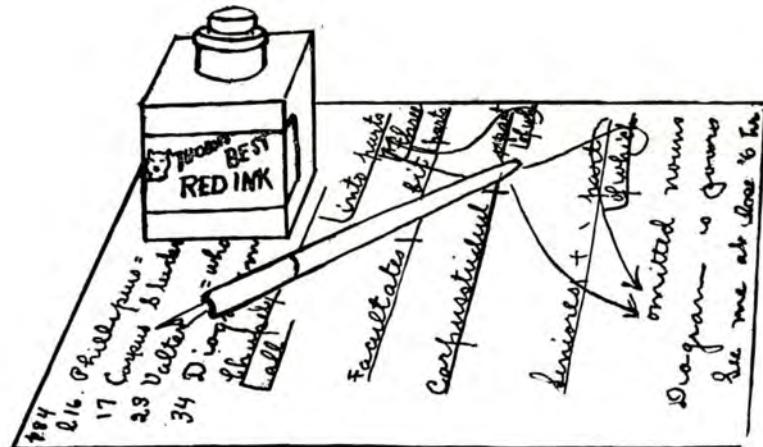
Colloquium.

Mr. Burrus speaks:

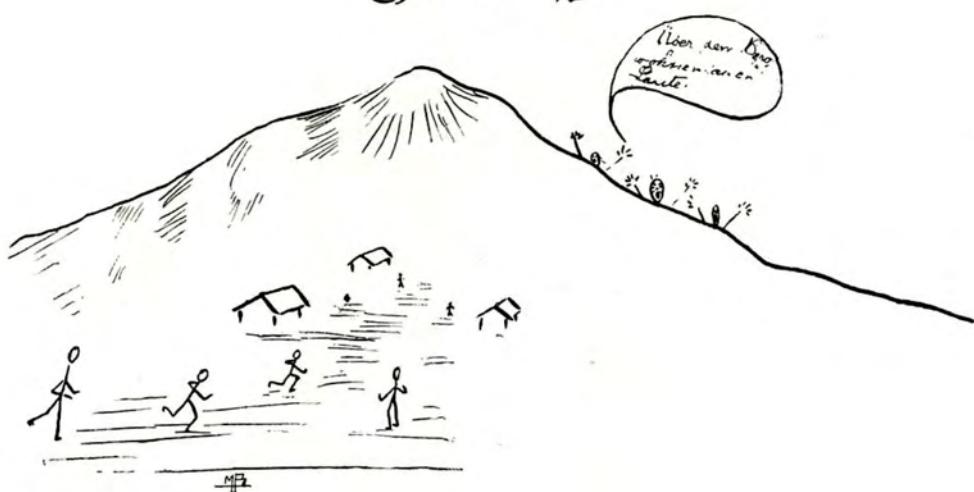
Harbingers of day streaking now you pale horizon,
Found me drooping at my Virgil,
And in sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,
But this tho't was e'er before me,
She will hear me on the morrow,
Urging me to a vain effort,
This one tho't dispelled my sorrow.

Miss Yeater speaks:

And if all the weary night thru,
Drooping at your Virgil ever,
With tho'ts of me sought inspiration,
Crowning thus your best endeavor,
A mind surcharged with such emotion,
Must be weary, weary, weary;
And we'll hear no recitation,
From one so dreary, dreary, dreary.



History.



A Retrospect.

Written April 21, 1927, the day on which Prof. Demand and his History classes of 1907 were to meet and settle all important questions.

Beside the stairway on the second floor,
Just off the narrow hall in number four,
'Twas in this very room to which we pass
H. D. Demand once taught his Hist'ry Class.
A portly man he was, and clever, too;
He knew it well as every student knew;
No toil nor sorrow had left on his face
Their unkind marks for anyone to trace.
Full well we laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many jokes had he;
Full well a hidden smile the Class went round,
When he began to tell of "Brother John."
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught
The love he bore to leisure was in fault.
The students all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could teach and lecture, too;
But higher aims his heart had learned to prize,
He'd helper be to Peter in the skies.
In arguing, too, his confreres owned his skill;
Disputing, vanished, he could argue still,
Or if in fear his measure be ruled out
A motion to adjourn came without doubt.
But still they gazed and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
In yonder chair that stands on legs just three,
The great historian sat in majesty;
Low lies the little stage, its strength all gone,
Ruined by the pond'rous weight which sat thereon.
He history discussed with looks profound,
And jokes much older than he was went round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace,
Compares marked changes in the lonely place;
The papered walls, the nicely polished floor,
Now covered o'er with dust and webs galore;
The room contrives a double debt to pay.
Protects the tramps by night, the owls by day,
For ornaments the maps and pictures placed
Are rent in twain and badly now defaced.
The modest book-case with wide opened door
Begrimed and scarred lies low upon the floor.
Vain transitory splendors! could not all
Reprise this fated haunt from its sad fall?
Obscure it sinks nor shall it more impart
Sweet bliss: a trysting place for lovers' hearts.
Thither no more the students shall repair,
To sweetest hour of ev'ry daily care;
No more the boys and girls in couples meet,
In pretense to study, in truth to defeat
The rigid rule the Faculty laid down.
"No loitering in halls or standing 'round."
Alas! the host himself cannot be found,
In vain we listen for the well known sound,
"Well here is Sister, talk of angels, Brother."
A vacant stare alone, greets one an other.
Thus fares the fate of everyone who's come
This day, hoping great deeds would sure be done;
We still had hopes our long vexations past
To here return, all doubts remove at last;
But turn we must away with hearts at last;
Tread silently as if on hollowed ground;
Though blighted are the hopes of twenty years,
Still for him whom we loved we leave a tear.

GEORGIA B. CASSELL.

Richard D. Shannon.

The sobering power of age
Tempers the steel of youth,
And so white hairs upon us shed
Repose, sobriety, truth.
To him, who before us stands,
Living type of a Gentleman.
Gently our tho'ts will revert to him
In future times as the past we scan.

Laura L. Runyon.

So small, so wise, one ne'er would think
What wisdom sits enthroned,
What weighty judgment thoughts profound
And oft she runs judgment a-ground;
But never does she leave us drowned
In dates, in treacherous quick-sands, too,
Of cause and effect, as others do.
Of flighty notions has she just a few;
For since she's seen the fields of Marathon
All classes would she lead right to the spot,
"It is the only way to teach," says she,
"By inspiration found, it ne'er would be forgot."

H. H. Bass.

In beautiful sunshiny weather,
When spring is beginning to spring,
When we all are so happy together
Then life is a joyous thing;
When soft breezes and ling'ring odors
The angler's senses delight,
And in his mind's eye sees a vision
Of angling hooks, and a bite,
With a shadowy figure beside him
The cup of contentment he'll drain,
And a flood of sweet mem'ries betide him,
And he'll dream of his castles in Spain;
But no such contentment is filling
The soul of the angled Bass,
For he fears that the sunshiny weather
Means lines of an angling lass.
Oh! cruel and hard-hearted maidens,
Let the innocent creature pass.
Many fish in the sea are uncaught
And he's only a poor little Bass.

Sciences.



SCIENCES.

S. A. Hoover.

He is read, he is traveled, he is learned,
 He knows all in story, song, and legend;
Farmed has he in the cold North and Tropics burned,
 Many narrow views for us he's broadened.

Assisted oft we've been by his advice,
 So kindly and so gladly he would serve us;
He is the one who never will grow old,
 His kind and cheerful face is e'er before us.

S. Fred Prince.

His is an agriculturist's view—
 Is it a gift of the gods?
In company "Grasses" is his cue;
 He's a groom at any odds.

Benj. L. Seawell.

He greets us one and all
 With a smile, pleasant smile,
As we pass him in the hall,
 With his smile, kindly smile.
And he's up on bugs and snakes,
 You'll like his style, like his style.
With creatures all acquaintance makes,
 And he's helped us over many a weary mile.

W. C. Morris.

In Physics is a professor young,
 Most brilliantly endowed,
He walks with decision in his tread,
 By hopes and ambition high he's led,
To a place far above the vulgar crowd.
 To this far height his fate is sung,
This same professor young.

F. M. Walters.

We don't know just where to place him,
 'Cause he shows off most of all,
Not in Chemistry nor office,
 But in the great Assembly Hall.
And if curious now you ask me
 (Really I must seek redress),
When is F. M. Walters showy?
 I'd say, "Dismissed for recess."

Freddie and Maudie were out for a walk.

"Good morning," said Freddie;

"Good morning," said Maudie;

And so they began to talk.

"I'll give you," said Freddie.

"Give me!" said Maudie;

"I prithee, love, tell me what?"

"Some nuts," said Freddie.

"Some nuts," said Maudie;

"Nuts are good to crack."

"I love you," said Freddie.

"Love me!" said Maudie;

"I prithee, love, tell me where?"

"In my heart," said Freddie.

"In your heart," said Maudie;

"How came you to love me there?"

"I'll marry you," said Freddie.

"Marry me!" said Maudie;

"I prithee, love, tell me when?"

"Next Sunday," said Freddie.

"Next Sunday," said Maudie;

"I wish next Sunday were come."

EXAMINATION IN BIOLOGY.

The following is the list of questions given to the second hour Biology Class,
March 4, 1907:

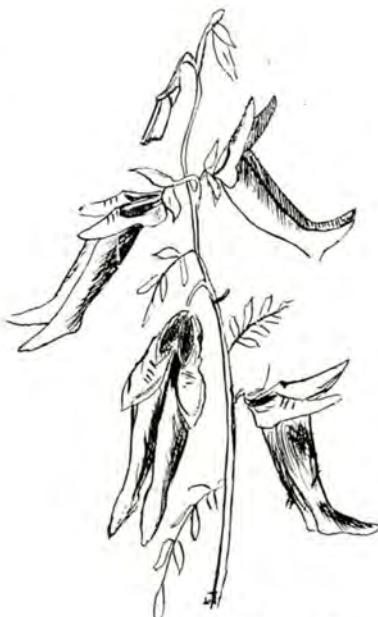
- I. Give the meaning of the following technical terms: (a) nudge 'em along; (b) cosey; (c) tousel 'em; (d) round-up; (e) wedding garment; (f) go foraging.
- II. Where are the slides when they are not in the cabinet?
- III. Name and describe one of your predecessors, including the following points: (a) his care of the microscope; (b) facial expressions; (c) treatment of *Nereis* and *Ctenophores*.
- IV. Which is the best place for drying *Nereis*, on top or under the table?
- V. Where do you live, lockerly speaking?
- VI. Why not cut out *Metridium*?
- VII. Prove that if no member of the first or second hour classes has left the top off the can, some member of the third hour class has done so.
- VIII. (a) When you feel cold, are you cold? (b) When you feel warm, are you warm?
- IX. What is the capacity of your desk drawer? (Not to be answered in cubic units.)
- X. Name two things that "overshot your head" this term, also two things that wouldn't "soak in."
- XI. Tell one good snake or bee story that would agitate, frighten, or anger: (a) the head of the department; (b) your predecessor; (c) one or two members of the first hour class.

Given under my hand and seal, this 4th day of March, A. D. 1907, in the Biological Laboratory with a crayfish for a paper-weight and a sea-anemone for a blotter.

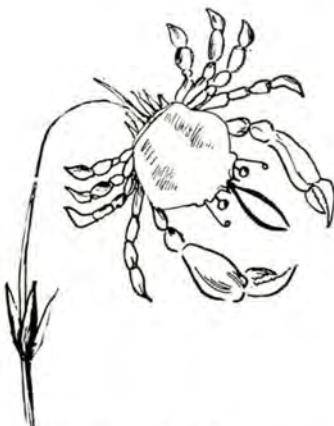
Some Rare Specimens.



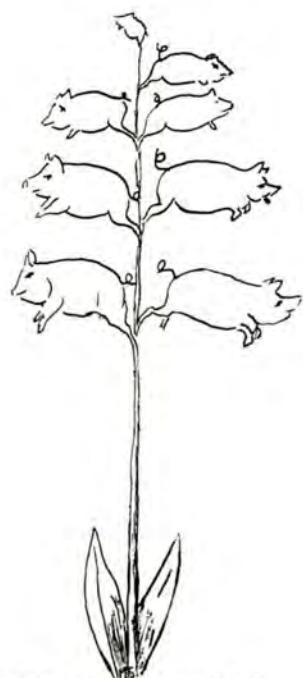
Cockatooca Superba.



Shoebootia Utilis.



Crabbia Horrida.



Pigginiggia Pyramidalis.



Washtubbia Circularis.



Nastia Cretia Kralupia.



Manipeplia Upsidownia.



Smalltoothcombia Domestica.

A BIOLOGICAL IDEA.



How a Senior Regards a Freshman.



How a Senior Shows a Sub.

IN THE CHEMISTRY CLASSES.

Prof. Walters is still in doubt as to the ownership of the nameless examination paper in which appeared the formula: I O U, 4 K I S.

PROF. WALTERS: "Mr. Gehrs, how did the name 'Sal Soda' originate?"

MR. GEHRS: "In the practice of making Sal do the washing."

MISS HOPKINS: "Prof. Walters, when chemists make face powder, why don't they put something in it to make it taste good?"

MISS CHEATHAM: "I thought they did."

PROF. WALTERS: "Class, when two bodies have a great affinity for each other and a third body comes in and breaks up this union, what can you say of the change that takes place?"

MISS BLISS: "I don't think it is a bit nice for the third to interfere."

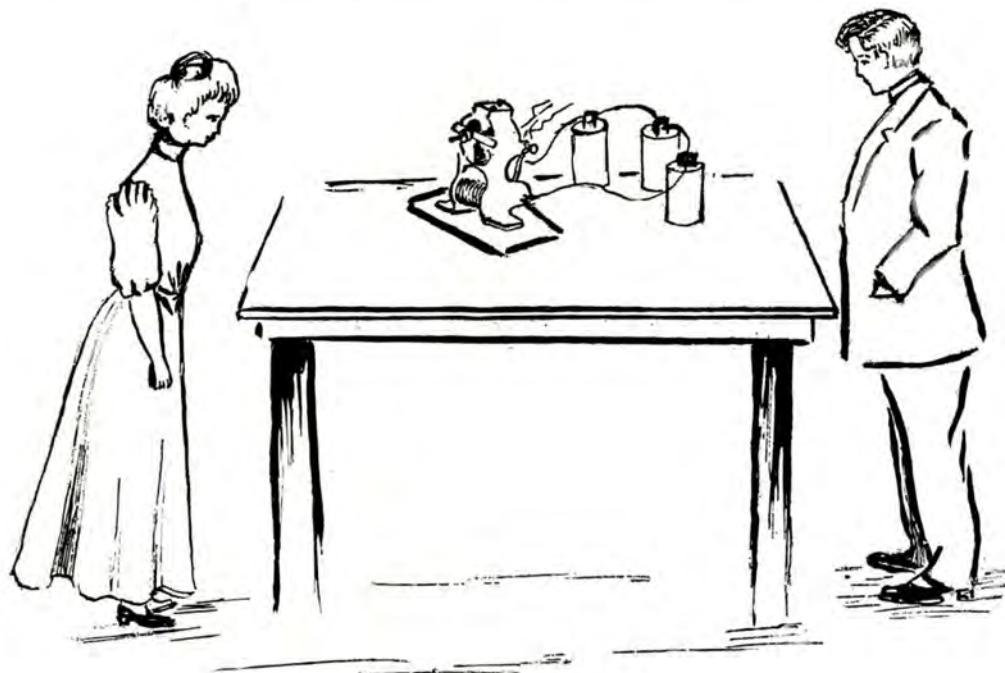
MISS SHELDON: "Seems like I have heard of something like that before."

MR. McCURDY: "Wish it had been me."

MISS STERLING: "I don't see how that could be."

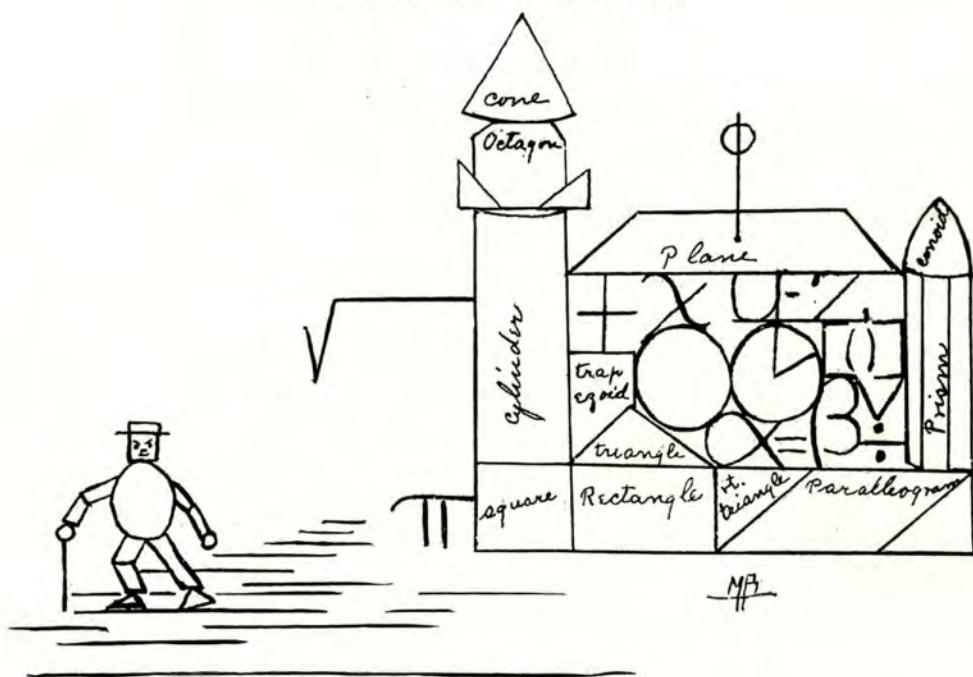
MISS MITCHELL: "I don't understand."

MISS FOWLER: "Wait a minute; I think I have it in my notes."



SPARKIN' IN THE LAB.

Mathematics.



J. H. Scarborough.

Small, but infinitely wise;
A variable is his knowledge
Approaching as its limit "n";
He taught us much in College,
But best of all we learned from him,
Our knowledge it is finite;
Sir Isaac Newton knew much more,
With him we aren't in it.

Mary A. Kennedy.

Her Irish sense of humor,
It is a saving thin O!
Words can't be meant for sarcasm,
It takes away their sting O!
Deep in her heart there's sympathy,
If you probe long enough O!
Her face is sweet, her figure's neat;
She is my Irish Molly O!

Elizabeth T. Nickerson.

St. Betty is a mathematician,
We bless her every day of the week,
The Subbies and Freshies, they laugh in great glee,
At the end of the term when their grades they do see.

T. W. Urban.

There is a new little man
In Department of Mathematics,
Conscientious, he does all he can,
Kind and courteous is he to his "weaks."

A FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Delivered by Prof. Scarborough to his College Algebra Class at the close of the winter term.

"Well, Class, everyone has passed, but of course there are always those that are glad to even get inside the cage, whether they ever get into the middle or not."

"You know we learn to do by doing, never by thinking."

"What you have learned, Class, is something like the ratio of a finite number to zero."

Class Directions and Sayings.

"Make a few notes."

"We don't know Prim. Arith."

"Draw several oblique lines thru your work."

"Write the word *substitute* down about the middle of the board, and when you go home, study it about four hours at your leisure."

"Copy the 10th example, p. 435."

"Study to-day's lesson."

"This morning not a single principle has been used."

"Study until we know the first item in long division."

"Learn the first thing to do in factoring."

"[NOTE.—We have been doing this every day for a week, and we can learn this by studying.]"

"We failed on to-day's lesson."

(1) "[NOTE.—Spend not less than thirty minutes studying this.]"

(2) "[NOTE.—The privilege of zero will be given each day until this lesson is learned.]"

Don'ts.

"Don't apply a principle until you are ready to apply it."

"Don't forget to apply the necessary principles of surds to your results."

"In the method of factoring, don't leave out the factoring."

"Several of us *don't* know how to begin work in the easiest examples."

"[NOTE.—Turn back to where children learn substitution.]"

"In talking about certain things, *don't* forget to mention those things."

"Don't use the method given by the author."

"Don't forget the purpose in solving verbal problems."

"[NOTE.—When we have learned how to get answers to the average problems, we are just ready to begin the study of the subject.]"

"In solving these examples, don't fail to remember what we have been using in this Class for three months."

CHARACTERISTIC
of ATTITUDE
of A
STUDENT IN
MISS KENNEDY,
CLASS.



J. B. G.



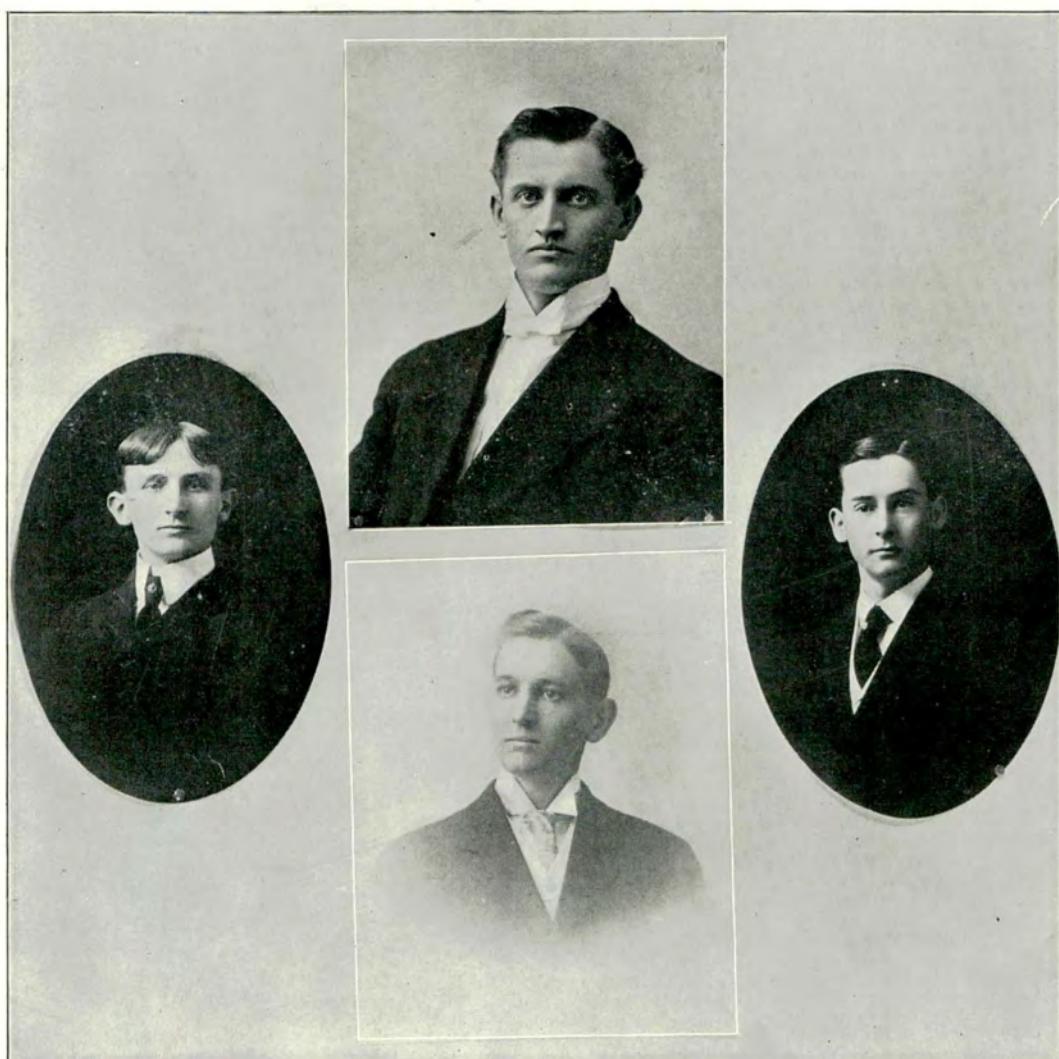
Expression.

Expression is at once the Child and Mother
Of all the other subjects taught in school:
The Child, because from them existence takes,
And is expression of all knowledge gained;
The Mother, since it furnishes sustenance;
Grown up were sent by her into the world,
And, with her final preparation given,
Exalted walk the earth and mount to Heaven.

Frederick Abbott.

Of him, his high ideals, purpose strong,
Who watches o'er the transitory state,
Youth to maturity; and lifts the soul
From that chaotic darkness into light,
Into the light of true expression of one's powers—
Of him, I would speak just a word in praise:
A master in his art, and, better still,
High-mindedness, consideration for us all
Reveals to us in him the gentleman.

Winners in Inter-Society Contests.



DALE CARNAGEY, *Declamatory.*

C. H. ALLEN, *Debate.*

W. G. NEET, *Oratory.*

E. L. HARRISON, *Debate.*

LLOYD KELLY, *Debate.* (Picture not obtainable.)



CAST OF CHARACTERS IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."





CAST OF CHARACTERS, "A SCRAP OF PAPER."

Art Department.

Robert L. Zoll.

Lofty of stature, high of mien,
Free-hearted, frank, his spirit 's seen;
Boundless good-nature, a wealth to him;
It makes one live to hear him sing.

When many years have come and past,
As backward memory shadows casts,
Then I shall gladly think on him,
That heavenly voice, that figure trim.

Mayme Harwood.

Timid, gentle, flower-like Mayme,
One thinks, beholding you;
But oh! that were a very shame,
If only that were true.
But oh! there 's much of solid worth,
Of virtues strong and true,
A gifted mind, an artful though—
All these belong to you.

ODETTE TO GRAY SPATS.

Of all the spats I 've ever seen,
Gray spats are loveliest, I ween,
For they are modest, restful too;
No striking reds and greens in lieu
Of admiration, conquests, new
For me. The elegance is meet
When it encases ankle neat.
Oh! their wearer was then most cute
As he sang "All for You" in a checkered suit.
Then spats are just as they should be,
And then they most appeal to me.

G. L. W.

The Normal Song.

LET EVERY GOOD FELLOW STAND READY TO YELL, VIVE LE NORMAL two
And EVERY GOOD LASSIE MAY JOIN US AS WELL, VIVE LE NORMAL two. To the Warrensburg NORMAL

the best in the land, HERE'S with our head and our heart and our hand, NORMAL two in old MAZOO, VIVE LE NORMAL two

Now FELLOWS A BUMPER
SING OUT WITH A WILL,
VIVE LE NORMAL two
TILL DEAR OLD MISSOURI'S
GREAT BOSOM SHALL THRILL.
VIVE LE NORMAL two.

Come Let us SPEAK UP
WHAT'S THE BEST NORMAL School,
Why, its NORMAL two,
WHERE STUDENTS MAY LEARN
How to TEACH AND to RULE,
HERE IN NORMAL two.

The Normal Yell =

Wahoo! Wahoo! RIP ZIP BAZOO! YELL for NORMAL Number two Wahoo! Wahoo!

Music Department.

Perl A. Minick.

Oh, sing of whispering breezes,
 Oh, tell of babbling brooks,
Oh, speak of warbling bird-notes,
 And the sunshine of sweet looks!
Oh, sing their wondrous beauties,
 Their power the soul to wring,
But oh, let me not hear their music
 If Perl A. Minick will sing!

Artie Stillwell.

Beguiling beauty with the siren voice,
 Thou'st oft beguiled impressionable youth,
And drawn him, rash, upon the dangerous shoals,
 And left him shattered hopes to realize the truth.

LOCATION.

The northwest corner or extreme north end of the Chapel, otherwise called Auditorium; may be found there from 7:45 a. m. to 3 p. m. After that time, anyone wishing to use the aforesaid Chapel, or Auditorium, may do so, by exchanging rooms with the Music Department.

Owing to the above, frequent promenades are made by the Singing Classes, Glee Clubs, etc., all the way from the Kindergarten on the first floor to the Society Halls on the third floor.

Visitors welcome.

Hark! What are those sounds I hear?
Sounds so wierd, and terror-striking!
Sounds which cause the strong to shudder,
And the weak to cry with anguish.
Now the air is set a-quivering with the melancholy strain,
Now the tones grow stronger, louder, as the song is being sung.
'Tis the wondrous song, "The Erl-King,"
Greatest song that e'er was written,
Sung in tones of deep emotion,
And with sympathy so touching.
Zoll, the master of the music,
Causes all this lamentation,
As he tells of goblins wild,
Friends which frightened a young child once
Till his spirit soon departed, yea, departed and forever
To the land of frosty winters;
And Perl Minick, great musician,
Lends her aid to Robert Zoll
By accompanying his singing
First with tones that sound like thunder
And the galloping of horses.
She is learned in all of music,
Skilled in magic of all playing.
At the pleading of the Erl-King,
Her tones are soft and tender
As the rippling of the brooklet
Over eddying stones and pebbles.
All who heard this great performance
Were much awed and wonder-stricken,
Awed with sacred art of singing,
Awed with sacred art of playing,
With the art of music-making.

C. B.

To make a melody is naught but play.
You seize the pitch and then away
The notes go trooping, each for his mate,
And side by side in solemn state,
Or, pursuing each other in merry chase,
They arrange themsleves with utmost grace—
And lo! be the brain e'en so tired or dull,
The lesson is done, the measures are full.

E. C.

ATHENIAN QUARTETTE.



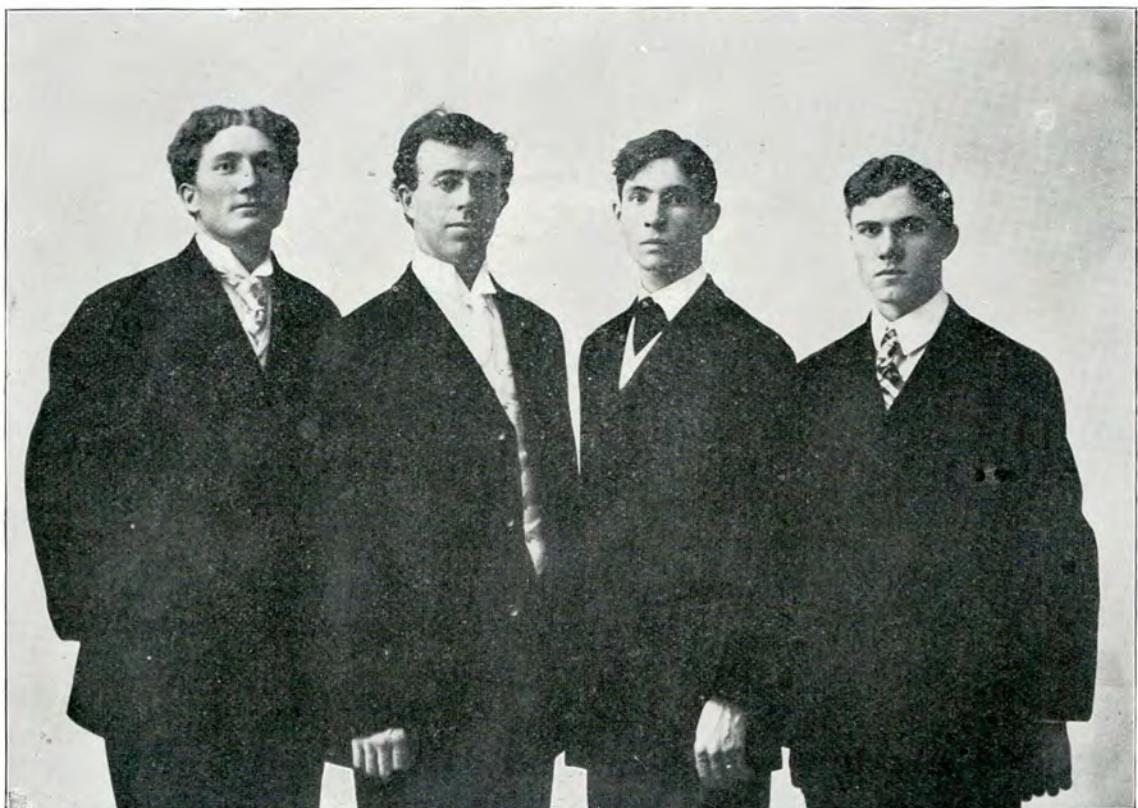
STEWART.

HOGREFE.

CAPPS.

TOOMAY.

BACONIAN QUARTETTE.



CURNUTT.

McCORMACK.

KEMP.

HARDESTY.

TREBLE CLEF CLUB.



C. ROBERTS. CULP.	MAYHUGH. ROBERTS. OSGOOD.	HAWKINS. ANDERSON. MINICK.	COATS. SAYLES. STERLING.	STILWELL. BURNETT.
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NORMAL GLEE CLUB.



DOWELL. CURNUTT.	HARRISON. HOGREFE. KEMP.	STEWART. McCORMACK.	BAKER. HARDESTY. CAPPS.	PARK. TOOMAY.
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CAMPBELL GLEE CLUB.



MILLER. PETTIS.	MITCHELL. PARK. COATS.	MOORE. STILWELL.	GILBERT. CHAPMAN. GENTRY.	GEER. BROWN.
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IRVING GLEE CLUB.



ELLIOT. McCONNELL.	LAFOON. SEWARD.	PARK. DICKERSON. FROST.	PHILLIPS. BLYHOLDER. ROBINSON.	HARRISON. WISDOM. BAKER.	DOWELL. DAVENPORT.
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THE LIBRARY.

(1)

The Robert's Rules of Order
Are the propelling power
Which transformed our Library
Out of chaos to a bower
Wherein now Earnest Inquiry
Sits enthroned there as King.
Earnest; her organizing power
Has accomplished wondrous things.

(2)

Without June roses and smiles,
Without those little bird tones,
That Library 'd be a cheerless place,
On winter afternoons.
Without her cheerful word
To discomfited and sad,
The Library 'd be a less cheerful place,
And the world would be more bad.

(3)

To the Library Candle.

Twinkle, twinkle, little blur,
How I wondered what you were,
Shining from the desk so high,
Like a smoked lamp in the sky.

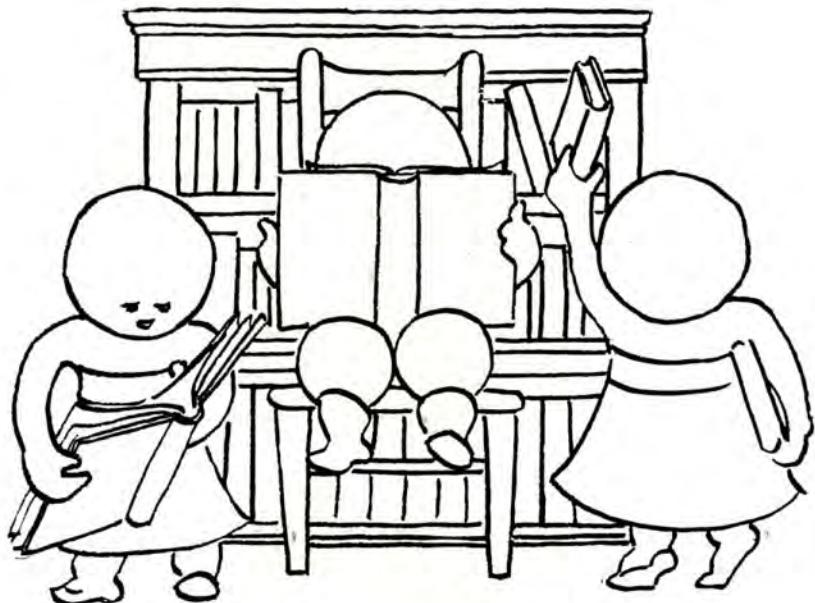
When Miss Linn can see no more,
And we stumble in the door,
Then you show your light so soon,
And twinkle all the afternoon.

Library Goops.

With Apologies to Gelett Burgess.

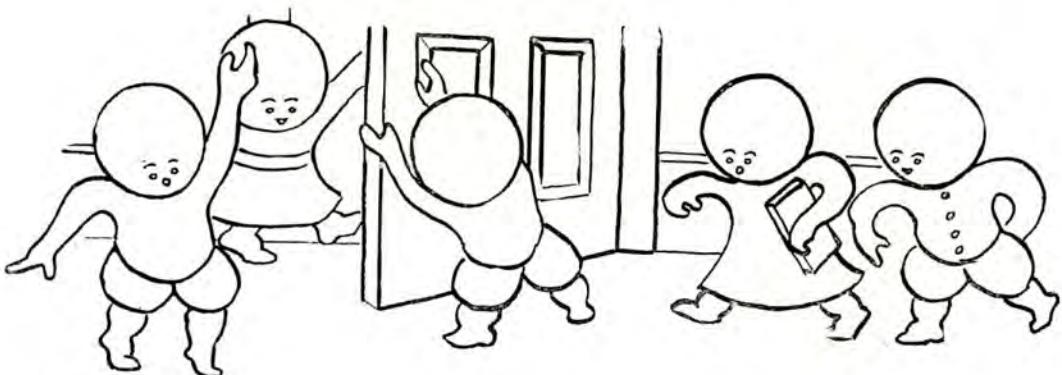
RHYMES, JUNE LINN.

DRAWINGS, MAYME HARWOOD.



LIBRARY LECTURES.

The Goops, they go to Chapel
To hear the talks on books.
They whisper and they giggle,
They think that no one looks;
And when examinations come
They don't look very blue;
They tell each other. (*They are Goops.*)
I wouldn't cheat, would you?



HEELS.

Speaking of heels, I wonder why
'Tis only Goops who never try
To heed the warning at the door
To softly step, toes to the floor.
Oh, heed the message written there,
"Step lightly as you enter";
If in the past you've trod too hard,
O Goop! be a repenter.



ODE To Two CENTS.

The fine list's read on Tuesday morn,
(A *fine* old weekly custom);
The Goops who owe come up and pay;
Sometimes they say it "busts 'em."
But the very worst Goops are those who say,
"I will not pay my fine to-day."
And sometimes they don't—for a month or more;
Such Goopishness we should deplore.

TALKING OUT LOUD.

Who talks out loud in the reading-room?
Whose voice sounds like a bumble-bee's boom?
Who is it, that when the librarian looks
Drops his head and pretends to be looking at books,
Like a naughty child at mischief caught
A-doing the things he hadn't ought.
Do I mean that a Freshman 't' such folly would stoop?
Fresh, Sophie or Junior, he's always a Goop.

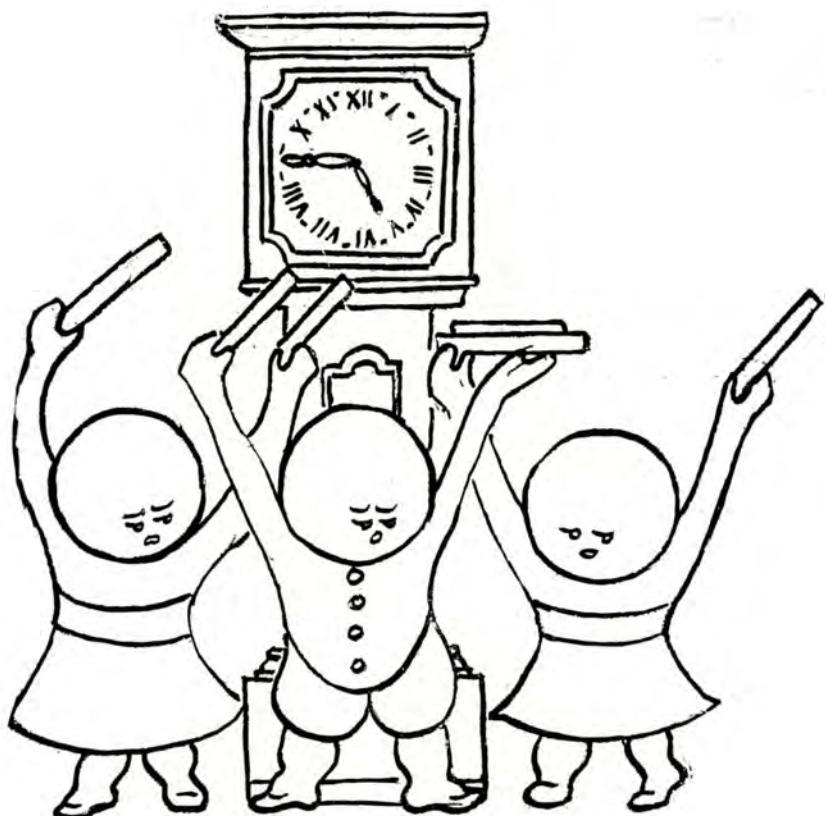


SMUDGERS.

Of sharpening pencils, there is no end
Up in the reading-room.
And oh, alas! 'Tis Goops who send
Theirs to an untimely doom!
Their pencil shavings they do leave
Strewn all about the floor,
But those who smudge the blotting pad
Would better do it no more.

CLOSING TIME.

At four forty-five the Library's closed,
Or at least "Closing Time" has been said,
And at four forty-five it then is supposed
That all from the third floor have fled.
But the Goops are still there. They don't want to go.
This question perhaps you'll propound,
Do they really love the librarian so
That at five they still are around,
Or is it only her patience they sound?



FROM A STUDENT'S VIEW-POINT.

There's a brand-new sign on the Library door,
"Step lightly, please." We did that before. And
when visitors come, it makes us sore to have such a
fine sign for faults ours no more.

How often, oh, how often, during the winter term, third hour, four or five late comers could hold the breathless interest of every student in the room. And they were merely discussing the temporary ownership of the one vacant chair. To relieve the monotony, we made ice cream soda bets, due in the gentle spring-time, on the man whose persuasive arts seemed about to proclaim him winner. I shall cut class to take mine, all in frappés, the next hot day.

In the Library talks we plainly hear
That the Library's ours—we need never fear
That our rights be diminished or disappear
If the books don't. If ye have a tear,
Shed it now, for the Faculty's triumph is clear:
We ne'er see the magazines (we hold them dear)
Until they are ancient—indeed, in the sere
And pathetically yellow leaf.

It is really true that the wicked do flourish like green bay-trees. The sunshine of Teacher's smile and better yet his elegant "E" is visited upon those greedy ones who have gobbled (a more refined word is not suitable at this juncture) up all the reference-books and taken them home uncharged. Verily, blessed is he who swipeth reserved books, for he shall get his note-book done and handed in and an "E" to reward his labors. The honest saint can never get a reference because the sinner has them all out unbeknownst, and in addition to his other soul-harassing sorrow, Teacher frowns down upon him and puts "F"—in his class-book.

Meditation of the Reference-Bookless.

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen;
The leaves were brown, but now they're green;
In the fall I was stout and now I'm lean.
Oh, nobody knows the trouble I've seen!

Oh, can't you guess what the trouble has been?
I've tried from all reference-books items to glean,
And in yet a book has never been, e'en.
Oh, nobody knows the trouble I've seen!

Oh, nobody knows the trouble I've seen!
The librarian looks with a frowning mien;
She's thinking, I know, of the trouble I've been,
But the trouble I've been is less than I've seen.

Receipts for Keeping Pencil Shavings (Off the Floor).

RECEIPT No. 1. Take one large waste-basket. Take one well-chosen committee of three girls. Mix carefully with several yards of cambric. Let buzz and simmer. When proper shape, remove, and tuck in waste-basket. Set girls aside to cool. Garnish with ice cream sodas.

RECEIPT No. 2. Remove all knives.

The gay and giddy washin' 's
A-hangin' on the line.
Red and green and yellow white—
Of what's all this a sign?
Does it mean we're south in Dixie,
This pink and black and blue?
No; Contest time has come again;
Pennant-buying's up to you.

Eye hath not seen nor hath ear heard aught more strange and wonderful than Mr. Seward giving Mr. Self a music lesson, both vocal and instrumental, in the reading-room yesterday. I wish Miss Minick had been there. She would have appealed at once to the highest court for another assistant. Now this might mean two things.

The flowers that bloom
In the reading-room
Are many. We like them much,
But 'tis their doom
To wither soon.
Alas, that their fate is such!

An electric light plant
We'd have, but we can't.
('Twould lighten the depths of our gloom.)
And bulbs on the wall
Wouldn't wither at all;
They'd stay in perpetual bloom.

Every time I near the desk at candle-lightin' time and all is obscured in what Miss Kennedy calls a "dim, religious light," I hear some student recalling his or her Shakespeare, "How far that little candle throws its beams." It reminds me of Longfellow: "Between the dark and the daylight comes a pause in the day's occupation." The pause comes because no Normal student can help wishing to see the candle tip over and spatter up the desk, as it might any time, for they haven't any candlestick; they just stick the candle on an old tin cover that belongs on the jelly-glass they put paste in.

Once there were Ten Little Indian Boys;
They disappeared—one by one.
Once there were three little library knives,
The dullest beneath the sun.
They disappeared too. Each library knife
Departed—a thief in the night;
Or, rather, a thief took each library knife.
The knives were dull, but the thieves were
bright.

Miss Roberts says she's going to have a butcher knife chained to the desk. Just so it's sharp. Those other things wouldn't cut butter.

Evolution of Mr. Jennison's Aspirations.

Chief of Police, Mr. Jennison,
Is studying "The Princess" of Tennyson.
Biological Bessey of yore he adored!
Psychological Angells! I'll confess I am floored.

I feel as if the library song should be "Flora, put the kettle on—we'll all have tea." As I am only an impudent Junior, I daren't suggest it to Miss Roberts, but wait till next year!

The traveling ferns
All take their turns
At festive gatherings here.
Perambulated,
Procrastinated,
We for their welfare fear.

In the Library.
Tip-toe lightly as you go;
Heavy tread is sign of woe.
Naught but happiness you know
If you tip-toe lightly.
"Softly as you enter"—oh!
Heels and tongues that means? Just so.
Men may come and men may go
If they do it lightly.

JUNE LINN.

Manual Training.

May Clark.

I think of her as one who goes
Firm, self-reliant, strong,
Upon her way; nor hesitates
Between the right and wrong.
A sense of humor is to her
With Manual Training sense.
Embroidery does for pastime she;
It's one of her natural bents.

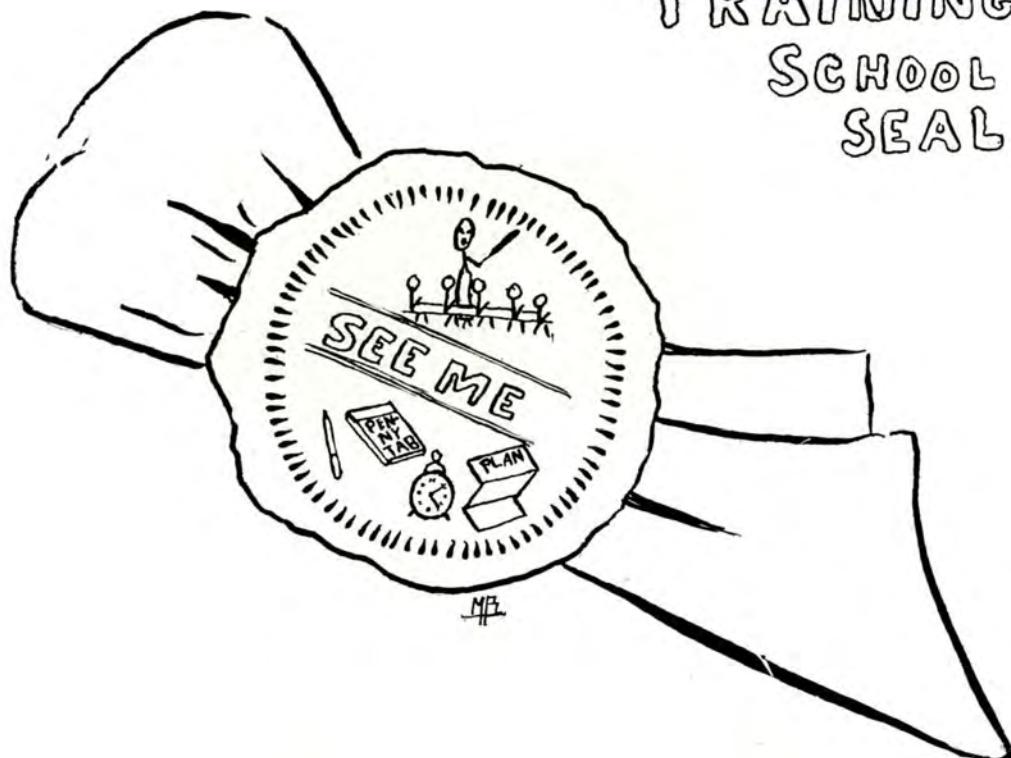


WOOD-WORK—MANUAL TRAINING.



BASKET-WORK DONE IN MANUAL TRAINING.

TRAINING
SCHOOL
SEAL



Training School.

Almina George.

Predominant characteristics? no;
 Of them I can not speak;
Hobbies and moods and stronger desires,
 At once imply the weak.
If that were true, her whom I sing
 I did irreparable wrong;
Balanced, a woman of poise is she,
 Combining the sweet and the strong.

Rose Baxter.

Maternal, patient, kindly one,
 Loved by children all.
Serene contentment marks your face;
 About troop children at your call.

Ellis J. Walker.

I see her now in memory's ken,
 Tall, versatile, care-free;
Those dancing black eyes combat sought
 In friendly repartee.

A frank, free mind, a strong, true heart,
 A judgment keen and sound,
With active human interests,
 We an ideal teacher found.

Estelle Hinton.

And now a woman's picture;
 A woman—that tells it all.
What need to speak of the qualities
 That needs to her must fall.
A beautiful spirit, gracious,
 A thoughtlessness of self,
A beautiful way with children.

Elinor Wilkins.

Divinely tall and most divinely fair,
Resembling Dian in her wealth of auburn hair;
Stately, yet lowly—to a little child,
Engaging and repelling, one oft finds beguiled
Presumptuous man who tries to make thee out;
Conflicting thoughts are scattered all about
 The Eternal Question!

"THE BILLET-DOUX I USED TO GET."

Dedicated to Miss Walker.

You are buzzing, you are rattling;
 John's attention now is shifting;
Little Mary's eyes are wand'ring to the spider on the floor.
 Speak with voice a little lower,
 Give directions straight and slower,
 And don't forget your "logic" any more.

For you now do seem uncertain,
 And your methods are most irksome
And a note from me you 'll find upon the black-board ledge.
 And beware of 'scaped appointments,
 For all the balms and ointments
 Of the Orient would not my ire assuage.

G. W.



BAXTER LITERARY SOCIETY.



GEORGE DEBATING SOCIETY.

Athletics.

Prof. Ferguson 's a handy man
To have around, they say.
His whistle calls the basket-ball,
He sees that foot-ball boys do play.
Takes part in Senior-Faculty games,
Can't save them from disgrace, tho'
A quiet man you never blame,
He has a pleasant face too.

Florence Fleming in the Gym.
Gets the awkward girls in trim.
How she works from morn till night,
Keeps mind and temper, is a fright.

But when she swings electric clubs---
This her especial feat—
She 's a cause of wonderment among
Most people that you meet.

As far as books go, she 's all right,
Except sometimes she 's careless.
Her skin so fair and auburn hair
Could make some of us jealous.

Gridiron Ballads

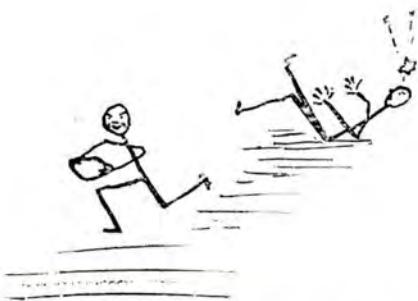
Kirky-Kirksville.



"What is the meg'phone tootin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.
"Kirksville to call, Kirksville to call," the Color Sergeant said.
"What makes poor Kirky look so white?" said Files-on-Parade.
"'E's dreadin' what 'e's got to face," the Color Sergeant said.



For they're hangin' Kirky-Kirksville, you can hear the Dead March play,
The foot-ball nine's in solid line—they are hangin' her to-day.
They've taken of her colors off, 'er pennants flung away,
And they're hangin' Kirky-Kirksville in the mornin'.

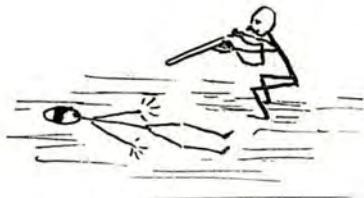


"Wot makes the half-back breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.
"He's losin' out, he's losin' out," the Color-Sergeant said.
"What makes that quarter-back fall down?" said Files-on-Parade.
"His fate is sung, his fate is sung," the Color-Sergeant said.



The are hangin' Kirky-Kirksville, they are marchin' of 'er round,
They 'ave 'alted Kirky-Kirksville by 'er coffin on our ground;
And no more the Kirksville gridiron wi' glory shall resound,
For they 're hangin' Kirky-Kirksville in the mornin'.

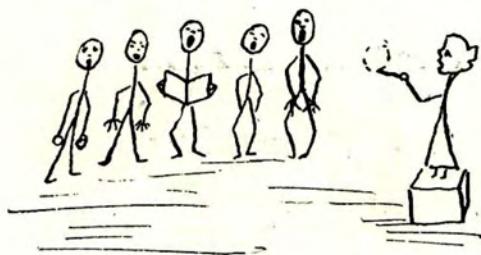
"Their school was next best after ounr," said Files-on-Parade.
"But now they 're of their glory shorn," the Color-Sergeant said.
"How oft 'ave we endured their jeer," said Files-on-Parade.
"To-night they're drinkin' bitter beer," the Color-Sergeant said.



They are hanging Kirky-Kirksville and no stone will mark 'er place,
For she 'd shoot a comrade sleeping—nor can look you in the face.
All her five hundred pupils feel the sting of the disgrace,
While they 're hangin' Kirky-Kirksville in the mornin'.

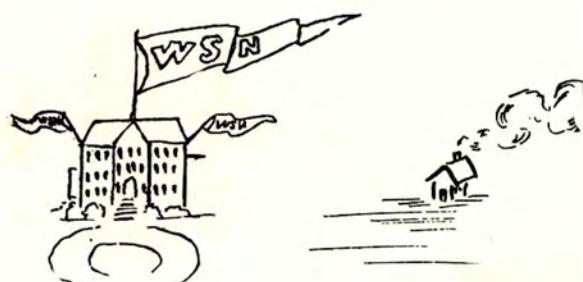
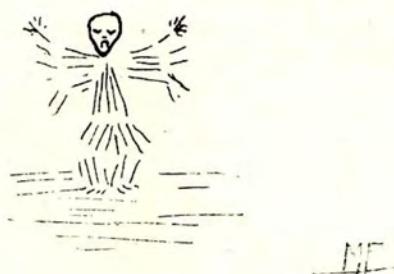


"What 's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It 's Kirky runnin' 'ard for goal," the Color-Sergeant said.
"What 's that that whimpers over'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It 's Kirky's soul that 's passin' now," the Color-Sergeant said.

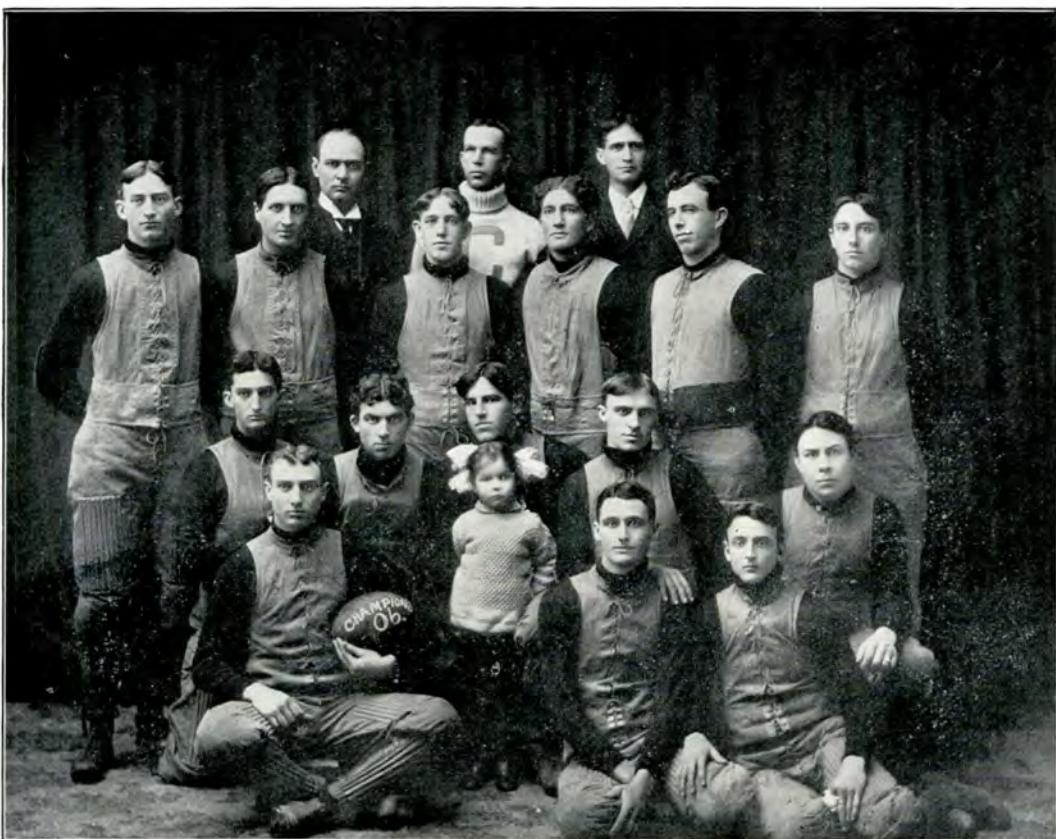


For they 're done with Kirky-Kirksville and will "Vive la Normal!" sing;
A 'ealth to dear old Normal, for victory 's on the wing.
Ho! the Freshmen they are tremblin' and for shakin' they can't sing,
After hangin' Kirky-Kirksville in the mornin'.

GRACE WALLACE.



FOOT-BALL TEAM.



PROF. PHILLIPS. BROWN, Coach. PROF. FERGUSON.
ROSS. GARNETT. HARTLEY. CURNUTT. McCORMACK. HALLAR.
HOLTON. HERRELL. TOOMAY. CAHILL. TANNER.
DITTEMORE, Captain. MARY X. FERGUSON. LEEDY. HARRISON.

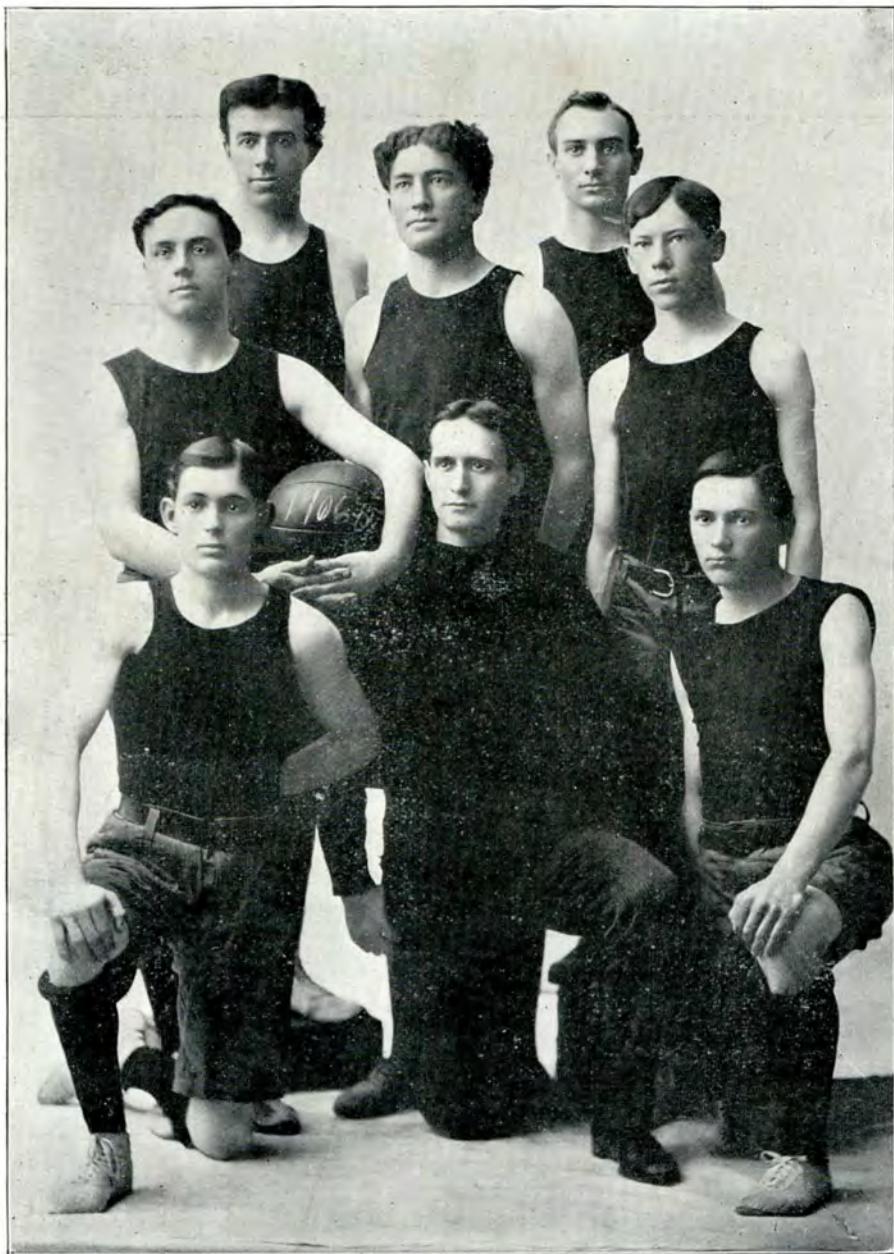
FOOT-BALL.

Jas. Brown, Columbia University, New York, on October 2 found a foot-ball squad in its native verdure without even a captain, but he liked its looks and decided to stay with it. From this squad he developed a fast eleven, every one of whom are expected to be in the line-up September 12, 1907, with Captain Ross, leader, and the best coach money can procure. The schedule is about arranged. The Thanksgiving game will be played in Warrensburg and against Kansas probably.

The 1906 record, four games won and five lost. We won Central B. C. game, 5 to 0; Wentworth Military Academy, 11 to 5; Kemper Cadets, 57 to 5; and Kirksville State Normal, 15 to 10. The Kirksville victory was the cause of great rejoicing.

The Kansas Normal, with the best team in its history, was held to a 10 to 0 score, and the Cape, just after holding Washington University to a tie, defeated us by a 16 to 6 score. Our boys had traveled 360 miles and were up most of the night before the game, and this told on their playing.

BASKET-BALL TEAM.



McCORMACK.

HOMAN, Capt.
GEO. ARMSTRONG, Manager.

CURN UTT.

PROF. FERGUSON.

DITTEMORE.

SELVIDGE.
GUY ARMSTRONG.

BASKET-BALL.

Our first season of basket-ball was a success from a financial standpoint and from the success of our team. We played fourteen games, won half of them, and scored 336 points to our opponents 340.

Kansas University and Missouri University were our strongest foes, defeating us 32 to 18 and 43 to 19, respectively. We won over the Inter-State Normal Championship by defeating the strong veteran team of the Kansas Normals 30 to 26. Lee's Summit, Company F., Independence, Lexington, and Pleasant Hill, also received a drubbing by Captain Homan's men.

Our one-year team will be two years old next season—so look out.

BASE-BALL TEAM.



Back Row, from left to right: ARMSTRONG. BLISS. YATES. FLEMING. KINNEY. PROF. FERGUSON. PROF. PHILLIPS.

Bottom Row, from left to right: TOOMAY. SULLIVAN. THIEMAN. MARSHALL. HOLTON. ARMSTRONG, Captain.

BASE-BALL.

Base-ball prospects are most flattering. With Marshall as back-stop and Capt. Armstrong, Toomay, and Hillock as slab artists, our team has a wonderful battery.

The team has won its first two games easily and ought to win its share for the season.

The Normals are known as "The Shamrocks," from their suits. The Shamrocks will play the strongest college teams in Missouri and Kansas in April and May.

Base-Ball—Last Season.

In our last season's base-ball record we have a standing of which we are justly proud. The season opened with poor prospects, but this proved to be the "darkness before dawn," for we had one of the fastest and hardest-hitting teams in this section. We were defeated only by such teams as Kansas University and Missouri University, and then by only very small scores. The Haskell Indians, Kirksville Normal, Kansas Normal, Kemper, all went down in defeat before the expert twirling of Horsman and Armstrong.

Last season was a great success for Warrensburg and we are proud of the team who represented us.

HOLTON.

GIRLS' BASKET-BALL TEAM.



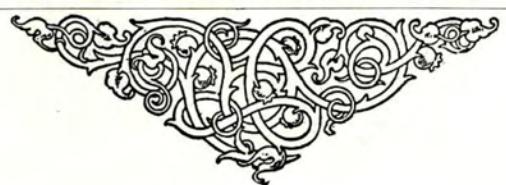
BALANCE BEAMS.



MINUET. (INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT OF TRAINING SCHOOL.)



MISCELLANEOUS.



WHAT THEY DO WITH THEIR EIGHT HOURS FOR RECREATION.

Prof. Phillips sets up pins in bowling alley.

Mabel Howard reads the funny papers.

Miss Kennedy talks to Dr. McAllister.

Raymond Graham converses gayly.

Mr. Jennison decides what to do on the morrow.

Mr. Gehrs rehearses his oration at Pertle Springs.

Guy Capps reads the sporting news.

Miss Miller practices aping Miss Yeater.

Dr. Shannon cleans his glasses.

Mr. Burrus dances or plays billiards.

Virgie Murray meditates upon her youth and upon immortality.

Miss Yeater gossips about the students.

Prof. Morris plays poker and dice.

Prof. Hoover (Mon. and Tues.) prepares orations against Latin, Greek, and "The Ancient Mariner"; (Wed. and Thurs.) decides what trees on the Campus to cut down; (Fri., Sat., and Sun.) collects little beasts.

Florence McMeekin sings comic Negro melodies.

Miss George wears her hair in curl-papers.

Clara Courteol strolls aimlessly around the Campus when due at committee meetings.

Edna Sterling — — —

Prof. Zoll discusses the logic and ethics of Aristotle.

Mr. Dowell hunts for the books that he never studies.

Mr. Wisdom acts gay and giddy, or frisks in the role of Mary's little lamb.

Mr. Harrison disturbs the night with moans and lamentations over his lost dignity.

Mr. Kemp sings "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen."

Captain Bahlman marches up and down the railroad and imagines he is going to war.

Grace Wallace philosophizes on her neighbors' shortcomings.

Mr. Wilkinson plays solitaire.

Mr. Carnagey — — —

Miss Roberts counts her bead-chains.

TESTIMONIALS.

One-Night Corn Cure Company, New York:

DEAR SIRS,—Your name ought to be changed to "One-Minute Corn Cure Co." The first and only corn I ever had I cured by your "A la Branding-Iron" method. It left the place where the corn had been very sore for several months, but the corn was gone, so that didn't make much difference. I can recommend the cure highly.

Yours with gratitude,

DALE H. CARNAGEY.

Cerebellum Brain Company, New York City:

DEAR MR. CEREBELLUM,—Your remedy for softening of the brain surpassed all my expectations. I have been using it regularly for a month and my brain is now so solid you couldn't force a spike into it with a pile-driver. My heart has been affected in the same way.

Your well-wisher.

RAYMOND R. McCURDY.

The Amor Company, San Francisco:

DEAR SIRS,—I bought a package of your "O. K. Love Powders," placed it in a young lady's pocket, and in four days she was mine. Last year we had a fellow here in school named Chrane, who used these powders very successfully as well as successively. May the Lord bless and prosper you in your heart-uniting work.

Respectfully,

LLOYD KELLEY.

The Young Orator's Help Company, Boston:

GENTLEMEN,—I never was ambitious until I took your "Inspiration Powders." After the first dose, I held an audience spell-bound during a three-hour oration. I am now wearing the laurel.

I never can thank you enough. They work like magic. And because of the gratitude welling up in my bosom, I now offer myself as a "spieler" for your house. I feel that I owe you an everlasting debt of gratitude.

Sincerely,

WILLIAM G. NEET.

GENTLEMEN,—I have heard your famous selection, "Gentleman, the King," delivered from our platform for the last five years. I think I can surpass previous records this year and in years to come, so please send one dozen copies as per sample, and oblige.

WILLIAM KEMP.

The Patrick Henry School of Oratory, Philadelphia, Penn.:

DEAR SIRS,—After studying three of your "Lessons in Expression by Correspondence," my voice is much improved. I can now speak with a voice of thunder, imitate a braying donkey and

a bantam rooster, whereas my voice once sounded like a fog-horn.

Yours, very much improved,

J. H. GEHRS.

Complexion Imp'v't Co., Hamburg, Germany:

DEAR SIRS,—Your exceedingly beneficial "Pale Pills for Pink People" just received. After one application, my complexion was two tones duller. Am delighted with it. Consider this the finest remedy of the many thousands I have tried.

Respect., RAYMOND GRAHAM.

Grovine Manufacturing Co., Concord, Mass.:

DEAR SIRS,—I find your "Hair Oil" extremely beneficial. My hair is now coming out in a surprising manner. My friend Woodruff has been using your oil, and his hair is now in full bloom.

Yours very truly, HUGH GILKESON.

The Demosthenes Voice Imp'v't Company, Athens, Attica, Greece:

MOST VENERATED SIRS,—Of the Demosthenes Voice Imp'v't Company I sing. Thou the most blest and blessing of all man's discoveries!

Truly thou art a gift of the gods. Thou hast, in three months' time, improved my speech from an unintelligible mutter to a voice that the gods might envy. Endowing me with the gift of the silver-tongued, thou hast flung wide the portals and discovered to me the hidden avenues of my soul. Thou hast shown to others the fountains of my soul, bubbling up ever clear and sparkling with wit, with compassion, with pity, with love.

No less joyous, no less fresh and sparkling, no less ardent are these burstings forth of the fountains of my soul than is Alpheus, when he has pursued the river-maiden Arethusa under the sea and at last has mingled his waters with her fountain.

And, O Demosthenes Voice Imp'v't Company, boon of aspiring mankind! thou hast espoused my cause with no less zeal than has filled Dido, when, raging thru the Sidonian city, frenzied at the sight of the Trojan fleet skimming over the cerulean deep, she has erected a funeral pyre, by means of which she might leave her life and shut out the sight of heaven's vault, distasteful to her. With no less zeal, I say, hast thou, O Company! striven for the uplifting of mankind, for thou hast opened up and shown to others the everlasting font of my soul.

As long as the shade wanders over the mountain-side and as long as the air feeds the stars of heaven's vault and as long as I feel the founts of ineffable love and joy welling up in my great heart, so long will I cherish thee.

Eternally yours, WILLIAM F. SMITH.

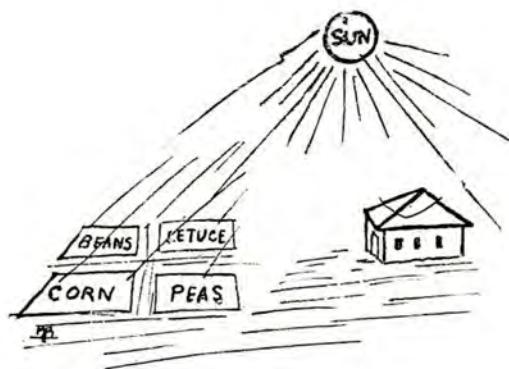
Inseparables.

Mary Miller and Miss Yeater.
Wm. Smith and his Cook.
Prof. Abbot's hair and the kinks.
Gehrs and his egotism.
Sleep and the Economics Class.
Gymnasium and "that tired feeling."
William Kemp and his love affairs.
Bowling Alley and cut classes.
Prof. Hoover and "Keep off the Grass" talks.
Robert Zoll and his boys.
Capt. Bahlman and his genial frown.
Tr. Sch. Teacher and absence from Chapel.
Brune and his mustache.
Prof. Morris and his swift walk.
Odell and his sweet face.
"Billy" and "Lena."
A dark day and the Library twinkle, twinkle candle.
Wilson and a thought of home and mama.
Yates and his mania for girls.
Prof. Scarborough and his gardener figures.
Mrs. Neet and kindliness.
Wrenetta Miller and her stateliness.
Burruis and his studiousness.
Seward and black eyes.
Clara Courteol and self-consciousness.
Mr. Wilkinson and a high purpose.
"Bubbles" Hardesty and frivolity.
Edna Sterling and the ego.
Prof. Bass and his maiden-like ways.
Mr. Harrison and new Easter Millinery.
Mr. Seward and Reveries of a Bachelor.
Library fine list and nervous prostration.
Alice and Alderson.
The Annual Board and Fame.



PRINCE CHARMING'S LOVE SONG;
OR,
COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

Come out of the play-house, Maud,
For the chari-vari bats have flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
No more will I be alone.
And carnation perfume is wafted abroad,
And musk of the roses blown.



For our sprouts of corn have grown
And our peas and lettuce, high,
Are beginning to faint in the much Venus light
Which glows from the carnation-sky,
To faint in the light which Venus reflects,
To faint in our light and to die.



All night have the wall-flowers heard,
Tubs, tin-horns and buffoons;
All night have our turnips grown
To the tin-tubs beaten in tune,
Till a silence fell with the waking bird
And a hush with the setting moon.



I said to the Freshmen, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the *chari-vari* leave her alone?
She is weary of you and your play.
Now, Freshies, get you to your homes, begone,
And to school with the rising day,"
Loud on the street and loud on the stone,
The Marshal led them away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes,
They've eaten our cookies and wine;
O young men rash! what sighs are those
For one who will never cook thine?
But mine, but mine," so I swore to the rose,
"At last a woman is mine."



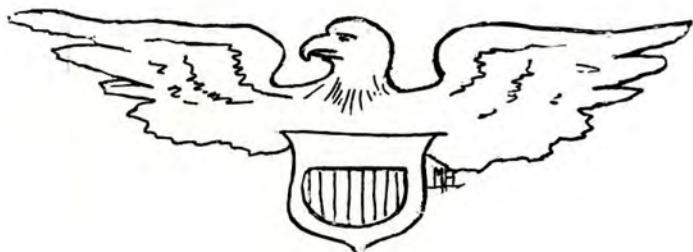
And the smoke of the coal went into our soul,
And the tin-pans clashed in the hall,
And long by the hot blast stove we stood,
Till the smoke caused Maud to fall.
There lies fallen a splendid tear
From the cauliflower at the gate;

Coming to is my dove, my dear;
Coming to is my life, tho' late.
The radish cries, "She is near, she is near."
The turnip weeps, "She won't bait."
The cabbage listens, "I hear, I hear."
The asparagus whispers, "I wait"



Coming to is my own, my sweet;
Had hers been an airy tread,
My dust would hear her and wait;
Were it loam in loamy bed,
My heart has heard her and beat
Tho' it's been half a century dead.

G. W. and W. M.



THE LEGISLATOR'S MEETIN'.

1.

The legislatur's meetin'.
 An' the Faculty hain't no pay,
 The legislatur's meetin',
 An' they're cross as sin to-day.
 For the duns has been a-rollin'
 For three months an' a day,
 An' they're crosser and they're sorer ev'ry mornin'.

2.

Wot makes Miss Linnie smile so 'ard?
 Library people said.
 She wants to drive the blues away,
 Professor Phillips said.
 For money she can't borer,
 Miss Robert's pa's in sorrer,
 An' on her banker now Miss George can no more
 check.
 An' they're all are gettin' glummer,
 An' their looks—they is much bummer,
 An' Linnie's smilin' 'arder in the mornin'.

3.

Oh! the legislatur's meetin'.
 An' the Faculty hain't no pay.
 The legislatur's meetin',
 An' they're cross as sin to-day.
 But when you've ad no bonbons now
 For three months an' a day,
 Say, would you be then a-snillin' in the mornin'?

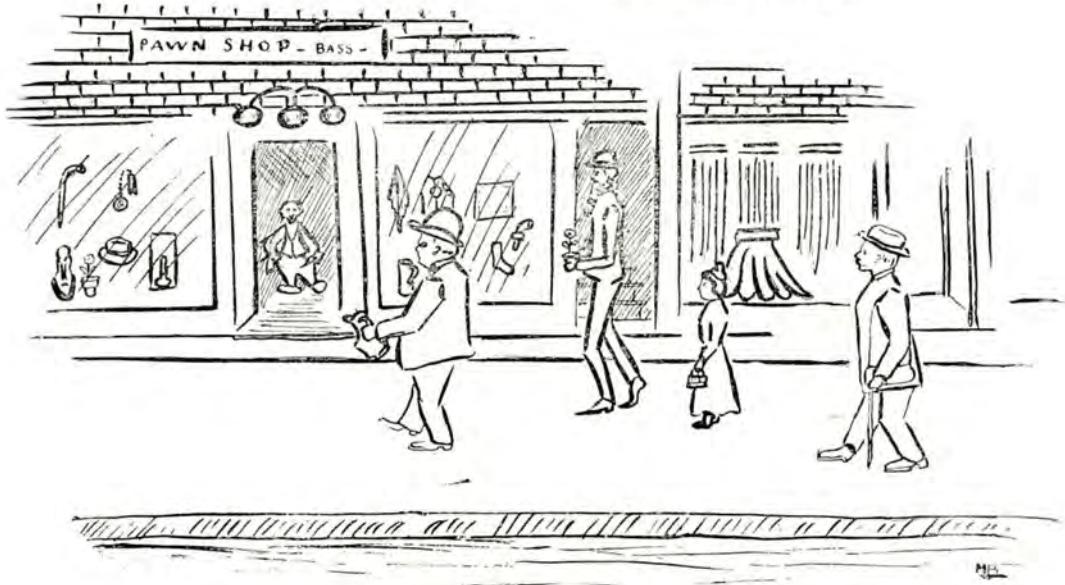
4.

Wot makes Prof. Morris walk so 'ard?
 Amazed, the people said.
 "Experiments! Experiments!"
 The Physics people said,
 "He is too proud to borer,
 An' he thinks that by the morrer
 He can manufacture money for is 'ouse."
 Some would die afore they'd holler,
 Some demand their rightful dollar,
 But they're wantin' money 'arder ev'ry mornin'.

5.

Oh! the legislatur's meetin'.
 An' the Faculty hain't no pay,
 The legislatur's meetin'
 An'—they're cross as sin to-day,
 But when they draw their money out
 All 'appy an' all gay
 They'll be laughin', they'll be smilin' in the mornin'.

GRACE L. WALLACE.



EDITORIAL STAFF.



GRACE WALLACE, Literary. G. B. DOWELL, Business Manager. MARY BROWN, Art.
W. A. WILKINSON, Editor-in-chief.
CLARA COURTEOL, Associate. MOLLIE SCRUGGS, Associate.
A. G. WISDOM, Ass't Business Manager.

WANT "ADS"—UNCLASSIFIED.

WANTED.—Just a little dignity.
Mr. Harrison.

LOST.—A braid of hair, in Society Hall, by
Hazel Kirk.

ABOUT TWENTY SENIORS have escaped from
Hades. Reward offered.
Beel-ze-bub.

LOST.—A bunch of hair from each side of my
face. Return same and receive reward.
Hamburg Judah.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.—A rest. Finder
please return to Miss Minick before twelve o'clock
to-night.

MISS MINICK LOST B FLAT in Chapel Friday
morning, in the rafters, she thinks. An expert
climber will be rewarded.

FOUND.—A bundle of laundry on Valen-
tine's porch. Owner can have same by seeing Jes-
sie Gibson or laundryman.

LOST.—By Mr. Dowell, some personal proper-
ty at a lady friend's house. Finder please see him
at once, as he has an important engagement which
it is impossible for him to keep unless same is
returned.

LOST.—A smile.
Mr. Jennison.

WANTED.—Patience.
Miss Yeater.

LOST.—My inclination to study.
Effie Barton.

LOST.—Ten minutes during noon hour.
Mr. Burrus.

WANTED.—Someone to keep me awake.
Lena Wharton.

LOST.—My love for Latin. Finder please de-
Ellen Goebel.

LOST.—A chaperon. Please return at once to
Mrs. Neet.

WANTED.—A remedy for stay-lates. Call
421 Broad.

LOST.—An Osborne pennant, by Anna May
Finch and Sue May Thompson. It was last seen
on Wisdom's arm in the Library. Reward.

ALL SORTS OF THINGS are lost in Gymnasium.
Some of which are advertised and some are not.
Miss Born preferred not to advertise. Please do
not ask her what she lost; it might embarrass her.

HAIL TO THE HIGHLAND FLING GIRL.

Hail to the girl who in Highland Fling dances!
Honored and blest be the athletic girl!
Long may she live, tho' she kicks and she prances,
Lost in the mazes and grace of the whirl!
Heaven make her happy, do!
Earth lend her strength anew
Gayly to fling and graceful to grow,
While every fountain pen,
Sends back our praise again!
Hail to the Highland Fling!
Dhu, ho! ieroe!

We are no saplings, chance-sown in the gym,
To bloom at exhibits, in classtime to fade;
When the Senior has conquered the Junior, so grim,
Then still shall the laurel be crowning our shade.
Moored in athletic fame,
We, our successor's bane,
Fame roots us firmer, the louder they blow,
Envious Faculty then echo our praise again,
Hail to the Highland Fling;
Dhu, ho! ieroe!

G. L. W.

A Jumble of Jokes.

A Revised List of Words for the Normal Dictionary.

Aideo (Greek).—The training school where all Seniors may be found at any time.

Bushwhacker.—A fellow who is liable to appear with a new girl at the most unexpected times. This word is synonymous with the proper name Kemp.

Volunteer.—A volunteer is the fellow who will be seen with a new girl every time the occasion demands it. Harrison is a good example.

Regular.—This word is of Hebrew extraction and has never changed its meaning, so it is not worth while to explain. Douglass, Seward, and many others in school are good examples of this class.

There is another class that is hard to name, but a few examples can be given and you can name them for yourselves: Phillips, Bass, Zoll, Wisdom, Yeater, Runyon, Nickerson, Kennedy, Roberts, and enough others to make the idea sufficiently clear to be labeled.

Extracts from a Freshman's Letter.

"We have the most interesting history lessons. A big fat man teaches us. Yesterday we had is a red-headed person a blonde or brunette. If we have that question in examination I won't get thru, because I didn't know where to look it up. They are so cranky in the Liberry. If you ask them will any cyclopedy do to look for it in they look at you funny and say, 'Have you attended the Liberry talks?' To-day we studied which is the best hot biscuits or corn bread. The teacher said corn bread was, only he didn't get it very often. Why? That's to answer to-morrow. I couldn't get any reference-books; they weren't never in. Do you spouse the answer is that they ain't no sour milk? He is a good man and expects to go to heaven, because he said he hoped to meet all department store managers there."

In a Normal School that was in its glory during the twentieth century there was a Prof. in Latin who had the ability to draw unto himself or herself twelve faithful ones who devoted eighteen out

of twenty-four hours per day to his or her work. This Prof. said, "Bring unto me your program to fill out, and ye shall go and preach Latin and Greek unto all the world." These twelve apostolic characters have been likened unto twelve historic figures in this manner:

<i>Judas Iscariot</i>	Wm. F. Smith.
<i>Doubting Thomas</i>	Robert Holton.
<i>Andrew</i>	Leonard Burrus.
<i>Simon Peter</i>	Adelia Culp.
<i>James, Son of Zebedee</i>	Jessie Gibson.
<i>James, Son of Alpheus</i>	Elsie Staley.
<i>Thaddeus</i>	Julius Oppenheimer.
<i>Simon</i>	Leeson Cook.
<i>Philip</i>	Chester O'Dell.
<i>Bartholomew</i>	Bertha Story.
<i>Matthew</i>	Guy H. Capps.
<i>The Loving John</i>	Edna Sterling.

Our Janitor.

We would pay a passing tribute,
Ere we leave you, halls so dear,
To the one who keeps them dustless,
Keeps old Normal spotless, rustless,
He, so faithful and so willing,
After five o'clock is chilling,
When he sees us loit'ring, ling'ring,

When we should be out the door.
But the picture, mute, compelling,
Brings back pictures; we are quelling

Strongest feelings as we think of past years four,
Walker's kind old black face cheery—
Oh, the world were not so dreary

If as Walker we might have a few such more!

Mr. Abbott has a most dishonorable way of fleeing from his duties, though we admit that they be arduous. We judge by the announcement he made in Chapel: "Now we want you all to come out to-night. This is going to be a good show. The best, I may say, ever produced on this stage. The curtain will rise promptly at 8:15 by my watch, which will be as close to the town clock as I can place it." A good high place from which to direct the play. Professor Abbott surely can hear as well as Red Riding Hood's grandmother.

MADE IN NEW YORK.

Pittsburg is Steel Headquarters for the World.

New York is Style Headquarters.

Alfred Benjamin & Co. produce the highest grade clothing made in New York.

You can buy correct New York Style of to-day right here in town from the merchant who sells clothes that bear this label.

CORRECT CLOTHES FOR MEN.

JOHN THRAILKILL,
EXCLUSIVE AGENT HERE.

109 and III NORTH HOLDEN STREET.



Normal Pins, - - -	\$.35
O. L. S. Pins, - - -	1.00
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C. L. S. Pins, - - -	1.00
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Dr. McAllister got hit in the side of the head with the ball during the noted Senior-Faculty indoor base-ball game, and in explaining his sensations he said: "The shock to the spinal nerve-centers of the eye was so severe that the corn on my right minor toe tingled three times. This set the nerve-centers in the brain to revolving, and as a result I saw the Big Dipper make one complete revolution around the Polar Star." The Freshman to whom he was talking is still trying to figure out the psychological connection between the ball, the spine, the corn, the eye, and the stars in the firmament.

A few remarks directed to our Editor-in-chief, which have escaped his blue pencil:

"Are you still cross this morning?"—*Lena Jackson.*

(The above was heard on Monday morning in the History of Education Class.)

"Isn't there anybody seeing after our Sister Jackson?"—*Demand.*

"Mr. Wilkinson, don't you think that Miss Jackson has attended a country school?"—*Scarborough, in Trig. Class.*

Guess Who

- (1) Is a big stick.
- (2) Loves money.
- (3) Mrs. Neet thinks a good chaperon.
- (4) Miss Yeater loves.
- (5) Can sit in the Library and not talk.
- (6) Walks the halls.
- (7) Cuts Chapel.
- (8) Enjoys teachers' meetings.

MISS ROBERTS At Home

Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays,
Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays.

Thus she heareth what in the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to, whether it be debate, oratory or declamations, tennis, or whatever it does turn to. The girls get pins, pens, and sympathy.

Miss E. J. Walker, of the Normal Faculty, has been recently appointed a member of the City Health Department. She is an earnest worker. Her first moving of the spirit was in the direction of mercantile pursuits. She carefully superintended the fumigating of Lobban's dry goods store, lest microbes lurk here in a way offensive to customers.

One of the Y. M. C. A. leaders some time ago gave Wilkinson the reference, Psalms 114:10. There are only eight verses in the chapter, and Wilkinson is still wondering whether he or Harrison (the leader) is to blame for the laugh.

Busy Work.

1. Why did Miss Walker's collar split down the front Saturday, March 31?

2. Why did she get the same prescriptions filled twice on the afternoon of the same day?

Said by Morris in Physics Class:

"To-day we will study thunder and lightning, but first we will take up lightning." (Then a discussion of the phenomena of lightning.) "Now we will go to thunder."

Please remember Prof. Walter's farewell speech at our home-going at Christmas time. The closing clause was impressive: "And don't bring back any contagious diseases with you. We don't have time for microbes in Normal No. 2."

NEW STUDENT: "Where does Miss Yeater live?"

OLD-TIMER (just in town again): "I don't know; but there is a croquet set on that porch and you will find her there."

A girl in the Senior Class who hails from Ohio says that if she never learns anything else in Missouri, she has learned to distinguish a green persimmon on sight. For further information, see Cassandra Burnett.

"Two souls with but a single thought"—Miss Mary Read and Mr. Liggett studying their history lesson out of one book. Why doesn't Mrs. Neet have the building properly equipped with chaperons?

Seawell explained why Phillips didn't go to Lexington, but if you have doubts as to the correctness of the statement, go to the usual information bureau—the Library.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again.

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Miss Roberts says that when she is looking the sternest in the Library, sometimes she is the most tickled. Wonder what would happen if she felt really severe.

Modern History Class.

PROF. DEMAND speaks: "One sister absent today. Well, Class, I guess I won't embarrass her by calling her name."

A member of the Class of '07 was heard the other day to tell a girl, "When I talk serious, look out, for I get fickle." The girl is looking for an interpreter.

Anxious Inquirer.—The silk waist which Miss Wilkins wears sometimes and whose color you wish authoritatively stated is neither gray nor green, but gun metal.

When Miss Edwards made a hurried exit from the Library one day in January, was it because she saw "The Scrap of Papr" at Prof. Walter's door?

And with your wisdom get understanding.

Self is the greatest exponent of shower-baths in school. He even thinks that declaimers should have one before appearing on the stage in a contest.

The assistant librarian last term had several whom she called her lambs, but Ti(e)l now she has had only one this term, and this one seems faithful.

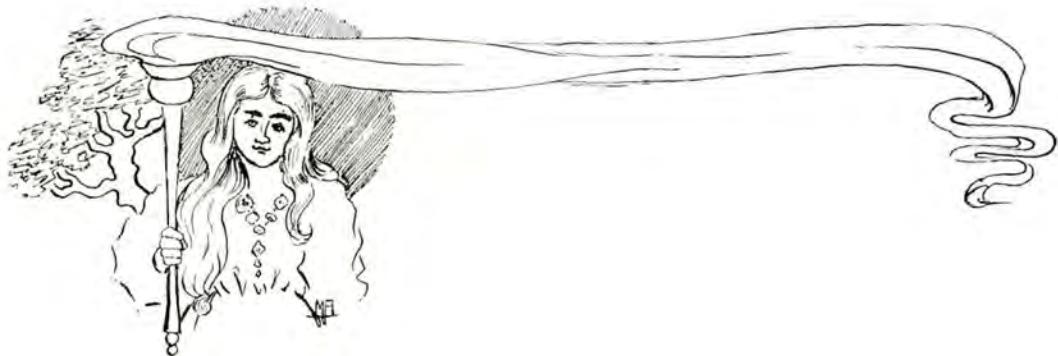
The first base-ball game of the season can rightfully be classed as a joke.

Score: Normal, 14; Sedalia, 1.

Have you ever taken a midnight stroll in the dead of winter? If not, try taking Latin papers to Fräulein Yeater.

The two extremes in the Normal: the hardest worker, Shannon; the biggest loafers, Yeater and Morris.

MISS YEATER (in Virgil Class): "Mr. Burrus, your reading reminds me of Dido's death. It goes hard."



Classes of Students.

"WHERE ARE YOU LINING UP?"—W. J. H.

Students, like verbs, are classified in many ways. They may be complete or incomplete, transitive or intransitive, regular or irregular, strong or weak, or even copulative. In classifying verbs, the complete-incomplete and the transitive-intransitive classifications are the same; likewise, the regular-irregular and the strong-weak classifications. But with students this is not so; each class is distinct and separate from the others.

There are several ways in which a student may be complete, but there are more ways in which he may be incomplete. A student may be a complete fool, his completeness in this line being determined by his advanced standing. He becomes a perfect fool only in his Senior year, when he is the undisputed son and sole heir of Folly. Then a student may be incomplete in this way: He may appear to be all in one place. But, in reality, some pretty little girl has his mind; and, according to Dr. McAllister, the mind amounts to a great deal. When a girl is affected in this manner, her heart is gone with her mind.

Now, a transitive verb, as you know, has an object. This object is indefinite. One class of students—and this is a very large class—comes to have a good time; another comes just to play foot-ball. You never see this second class after Thanksgiving day. A third class has as its object to study, and to get as much as possible out of school life. This class is very small, however—a mere fraction of the whole student body. The intransitive student has no object at all. He comes to school because the "Old Man," as he calls his father, makes him.

We also have the regular and irregular students. A student may belong to both of these classes, and he sometimes does; but he generally joins the irregular, because it is the more popular. As I said before, a student may be both regular and irregular. For instance, he may be irregular about attending classes, or he may be regular about missing them. He is generally both. This classification also includes the girls. A girl may be a regular flirt. This kind of regularity is perhaps the worst of all. The flirt is excusable, however, as she is but a girl, and girls do not know any better. All students, boys and girls, are regular at their meals. This is a redeeming feature, and goes far toward making up for their many defects.

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CLASSES OF STUDENTS.—Continued.

When we talk of strong and weak verbs, we think of change of form as the distinguishing characteristic. This same rule will hold true with students. The weak student changes her form with regularity. She has the latest *Delineator* bend and the most improved Delsartean movement. It is called improved, but it seems to grow worse with time. How she can adjust her body to meet the requirements of the fashion is puzzling; and why she does it is another question that I cannot answer, unless it is because she wants to prove that she can "change the form and not the value." The strong student is not so ready to adopt the "latest." When something comes out that she likes, she makes use of it and lets the rest go. Which of these students is the better—I mean worse—I leave you to decide. This I know, that should either spend half the time on her lessons that she spends poring over the fashion sheet, she would lead in all her studies.

Besides these classes, there are two kinds of copulative students. One kind always takes a *compliment*. This may mean that she never "turns down" a *compliment*; or it may mean that she is so surpassingly beautiful that something *complimentary* is said of her continually. Then there is the other kind of copulative. The copulative verb, as you know, always connects the complement with its subject. This student is always relating something *complimentary* to the question of whom it has been said. This, to my feeling, is the most contemptible of all girls. Has she ever offered to "trade last" with you?

So much for the different classes of students. Let me say, in conclusion, that I am painfully aware that a reformer never receives due appreciation until after he is dead and gone. I therefore anticipate serious criticism, and even ridicule, as a reward for the pains I have been at to investigate this long-neglected subjects, the classification of students. I can only hope that there may be a select few who will at once see the advantages of such a classification—based as it is on actual differences—over the present artificial and wholly inadequate classification of students, good, bad, and indifferent, as Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen.

C. LEE KENAGY.
(*Unclassified.*)

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