RETROSPECT 1908

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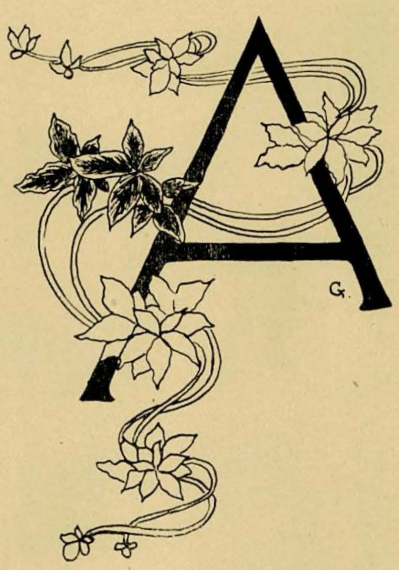
WILLIAM J. HAWKINS, PH.B., LL.D.,
President.

Senior Valedictory.



AS THE time draws near when we must leave these halls
Which we have trod with joy for four brief years,
Thoughts of sadness crowd into our souls,
And tender mem'ries move our hearts to tears.

Alas! too soon these paths we 'll tread no more,
For dim before us lies a way unknown;
Our feet upon the threshold fain would stay,
But other tasks are now to be our own.

But, ere those other duties are begun,
A parting word we 'll leave to those behind;
For while old Time his many changes brings,
No truer friends than those we leave we 'll find.

The President we would thank for favors shown,
And some there are we never can repay;
For staunch he stood behind us to the end
When we gave his honored Faculty a holiday!

Due praise to every teacher we extend,
Their errors all by us forgot, forgiven.
We hope that we their pardon may receive;
In their sight may our guilty souls be shriven!

Our mantle on the Juniors now will fall—
Oh, may it ever worthily be worn!
May victory o'er the Faculty be their lot!
May pleasure and success their ways adorn!

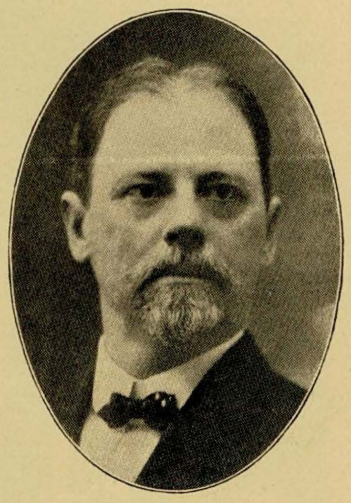
To Freshmen, Sophomores and "Subs" we leave
A fitting legacy—our best good-will.
As added years bring added dignity,
The larger things of life their thoughts will fill.

Farewell! To the future we must turn once more,
And, far beyond the seedtime, we may see
The harvest, bountiful, with golden sheaves,
A fit reward for faithful husbandry.

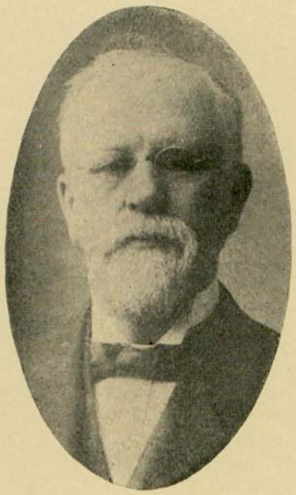
Farewell! Though toward the distant years we turn,
While clouds, now rosy-tinted, hide our view,
A place we 'll ever keep in Memory's shrine
For our ever dear old Normal Number Two.

F. C.

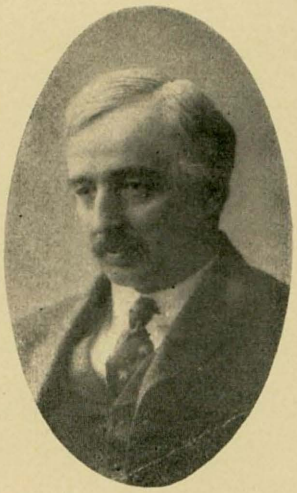
Board of Regents.



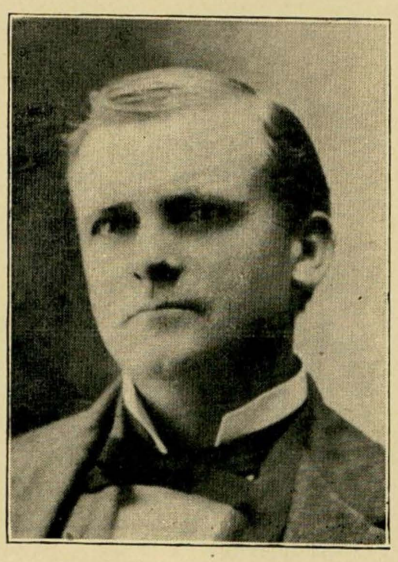
Dr. Jas. I. Anderson, President,
Warrensburg.
Term expires 1909.



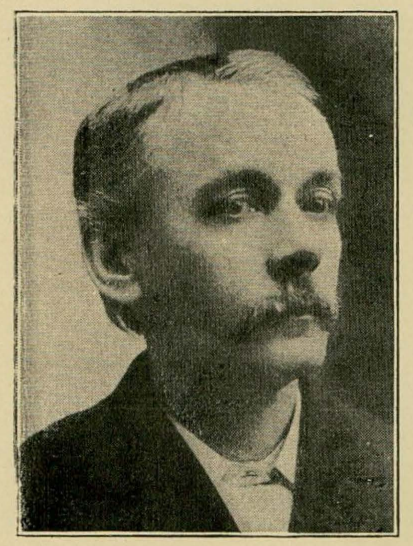
OSCAR G. BURCH, Jefferson City,
Term expires 1909.



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

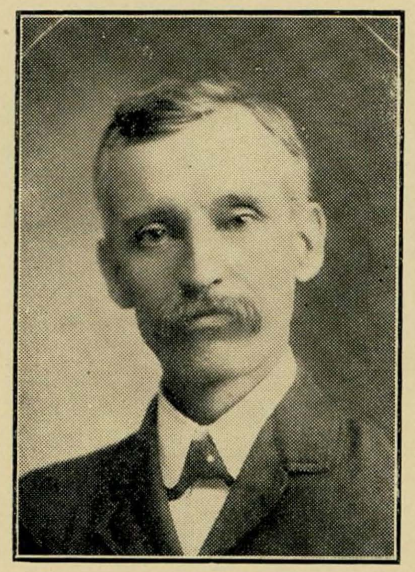


R. S. HARVEY, Eldon.
Term expires 1911.

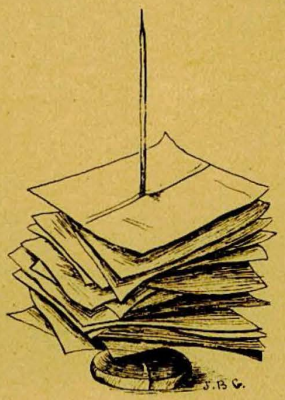


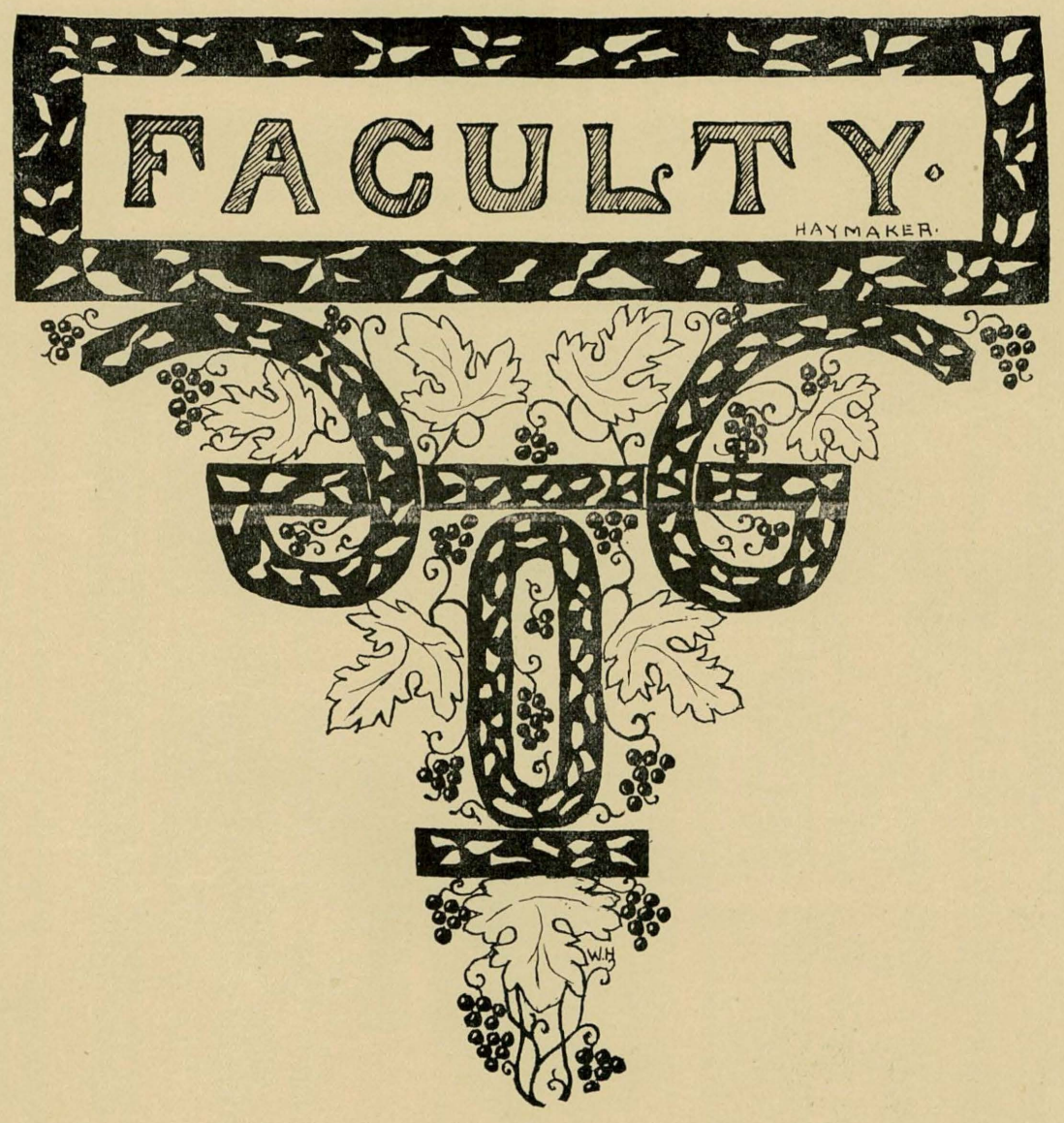
JUDGE ALLEN GLENN, Harrisonville.
Term expires 1913.

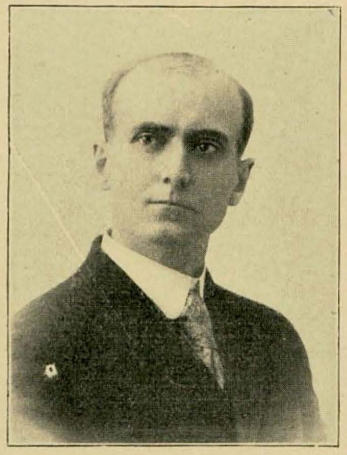
C. C. DICKINSON, Clinton.
Term expires 913.



PROF. H. A. GASS,
State Superintendent Public Schools.
Ex officio.

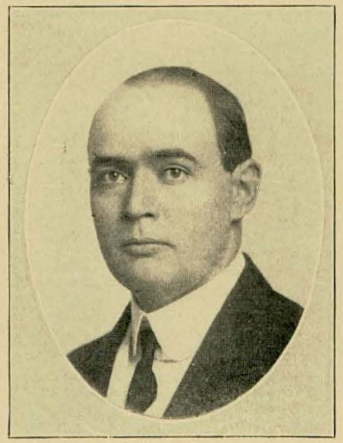

J.B.G.


FACULTY.
HAYMAKER.
W.H.



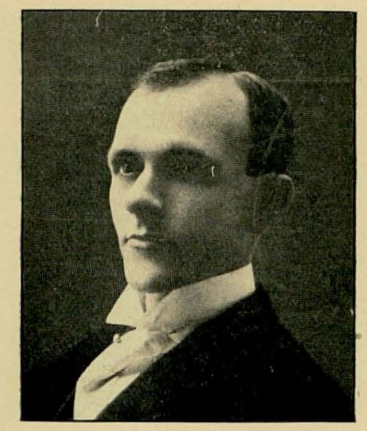
CLOYD N. MCALLISTER, A.B., PH.D. . *Professor of Psychology.*

A.B., Yale University, 1892; instructor of Mathematics, St. Joseph, Mo., High School, 1892-97; graduate student, Yale, 1897-1900; Ph.D., Yale, 1900; assistant in Yale Psychological Laboratory, 1900-1903; lecturer in Experimental Pedagogy, Yale, 1902-1906; instructor in Psychology, Yale, 1903-1906; member of American Philosophical Association, American Psychological Association, and Fellow in American Association for the Advancement of Science; elected to present position June, 1906.



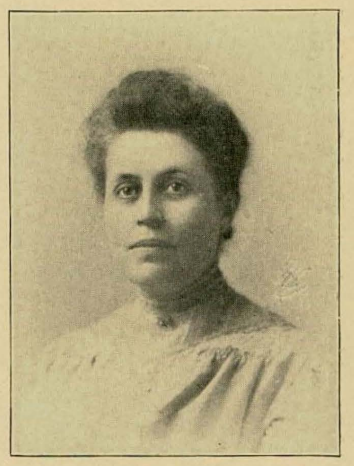
C. A. PHILLIPS, M.S. . . . . *Professor of Pedagogy and History of Education.*

M.S., Odessa College, 1892; principal Dover Public Schools, 1893-1896; principal Odessa Public Schools, 1897-1898; graduate student, University of Chicago, 1898-1899; summer 1902; graduate student Harvard University, summer 1903; superintendent Lexington Public Schools, 1900-1906; County Commissioner and member Board of Education in Lafayette County, 1897-1906; professor of the History and Philosophy of Education, Warrensburg State Normal, 1906.



S. E. DAVIS. . . . . *Assistant in Pedagogy.*

Pd.B., Warrensburg State Normal, 1905; B.S. in Education, Missouri State University, 1907; graduate scholar at Missouri University, first semester, 1907-1908; teacher in Public and High Schools of Missouri, 1898-1906; instructor in Springfield State Normal, summer of 1906; assistant in Pedagogy, Warrensburg, 1907-1908.



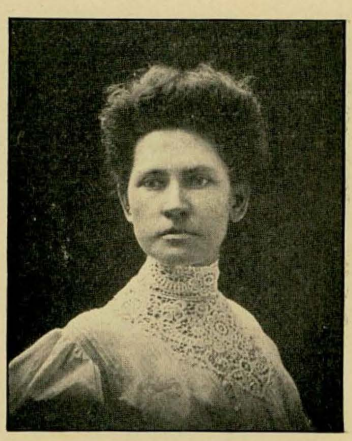
ALMINA GEORGE. . . . . .*Superintendent of Training School.*

Principal of School, Minneapolis, 1893-1896; graduate of Critic Course, Oswego Normal, 1897; primary Critic, Winona, Minnesota, Normal, 1898-1899; student in Chicago University, summer 1899; in Columbia University, New York, summer 1901; student in University of Jena, 1903-1904; supervisor of Training School, Warrensburg State Normal, 1899.

ROSE BAXTER, A.B. . . . . .

. . .*Supervisor Grammar Department of Training School.*

Graduate Ash Grove College; A.B., Drury College, 1907; post-graduate work Columbia University, New York, 1901, principal of School, Springfield, Mo., 1894-1899; supervisor Grammar Department, Training School, Warrensburg State Normal, 1899.



BEULAH BRUNNER. . . . . .

Principal of Intermediate Department of Training School.

Graduate St. James Academy; student Kirksville Normal two years; student Missouri University summers of 1898, 1904, 1906, 1907; Chicago University summer of 1903; Teachers' College, Colorado University summer of 1905; principal Public School, Clarence, Mo.; principal Public School, Jennings, Mo., 1901-1907; present position, June, 1907.

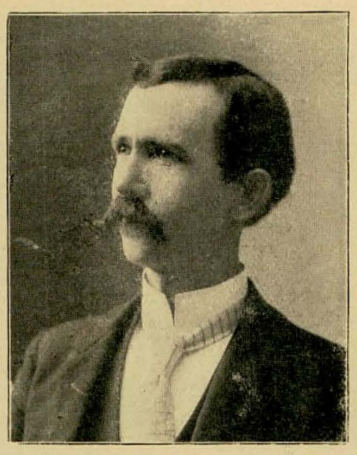
ESTELLE HINTON. . . . . .

. . *Supervisor of Primary Department of Training School.*

Diploma, Columbia University, New York, teacher Primary Grades, Springfield, Mo., 1894-1898; student Cook County Normal School, summer 1899; instructor in Primary Methods, Cape Girardeau State Normal School, summer 1900; Columbia University, New York, summer terms, 1901, 1903, 1904; student Correspondence Department, Chicago University; (absent on leave 1904-1905 at Columbia University); principal Primary Department, Warrensburg State Normal, 1899.

ELINOR M. WILKINS. . *Instructor in Kindergarten Department.*

Graduate Academic Department, School of Mines of University of Missouri, 1896; graduate St. Louis Kindergarten Training School, 1900; student in Berlin, 1903-1904; director of Kindergarten Department, Warrensburg State Normal, 1900.

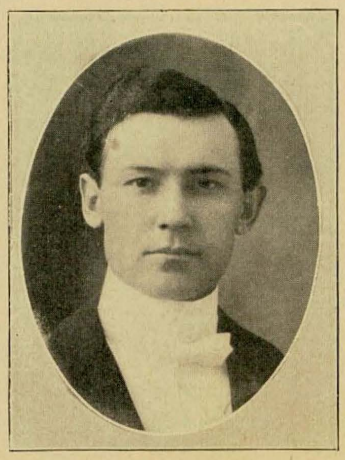


JAMES H. SCARBOROUGH, A.B., A.M. *Professor of Mathematics.*

A.B., Trinity College, North Carolina, 1887; M.A., *ibid.*, 1889; fellow in Mathematics, Vanderbilt University, 1890-1891; professor of Mathematics, Pacific Methodist College, 1891-1893; assistant in Mathematics, Vanderbilt University, 1893-1894; M.S., Vanderbilt University, 1894; professor of Mathematics and Physics, Kirksville State Normal, 1894-1899; student Chicago University, summers 1894 and 1897; fellow in Mathematics and Astronomy, Vanderbilt University, 1905-1906; member of American Mathematical Society; member of Circolo Matematico di Palermo (Italy); professor of Mathematics, Warrensburg State Normal, 1899.

MARY ANNE KENNEDY..*Associate Professor of Mathematics.*

Graduate Cortland, New York, State Normal; student Cornell University, 1904-1905; assistant in English and Mathematics, Warrensburg State Normal School, 1891-1897; assistant in Mathematics, 1898-1904; in present position, 1905.



FRED W. URBAN.. . . . . ..*Assistant in Mathematics.*

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

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.

VINCIL C. COULTER, A.B., A.M. . . . . *Professor of English.*

Ph.B., La Grange College; A.B., William Jewell College; A.M., Brown University; graduate student in English, University of Chicago, 1905-1906; student University of Dijon, summer of 1907; instructor in English and History, Macon High School (Mo.), 1899-1901; instructor in English, William Jewell College, 1901-1904; head of department of English, Joliet Township High School (Ill.), 1906-1907.

LUCY A. BALL, A.M. . . . . *Associate Professor of English.*

A.M. graduate of Central Female College, Lexington, Mo.; post-graduate student of University of Chicago; teacher of English in Public Schools of Kansas City, Mo. (three years), and later professor of English in the Dillenbeck School of Oratory, Kansas City; in present position, Warrensburg State Normal School, 1904; student in Chicago University, 1906-1907.

MARY COLEMAN, PD.B. . . . . *Assistant in English.*

Graduate Warrensburg State Normal School, 1908.

LAURA J. YEATER, A.B., A.M. . . . . *Professor of Latin.*

A.B., A.M., Wellesley College, 1900; teacher in History and Latin, High School, Rapid City, South Dakota, 1890-1894; student at University of Chicago, summer 1894; teacher of Ancient History and Greek, High School, Sedalia, Mo., 1894-1896; student at Wellesley College, 1896-1900; assistant in English Department, Warrensburg State Normal, 1900-1901; professor of Latin, Warrensburg State Normal, 1901.

MARY A. MILLER. . . . . *Assistant in Latin.*

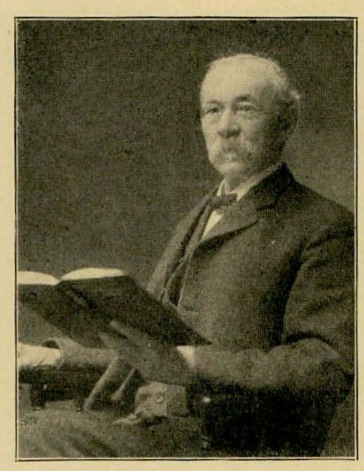
B.S.D., Warrensburg State Normal, 1901; teacher of Latin and principal of High School, Pleasant Hill, Mo., 1901-1905; absent, Chicago University, on leave of absence, 1907; assistant in Latin, Warrensburg State Normal School, 1906.

MYRTLE BISHOP WOOD. . . . . *Assistant in Latin.*

B.L., Christian College, 1897; student in Boston, 1898-1900; teacher of Latin, California High School, 1902-1904; De Soto High School, 1905-1907; present position, 1907.

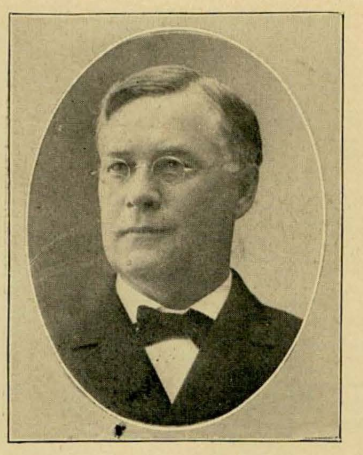
MAUDE WILLIAMS, A.B., B.S. . . . . .
. . . . . .*Professor of French and Assistant in English.*

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



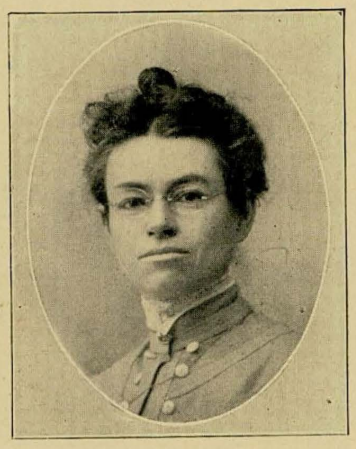
WILLIAM F. BAHLMANN. . . . . .*Professor of German.*

Student University of New York; student in Germany, two years; principal High School, Lexington, Mo.; County Commissioner four years, Johnson County, Mo.; professor of Languages, Warrensburg State Normal School, 1875-1888; superintendent Schools, Independence, Mo., 1887-1896; professor of Latin and German, Warrensburg State Normal School, 1896-1902; student in Europe, 1903-1904; professor of German, Warrensburg State Normal School, 1902-1905; in present position, 1906.



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

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

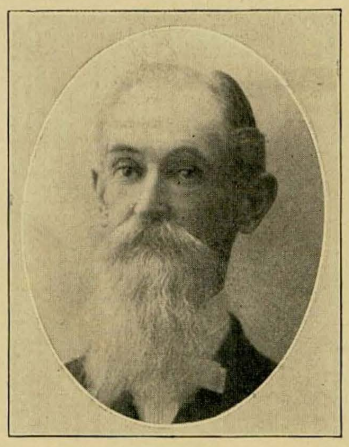


LAURA L. RUNYON, PH.B., A.M. . . . . .
. . . . . *Assistant Professor in History.*

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

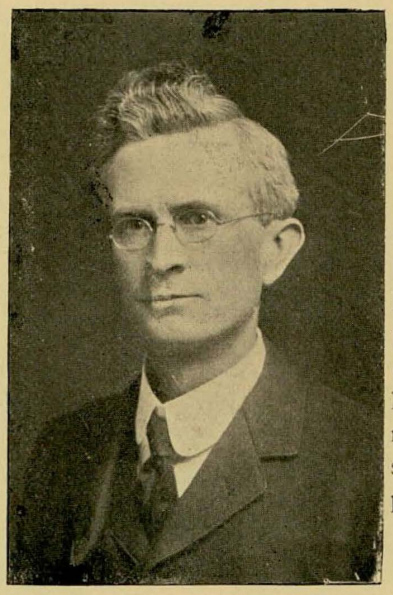
H. H. BASS, B.L., M.L. . . . . *Assistant in History.*

Graduate of State Normal School of Platteville, Wisconsin; B.L., University of Wisconsin, 1902; M.L., *ibid.*, 1903; graduate student Chicago University, summer of 1905; instructor in History, Rensselaer High School (Ind.), 1903-1904; Anderson High School (Ind.), 1904-1907; Warrensburg State Normal, January, 1907.



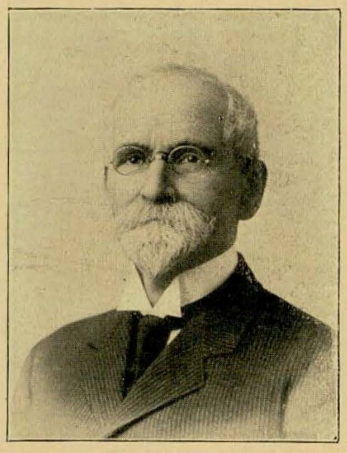
RICHARD D. SHANNON, A.M., M.D. . *Professor of Economics.*

A.B., Missouri State University, 1863; A.M., University of Missouri, 1874; M.D., Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, 1868; State Superintendent of Public Schools (Missouri), 1875-1883; principal Louisiana (Mo.) High School, 1883-1886; superintendent, Louisiana (Mo.), 1886-1889; superintendent Joplin Public Schools, 1889-1891 and 1892-1894; State Normal School Regent fourteen years; professor of Civics and Economics, Warrensburg State Normal, 1898.



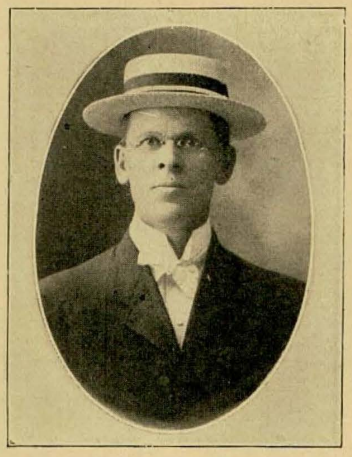
BENJAMIN L. SEAWELL, PH.B., B.SC. (EDIN.) . . . . . .
. . . . . .*Professor of Biological Science.*

Pd.B., Warrensburg State Normal School, 1887; principal High School, Moberly, Missouri, 1887-1889; student of Chemistry, Harvard University, Summer School, 1888; student of Geology, Harvard, 1889; instructor in Science, Missouri Valley College, 1889-1890; special student Natural History Department, British Museum, summer 1890; B.Sc., University of Edinburg, 1892; instructor in Science, Western Normal College, Lincoln, Neb., 1892-1895; instructor in Science in Fremont Normal School, Fremont, Nebraska, 1895-1896; instructor in Science, Hastings College, Nebraska, 1896-1897; professor of Biology, Warrensburg State Normal, 1897.



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

Fitted for college in Orion Academy, Ill.; Iowa College three years; two years' study of Medicine, Springfield, Iowa; three years' study of Latin and Greek with Dr. Hunter, of Bucknell University; graduated in the teachers' course in Northern Indiana Normal; A.B., Southwest Baptist College; A.M., Christian University; work in University of Nebraska, in Harvard, and in University of Göttingen; principal of a number of Schools in Iowa and one in Nebraska; Commissioner of Schools of Polk County, Missouri, six years; superintendent Bolivar Schools nine years; president of the Female Orphan College at Camden Point, two years; professor of Natural Science and lecturer on Medical Chemistry in Cotner University, Lincoln, Nebraska, two years; professor of Biology and Chemistry, Springfield Normal School, four years; professor of Agriculture, State Normal School, Warrensburg, 1901.

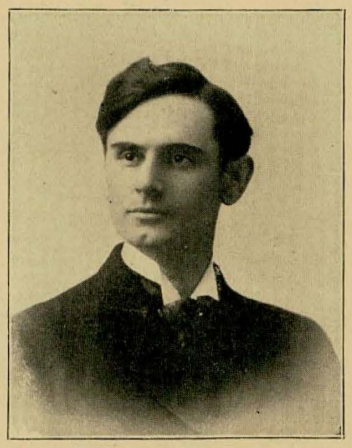


S. FRED PRINCE. . . . .*Assistant in Geography and Agriculture.*

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

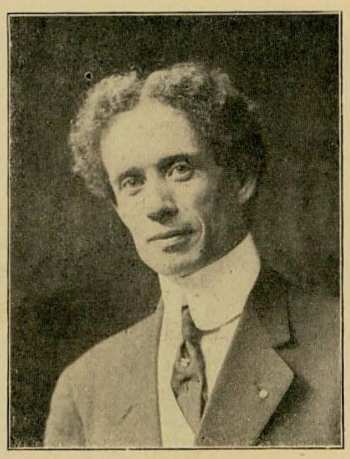
FRANCIS M. WALTERS, A.B., A.M. . . . . .
. . . . . *Professor of Chemistry and Physiology.*

A.B., Indiana University, 1887; principal of Monticello (Ind.) High School, 1887; instructor in Science, Laporte (Ind.) High School, 1888-1892; A.M., Indiana University, 1891; professor in Physical Science and Physiology, Warrensburg State Normal School, 1892-1900; graduate work, University of Chicago, 1900-1901; professor in Physical Science, 1901-1903; in present position, 1903.



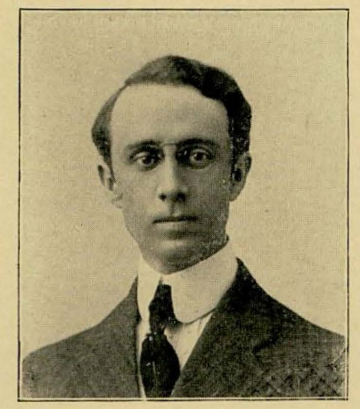
WILSON C. MORRIS, M.A., PH.D. . . . . *Professor of Physics.*

Graduate First Pennsylvania State Normal School, 1897; Ph.B., Mount Union College, Alliance, Ohio, 1901; M.A., Illinois Wesleyan University, 1905; special work in Physics in University of Chicago, 1905-1906; four years instructor in Science in Alliance (Ohio) High School, Johnstown (Pennsylvania) High School, and First Pennsylvania State Normal School; elected to present position in August, 1906.



FREDERICK ABBOTT. . . . . .
. . . . *Professor of Dramatic Expression and Speech Arts.*

Private pupil of F. Townsend Southwick, principal of New York School of Expression, 1889-1890; director Department of Expression, London (Canada) School of Elocution and Oratory, 1891-1892; principal of same, 1892-1894; toured United States and Canada, under direction of London Entertainment Bureau and New South Lyceum Bureau, 1894-1899; lecturer, Expression and Bible Reading, Baylor University Summer School, 1899; director Department of Expression and Vocal Music, State Normal School, Alva, Okla., 1899-1902; instructor in English and Expression, Helicon Hall, School for Boys, Englewood, N. J., 1902-1903; student, Columbia University Summer School, 1903; instructor, Young Men's Hebrew Association and Twenty-third Street Branch Y. M. C. A., New York city; lecturer, Board of Education Lectures to the People, New York city; special instructor in Elocution and Oratory, Connecticut Wesleyan University, 1904-1905; maintained private studio in Carnegie Hall, New York city, 1902-1905; in present position since 1905.



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; private student with Aulich, Hinman, Estabrooks, Clark, Wrightson; student in Müller-Schönfeld Atelier, Berlin, and Académie de la Grande Chaumière, Paris, 1903-1904; instructor in Drawing, Warrensburg State Normal, since 1900.

MAYME B. HARWOOD, PD.B. . . . . *Assistant in Drawing.*

Pd.B., Warrensburg State Normal, 1905; private student in Drawing, 1906; assistant in Drawing in Warrensburg State Normal since 1906; student at Pratt Institute on leave of absence.

CATHERINE M. WOOD. . . . . *Assistant in Art.*

Special work, Chicago Art Institute, 1905-1906, in applied design; assistant at Art Institute one summer; private work in leather with Miss Jero at the Calo Shop, Chicago; active member of Arts and Crafts Society of Kansas City, Mo.

PEARL A. MINICK. . . . . *Instructor in Music.*

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

MARY BERTHA FLETCHER, PH.B., B.S. . . . . *Director of Domestic Economy.*

Student in Franklin College, Franklin, Indiana; teacher in Franklin Schools; student at Cook County Normal School; teacher in Public Schools of Indianapolis; student in Franklin College, 1901-1903; Ph.B.; teacher in Indianapolis Schools, 1903-1905; student in Columbia University, 1906-1907; B.S. Degree, Science and Art Departments, special diploma.

GUY S. LOWMAN, B.DI., B.P.E. *Director of Physical Training.*

Director of Physical Training, Brookline, Mass, 1905; B.Di., Iowa State Normal, 1903; B.P.E., International School of Physical Training, Springfield High School, Brookline, Mass., 1905-1907; student Harvard Summer School of Physical Education during the summer of 1907; in present position, September, 1907.

FLORENCE E. FLEMING. . . . . *Instructor in Physical Education.*

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

FLORA B. ROBERTS. . . . . *Librarian.*

Graduate Drexel Institute Library School, 1899; assistant cataloguer, Library of the University of Pennsylvania, 1899; cataloguer, Northwestern University, 1899-1900; assistant, Drexel Institute Library, and instructor in Library School, 1900-1901; assistant, Michigan State Library, 1901-1904; in present position since 1904.

LYDIA E. KINSLEY. . . . . *Assistant Librarian.*

Graduate Wisconsin Library School, Madison, Wis., 1907; student University of Michigan, 1902-1905; assistant, Public Library, Manistee, Mich., 1906-1907; cataloguer, National Tax Association, Columbus, O., 1907; present position, 1907.

MARY V. NEET. . . . . .*Dean of Women.*

Student and teacher, Warrensburg Normal School, 1872-1875; teacher and principal, Warrensburg Public Schools, 1876-1878; teacher in High School and later ward principal, Sedalia, Mo., 1878-1888; principal Ward School, later principal High School, Gainesville, Texas, 1888-1891; teacher of Reading, Warrensburg Normal School, 1891-1898; (student in School of Expression, Chautauqua, N. Y., 1892, 1894, 1896, and 1897; Summer School of Pedagogy, Colorado Springs, 1895; National Summer School, Chicago, 1903); Director of Study Hall, Warrensburg Normal School, 1898-1905; in present position, 1905.

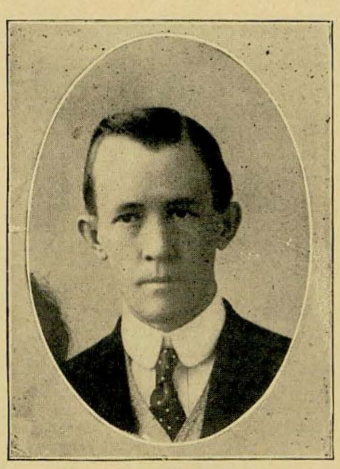
ELVA L. SLY. . . . . .*Permanent Secretary of Y. W. C. A.*

A.B., University of Nebraska, 1903; graduate student University of Nebraska, 1903-1904, 1905-1906; instructor in German, Nebraska Wesleyan University, 1904; instructor in German in Nebraska State University, 1905-1906; principal of High School, West Point, Nebraska, 1905-1906; student in Bible Teachers' Training School, New York city, 1906-1907; present position, October, 1907.

AUGUST AHRENS. . . . . .*Director of Manual Training.*

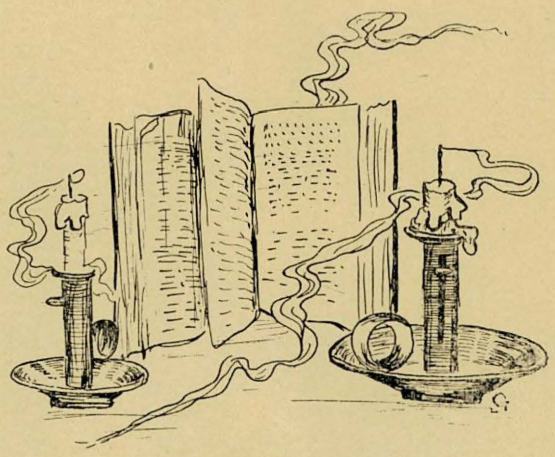
Graduate Pratt Institute, 1897; director Manual Training and Teacher of Pedagogics, State Normal School, Millersville, Pa., 1897-1900; student Clark University Summer School of Pedagogy, 1899; re-organizer and supervisor Manual Training, Public Schools, Utica, N. Y., 1900-1902; student, Education and Philosophy, Harvard University, 1902-1903; director Manual Training, Millersville, Pa., and director Manual Arts, Public Schools, Quincy, Ill., 1904-1907; in charge of Department of Manual Arts, Macomb, Ill., State Normal School, summer of 1905; student University of Illinois, summer session, 1906; director Manual Training, Warrensburg State Normal School, 1907.

Faculty Officers.

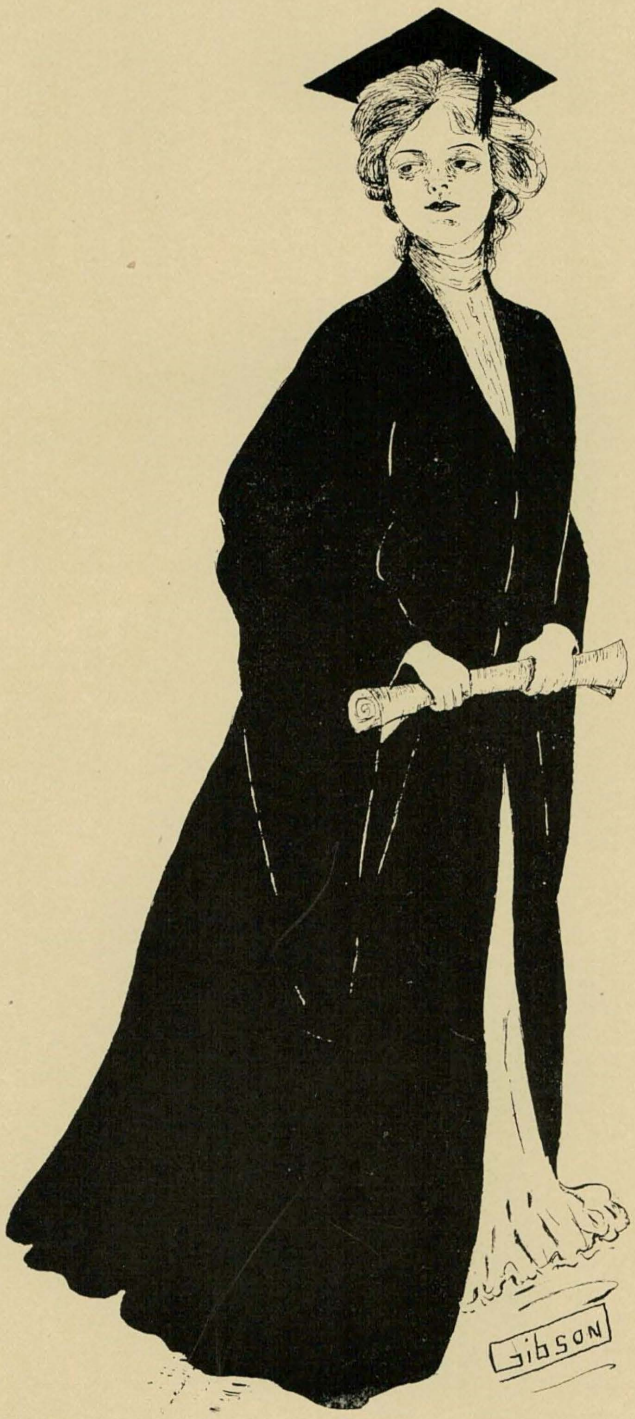


S. T. McClure,
Registrar.

Stella Stillwell,
Secretary to President.



MONITOR



The Modern "Pilgrim's Progress."

Every one of us casts a shadow. There hangs about us a sort of penumbra, a strange, indefinable something which we call personal influence, which has its effect on every other life on which it falls. It is not something we can exercise when we wish, then cease exercising when we desire. It is something that always pours out from our life, like light from a lamp, like heat from a flame, like perfume from a flower. Without being conscious of it, we are always impressing others by this strange power which we possess.

In the twilight of the evening, the hour in which we lay aside the cares of the day and let our thoughts wander back over the years of school-life, and recall one by one the classmates who have unconsciously had such a wonderful influence upon our lives, we wonder why Fate demanded that school-days should ever end; why it was necessary that we must break away from many pleasant associations, must part with friends whom we have learned to love; why we should be called upon to bid Farewell to a President and Faculty who have ever been kind and considerate, and upon whom we shall ever look as examples worthy of imitation.

While thus idly musing in the silvery moonlight, watching the shadows weaving fantastic figures on the grassy plain before me, my mind reverted to the past, and I recalled the pleasant school-days and the merry companions.

As I sat lost in reverie the shadows seemed to change, and I saw, as in a vision, a large body of persons emerging from a distant forest. My beautiful landscape vanished and a rough, uneven stretch of country broken by hills, deep valleys, and innumerable pitfalls, lay before me.

At some distance down the weary road there loomed against the evening sky a grim old castle, which seemed to frown at the pilgrims as they approached its dark walls. Far away in the distance could be dimly discerned lofty mountains, presenting faint glimpses of rare beauty.

As the figures came nearer I perceived that they were dressed in the garb of pilgrims; but in place of the traditional burden of sin, each carried a burden of school-books. As they approached I recognized the faces of my old companions, and the names were familiar as they called to each other for help or comfort while passing over the stony places. Then I knew that this was the modern "Pilgrim's Progress," or journey through school-life.

These pilgrims were accompanied by persons of a superior order, named respectively "President" and "Professor," and bearing a marked resemblance to the allegorical interpreters, "Great Heart" and "Hopeful." Having safely accomplished this perilous pilgrimage themselves, they were capable of guiding, counseling, and assisting these hapless ones. Here they extended helping hands or pointed out firm ground amidst some quaking bog of Mathematics.

At long intervals on this cheerless route, there were charming vales, presenting mossy banks, waving trees, and murmuring brooks, toward which the pilgrims struggled eagerly. There they rested and disported themselves with no thought of care until summoned to resume their burden of books, and to begin anew the weary march. Some of these resting-places were small, and were called Thanksgiving, Christmas and Foot-ball Half-holidays; but one was of considerable magnitude, affording facilities for fishing, picnicking, nut-

ting, base-ball and similar outdoor recreations, and was called Midsummer Holidays.

The first stumbling-block over which the youthful pilgrims tripped was labeled A, B, C. Quickly were their anticipations of an easy trip along the royal road to knowledge dissipated. Despairing, they vainly tried to remember, when the patient guide told them that the curve was "u," that it meant "you" and not "me."

Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, and Division soon followed; and it was evident that this early part of the journey was watered by many briny showers.

Good-Will first guided them through the "Preparation" for the journey by making Commencement the connecting link between old and new experiences. He next stated the "Aim" of future work; then followed the "Presentation" of methods by which difficulties might be overcome. To these weary pilgrims was left the task of "abstracting" pleasure from the "comparison" of theoretical instruction and practical "application."

Weary and foot-sore they returned from observation trips to Pertle Springs and Cave Hollow, apparently making slow progress over the rocks of Agriculture and Biology. My heart was filled with pity as I saw that the dangers seemed to thicken as they journeyed still farther, until some were ready to faint with weariness and fall by the wayside.

Lured on by tales of chivalry, battle, conquest, and crusader, these unsuspecting pilgrims were caught in the snare of Historical Dates and precipitated into the "Slough of Despond," where they must have perished but for the timely assistance of Great Heart, who inspired them with new courage, and enabled them to reach the farther shore.

They renewed the march and were soon within the shadow of the frowning battlements of "Castle Despair." Here these poor feeble folk, who had confidently believed that the North Star was the protruding point of the North Pole, and that a pot of gold marked the terminus of the rainbow, were expected to comprehend that the stars, instead of being mere brilliant sparks in the firmament, are suns and worlds greater than our own; that the Milky Way is not the pathway for celestial lovers, but myriads of stars marshaled forth in symmetrical order upon the measureless fields of space. The blazing constellations, as they ride forth in the same orderly march night after night, the fiery comet pursuing its pathway through the sky, the "sweet influence of the Pleiades," and the wonderful nebulæ, each one a universe of worlds, were pointed out in all of their sublimity.

Terror-stricken and overawed, the pilgrims fled to Great Heart for enlightenment. He explained the mighty wonders and aided them to escape from the castle before they became complete victims to "Despair."

Approaching the realms of the dread Apollyon, they found no alleviation for their sufferings. This fiend tortured them with electricity and taxed their credulity by saying the water was infected by animalculæ, and that the interior of the earth is a molten mass. What cared they for joedarters in the water, so long as it could be flavored by lemons and sugar? or why think of the earth's interior, so long as the surface is firm enough for youthful feet to walk upon?

With terror-winged feet the pilgrims fled past the grim "Giant Slaygood," the presiding genius of Geometry. There he sat in his noisome cave, hurling missiles in the shape of cubes, pyramids, and prisms at the heads of unlucky passers-by, or demanding that they tell him all about tangent, co-tangent, co-secant, cosine, before they plunge deeper into the mysteries of Trigonometry. He insisted that they not only receive an introduction to the Binomial Theorem and Quadratic Equations, but become thoroughly acquainted with them before they should consider themselves candidates for Analytic Geometry. Condemned examination papers strewed the way to his den and all were bereft of hope who ever entered there.

After such a siege, the wanderers sorely needed a comforter, so they committed their worn and weary bodies to the "Angell" who

was capable of caring for their minds. Oh, the task that lies before him! How is he to explain, in an interesting manner, to these unprepared minds, what Psychology is? Faintly in the distance I hear his voice addressing these pilgrims for the first time: "Students, think about the wall." After a moment's pause: "Now think about the thing that thinks about the wall. The thing that thinks about the wall is what is to be the subject of your study." Familiar is the smile that plays over his features as he catches a glimpse of bewildered faces before him and reads each as he would have read a printed page. Is he acknowledging to himself that "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"? Often has he said, "As certainly as a grain of corn will grow and mature if the proper conditions are supplied, so certainly will pupils attend, and think as a result of attending, and develop as a result of thinking, if we supply the proper conditions." The question now confronts him, What are the conditions which will prepare these pilgrims for the school of the far-off future, where no teacher will be allowed to enter the school-room who has not made a thorough study of Psychology, and who has not proved to the entire satisfaction of competent judges his ability to apply what he has learned; in that school where there will be no dull, listless, inattentive pupils? There will be no boys who leave school because they do not like it; there will be no pupils who hate books. As a child learns not only rapidly, but with intense pleasure from the time of his birth to the time he starts to school, *simply because the activities in which he spontaneously engages are fitted to his state of development, so he will continue to learn rapidly and with intense pleasure after he starts to school, if the work he is set to doing is adapted to his state of development.* Will even an "Angell" be capable of accomplishing such a task?

Rescued once more by Great Heart, they commence the ascent of the hill "Difficulty," by a sudden stumble over the Rock, *"Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres."*

Oh! Cæsar had worlds of trouble in his life, but they are all over by this time. Then why should he still be trying to solicit our sympathy by a recital of his woes? Perhaps his motive was good. He might have thought by following the old saying, "I have troubles of my own, don't mention yours," he would be able to cause other people to forget their grievances and thus make a happier world.

Then, too, Vergil might have caused many a person joy had he, like Demosthenes, gone to the sea-shore to sing of his hero who came from the shores of Troy. But he was human, and all of us have more or less a desire to become famous. Not one of us would, of our own accord, waste words on an unappreciative sea, if by writing them down we could gain fame.

But as I looked, despair hurled this weary band over the precipitous route, narrowly escaping complete annihilation at the yawning chasm known as the Fourteenth Chapter of Cæsar.

They pressed onward and soon stood a woe-stricken group, gazing despairingly at the high barred gate of Final Examinations.

Just then the "Interpreter" appeared and presented to each a key that turned the grating lock.

The heavy massive gate swung back, and lo! the Delectable Mountains, crowned with the Heights of Graduation, stood before them. Tiny rills trickled down their sides, caressing the grasses and ferns in their descent. Not more beautiful did the hanging gardens appear to Nebuchadnezzar's capricious queen than did these mountains to the longing eyes of the weary pilgrims. Waving trees and shady bowers invited them to rest, but with joyful heart they sped on to the glittering summit. Their travel-stained garments disappeared, and, robed in fair attire, waving the long-sought diplomas, their triumphant voices ringing out upon the air, they appeared like a victorious army challenging the world. But quickly they vanished through the "Wicket Gate" and I was alone.

M. Coleman.

Seniors.

FRANCIS WALTERS.

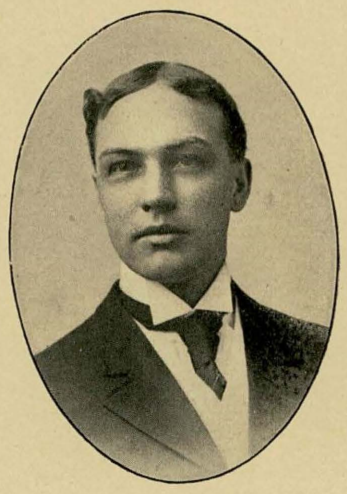
"Learning by study must be won;
'Twas ne'er entailed from son to son."

CLEDA BRISBIN.

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul."

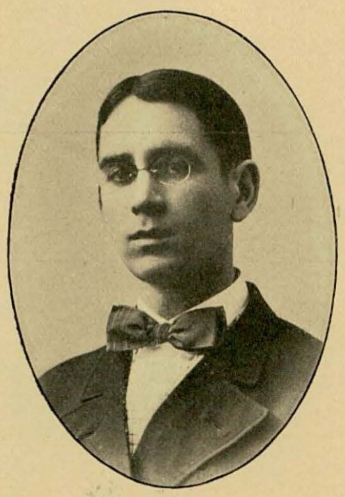
EMMA GALLENKAMP.

"I 'm not denyin' that the women are foolish;
God Almighty made 'em so to match the men."



J. B. STEINER.

"The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."
"Laughter is my object; 'tis a property
In man, essential to his reason."



HARRY REED.

"I am very fond of the company of ladies.
I like their beauty; I like their delicacy;
I like their vivacity, and I like their silence."

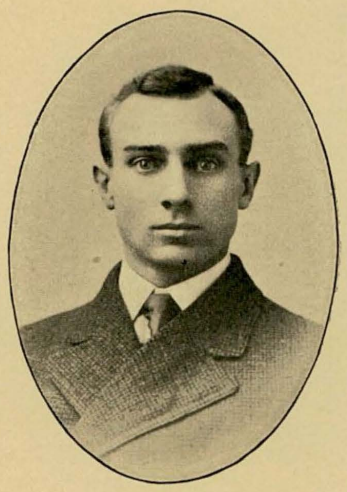
"My only books
Were women's looks,
And folly 's all they 've taught me."

STELLA LUDWIG.

"For her heart was in her work,
And the heart giveth grace unto every art."

HARRIET YATES.

"She had a face like a benediction,
As pure as pearl and as perfect; a noble
and innocent girl."



LESTER P. DITTEMORE.

"Woman is at once the delight and the terror of man."

CHARLOTTE POAGE.

"My designs and labors and aspirations are my only friends."

BEULAH DUVALL.

"I had a soul above buttons."

INA AKINS.

"They never are alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts."

EDNA HACKLEMAN.

"For she was just the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary;
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow-hid in January."

MELVINA LINDSAY.

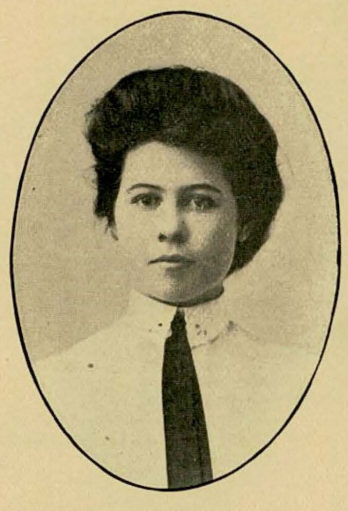
"Ripe in wisdom was she, but patient,
And simple, and childlike."

LEVA TYGART.

"She was so good she would pour rosewater on a toad."

E. DICKERSON.

"The God who made me
Knows why He made me what I am."

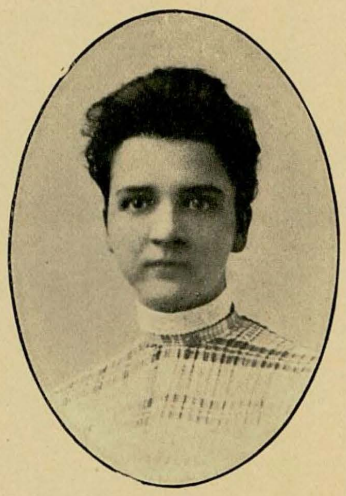


SALLIE FERGUSON.

"Of all the girls that are so sweet,
There's none like pretty Sallie."

IVA TRUAX.

"Whate'er she did, was done with so much ease,
In her alone 'twas natural to please."



GOLDINA FARNSWORTH.

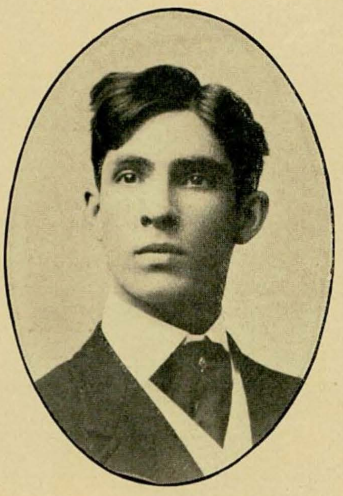
"Look cheerfully upon me; thou seest how diligent I am."

FRANKIE DUNCAN.

"It is good
To lengthen to the last a sunny mood."

LILLIE DANFORTH.

"There is no royal path which leads to Geometry."



Wm. E. Kemp.

"You come late, yet you come!
(Better late than never.)"

Leda Cheatham.

"For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman than to study household good."

Edna Swingle.

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."

James M. Sexton.

He came too late.

NELLIE EBBS.

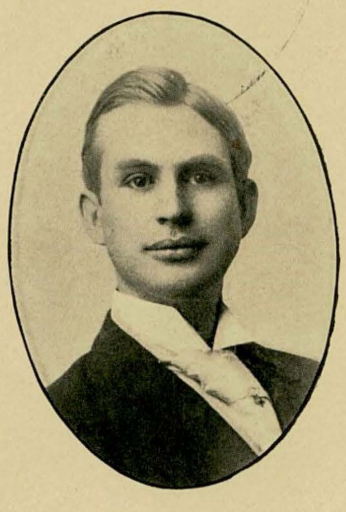
"A light heart lives long."

MARY RAYHILL.

"To love and to be loved is the greatest happiness of existence."

D. B. MEADOR.

"Look! he 's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike."



AGRIPPA GRENVILLE WISDOM.

"There is nothing in a name."

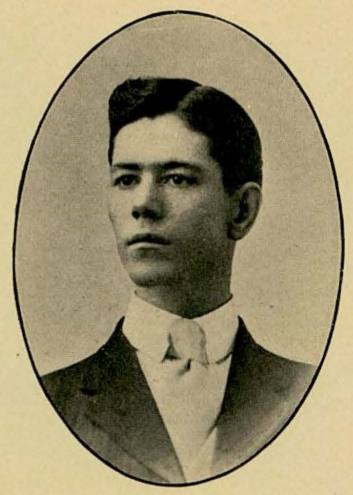
"Every man, however wise, requires the advice of some sagacious friend in the affairs of life." (Wisdom is looking for a sagacious friend.)

STELLA MITCHELL.

"Let me have music, dying, and I seek no more delight."

ADELIA CULP.

"I am the very slave of circumstance
And impulse—borne away with every breath."



LAWRENCE JOHNSON.

"For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next ages."

VICTORIA LEE CARTER.

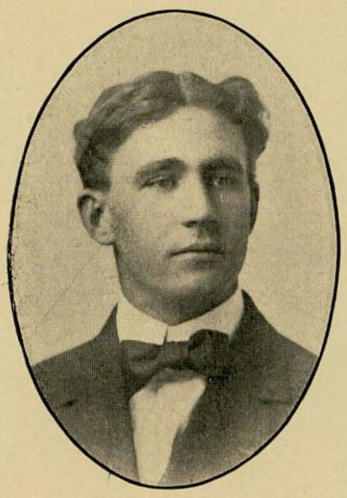
"'For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich."

Chester Allen O'Dell.

"I am a great friend to public amusements."

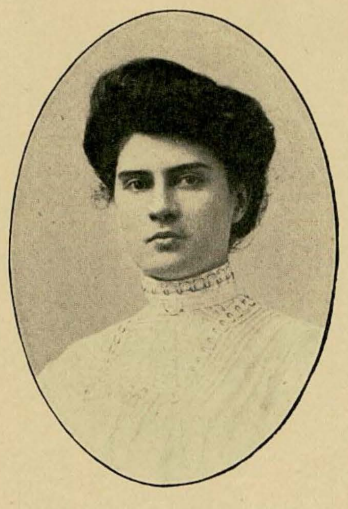
Lucile Coleman.

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint;
And those who know thee know all words are faint."



Ora Curnutt.

"We may be as good as we please if we please to be good."



Mary Sue Hopkins.

"Oh, she was good as she was fair,
None, none on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angels are;
To know her was to love her."

Olivia Honey.

"She nothing common did, or mean."

Florence Bliss.

"Women wish to be loved, not because they are pretty, or good, or intelligent, but because they are themselves."

Mattie Redford.

"For she by geometric scale
Could take the size of pots of ale."

Edna Meadows.

"My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much must talk in vain."

MINOLIA COLE.

"No padlocks, bolts, or bars can secure a maiden so well as her own reserve."

EDNA STEELE.

"And gladly would she learn,
and gladly teach."

FRANK E. ALSUP.

"Thou hast a grim appearance,
And thy face bears a command in 't."

AGNES KING.

"There is such a choice of difficulties that I own myself at a loss how to determine."

ALMA STARR.

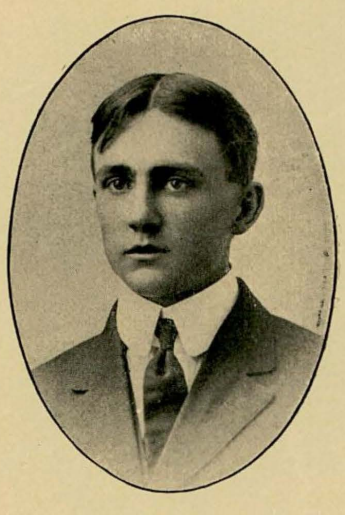
"On their own merits, modest men are dumb."

ZELLA GOODNIGHT.

"Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks."

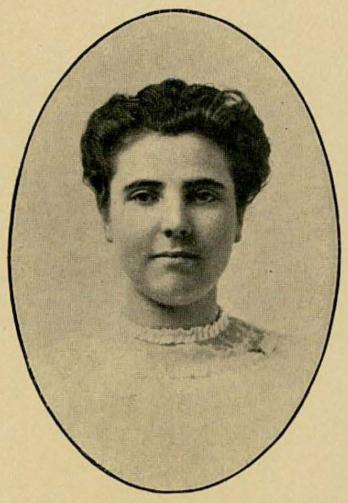
FRANCES CAREY.

"Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman."



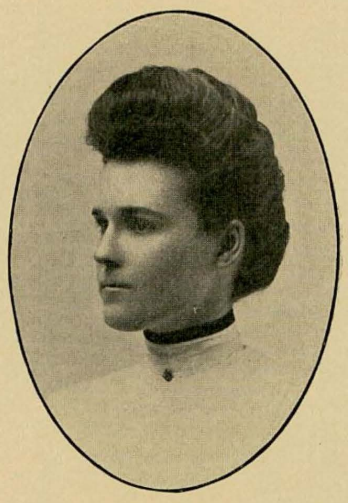
LESTER R. FORD.

"Silence and smoothness are noble virtues."
"Pleasant smiles make many friends."



GRACE SCOTT.

"Pleasant smiles make many friends."



HATTIE WILLOUGHBY.

"Her heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth."

KITTY TURLEY.

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot."

MYRTLE BROUSE.

"With thee conversing, I forget the way."

MRS. BLACKBURN.

"While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gaping rustics ranged around."

MATILDA BRAUN.

"Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out our powers, and leaves a blank behind."

JAMES MCCONNELL.

"Faith, that 's as well as if I had said it myself."

"How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them."

WILLIAM G. NEET.

"Oh! he sits high in all the people's hearts."

"He has been yonder i' the sun practicing
behavior to his own shadow this half-hour."

NELLIE HART STERLING.

"Divinely tall and most divinely slim."

MARTHA FARMER.

"Let gentleness my strong enforcement be."

GRACE COYLE.

"To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave exceeds all power of face."

MARY REED.

"Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy."

JESSIE BENTON GIBSON.

"Her face betokened all things dear and good."

MARGARET MAUPIN.

"In youth and beauty, wisdom is but rare."

GEORGIA SIMMS.

"O ye who teach the ingenious youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions;
It mends their morals, never mind the pain."

DEE WINN.

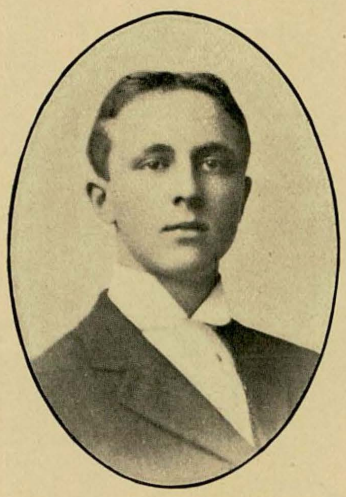
"The heart is wiser than the intellect."

NINA A. MASSEY.

"Beautiful in form and feature,
Lovely as the day,
Can there be so fair a creature
Formed of common clay?"

MADGE DAVIS MCNAIR.

"Studious of ease, and fond of humble things."

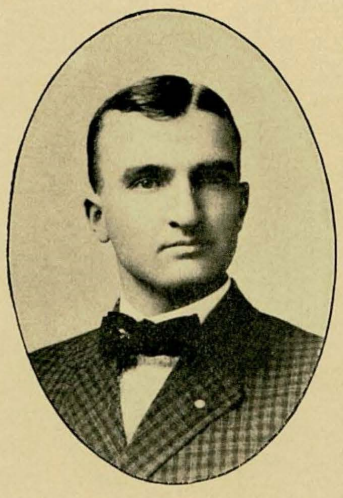


LEWIS PECHSTEIN.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

CHARLES GENTRY.

"And wisely tell what hour of the day
The clock does strike by Algebra."

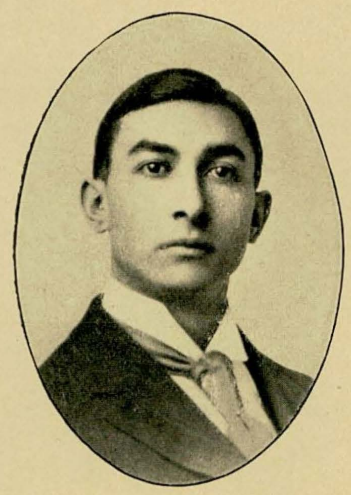


JOHN M. FROST.

"Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air and carols as he goes."

BEULAH STONE.

"Modesty is the beauty of women."



W. M. WADE.

"Fly from Love! vain hope! There 's no retreat,
When he has wings, and I have only feet."

AGNES KIRK.

"All people said she had authority."

Mary Louise Findley.

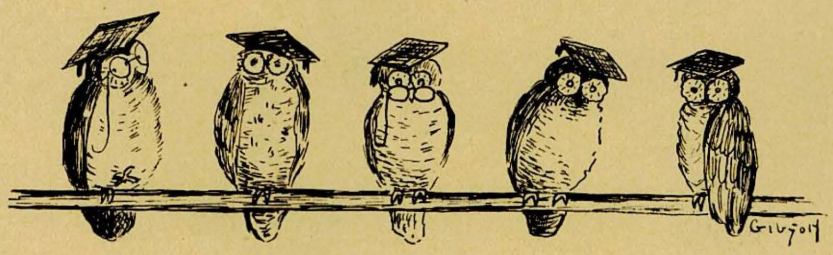
"She with all the charm of woman,
She with all the breadth of man."

Charline Briggs.

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you 'll forget them all."

Emily McClean.

None but herself can be her parallel.



January

Juniors.

This is the noble class which Profs do feign,
Moves like an express train;
The power great that flings
Over the country its glorious wings,
On prairies, where the wind its wild song sings
And limestone rocks lie bare,
Where the green maize-maids rise and sun their yellow hair.

Class colors to the sage world well proclaim
Fair honors for the name;
And every year does tell
By better work where this one class does dwell,
How these wise Juniors gain their training well.
Back of them lies, fast sealed,
The Freshman year—its record to *the few* revealed.

Long, weary, dreary months of Freshman P's,
And then began a year of E's.
Stronger their minds still grew;
They left the last year's work, outgrown, for new,
Stole softly on tiptoe the doorway through
To Soph'more's wiser stage,
Freshman learning forgot in this all-knowing age.

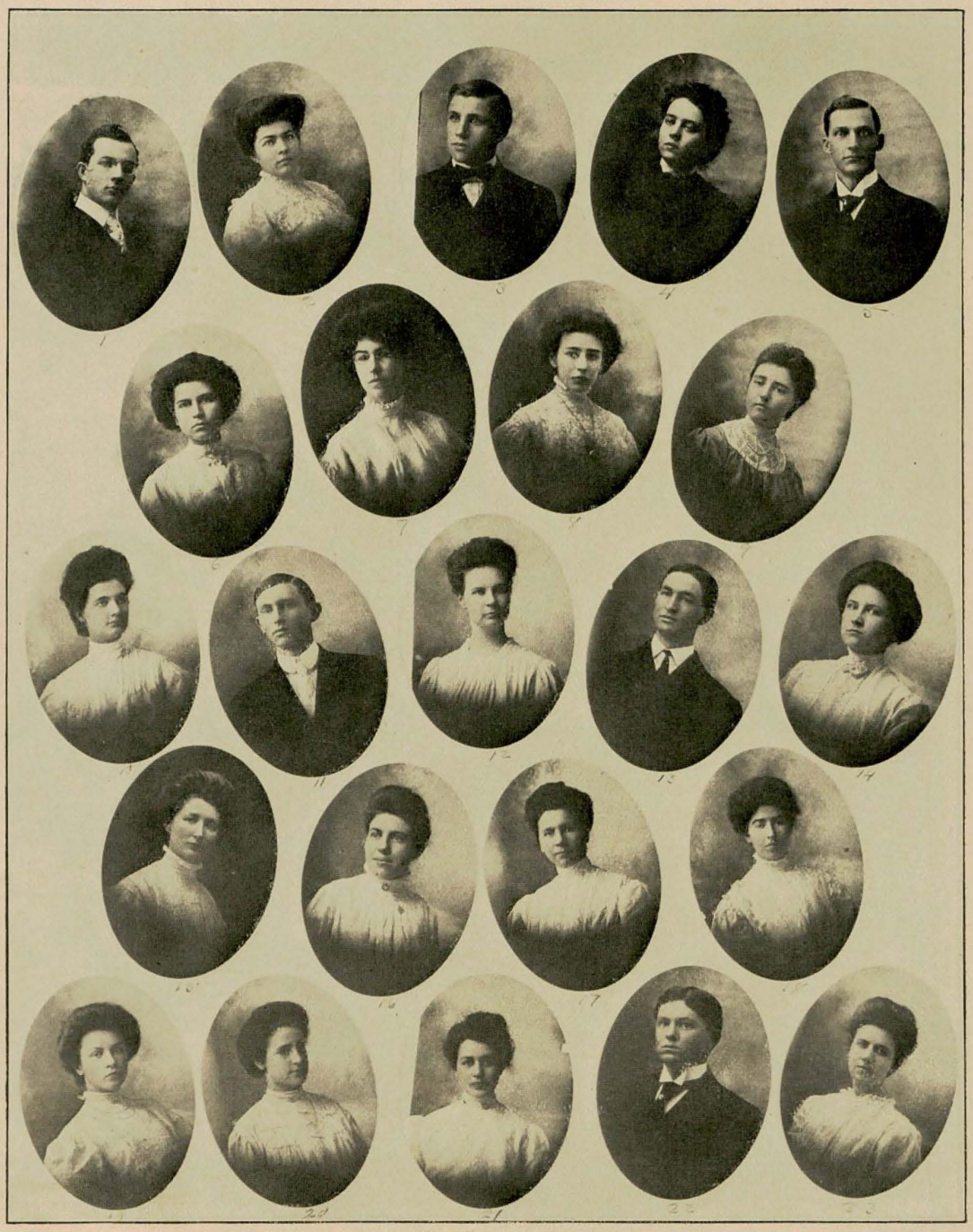
Thanks for the inspiration brought with thee
To verdant youth—ah me!
'Mong strangers cast forlorn!
From Soph'more year with kindness they were born
To Juniordom; now hear them toot their horn!
While on your ear it rings,
Through caves of fancy you may hear a class that sings:

"Give us more G's and E's—no P's, kind souls,
As this slow quarter rolls!
Leave our faults with the past!
Let us be Seniors prouder than the last!
Oh, may *we leave* with a degree more vast
Then Seniors' Pd.B.,
Leaving this outgrown course for other verdancy!"

J. B. B.

(With apologies to O. W. H.)

1. EVA COUCH.
2. DURA NELSON.
3. CHARLETTE KIDD.
4. MARY GILBERT.
5. JULIUS OPPENHEIMER.
6. ESTHER SAILES.
7. DALE H. CARNAGEY.
8. RHODA SHAW.
9. BETTIE CLOUD.
10. ZOLL CALLAWAY.
11. MABEL SQUIRE.
12. EDNA CLARK.
13. IDA MITCHELL.
14. EDWARD BAKER.
15. MARGARETTE MOORE.
16. LAURA MITCHELL.
17. GRETCHEN STARR.
18. HUGH GILKESON.
19. JAMIE MORRISON.
20. LENA CONNER.
21. CHARLES BRADSHAW.



1. C. O. CLARK.
2. ANN TODD.
3. FRANK MATHERS.
4. ROSE PRATT.
5. CHARLES H. ALLEN.
6. CORINE SANDERS.
7. ALICE BRADEY.
8. LULU SMITH.
9. JESSIE MAJORS.
10. NELLIE McGILL.
11. ARNOLD PEARCE.
12. FLORA DAVIDSON.
13. G. W. EARLE.
13. GEORGIA MILBURN.
15. EULA HUNTER.
16. BESSIE WARD.
17. MARGARETTE DAVIDSON.
18. BELL BRADLEY.
19. LORINE FERGUSON.
20. NORA PENN.
21. EDNA HUGHES.
22. ADAM C. REMLEY.
23. JESSIE BELL.

SOPHOMORE

Sophomore History.

Class Colors: Lavender and White. Class Flower: Hyacinth.

CLASS YELL.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight!
Sophomores! Sophomores! Nineteen Eight!
Faithful, studious, work hard, then
We 'll be Seniors in Nineteen Ten."

We are Sophomores, one hundred and thirty-five of us, the largest and most brilliant Sophomore class that has ever, in the history of the School, assembled in Room 3. We realize that as yet our ability is not fully appreciated by the Faculty and student body at large; nor were we highly elated when Mr. Taft showed us a model of our skull, not entirely in accordance with our own judgment in the matter.

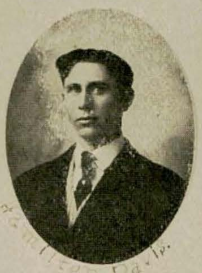
But in time our worth will be realized, and when we arrive at the mature age of Seniorhood, we hope to have left behind us a record equal to that of—the Senior class of Nineteen Eight.

For two years we have laboriously waded through depths of knowledge, at times almost overwhelmed by it; but we hope soon to land safely, bearing in our hands our "Cs," the emblem of victory and the promise of greater things yet to come.

But we have no desire to laud ourselves, but we prefer rather to let our deeds speak for us. So, fearing that any further enumeration of our merits and accomplishments might seem boastful to the reader who knows us not, we close this history of the Class of '10. *O. H.*

Bertice Smith.
Charles H. Instill.
Ora B. Cook.
V. A. Williams.
Carey McGill.
Grace Reed.
Ada Harness.
Revada Mae Dole
E. Bradley.
Violet Mitchell.
Cutty Love.

Ernest L. Jeffron.

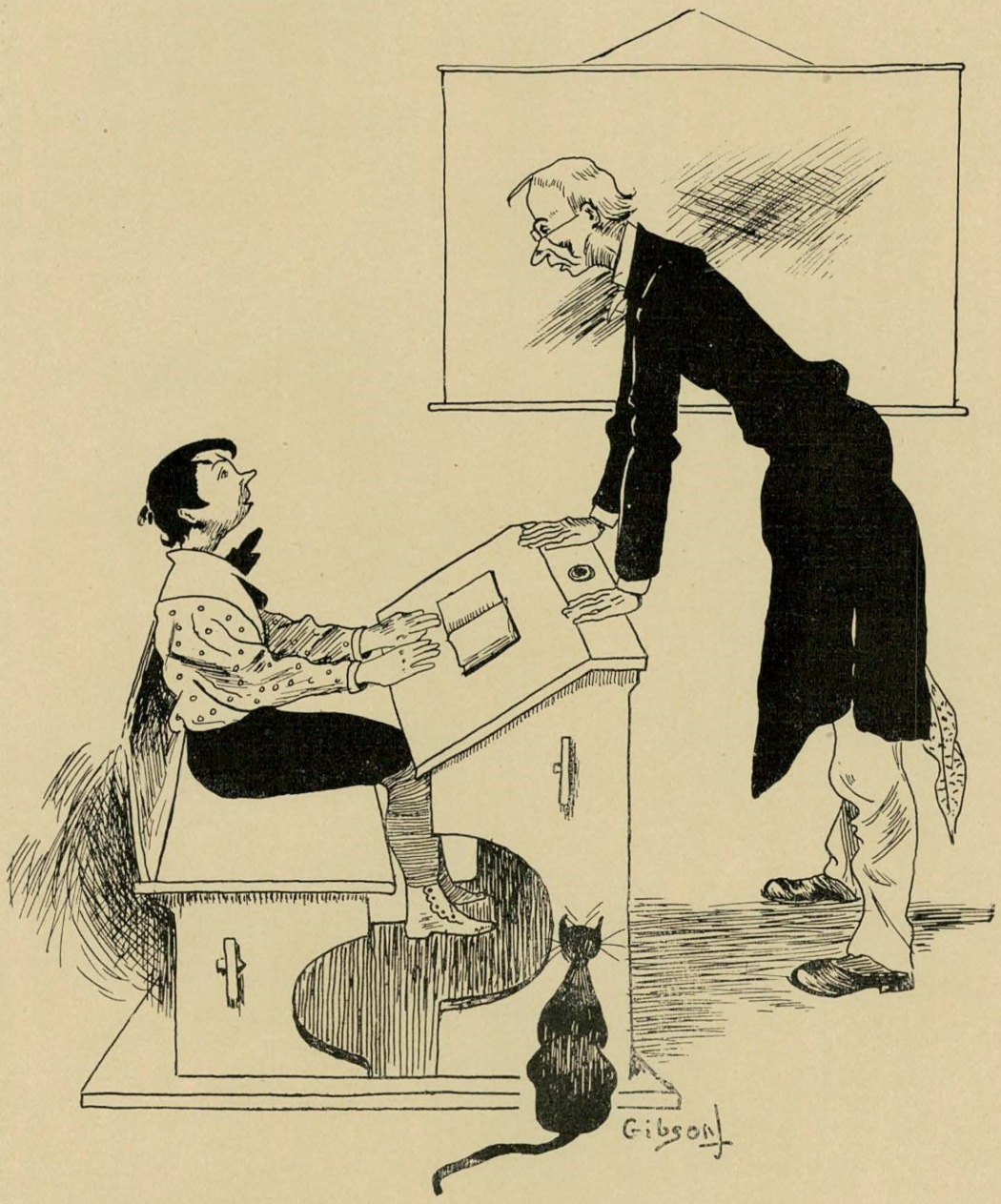


Eva Nion.

Earl Ames.

Grace Foust.

Giles Dickison.



FRESHMEN

The Freshies.

The Freshman Class happened on September 17, 1908. It looked, and doubtless felt, just the way a live persimmon tastes before Jack Frost begins his work. As cold weather approached, however, it was evident that the Freshmen were undergoing a change. Their greenness was disappearing; they weren't so puckery; and some of them even assumed the sweetness of persimmons after a cold snap. In June, 1908, they will have attained their highest degree of ripeness, and will be prepared for the next stage. Unlike the persimmon, their heads are even now beginning to swell materially, and although Freshmen at this stage may be called officious and supercilious, they certainly cannot be represented as green.

Their first evidences of organized activity were shown on the twenty-second of October, when they attended to the election of officers and made a choice of yells and colors, the essentials of a successful Freshman year. The following plus an unlimited quantity of laryngotical noise, constituted their

YELL:

"Freshmen, Freshmen, Freshmen—see?
Warrensburg Normal, yes, sir-ee! !
'Rah, 'rah, Blue! 'Rah, 'rah, White!
Freshmen! Freshmen! We're all right!"

As is here clearly shown, the Freshmen did not for a moment consider the suggestion made by an extremely verdant one of their number, that their color should be solid green, but chose instead the delicate combination of blue and white.

The activity of this Class did not relax throughout the year (indeed, it took several distinct bounds when they fought the Sophomores in a pitched battle in the Gymnasium), so we have every evidence that this will become as fine a class of Seniors in 1911 as the Warrensburg Normal School ever produced.

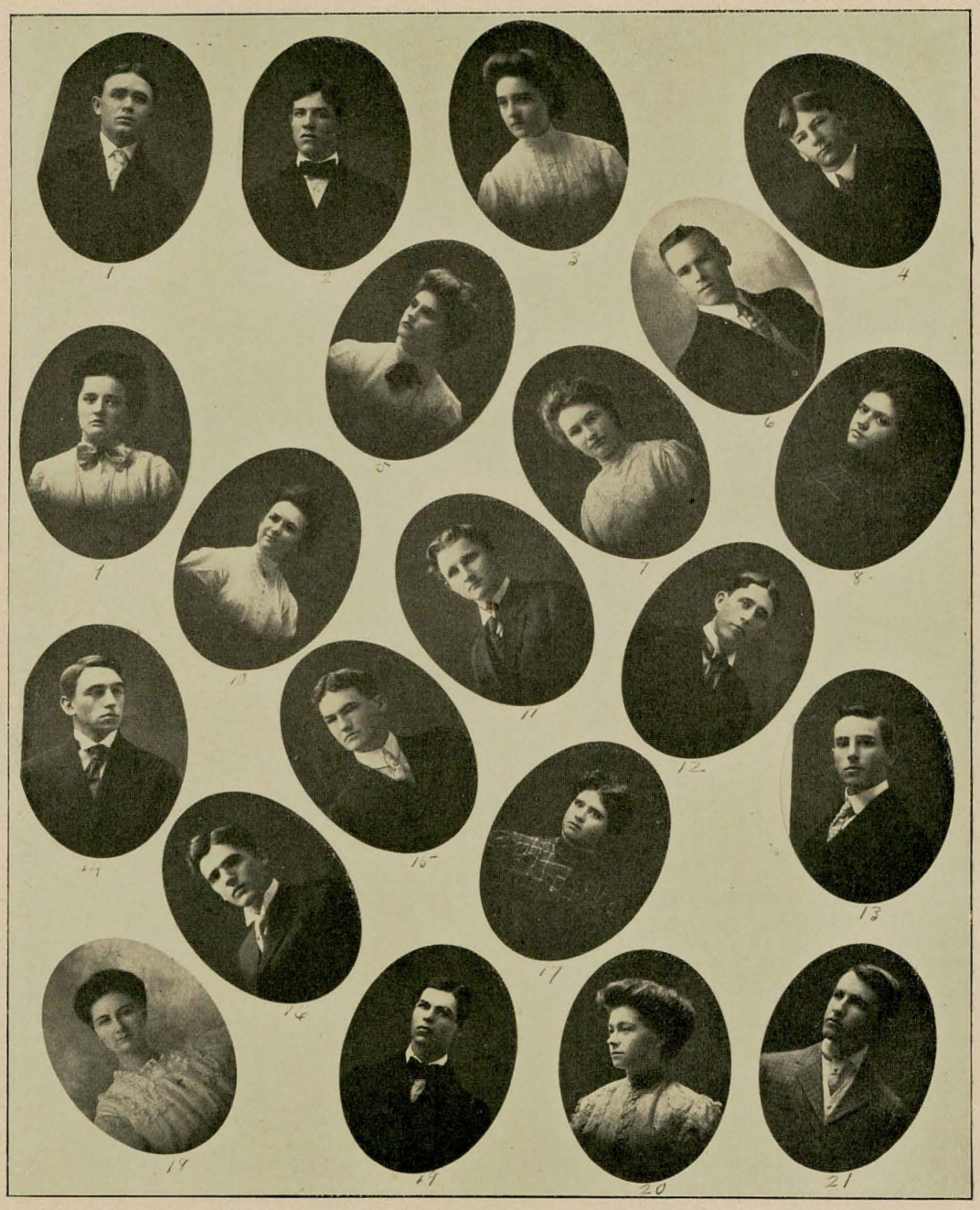
THEY SQUEAK!

A Freshman was noticed recently making his way through the crowded Normal Library. His manner was flustrated and self-conscious, a circumstance which drew much amused comment from the spectators. The source of his discomfiture was soon traced to his shoes—brand-new ones purchased expressly for use at the Normal. Immediately behind him strode a mighty Senior, whose shoes squeaked three degrees louder. He was anything but self-conscious, and the contrast served more forcibly to expose the embarrassed Freshman. He was at last safely seated by the newspaper-rack, and, although he had a recitation the following period, it was two hours before he could be induced to move, or even to shuffle his feet.

CAPTAIN BAHLMAN HEARD FROM.

Many complaints have been received from Freshmen during the past months in regard to the Normal "Captain." We take this opportunity to reassure the timid ones, for, although Captain Bahlman scares little Freshies, there is really nothing to fear. He is altogether benevolent.

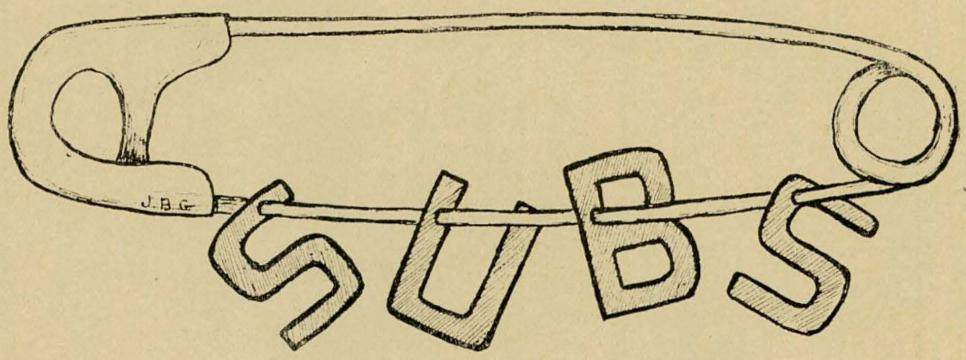
You say the Seniors look down upon you? Show them Mr. Wood, and see if they can any longer.



1. JOHN DAVENPORT.
2. HOMER CARSON.
3. CELESTIA HACKELMAN.
4. HENRY F. ROLFING.
5. MARY GARVIN.
6. P. M. RITCHIE.
7. VERDIE STEINER.
8. NORINE McCORMICK.
9. FANNIE THURMAN.
10. BERNICE NOLAND.
11. WENDELL L. SMITH.
12. J. A. CORRELL.
13. BERNIE HALLER.
14. H. D. BOLLINGER.
15. MARION KENNEDY.
16. B. J. McGEE.
17. ADELINE PEARCE.
18. ANNA HERNDON.
19. NELSON LOWER.
20. SUSIE PRATT.
21. RAY COON.

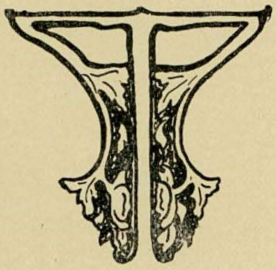
Freshmen as They Sit in Chapel

IN MEMORIAM.



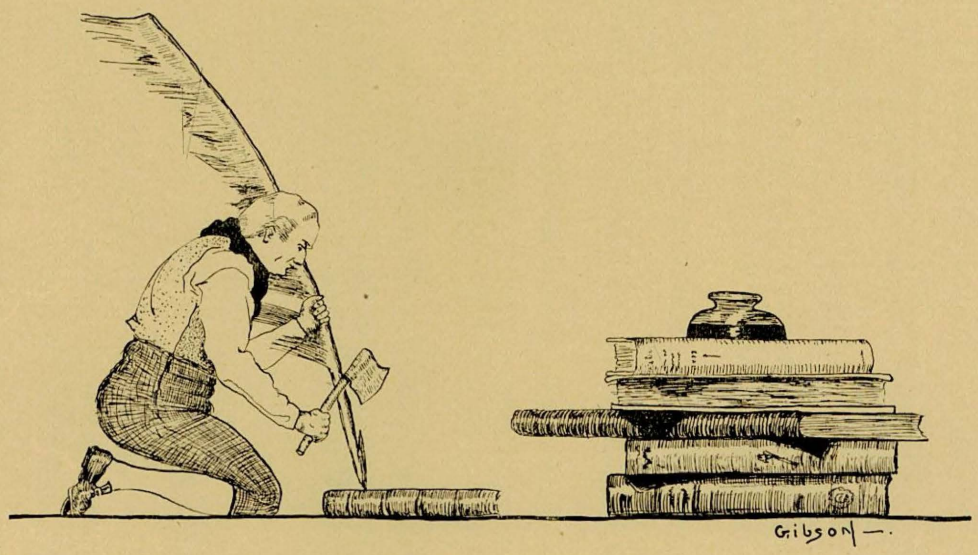
Bird's-Eye View of Warrensburg.

Organizations



GIBSON

Athenian.



Organization and History of the Athenian Literary Society.

The Athenian Society was organized early in the fall of 1894. At that time there were only two young men's societies in the School, and it was their custom to contest each year in oratory for a banner.

As the year went by and the banner grew older, the rivalry and strife between these societies increased. Finally a number of young men in each society grew tired of this annual strife for a banner and sought to introduce in its place a contest for a medal. A majority of the members of each organization, however, still clung to the banner idea and refused to contest for a medal. Their position led to the withdrawal of a number of men from each society and the organization of the Athenian Society in the basement of the main building. These men gathered about themselves other young men who had not identified themselves with either of the old societies. The Society then consisted of twenty-six members, six of whom were Seniors.

Though the Athenians had no hall of their own for a number of years, regular society and literary work was done each Friday afternoon. The meetings were held in section-rooms, until finally the present room was given to the Athenian Society as its regular place of meeting. Thus we have climbed until we have secured upon the third floor a permanent home, of which every Athenian, if he were to express his sentiments, would proudly say, "Athens! Athens! Athens! our proud and happy home, how we love thee!"

We are proud to say that the labors of this band were not in vain; for from the organization formed by them has grown one of the foremost literary societies of the School.

Athen-ioi Aris-toi!
Athen-ioi Ag-a-thoi!
Athen-ioi Hoi-ka-loi!
Hoi-ka-loi! Hoi-ka-loi!

J. S. Homan.

Athenian Literary Society.

ERICLEAN
Gibson

The Periclean Literary Society.

Historians have told of the brief past of our beloved Society; prophets have told of the greatness and glory in store for us; poets have sung the praises of those who have won for themselves and for us the laurel wreaths of victory. There remains to be told who and what we are.

First among us are seventeen Seniors. We are proud of them, every one. Our sorrow is that they are leaving us, but our glory is that going from us are seventeen young women who will ever delight to honor "Pericles."

These are they:

MATILDA BRAUN.
"She has beautiful eyes and beautiful hair."

CLEDA BRISBAN.
Small, but very energetic.

VICTORIA CARTER.
Quiet, gentle and kindly toward all.

FRANCES CARY.
A giantess in body and intellect, and full of fun withal.

ADELIA CULP.
Who could describe her varying moods or her voice?

JESSIE GIBSON.
"None know her but to love her,
None name her but to praise."

BERTHA JOB.
Small and sweet, and of wonderful influence.

AGNES KING.
Mild, kindly, and a true friend.

STELLA LUDWIG.
Honest, earnest, and dependable.

MARY REED.
One who knows and does.

MATTIE REDFORD.
Sweet, gentle, and bright.

GRAYCE SCOTT.
"She works when she works, and she plays when she plays," and we all love her.

GEORGIA SIMMS.
Were she a man, she would be a great general.

ALMA STARR.
A hard worker and a shining "Starr."

LEVA TYGART.
Kind-hearted, gentle, good.

HATTIE WILLOUGHBY.
One who can do the world's work.

DEE WINN.
She goes singing along her even way.

Besides these, there is in our Society a group of girls who enjoy life to the utmost. They go laughing through the halls; they make fun for the society; they are fond of talking about "Our Athenian Brothers"; in short, they are typical Juniors. Their names need not be mentioned. One would recognize them as Juniors anywhere.

Were one to venture into Periclean Hall on a Friday afternoon, he would see, scattered among the others, some girls whose faces look extraordinarily intelligent (at least, they want them to look so). To these girls life is a serious problem, and on their shoulders, they think, has been placed the burden of the honor and progress of the Periclean Society. But were you to see the woebegone faces of these same girls when grades are received, you would never guess that they are Sophomores.

But, strangest of all, there are some girls in this Society who say: "I can't," "I don't know." Instinctively one knows them as Freshmen. But the day will come when they will know and they can do, and these are the girls who, having grown up in the Society, will, in the succeeding years, be its bone and sinew.

Pansy O. Hillock.

PERICLEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Bacon Boys.

The Bacons.

The Baconian Society has passed through another year of prosperity and is stronger and better than ever before, not in numbers only, but in quality of her numbers, and nearer the highest possible point in scholarship, honor, and virtue, which has ever been her aim.

The reputation of the Baconian Society was upheld on the gridiron by Johnny Miller, the plucky little quarter-back, whose playing won the admiration of all; by Kelly at right end, who made many a gain by use of the forward pass, by Cary at left end, who was always in the way of his opponent; and by Harrison, with his long runs and unerring tackles.

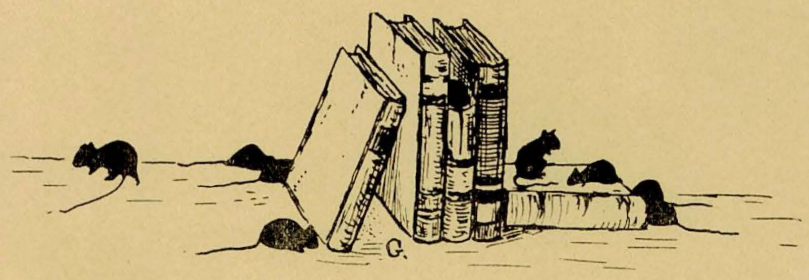
But not only in Athletics were the Baconians successful. They showed their dramatic ability in the play which they, with the help of their Osborne sisters, gave November 15th.

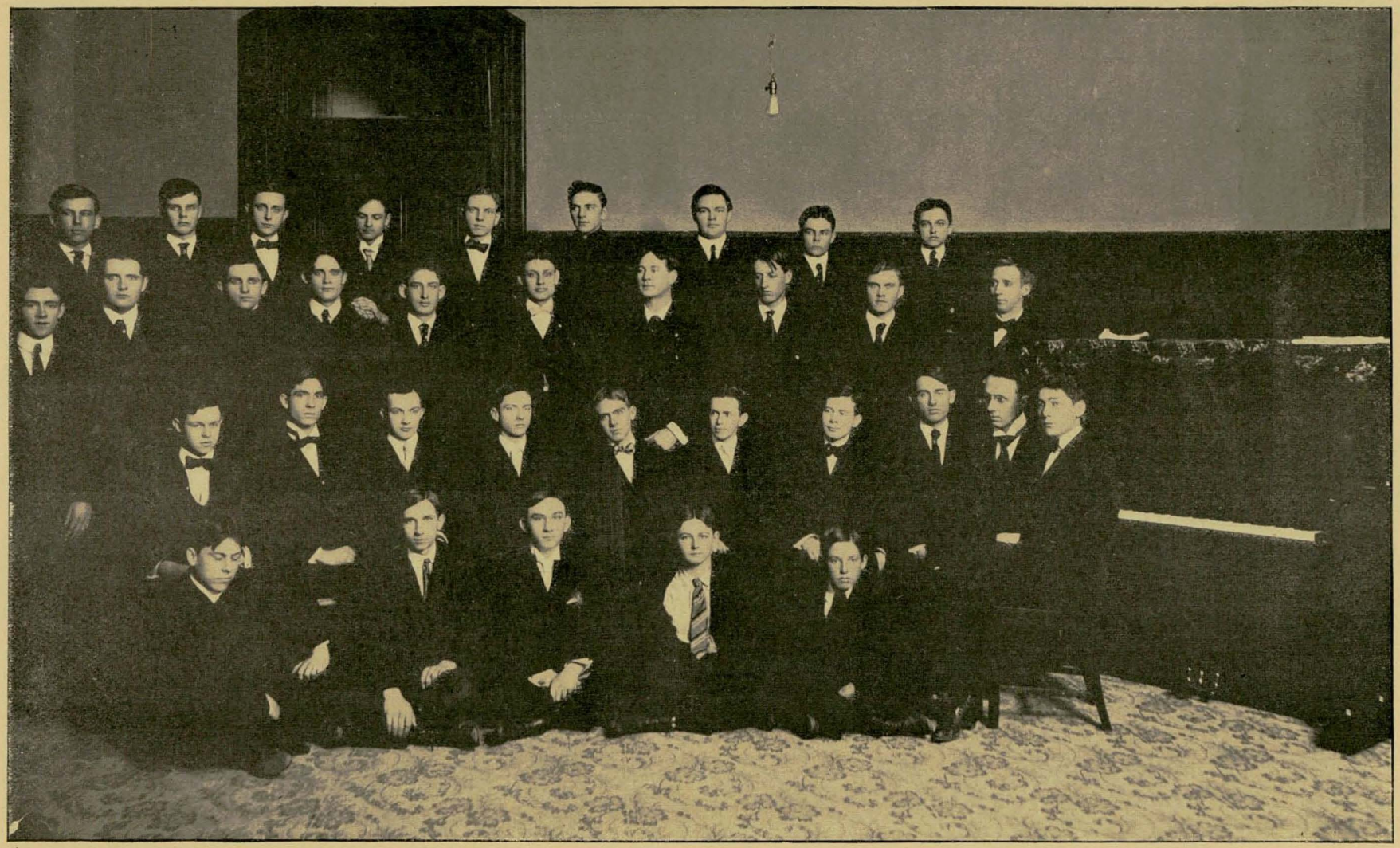
Though winning a place on the debating team, they were forced, by their representative leaving school, to give it up. In the Senior Class many answer to the Baconian roll-call. The Society will feel the loss of those members, but they will teach Baconianism wherever they go, and send new members to take their places.

The Baconian standard is high, and every member, if he is a true Baconian, is striving to attain this standard.

May the Society continue to produce some of the strongest men in School, the choice in its membership, and, above all else, may the pink and green forever be the symbol of unsullied honor and unquestioned fame.

Z. C.





Baconian Literary Society.

Osborne's

The Osbornes.

O is for Osborne the best to be found;
S is for scholars who can not be downed;
B is for beauty, the like, hard to find;
O is for obedience to teachers so kind;
R is for reason, which comes at a call;
N is for number—seventy-five in all;
E is for earnestness, none are compelled;
S 's for society never excelled.

We differ; some are very dark;
Some medium; others fair;
Some have sunny auburn locks;
Some brown, some golden hair.

Some are blithe and jolly;
Some sober and sedate.
It matters not; each one will try
To brave uncertain fate.

The festival of Hallowe'en
Enjoyed was by all,
Chiefly by the Osborne girls
In the Gymnasium hall
They had a barnyard party,
With animals galore,
And those who came enjoyed it
More than in years before.

Osborne Literary Society.

IRVING.

Irving Literary Society.

Irving! What a suggestion of strength, courage, perseverance, patience, endurance! We feel that we have just reason to be proud of our society, not because we are Irvings, but because of that for which we stand. "Excelsior!" has ever been and ever shall be our motto. Our chief glory is to be found, not in the past, but in the character of our members —their social, moral, and educational status— and in the possibilities of the future.

Though our enrollment is not as large this year as it has sometimes been in the past, the few members whom we have are representative Irvings in every sense; they have stood together, staunch and strong, in every endeavor of the society.

We have several old members with us this year, who add dignity to the society, but we are equally proud of our new members, who are bringing honor to themselves and to us, and who promise great things for the future.

We believe that our record is one that is worthy of commendation, for there are many within our ranks who have won distinction for themselves and honor for the society. We wish to mention Carnagey and McConnel, who won first and second places in the annual debating contest. Mr. Carnagey has been striving for honors ever since he entered this institution—not for himself alone, but for the Society—and he has now, though yet a Junior in the course, succeeded in carrying off first honors in two contests, last year in declamation, and this year in debate.

Mr. McConnel is a man of whom we are equally proud. In the recent contest, he certainly acquitted himself nobly. He is, besides, an untiring worker wherever duty presents itself, and our Society has never had a more conscientious and efficient President.

We feel also that in the last Inter-State contest we were neatly (Neet-ly) honored. Mr. Neet has spent four years of unselfish labor with us, and his efforts have been amply repaid. He served one term as President of the Irvings, and discharged his duties with credit, always having in mind the welfare of the Society.

However well we have done in the past, it is to the present and the future we look. We view the past with pride, and the future with anticipation of greater attainments. We travel toward a realm of the ideal, which we may never reach; but the way is pleasant, and though it be through difficulties that we climb to the stars, we will not be turned from our purpose.

Every Irving's heart overflows with joy and enthusiasm, and every listener's heart is filled with admiration as the old familiar cry echoes and re-echoes through the halls of Old Normal.

"Soci! Soci! Societee!
Irvings! Irvings! Yes, sir-ee!
'Rah! 'Rah!! 'Rah!!!

H. R.

Irving Literary Society.

C I S

The Campbell Literary Society.

We come not, like Hector of old, boasting of what we have accomplished in the past, or of our present greatness, or of the laurels of victory yet to come, but asking only a place in this volume in which to briefly chronicle the past and tell of the aims and ambitions of the future.

As to our own history, it has been of comparatively short duration, dating from 1898, when three literary societies, the Emersonian, Browning, and Adelphi, united under the name of the "Campbell Literary Society." This name was in honor of Prof. John J. Campbell, and we have always striven to live up to the principles and ideals which this name signifies.

These years, though few, have been prosperous ones in all lines, and in the contests which have taken place we have acquitted ourselves often successfully, and at least always honorably. We are proud to number among the winning contestants of the School Misses Williams, Glasse, Barton, Norman, and Edwards, and we also remember with pride the many members of the past who have gone out into new fields and have led useful, successful lives.

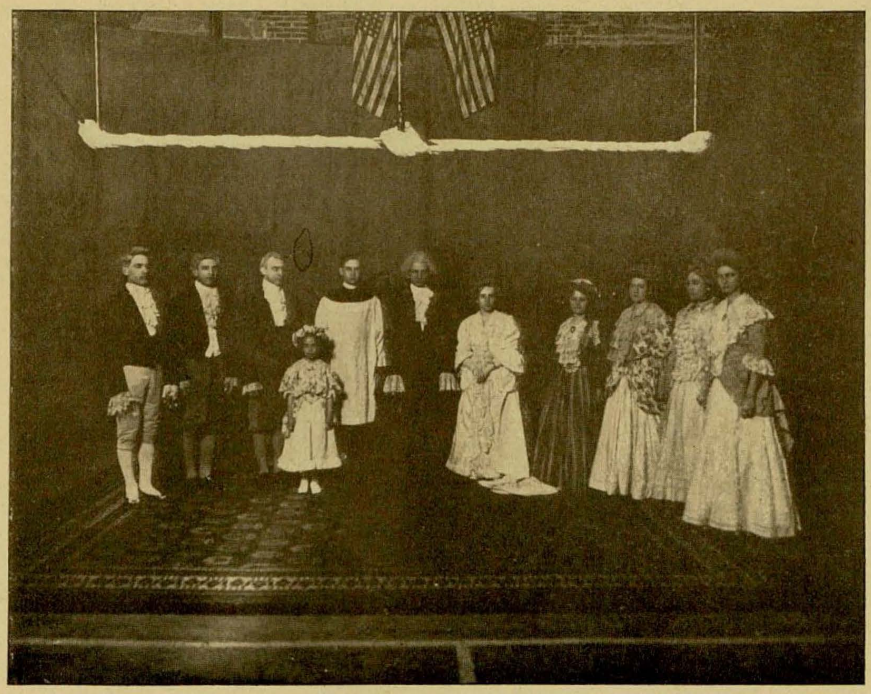
So much for the past. At present actuated and inspired by the courage and perseverance of those before us, we are laboring faithfully to make the work of our society of lasting value to its members and to the School. Such is our aim in our weekly programmes; they are designed not merely to furnish entertainment, but to be a source of help to the participants.

Outside of our regular work, our entertainments have been both pleasurable and profitable, not only to ourselves, but to the School in general. This has been especially true of our annual Colonial parties, and of those plays in which we have taken part for the last few years.

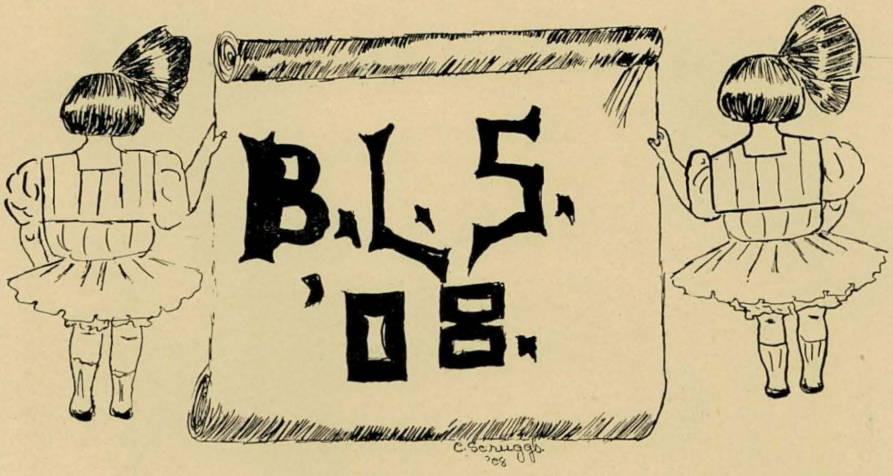
Taking both the present and the past into consideration, we feel that we are making progress, and that the future holds victory and success in store for us. If such be our lot, may we be so generous-minded as to receive it humbly. If not, may we have the courage to arise and press onward, at least striving to carry out our aim—to prepare individuals to better fulfill their mission in the world.

M. L.

Campbell Literary Society.



WASHINGTON PARTY.



Colors. Old Rose and Turquoise.

Flower: Pink Rose.

Our organization had its beginning in the year 1901, when five girls, Edna Sterling, Bessie Welch, Bessie Parker, Madge McNair, and Myrtle Sams, decided to form a society for literary work. Meetings were at first held in Room P of the Training School, but soon the ranks became so full that our former home could not contain us, and thus by necessity we moved into the Section Room, where on every Friday afternoon we meet together for pleasure and for literary and social culture.

We owe much to the charter members, the girls who worked faithfully during the first two years of society life. Much praise and honor is also due to Miss Baxter and Miss George for the sympathy they have shown us in our work, and for the kind assistance they have rendered us.

Not only have we been aided by individuals, but also by two organizations in the Normal, which have gathered around their history naught but praise and honor. These are the Osborne and Campbell Literary Societies. Our charter was modeled on that of these two societies.

Our society has greatly increased in numbers since its small beginning, and from year to year its work continues to improve. Through the efforts of the Baxter girls, our programmes are kept up to a high standard, and it is our aim and ambition to make them better each year, that the Baxter Literary Society may stand for nothing but the best.

Maude Cook.

A Warning to Others.

If you faithfully promise never to tell,
I 'll tell you something that me befell.
One Monday there came a little note,
Saying that by unanimous vote
I 'd been invited to the B. L. S.—
And was I tickled? Well, you can guess.
So I said "Yes," with an anxious smile,
While my chums looked on in friendly guile.
They tied a ribbon upon my wrist;
An old black book I fearfully kissed,
And faithfully promised that for one whole week
I 'd do exactly as they said—
My! but I had a foolish head.
They made me wear my hat in school;
On my back a sign read, "See this fool";
One shoe I wore and a boot which was black;
An American flag was on my back.
The awful things they made me do
I wouldn't tell even to you.
At last the dreaded Friday came;
I was so scared I forgot my name.
They tied a black handkerchief over my eyes,
And said, "Expect a mild surprise."
I ran about a hundred miles;
I jumped about ten thousand stiles;
I fell down a hill and bumped my head;
I sprained my wrist and wished I 's dead.
And then there came a solemn part,
Which I dasn't tell, 'cause I crossed my heart;
And then each girl fed me a white worm,
Which in my throat did wiggle and squirm;
And then they said they 'd done their best
And I was a sister among the rest.
They said they knocked me down for *fun!*
And switched my legs to see me *run!*
Now don't you ever, ever tell,
For it would be my funeral-knell.

Resolved:

And if this is a gentle, friendly way
Of teasing out of you some play,
Then *I 'll* be excused
From being used
In such kind ways, I say.

N. B.—This is a true (?) story of the treatment of myself, and I send it as a warning to all other persons who are thinking of joining the B. L. S.

C. Scruggs.

Baxter Literary Society.

Young Women's Christian Association.

The membership of the Association for the year 1907-08 includes more than two hundred girls. More than one hundred have been enrolled in Bible classes. Semi-weekly meetings are held, one on Wednesday afternoon, and a service at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon.

In the fall, morning prayer-meetings were held in the girls' rest-room from 8:05 to 8:15. These were a source of very practical help to the girls, but, for unavoidable reasons, were discontinued.

One missionary meeting has been held in each month during the year. A mission study class is now being organized.

Several social functions, including teas, a "kids' party" and a "library party," have been given during the year. In March, the Faculty gave an entertainment which cleared a considerable sum for the Finance Committee.

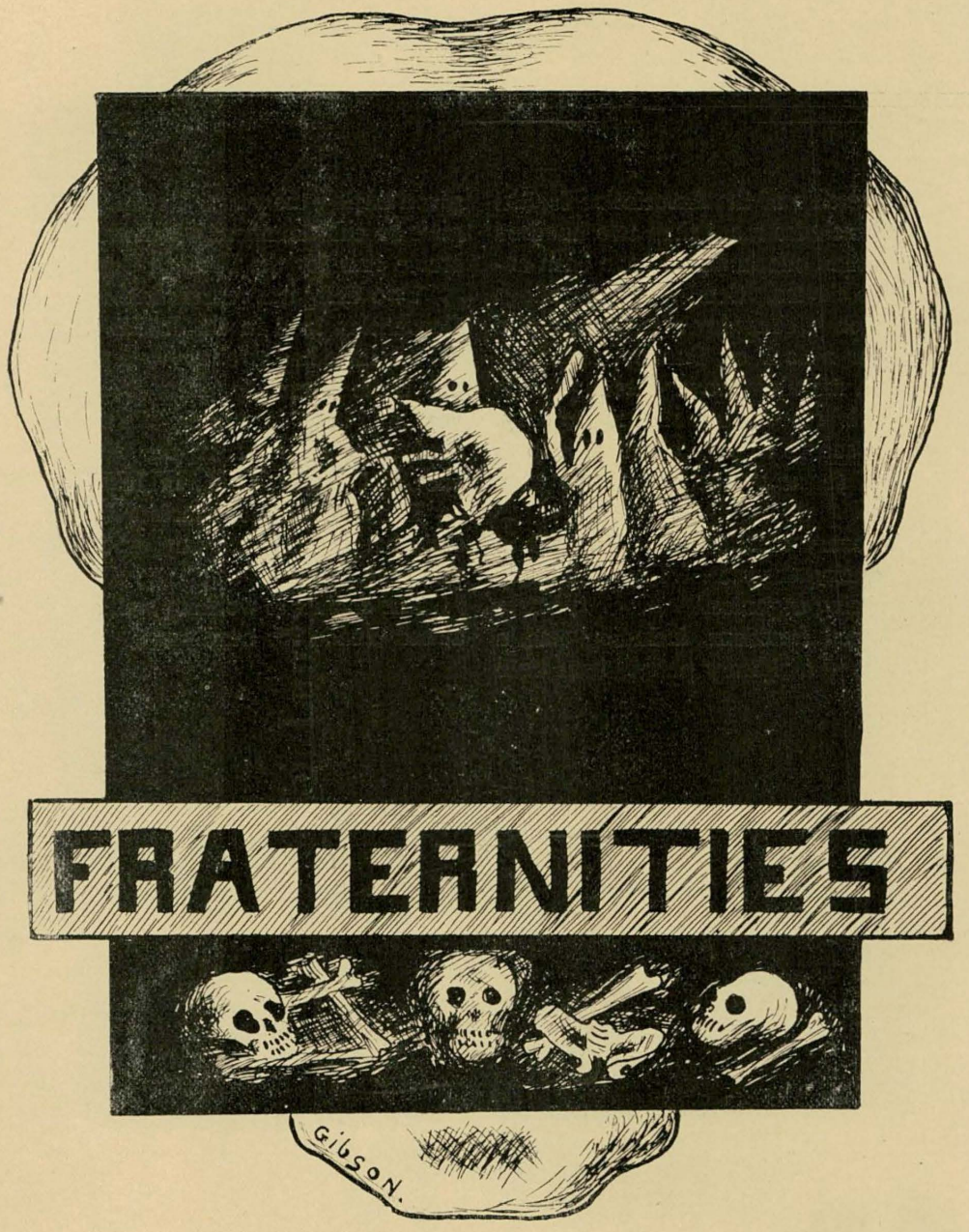
Two delegates represented us at the State Convention held in St. Joseph in November.

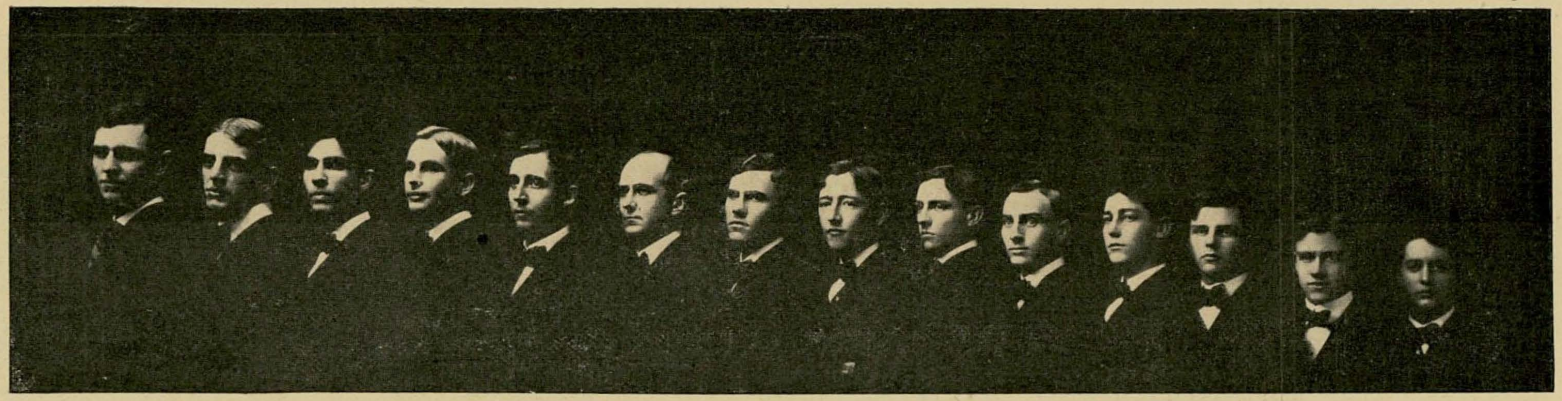
We have had two very welcome visits from our State Secretary, Miss Dobb, during the year, and hope for more. We are planning to send three delegates to the Western Conference at Cascade, Colo., in July.

The Association quarters in the Gymnasium have been much improved in "coziness" this year.

The cabinet is working well and has places already made for next year.

S.


FRATERNITIES
GIBSON.



Phi Lambda Epsilon.

(Founded 1892.)

COLORS:—Scarlet, White, and Gold. FLOWER:—Red Carnation.

FRATRES IN COLLEGE.

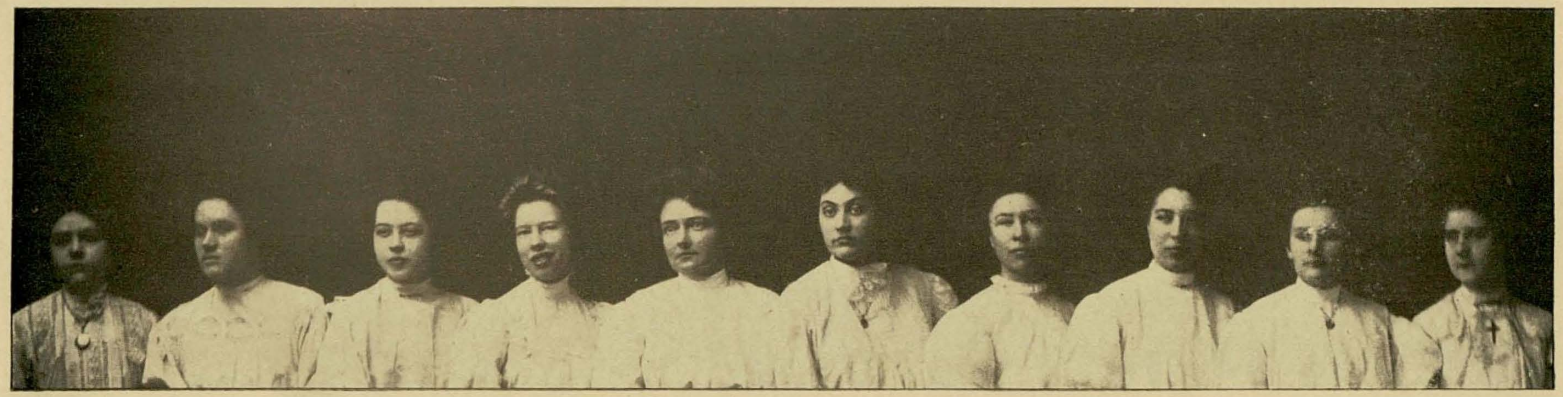
Cahill, Lester,
Calloway, Alderson,
Calloway, Zoll,
Dittemore, Lester P.
Hardesty, J. F.
Hardesty, J. W.
Wisdom, Aggrippa G.,
Kelley, Lloyd,
Kemp, Wm. Ewing,
Kenagy, Earnest,
Woodruff, Neal.
O'Dell, Chester A.,
Smith, Clyde,
Welch, Forest,

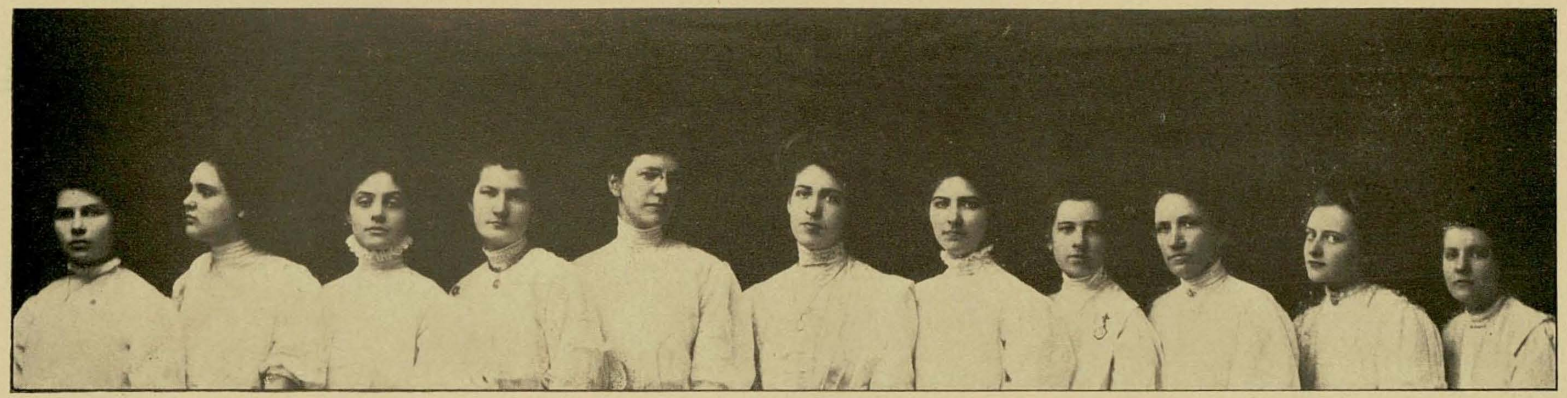
FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

H. Herbert Bass, Colyd N. McCallister, Robert L. Zoll.

FRATRES IN URBE.

Dr. D. C. Adcock, Ama Lee Smith, William Smith.





SIGMA DELTA CHI.

Fratority.

TAU BETA PI. PHI TAU KAPPA.

(Founded in 1908.)

Colors: Red and gray. Flower: Fleur-de-lis.

MEMBERII IN NORMALATIO.

Margaret Maupin, '08, F. G. M. N. L. S.

Mary Louise Findley, '08, A. C. C.

John Blaine Gilbreath, '09, B. C.

Arthur E. Middleton-Hill, '10, B. C.

Chester Allen O'Dell, '08, ΦΛΕ.

William Ewing Kemp, '08. ΦΛΕ.

MEMBER IN URBE.

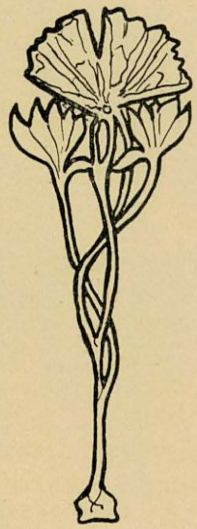
Katherine Houts, C. L. S.

MEMBERII IN FACULTATE.

H. H. Bass, ΦΛΕ.

Mary A. Kennedy, Σa²

Departments



GIBSON.

Psychology.

PSEUDO-PLATO'S UNSOPHISTICUS.

Persons of Dialogue:

Crito repeats to his companion his conversation with Unsophisticus.

Socrates.

Scene: The hall near Room II.

As I was going down the hall the other day, I met, coming out from the room where our Socrates discourses on the philosophy of mental activity, a youth who seemed rather shy and, as it were, callow; and feeling that any attention from me would flatter him and make him more approachable should I desire him to become a member of the Society which has the honor of my membership, I accosted him and said, "O my young friend Unsophisticus, I observe from the lines upon your countenance that something rankles in your bosom. Tell to me, your friend Crito, what cares perplex you."

"Oh!" said he, "have you not learned that the mind, the seat of consciousness, affection, memory, and other properties of nervous tissue, is not in the chest, or, for that matter, in any part of the body, save only in the brain? Such astounding facts greatly perplexed me, and the ways of Socrates are beyond my comprehension. It gives me pain to be compelled to sit with a girl. She bothers me in class, trying to hold my hand, and to-day she re-tied my necktie. O ye immortal gods!" And he inveighed against the fair sex, which we hold in such high esteem, as does also our beloved Socrates—is it not so, my dear companion?

As is no doubt well known to you, Socrates seats his pupils in exact alphabetical order that he may identify them quickly, and thus the more easily fix his attention upon the subject in hand and not have to stoop to such earthly things as the names of people—mere labels! Does not the poet of the Avon sing:

"What 's in a name?"

But to return to Unsophisticus. I questioned him further, to learn whether he, a new comer, held the same high opinion of our Socrates which we, who have known him long, entertain. He discoursed freely, but he clothed his thought, or lack of thought, in words whose meanings, I was forced to acknowledge to my secret soul, were for me shrouded in mystery.

I interrupted him: "Where did you learn all those long, hard, interesting words?"

"In the study of Psychology; the learned Socrates often employs them. Have they never come to your ears?"

"Perhaps," I returned; for once, in the remote past, I had studied Psychology, but since then, although Methods in general have formed a part of my work and I have attended the criticism of model lessons, yet never again have I heard such scientific and accurate terms, but only words like "apperception," "preparation," "correlation," and "principles of Herbert."

"But what is Psychology?"

Referring to his note-book, Unsophisticus replied: "Psychology is the way we come to know things—the way the mind acts. I think that is a good definition, for it tells what Psychology is by means of words whose meanings we know. The funny red book that we study says that it is the science of the mind. If one were so unfortunate as to lose his mind, then, by this definition, he would have no psychology. And as for that word 'science,' is it not that which it is said the skillful boxer has?"

Not desiring to pursue further this line of thought, I inquired of him: "What manner of man is this philosopher of whom you speak so highly?"

"Socrates? As a man, he is well-made and tall. My seat-mate says that he has pretty teeth, and is quite handsome. He has the sleepiest voice you ever heard. About the middle of the hour, when we are all on the verge of slumber, he will say: 'Miss Monday is not in the attitude of attention,' and then we all arouse ourselves. He plays with things that happen to be on his desk. Sometimes he makes mistakes, just to see if we are attending. Somebody asked him if an infant has a mind. He answered that the infant has the possibility of a mind, that the mind of the infant bears the same relation to the adult mind that the *acorn* bears to the *chestnut tree* which develops from it."

"That reminds me," I said, "of a story which they tell of the leader of those Sophists who have sway in the lower regions. She was addressing a meeting, and, desiring to make more effective, by illustration, her statement that in its tender years the child can be moulded and made to conform to the standards of society, she told of a peach-tree she had seen growing on the roof of a blacksmith's shop. The tree grew up the side of the shop until it reached the eaves, to which it had been fastened and bent around when the branch was young and tender. All the branches had been pruned away, except on the ridge of the roof, where the tree rose perpendicularly, and on a twig, amid the beautiful foliage which adorned the symmetrical branches, hung a luscious *pear*."

But the youth seemed lost in reverie. As I finished speaking he again burst forth: "The other day I heard a wise-looking girl remark that Socrates always reminded her of the saying of one of the poets:

'The farther we go westward,
The more we are convinced

That the Wise Men came from the East.' Can you make known to me her meaning?"

"Her meaning was this: Socrates was once a disciple of the philosophers of New Haven; which, being interpreted, is to say, he is a Yale man. But do you enjoy delving into the mysteries of Psychology?"

"Yes, Crito. But I do not think that Socrates makes the work hard enough. He does not make our lives nearly so miserable as do some others whom policy forbids me to mention. I diligently study my book, but the meanings of some of the words are not unconfused in my mind. Verily my soul doth fear that I shall not know much about Psychology, even at the end of the quarter."

"On the contrary," I responded, "it has been determined by careful and scientific experiment that if it requires twenty repetitions of a certain thing to fix it in memory, one repetition being made after the other, the same thing can be learned much more thoroughly if it be repeated once every day for twenty days. Socrates, instead of overwhelming you with perceptions for three days in succession, gives your ideas time to grow through the whole quarter."

"But he never seems to be in a hurry, and to me it does appear that he loses considerable time."

"On the contrary," I again responded, "he desires to keep you in a pleasant state of mind, in which condition you can do much better work. But now, without your notes, tell me what Psychology is."

"Psychology is the way in which we come to know the world about us."

[*Translator's Note.*—The above is a somewhat hasty and careless translation of a fragment of a recently discovered Dialogue of the justly celebrated author of "The Republic."]

F. M. W.

MR. McALLISTER.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

"Not to know me argues yourself unknown."

"No man's sentiments perfectly agree with my own."

"I had a dream that was not all a dream."

"He is a man of honor, of noble and generous character."

Pedagogy.

The Normal School has a two-fold mission: to enlarge and broaden the scholarship of the teachers of the State, and to give them higher ideals of excellence in all things pertaining to education. It is necessary for a successful teacher to have ideals far above his present power of attainment, for as soon as he feels that he has reached his ideal, he begins to go downward. There is no possible standstill.

While no department neglects the ideal, it is the especial task of the pedagogical department to open the eyes of its students to the larger sphere of usefulness and success which lies just beyond. This is no chasing of the rainbow's end, but rather a constant pressing on and upward, making of "our dead selves stepping-stones to higher things." This is the spirit of the department, and this is the sentiment which is breathed in every act and word of its head.

Hard work and successful achievement receive their share of praise, but always the path to the accomplishment of something better is pointed out; the weak places are clearly set forth as weaknesses, and remedies are suggested.

With a man at its head who is broad-minded, careful, conscientious, and, above all, practical, and an assistant who is likewise the embodiment of these qualities, the Department of Pedagogy must of necessity send out students who realize the value of continued and patient effort, and who are qualified to decide intelligently on pedagogical problems, because their horizon has been widened by training under men of such wide and successful experience.

AS WE KNOW HIM.

Should anyone doubt the value of facial expression, refer him to Phillips I., Room I.

A hearty advocate of the theory "Practice what you preach."

He strongly emphasizes motor-activity, and "to make the thing real," plays with his glasses.

Is it possible that one built on such lofty pedagogical principles should condescend to the use of slang? "Sure."

He has arrived at that stage in the culture-epic theory where the ornamentation of the third finger on the left hand forms the chief element in civilization.

MR. PHILLIPS.

"One broad, substantial smile."

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."

"People used to say that one of his 'Good-mornin's' clung to you all day."

"To beguile many and be beguiled by one."

"I am not in the roll of common men."

MR. DAVIS.

"Why, then, do you walk as if you had swallowed a ramrod?"

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright."

"The highest honors that the world can boast are subjects far too low for my desires."

"Is it ill-faring to be in love?"

THE HEN.

The hen is a small fowl. She has to eyes in the front of her head. She is taller than a rabbit and has not got any nose. Her body is covered with little feathers and some big ones. Her ears are just strate wholes in her with little feathers to cover it.

Her legs are covered with skin and sometimes with nots. She has four toes that are strate when she stands, but when she stands on one feet thay fall together cause thay are so heavy.

Her bill is hard to peck rats with. She eats just most things and then some little rocks and glass.

Her craw is so thin you can see corn through it when her feathers are not growed out.

She has a maltese-colored gizzard. It is good. I like a hen for a pet cause she is so gentle. Some days she lay eggs and some days she don't.

MISS GEORGE.

"How poor are they that have not patience!"

"And is she not a heavenly saint?"

"No, but she is an earthly paragon."

Thoughtless of beauty, she is beauty's self."

"Those about her from her shall read the perfect ways of honor."

MISS BAXTER.

"I will wear my heart upon my sleeve."

"Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eyes."

"Few and precious are the words which the lips of wisdom utter."

MISS BRUNER.

"In her mind the wisest books."

"Blest with plain reason and with sober sense."

"A thousand virtues and not one acknowledged sin."

MISS HINTON.

"She that is ever fair and never proud,
Has tongue at will, and yet is never loud."

"A good woman without pretense."

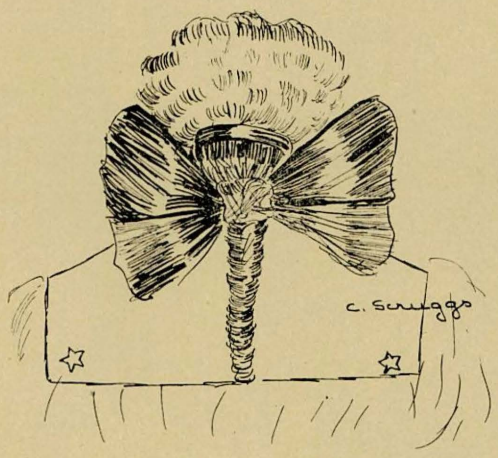
"Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."

MISS WILKINS.

"Her eye discourses."

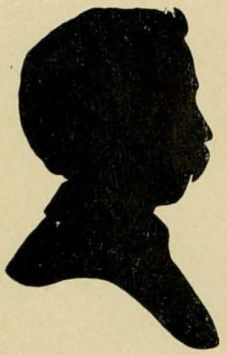
"Stately and tall she moves in the hall,
The chief of a thousand for grace."

"Describe her who can."



A ninth grade girl's head

Department of Mathematics.



Among the many departments of our School, none can boast a longer list of honored names among its instructors than the department of Mathematics; none can excel it in organization and efficiency.

In looking backward over the names of the many who have served the Normal students in this line of work, we find some who stand prominently before us, and of whom we desire to speak a word, brief and inadequate though that word may be.

The Mathematical Department is proud to claim Prof. John J. Campbell. Though usually associated in all minds with the Department of English, when he first came to us he gave Mathematics, too, the benefit of his labors. Holding pre-eminently the love of the students, none who knew this gentle, sympathetic, scholarly man but felt themselves the better for the association.

William Sanborn, Morris R. Conable, Arthur A. Dodd, each did a lasting work; but the one above all others to whom the department as it is to-day owes its excellence, both of organization and scholarship, is George H. Howe. Quiet, unostentatious, with a heart big enough to include in its kindly sympathy every student, and an executive ability rarely equaled, he was both a scholar and a *teacher* in the truest sense of the word. Effacing himself in his classes, giving a few quiet suggestions here, asking a few pointed questions there, the most timid pupil gained courage, the slowest were stimulated, all were helped beyond measure. As he never forgot or lost interest in a pupil he had once known, so will he live forever in the heart of every student who has ever been his pupil.

With so much behind to be proud of, this department must indeed be kept on a high plane of excellence; there must be no backward movement, and we feel that its future is in safe and competent hands. The head of the department, James H. Scarborough, is a mathematician of wide reputation. In choosing such a man the School is enabled to illustrate the Missouri Normal School policy, that everything we know above and beyond our subject helps us in teaching that subject the better. Mr. Scarborough could not with such ease dispel the difficulties in Geometry, Trigonometry, and Algebra were it not for his vast reserve fund of higher learning.

He holds degrees from Trinity College, North Carolina, and Vanderbilt University; is a member of the American Mathematical Society and the Circolo Mathematico di Palermo (Italy); and has taught in Pacific Methodist College, Kirksville State Normal, and Vanderbilt University. This wide training and experience makes him an exceptional figure in school circles.

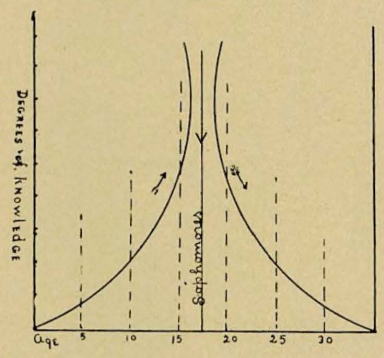
By education and by nature Miss Mary A. Kennedy is thoroughly qualified for the posi-denial of the statement that a teacher of Mathematics. A graduate of the Cortland (N. Y.) Normal, she has since been a student of Cornell and Chicago Universities. She is a woman of strong personality and this is nowhere seen to better advantage than in her classroom. As an instructor, Miss Kennedy is up-to-date in her methods, an able judge of the capability of each student and a living denial of the statement that a teacher of mathematics "goes to seed" on other subjects. Every day proves her executive and business ability, while her native wit enables her

to be the mistress of the most unexpected situation.

Mr. F. W. Urban, our latest addition to the department, has made for himself a place in the high regard of his pupils. He came to Warrensburg from Maryville, Mo., having been principal of the high school there, and the two years of work with us have been wholly sufficient to prove to all his worth.

Farthest down the long South Hall, but far from last in our esteem is Miss Elizabeth Nickerson. Fully realizing the necessity and the value of a sure and solid foundation in all mathematical work, we wish to pay a warm tribute to her. Especially in making the transition from Arithmetic to Algebra, upon which the success of so much afterwork depends, she raises her work to a veritable art.

Her gentleness encourages the timid stranger; her interest spurs him on; her thoroughness prepares the way for all the work to follow. She is an alumnus of whom we are very proud.



SOUTH HALL, ROOM V., 8:31+ A. M.

A key rattles fiercely in the door of the Mathematical Office. Slowly the door opens, disclosing the Wise One. Announcing his entrance, the still, small voice says:

"You may make a few notes, please. Take a blank sheet of paper, put your books beneath your feet, and sit upon your tablets. After turning your back upon your neighbor, if you have a neighbor, if not, turning your back upon the world, you will proceed to write a few things. For a heading you may put

KNOWLEDGE,

underscored three times. Below and to the left, perhaps about one ten-millionth of an inch less than one-half an inch from the edge of your paper, write the Roman numeral I.

"This first topic we will call

KNOWLEDGE.

I. MY Knowledge.

"Underscore 'my' six times. Mr. A——, have we a right to underscore as many times as we please?"

Mr. A——: "We have."

"Very well, Class: Mr. A——— says we are still within our rights. On the next line you may write a sub-head, calling it (1). What I thought I knew when I entered this Class.

KNOWLEDGE.

I. MY Knowledge.

(1) What I thought I knew when I entered this Class.

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

"Leave a space for the answer, and on the next line, (2):

KNOWLEDGE.

I. MY Knowledge.

(1) What I thought I knew when I entered this Class.

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

(2) What I think I know now.
(*a*) When I come to Class.
(*b*) When the bell rings.

"The next, Class, I shall write for you, as our answers might be too numerous for proper discussion.

KNOWLEDGE.

I. MY Knowledge.

(1) What I thought I knew when I entered this Class.

(2) What I think I know now.
(*a*) When I come to Class.
(*b*) When the bell rings.

(3) What I shall know when I leave the Class in March.

"You need not leave any space for that answer, Class, as it belongs to the indeterminates, which in general cannot be solved.

"Very well. The young men may pass to the board and demonstrate to the satisfaction of the young ladies that they learned everything they ever knew in Freshman Algebra."

All Seniors desiring a grade in College Algebra are recommended to hunt up Miss Hinton and get into a reading class at once—that is, if the "hop, skip, and jump" method is used. If it is not, President Hawkins is earnestly requested to look into the matter, as it is the prerequisite for a grade in Senior Mathematics.

And does it not seem sad that he,
Of Italy's wise society,
Should have to thus retard his speed,
Teaching Seniors how to read?

All classes under Mr. Scarborough are early taught to close their books tight, that they may be able to concentrate their minds on the subject in hand. Do you know why Mr. Alsup made that one failure? Miss Honey, 'way back in the farthest corner, had an open book on her desk and forgot to close it. Such is the power of influence!

Mr. Scarborough (trying to point out to a pupil that he had omitted an important step in the solution of a problem): "Now suppose you went out in the morning to plough a field and forgot your plough, what would you do?"

Pupil: "I'd pull weeds till noon."

Mr. Scarborough referred the class to Shakespeare's conclusion, "He that is satisfied is well paid."

Why is Mr. Golay a philosopher?

He is so willing and so happy to say, "I don't know."

Watch for the announcement of Mr. Scarborough's new book, entitled "Music in Mathematics; or, How to Teach Mathematics by NOTE."

When is Miss Kennedy not Irish?

Why, when she teaches *English* for the sake of *Inglish*, don't you know?

MR. SCARBOROUGH.

"Talk to him of Jacob's ladder, and he would ask you the number of steps."

"I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain."

"He could distinguish and divide a hair 'twixt south and southwest side."

"Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good."

MISS NICKERSON.

"As cold as cucumbers."

"I have not lived in vain."

"Let me consider the reason of the case."

MISS KENNEDY

"Her bark is worse than her bite."

"Woman's at best a contradiction still."

"Her eye has all its radiant youth,
Her cheek its morning flame;
We drop our roses as we go;
Hers flourish just the same."

English Department.

The English Department offers a greater number of courses and has a larger total enrollment than any other Department in our School.

We who realize the importance and extent of this group of subjects feel deeply aggrieved that there are but two instructors, Mr. Coulter and Miss Ball, who give all their time to English. We sincerely hope that another RHETOR may record for this Department the presence of at least five efficient teachers established in a suite of rooms extensive enough to accommodate their classes in comfort.

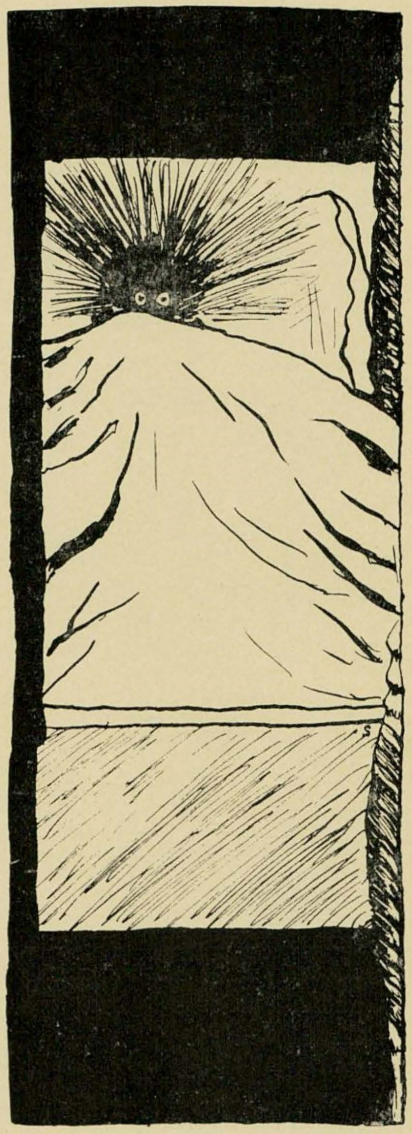
Meanwhile we recall with pleasure the cheerful, obliging spirit with which almost anyone around the Normal having an idle hour consents to teach an English class. Miss Williams divides her time between French and Rhetoric and American Literature. Before she went to the University of Chicago, Miss Coleman found time from her own school work to teach a Grammar class and an American Literature class; and Miss Sly, the Y. W. C. A. Secretary, has a Rhetoric class and a Grammar class. Captain Bahlman—faithful old soldier in a two-fold sense—labors to establish some connection between the Sub-Normal mind and the mysteries of English Grammar. Furthermore, in the stress of this year's work, Miss Kennedy has given assistance to this much neglected Department, and even Miss Yeater has been known to take an hour from the worship of Latin Prose to conduct an investigation of English. Miss Ball and Mr. Coulter manage the remaining more advanced classes. In addition, Mr. Coulter is giving a series of extension lectures at nearby points, and a correspondence course is projected for those at a distance.

In spite of this chaotic condition, the interest and appreciation of the students continue to increase, thanks to the efficiency and hard work of Miss Osborne, Miss Ball, and Mr. Coulter.

Query.—The Graduate English Class huddled in No. 30 wish to know whether by the time they have qualified for their A.B.s they will be reciting on the roof or merely in the attic?

S.

The glory and freshness of a dream.



I slept and dreamed.
Behold, I thought
That on my couch I sleeping lay,
When goblins weird
And black as ink
Like demons wild did 'round me play,
And point at me
With skinny hands,
And pierce me with their burning eyes,
Then utter shrieks
Of laughter shrill,
That might be heard beyond the skies.

I woke. The vision
Dread was gone.
The sun shone forth in splendor bright;
No vision fair
Of earth or air
Ere gave my rapt soul more delight,
A book I held
Within my grasp
That me had all this suffering cost;
The demon spirits
That came to me
Had 'scaped from Milton's "Paradise Lost."

The English Man.

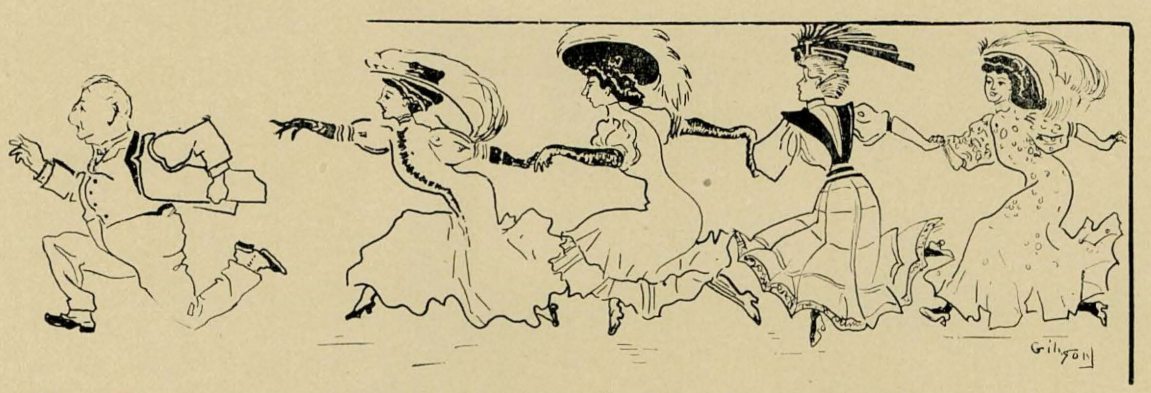
WHO leans on the desk with languid grace,
While a smile cherubic plays o'er his face,
On which of impatience there 's never a trace?
Who but the English Man?

Who glances around ere he doth speak,
With a look at once both gentle and meek,
While a blush doth mantle his manly cheek?
Who but the English Man?

Tell us, O youth of the lofty brow,
The cause of such harshness! Tell us now,
Or, idle conjectures will you allow?
Tell us, O English Man!

Did some beauteous maid, in the days gone by,
Delight thy soul and please thine eye,
Then, scorning thy love, did she pass thee by?
Was it this, O English Man?

Or, besieged by maidens on every hand,
Has your life been a struggle to escape the band,
And in self-defense do you take this stand,
Thou discreet English Man?



Who then invectives 'gainst ladies fair
Doth hurl, while his victims seated there
Such dire injustice must meekly bear?
Who but the English Man?

To know the cause I will not feign,
It matters not; the effect 's the same,
And hearts now sigh for you in vain,
Thou heartless English Man!

MR. COULTER.

"So sweet the blush of bashfulness
E'en pity scarce can wish it less."

"I am very fond of the company of ladies. I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity, and I like their silence."

"We looked and looked and still our wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew"—
And not be bald.

MISS BALL.

"For I am nothing if not critical."

"All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

"She with all the charm of woman,
She with all the breadth of man."

MISS MARY COLEMAN.

"Uncertain, coy, and hard to please."

"A rosebud set with little willful thorns."

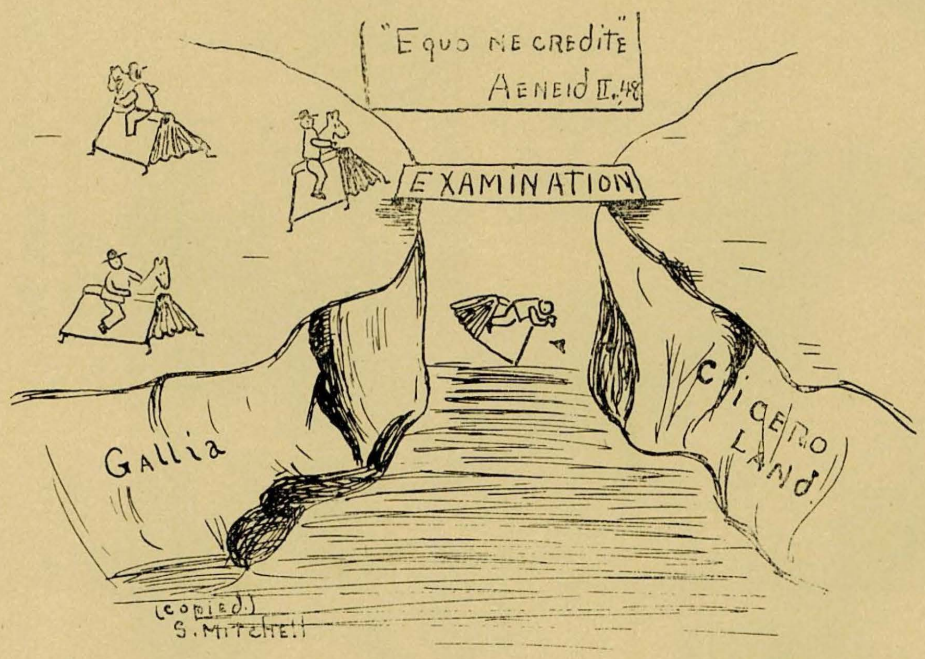
"I never dare to write as funny as I can."

Latin Department.

GENS JUNIORUM.

In L. Yeateriam Oratio Prima.
In Rhetore Habita.

How long, O Yeateria, will you continue to abuse our patience? How long will your frenzy goad us on? To what limit will that unrestrained mania for work display itself? Does not the ceaseless toil of your pupils, does not the burning midnight oil, does not the fear of your students, does not their assembly in secret places, does not that most formidable of all class-rooms, does not the anxious expression on their countenances move you at all? Do you not see that your methods are exposed? Do you not see that these habits of yours are held bound by the knowledge of all these? Who of us do you think is not aware that you know what we did last night, what the night before, where we were, whom we studied with, what lessons we prepared: *O Tempora! O Mores!* The Faculty perceive this, the President sees it; yet this one continues to tyrannize over us. Over us, did I say! Nay, more; even over the Seniors. She is made member of the Committee on Graduation; she marks and singles out with her eyes each one of them for conditioning and flunking. We, moreover, brave Juniors that we are, seem to do our duty by the School if we escape the acerbity and red ink of that one. To many holidays you ought to have been consigned long ago by order of the Board of Regents, that boon to be conferred on you which you have for so long begrudged us.



Echoes from the Virgil Girls.

"Hop along, Lucile."

"I've only heard that the fifth time."

"Miss Poague, please read loudly—it's a dark day."

"Miss Starr, you seem to be suffering from fatty degeneration of the will."

"Some of you need a megaphone attachment for verbs and prepositions."

"You haven't the point. There's nothing at all in what you say."

"These parsing days cause me an untold amount of suffering."

The class in Sociology use their books not as a text, but as a pretext.

"You should remember, young ladies, that heads were made to put things in—not merely to hang pompadours and puffs on."

MISS YEATER.

"A woman who does her own thinking, and needs but little advice."

"When she will, she will, you may depend on 't;
When she won't, she won't; and that's the end on 't."

"Her faults and virtues stand so mix'd that she
Not wholly stands condemned, nor wholly free."

"Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath."

"*Varium et mutabile semper femina.*"

MISS MARY MILLER.

"You have the look of one that threatens many an excellent thing."

"And my heart, my heart is an evergreen."

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint;
And those who know thee know all words are faint."

MISS MYRTLE WOOD

"She hath many nameless virtues."

"Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair, speechless messages."

"Then I'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade."

French Department.

HISTORY OF THE FRENCH-AMERICAN WAR OF 1907-08.

NINETEEN HUNDRED SEVEN AND EIGHT.

"Did Americans fight the French—woe to France!"—*Browning.*

"Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons! Marchons, marchons!" — *La Marseillaise.*

On September 19, 1907, war was declared against the Difficulties-of - the - French - Language by some Americans at the Warrensburg State Normal, Mo. There were many causes in general, but the chief one was a number of personal claims demanding satisfaction from the French.

Preparations were at once made by both sides; but the French, having a long-standing army, were much better prepared than their assailants. Enthusiasm caused a prompt enlistment in the American ranks, however. President Hawkins, the commander-in-chief of the American Army, knowing the nature of the opposing forces, worthily appointed Miss Maude Williams commanding general. Experience has proved Miss Williams to be a very proficient leader, especially against such enemies as these, with whose strategical form of warfare she is well acquainted. Two companies were formed, the first containing, after the complete enlistment at the beginning of the war, eleven able-minded soldiers, who called themselves the 1st Warrensburg State Normal. The noble volunteers were Gladys Andersen, Alice Engel, Celeste Hackleman, Grace Wallace, Patti Thurber, Ellen Petersen, Tildita Haymaker, Mrs. McAllister, Adam Remley, Clarence Clark and Professor Gwinn. Later Mr. Hill enlisted. He was an experienced soldier, having formerly fought against the Spanish in Mexico. The other company, or 2d Warrensburg State Normal, as it was called, enlisted two privates, Weleda and Lois Haymaker, tough and rugged veterans of the War of 1906-07. The limited size of this company being a constant hindrance to conquests of French territory, it was doubtful for a time if it could continue in the struggle. General Williams and the veterans at once organized a press-gang to secure additional men. Their hand-cuffs were of rhetoric and oratory; but, though they succeeded by means of these in catching a few men, it was only to find that all were more or less disabled, suffering chiefly from paralysis of the tongue (French).

As the work of this gang had failed, it was thought drafting would have to be resorted to. However, one last effort was made to influence some veterans of the preceding war to volunteer for service. Lloyd Kelley and Miss Rose Baxter were interviewed, the latter finally consenting to enter the ranks. After two days' service as a private, however, she discovered that her time was too limited to allow her to engage in the daily skirmishes, as she had been appointed commander of the Training Department. About this time General Williams interviewed the commander-in-chief of the Army and succeeded in securing an order to continue in the field regardless of the limited forces.

The character of the enemies differing according to their divisions, the 1st Warrensburg State Normal was trained to fight the inhabitants of Fraser - and - Squair's - French-Grammar, Maîret's "La Tâche du Petit Pièrre," and Daudet's "Trois Contes Choisis."

The famous commander of the French troops was General French-Pronunciation, who supervised all the divisions.

The 1st Warrensburg State Normal first entered the field against the Fraser-and-Squair's - French - Grammar Company. For many days they battled bravely, being many times repulsed and almost defeated, yet each drawback serving only to increase their determination to win. They seized by storm the French short story, "Le Petit Rouge-Gorge," subduing it entirely in their own minds; and incidentally taking a *sortie* that had been dispatched from General French-Pronunciation's own body-guard in the garrison to surprise them in the rear.

Just preceding this struggle for dominion over "La Petit Rouge-Gorge," Mr. Gwinn, one of the Americans' worthiest privates, was given a high command in the South in the war between Illiteracy and Good Education.

Seeing the weakened condition of the American fortifications, General French-Pronunciation sent a company of his Hard(i)est-French-Words-to-Pronounce to secretly enter the 1st Warrensburg State Normal's fort. These sturdy warriors succeeded in making an entrance, after which they dealt such vigorous blows that, although the defenders retaliated bravely, they were badly crippled before the assailing party was vanquished. Even then, some of the more experienced French veterans escaped and have not yet been seized by the 1st Warrensburg State Normal.

This almost total destruction of his strongest men temporarily discouraged General French-Pronunciation, whose men retreated in disorder, pursued rapidly by the Americans. When the pursuit began to look unpromising, there was a short lull in the hostilities, whereupon the French turned suddenly and by a few days' rapid review showed the 1st Warrensburg State Normal what the real nature of a French word is.

Somewhat subdued, the 1st Warrensburg State Normal rose to arms again, when the indomitable French general advanced again with fresh men. This new force were the inhabitants of "La Tâche du Petit Pièrre." They are powerful allies of the French words in Daudet's "Trois Contes Choisis." Both companies possess a very warlike and independent spirit—indeed, a truly Spartan spirit, for they never admit they are conquered. Many of these Hard-French-Words-to-Pronounce escaped the vigilant eye and mind of the 1st Warrensburg State Normal, but the remainder received rough treatment in the bloody onslaught.

While the 1st Warrensburg State Normal was engaged in the various attacks and defenses just mentioned, the 2d Warrensburg State Normal was engaged in a strife no less serious. Captain Intricacies-of-French-Translation, appointed by General French-Pronunciation, was authorized to select his men from the State of Hugo's "Les Miserables." These were the Untranslatable-French-Phrases, tried and experienced soldiers. They often overcame the 2d Warrensburg State Normals when attacked single-handed, remaining victorious until the Americans' powerful General Williams assisted personally in the fray, whereupon the Untranslatable-French-Phrases were immediately subjugated.

When, after many skirmishes, these veterans were almost destroyed, Captain Intricacies-of-French-Translation gave up the struggle and returned to camp. The condition of the French was now so critical that for some time following they made no direct attack; but kept sending out reconnoitering parties from Grammatical-Arrangement County, who cut off the (mental) supplies of the 2d Warrensburg State Normal, so that the most skillful military tactics had to be brought into play to secure provisions at all. The Americans kept busy; with the result that many of the reconnoitering parties never got back to report at French headquarters.

Many of the French regulars having been conquered, and the rest defeated for a time at least, the relay company of sixty-three irregulars was called out, commanded by Captain Conjugation. These were certainly the most redoubtable of the French fighters throughout

the whole period of conflict. Never did the 2d Warrensburg State Normal have to battle with more courage and determination! Never did warriors prove themselves more worthy of the name than did the French irregulars! A long and fierce battle followed, in which neither side was victorious.

A rather serious engagement followed, in which Captain Difficulties-of-Smooth-Translation and his force of indomitable Idiomatic Phrases met the 2d Warrensburg State Normal in a hand-to-hand fight. No victory was won by either side, yet the 2d Warrensburg State Normal gained much by the experience. The Americans now shifted their position to a more favorable field; so the following encounters were engaged in on the henceforth famous battle-ground, Room 30.

The next important undertaking on the part of the 2d Warrensburg State Normal was the taking of the French forces occupying Fort "Le Cid." The siege was long and hard; but though Lieutenant French-Poetry made stout resistance with his bold Complications-of-Grammatical-Construction, a surrender was at last forced.

This triumph for the Americans was a decided turning-point in the war, for, though other French strongholds remained to be taken, this was by far the most formidable. Fort Racine's "Esther" and some intrenchments of Molière's in "Les Précieuses Ridicules" were two of the chief ones to surrender. A number of other French works were also taken, notwithstanding some severe repulses by the French.

The fact that the Americans held comparatively the upper hand in the long conflict was due almost entirely to the splendid military abilities of their commander, one of the best of whose traits was a frequent examination of her troops. Though several of the American soldiers were wounded, one or two mortally, the fatal wounds were chiefly inflicted upon their enemies.

After many successive contests an armistice was declared between the opposing forces which was to last till the coming autumn, at which time hostilities would be renewed.

MISS WILLIAMS.

"What she wills to do or say is wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."

"There is a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face."

"Can there be so fair a creature
Formed of common clay?"

There was a young man from Long Branch
Who decided he 'd like to take French.
So take it he did,
Till he came to "Le Cid"—
He returned, the next term, to his ranch.

Miss Haymaker: "Miss Williams, I don't know much about those French verbs."

Miss Williams: "Oui, ça va sans dire!"

Mr. Clark declines to answer the question given in the exercises as to who is the brightest pupil in the French class. C'est la modestie!

Miss Williams: "What is the French for perhaps?"

Mr. Remley: "Why—er—ah—er—er—let me see. Well, it is—ah—something like *potato*."

Description of the Street Gamin.

(As Translated from the French by a Freshie who *knows how.*)

EXTRACT FROM "LES MISERABLES."

Paris has an infant and the forest has a bird; the bird calls himself the sparrow; the infant calls himself the gamin. This little being is joyous. He eats not all the days and he goes to the spectacle, if good to him it seems, all the evenings. He has not of chemise on the body, not of slippers to the feet, not of roof upon the head; he is like the flies of the sky, who do not have nothing of all that. He has of seven to thirteen years, lives by bands, beats the pavement, lodges in full air, carries an old trouser of his father which to him descends more low than the heels, an old hat of some other father which to him descends more low than the ears, one alone suspender in stuff yellow; runs, watches, begs, loses the time, breeches some pipes, swears like a damned, haunts the inn, knows some thieves, speaks slang, sings of the songs smutty, and not has nothing of bad in the heart. It is that he has in the soul one pearl, the innocence; and the pearls not themselves dissolve in the mire. So much that the man is infant, God wants that he be innocent. If the one demands to the enormous village, "What is it that it is that that?" she would respond, "That is my little."

OVERHEARD JUST OUTSIDE OF ROOM 30.

Freshie (After two weeks' study of French): "Say, that examination was easy, *I* think. French is dead easy—easiest subject I have, and so easy to learn, too! Why, I can say almost anything. Never put more than half an hour on my French, either."

Junior: " 'Tis, huh? All right. Say, 'The wind blew across the fields.' "

Freshie: "Les vent bleue accoster la camp."

Miss Williams: "Mr. Hill, you may put this sentence into French: 'Yes, sir; I pick up my bags and my books, and go to school.' "

Mr. Hill (who has been in Mexico): "Oui, Señor; yo ramasse mis socks et mes livres, et vais à l'école."

Miss Williams: "Yes, Miss Petersen; the indefinite articles are *un* for the masculine, and *une* for the feminine."

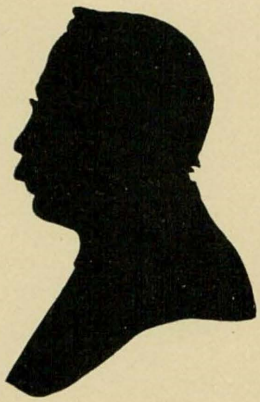
She whose name is "Maud"; "Well, *why* don't they make them look more like *a* and *the* in English? Or *why* don't they omit them, the way they do in Latin? I don't see any sense in having them that way. It seems to me that if they do have them the way they are, *une* ought to be the masculine article because it ends in *e* just like *he* in English. *Why* isn't it, anyway?"

A Freshman's attempt at poetry after a short study of French:

Champs-Elysees.

Les champs sont en fleurs,
Le lac bleu est joli;
Petits oiseaux chantent,
Le printemps est ici.

German Department.



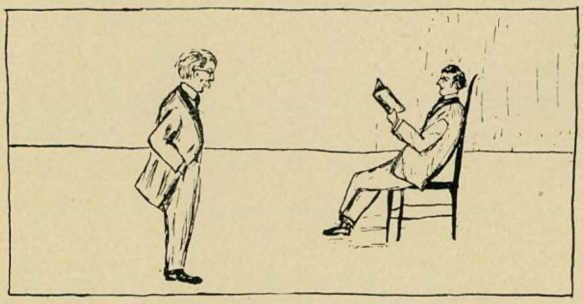
CAPT. BAHLMAN.

"Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything."

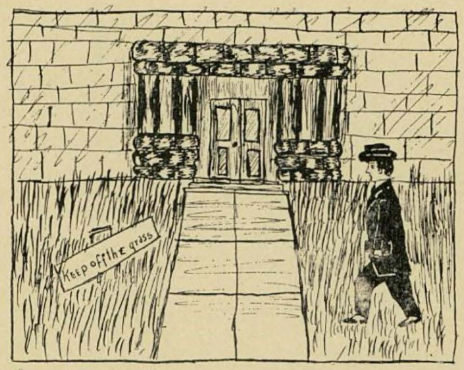
"He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar and give direction."

"I love to tell the story."

"Oh! do not slander him, for he is kind."



"Is there any cellar under this room?
Gerade sitzen" Prof B.



"Wearing of the green"
Prof B

History Department.

THE STORY OF A WELL-SPENT LIFE.

Prof. H. D. Demand was born in 1856, in Pettis County, where the air is softer, the sky bluer, and the zephys sweeter than anywhere else in the world. Besides, Pettis County is the center of the universe, it being just as far around the world going east until you come back to Pettis as it is going west until you come back to the same place. The same can be said going north or south.

His youth was spent on the farm, clearing brush, with the assistance of Brother John, also a devoted fisher, hunter and trapper. In his country school days he was known as "Bud," which name has now descended to his son. Later on in college, after having led a famous and successful strike or riot, he was known as "Governor" among the boys.

His civil war record is one of courage, having led a charge on a watermelon patch, for which he was warmly censured for bravery.

After college days were over, he became famous for his extraordinary success in teaching a "Bad Boys' School" in Lafayette County. His fame having spread abroad, he was called to Lexington, where he raised the schools from the zero mark to a state of efficiency on the high road to infinity. Again his name and fame went forth, and the Warrensburg State Normal called him with an imperative voice. He came to take the chair of History, which he now fills so comfortably and so acceptably. But not alone in the History Department is he in demand. He holds high carnival in the Classification Office, the first week of each quarter, and no one may enter this great institution unless they bear upon them the stamp of his approval. Irregulars in their course "who enter there leave hope behind."

Great renown has been added to his name by his unique, convincing and most helpful lecture on "How to Make a Failure." The way in which the public have received this lecture may be seen from the following:

"Special dispatch from the correspondent of the Kansas City *Sun, Moon and Star.*"

"Knobnoster, March 23, 19..—The event of the season in this city, both socially and intellectually, was the illustrated lecture given last evening by Prof. H. D. Demand, head of the History Department of the Warrensburg State Normal School.

"The lecture entitled 'How to Make a Failure' was impressive, instructive, interesting, and inspiring in the extreme, and was delivered to a large and appreciative audience.

"On the afternoon of the glorious occasion our city was raised to the highest pitch of excitement by the arrival of a special train from Warrensburg, bearing the famous Professor and his stage scenery. As you have seen so widely advertised, he lectures by the laboratory method, and carries with him a concrete illustration of his subject.

"The dense crowd at the station became wildly enthusiastic as the stately form of Professor D. appeared upon the platform of the train, a pencil in his mouth and a friendly twinkle in his eye. But the excitement broke all bounds and the air was filled with frantic cheers when, following the Professor, came his specimens for experiment and illustration. Collectively, they bore the name 'Advanced American History Class.' Individual names are concealed from the public, but perhaps 'by their works ye may know them.'

"Your correspondent will be compelled to pass over the intervening hours, and proceed at once to a description of the evening lecture.

The large and handsome auditorium was early filled until the seating capacity of its window sills was strained to its utmost. When at last the curtain rose, the breathless audience beheld an almost lifelike imitation of a schoolroom, with pupils arranged in zigzag rows, all busily writing in large note-books.

"Professor D. now came forward and addressed his audience upon the general nature of Failure. He said, in part: 'Friends, I am not here to advertise the Warrensburg Normal, but if at the close of this evening's entertainment you should conclude that to be the best place on earth for producing failures, I shall not quarrel with you, but take your name and send you a Summer Bulletin. I have brought with me a collection of my choicest failures to show you the results, as I explain the methods. Do you see, near the rear of the second row of desks, a young man with clustering curls upon his noble brow? He would have failed to make a failure, but he joined the youth just in front, and together they brought terror to the unoffending farmers by burning their barns, like the mean, malicious "barn-burners of old." A few seats in front of them sits a promising pupil, but she achieved failure because she only knew one history, the one her grandmother told. To the far left of these, see the tiny student, with football tightly clasped in his arms. Alas! the ball tells the tale! And near him, sleeping sweetly on, observe the classic head, the six feet of body neatly jointed into the desk. But enough of him. His is the calmest, easiest, but surest way to accomplish failure.'

"And so on through the class the Professor went; but lack of space forbids me to say more, save that the occasion will ever be remembered as one of the greatest in the history of the city."

A Disturbance.

Once upon a daylight brilliant,
While we pondered, weak and williant,
O'er many a spurious page of history lore;
While we nodded, nearly napping,
Quick our teacher gave a tapping,
As of some one roughly rapping,
Rapping at our chamber door.
"'Tis some girls without," we muttered,
"Laughing on the cloak-room floor,
Only this and nothing more."

But the girls all yet undaunted,
Turned and gave a rap that taunted;
Our dear old fat Professor turned and got him to the door.
Then a lecture very ruffy,
Took they from our Prof. so huffy.
And it took him just a jiffy
To condemn their acts galore;
All of this, and then some more.

W. K.

History.

Parable of the Hobbling String.

Once upon a Time, many Years ago, a certain Man rose up early in the Morning and said unto his Wife: "Wife, take this Piece of Good, Strong String and tie with it my Two Hands behind my Back, for I fear me I shall do some Rash Thing to-day." His Wife took the Good, Strong String and tied it about his Two Hands as he held them behind his Back, and the Knot she tied was truly a Good, Strong Knot. And the Man went forth and Pried about to see what Thing he might do, and ever as he felt the Good, Strong String restraining him, he wished more and more to do Something Rash and Wild. At last he returned to his Wife, and, backing up to her, he said: "Wife, I have made up my Mind what I shall do. I pray thee cut the String."

Now this is a Parable without a Moral, for it was written Too Late. The Man is "our old Friend" Uncle Sam; the String is the Constitution; but none of our Brothers and Sisters know the Wife. Mr. Demand has never told.

MR. DEMAND.

"Melancholy marked him for his own."

"Though he make the unskillful laugh, he cannot but make the judicious grieve."

"I have no ambition to see a good-lier man."

MR. BASS.

"The observed of all observers."

"I shall tower to the skies with exalted head."

MISS RUNYON.

"I have lived and loved."

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

"I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books."

Economics.

In our Republic, the completion of a course in School is frequently spoken of as a preparation for citizenship, but the Department of Economics furnishes an opportunity for special training in the principles of government and in economic problems. Many students reaped the benefit of these advantages during the year.

Probably the most interesting phase of the work of the year was the study of Banking. The class began that study when the "panic" in Wall Street was apparent. The students read the newspapers and magazine articles, and their information was discussed in the class from the standpoint of fundamental theories. Other important topics were: "Capital and Labor," "Protection and Free Trade," "Consumption," "Money and Trusts."

We feel that some words of praise are due to our honored Professor, Richard D. Shannon. The greater part of his life has been spent as a teacher in Missouri schools. He was at one time State Superintendent of Schools, and for ten years he has held the chair of Political Science in our Normal. His long experience and broad reading qualifies him for giving to his classes many practical examples. He is, in all respects, worthy of our imitation.

NOTES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

Fundamental Ideas.

E + (1) The people rule — when the trusts don't.

Rather broad statement. G (2) Our institutions are the greatest in the world.

E (3) We have the best government on earth, but England is not far behind.

E + + (4) Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

Modern Economy (space)—

P—

Illustration—Barely room for two. No. 1038.

Mr. Gentry, why does such a bright young man as you get off the subject?

(Graded by Prof.)

Jas. B. Steiner.

DR. SHANNON.

He is long of statue and that 's enough to say.

"It is much easier to be critical than to be correct."

Biology.

Biology is that science which gives lengthy, tongue-twisting names, as long as one's arm, to the smallest of microscopic animals and plants. It also has names of its own for those living things visible to the naked eye.

Some organisms, so very small that they appear as but tiny specks under a high-power microscope, have names big enough to kill them. No wonder they are so small! And they will never develop into anything larger until they are relieved of such burdensome names. Some of the names might be stuffed and preserved in the laboratory to illustrate what there is in a name.

Biology is a fine study, notwithstanding these drawbacks, as it affords us an excellent opportunity for studying our ancestors. To those who are interested in tracing (back) their genealogy, I recommend the study of biology.

Mr. Darwin was, no doubt, looking up his family record when he formed his celebrated theory of evolution. He traced backward and backward with much diligence, not stopping at the monkey stage, as some people think, but keeping on and on until he had traced his family back to the amœba, the lowest form of animal life. And when he looked through a high-power microscope and saw that tiny speck of protoplasm with the characteristic features of the Darwin family, he concluded that his research work was done and he had at last found his great-, great-, great-, great-, great-, great-, great-, great-, great-, great-, great-grandfather.

Some people don't like Mr. Darwin's theory, which proves that they are not very fond of their ancestors, and some don't want to go any farther back than Adam. But Adam made a monkey out of himself when he ate the apple; so, either way it is figured, man came from the lower animals.

The evolution theory is entirely plausible. One has but to study human nature and he will arrive at the same conclusion as did Mr. Darwin; for what is human nature but a bundle of instincts and habits peculiar to the lower animals? Man, coming as he did, from the minute protozoan and passing through every stage of animal life and activity, would naturally retain some of the habits which he acquired while he was a dog, a cat, or a skunk. For instance, the sponging habit, so common among men, was clearly acquired while man was passing through that stage of animal life that we to-day call *Spongidia porifera*. When a big, burly bear, man acquired several bad habits; among them, that of growling, a fondness for sweet things, and hugging. The fox period contributed man's sly, tricky nature. From the fish epoch he got the drink habit; and some men will be as bad as a fish out of water when the prohibition element succeeds in putting the "lid" on for good. The mule period gave us the stubborn, balky man, the chronic kicker, and the man with a "pull." The yellow-hammer produced the knocker, the "anvil chorus" leader. In the snail we see the slow-poke; and the hog is undoubtedly the ancestor of the politician.

As all animals eat, sleep, and fight, more or less, man cannot be said to have acquired any one of these bad habits from any particular creature. The truth of it is that almost every animal contributed something to man's efficiency in these three lines—that is, helped to place man above the birds of the air and the beasts of the field.

So far we have spoken only of man, for woman, being a "side issue," did not appear until man was pretty well along. I am led to believe that the bird stage was her first, beginning with the ostrich period of that age; for the ostrich plume has ever been very dear to the heart of woman. There is one thing,

however, which would seem to make this a rather absurd supposition: woman acquired no habits to speak of from the bird. True, the habit of wearing plumes is common to both, but the woman does not wear them where the bird does. They are wholly unlike in other respects. The ostrich hides its head to conceal its whole form and to evade pursuers; the woman hides most of her head with a monstrous hat to show off her whole figure and to draw on pursuers.

In conclusion, I will say that I hope that I have succeeded in proving that Biology is a great and important subject. But if in naming and pointing out a few of the habits that man possesses after the manner of lower animals, I have offended anyone in the least, I humbly ask his pardon in the name of any of my howling, barking, squealing, or braying ancestors.

Note.—I almost forgot to state that science has bestowed upon man, "the flower of evolution," the name *Homo*. Mr. Hardesty, however, would have it "hobo."

C. Lee Kenagy.

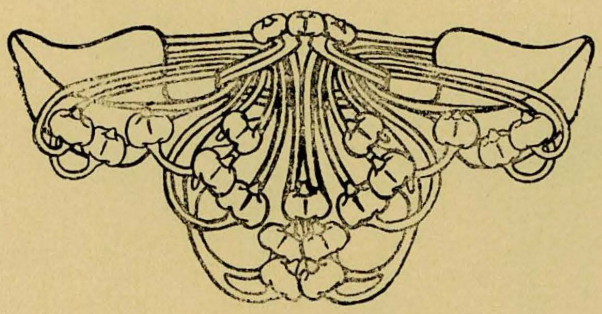
MR. SEWELL.

"And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."

"'Tis not for mortals always to be blest."

"He is jist the most entertainin' talker livin'."

"Faith, that 's as well said as if I had said it myself."



Manual Training.

During the past year, the Manual Training Department has been reorganized. New courses have been put into operation, and additional equipment of the best type has been installed.

In addition to the usual course offered heretofore, the students now have the opportunity of our work in wood-turning, metal-working, and pottery. The turning lathes are of the latest and most approved design, driven by individual overhead motors. An additional room has been equipped with individual benches for the metal-workers.

The course offered in pottery is very complete, affording operations on the wheel, and building pottery by hand. Firing and glazing receive the attention their importance demands.

Much interest is shown on the part of the students in the new courses. Those who took the wood-turning and those in the pottery classes were surprised to find that such beautiful things can be made out of clay and wood, and that with a little practice, under the guidance of Mr. Ahrens, they can fashion these things.

Prof. Ahrens has the ability to make the work very interesting, and he has some wonderful plans for the development of his department. With this enthusiastic and energetic man at its head, the department will soon be too large for its home, and a new and larger building will be needed to accommodate it. Here's success to the Manual Training Department, and may it not be much longer cramped for room.

Z. C.

MR. AHRENS.

"Men were deceivers ever."

"Assume a virtue if you have it not."

"Had I been present at the creation, I would have given some useful hints for the ordering of the universe."

"We would that thou wert half as constant as thy photograph."

"Take things always by the smooth handle."

Agricultural Department.

A POTATO-PATCH SERMON.

The June sun was up and at work drying the copious dews, and the air was fresh and fragrant with the breath of morning. Nature's melody filled the air and even the tiniest floweret held high its cup of nectar to drink to the health and joy of the world.

With such surroundings, I found it difficult indeed to concentrate my mind on the commonplace task of digging some new potatoes for dinner. After a time I noticed an odd, musical sound which seemed to rise from the ground behind me. Turning to ascertain its cause, I was astonished to find it coming from potatoes just dug. They seemed to be grouping themselves about a little hillock which a magnificent specimen of the *Solanum Tuberosum*, a veritable Professor Hoover of a potato, had ascended. When the laggards had taken their places, the music (or hymn, as it proved to be) ceased, and the ensuing silence was broken by the small, peculiarly bell-like voice of the leader. The enunciation was so clear that I did not lose a word of a discourse which produced an impression upon me that I shall not soon forget.

"My text," began the potato, "may be found in Genesis 2:15: 'And the Lord God took the man and put him in the garden of Eden to dress it and keep it.' As good potatoes, the subject of agriculture should appeal to you all, for to this noble art practiced by man we owe the important position we hold in the social world, while without it we would still be in our original and worthless estate by nature. My discussion will divide itself logically into four divisions—namely, the history of agriculture, the dignity of agriculture, the utility of agriculture, and the beauty of agriculture.

"The history of agriculture began in the garden of Eden. It is not without significance that the first parents of men were placed in the garden of Eden 'to dress it and keep it'—to be, in short, farmers; and what the Lord God did as Creator, He has continued to do as Providence, making agriculture the foundation of every human society and every civilization. Authorities give evidences of an extensive knowledge of agriculture among the ancient peoples of the Nile and the Tigris-Euphrates valleys, the oldest civilizations on earth, and among the peoples of later ones, which compares favorably with that of our own day."

A look of wonder passed over the faces of the audience, as though each potato were thinking, "Can such a thing be possible?"

"The children of Israel, not figuratively, but literally, sat, every man under his own vine and fig tree. The Scriptures abound in references to their agricultural pursuits, calling their country 'a land of corn and wine,' 'a land of bread and vineyards,' and 'a land flowing with milk and honey.' "

A patriarchal-looking potato nodded his head affirmatively.

"Curiously enough, the religions of several countries are closely connected with their agriculture. Zoroaster declared agriculture to be a sacred calling, for the husbandman was reclaiming the ground from the curse of the dark spirit Ahriman. The Greeks, owing to the topography of their country, were not preeminently an agricultural people, yet they had a special goddess of agriculture and gave prominence to this industry in other ways. The image of Diana of the Ephesians was covered with the emblems of agriculture, and

one-half of the scenes on the shield of Achilles represented the joys and toils of country life. The ancient Romans were a thoroughly agricultural people. In their wars with other nations they fought mainly to gain new lands for their agricultural pursuits, for it was in the produce of the soil that their wealth principally consisted. In later times they became more or less a trading people, but they always kept a profound interest in agriculture.

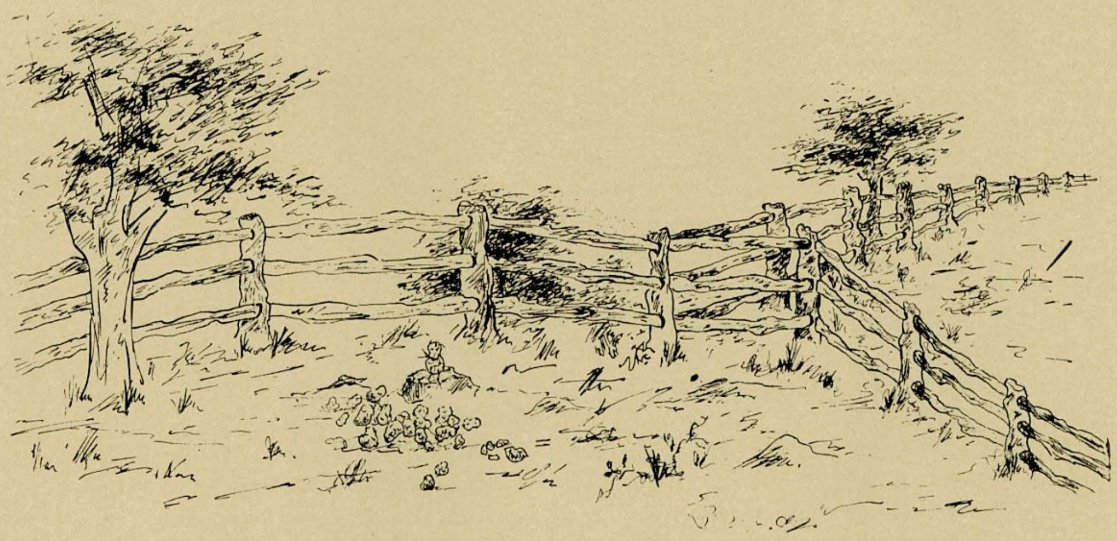
"Madam," he interrupted himself, "will you kindly take that little potato away? His crying disturbs the congregation.

"Many of the American Indian tribes," he continued, "have strangely commingled their ideas of creation and the origin of corn, and to this day many of them celebrate as the most prominent feast of the year the corn feast. Particularly among the Aztecs of Mexico and the Incas of Peru was agriculture most perfectly systematized."

Just here there was another interruption. The mischievous wind caught the preacher's hat, which he had placed on a root projecting from the pulpit, and carried it among the congregation, setting it at last on a small potato of very tender age, utterly extinguishing it.

"Coming down to more modern countries, we find that every nation now has more or less knowledge of agriculture. The United States Government has done much to broaden and strengthen an interest in this great subject. It has established experiment stations all over the country for the purpose of experimenting on all phases of agriculture, and the knowledge thus gained is freely given to any one who will ask for it. Many of these experiment stations are connected with the agricultural colleges, of which almost every State boasts. Some of the States have instituted agricultural high schools."

He paused to rub gently and tenderly a spot of rust on his bald head.



"Here in our own little world of Missouri the Normal schools teach agriculture to students who will teach it in the rural and grammar schools. Reading courses and Farmers' Institutes help wonderfully in the great work of raising high standards of agriculture. New methods of interesting the people are being devised continually. With the extensive literature in agricultural books, newspapers, bulletins, reading courses, and so forth, there is no excuse for the modern farmer being behind the times in his farming. But, although the United States is doing so much, we American-grown potatoes fairly blush with shame when we are forced, though reluctantly, to admit

that European nations are far in advance of us in this all-important art. Take Germany, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, France, and others, any one of which has agriculture at its fingers' end. This is, however, due largely to their limited territory and numerous population—a condition at which we have not yet arrived."

"I hope I 'll be cooked and eaten before we do arrive at that condition," murmured an exceedingly portly potato, who liked to have plenty of room.

"They were literally forced to make two or more blades of grass grow, so to speak, where one formerly had grown. This necessity compelled them to study scientifically the art of farming so as to get the very best and most out of the comparatively scanty means at their disposal, and all this has developed an admirable system of agriculture. Then there is China, that nation of superb farmers! thrifty, almost to a fault, painstaking, tireless workers, the Chinese develop their little farms in a manner almost unparalleled by any other nation. Although their methods are antiquated, for they still continue to farm in exactly the same way they have for centuries, they have the same simple principles of fertilization, soil care, and production that we use."

Here the speaker cleared his throat before proceeding.

"It is true, in the face of all this, however, that the import of agriculture has sometimes been forgotten, and its representatives have been crushed by tyranny, but there has never been wanting a Virgil or Horace to sing the delights of the garden.

'Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ringed Cup, where no one knows;
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows,'

sang Omar Khayyam; and 'the pastures are clothed with flocks; and the valleys also are covered over with corn, they shout for joy, they also sing,' was King David's song. From Adam to Burbank, were we to delve in the claybanks of history, we might find a perpetual succession of the men who have devoted themselves to revealing and unraveling the mysteries of Nature, turning them into potent aids for mankind."

Reverend Mr. Tuberosum had for some time been keeping one eye on a group of "Little Potatoes" who were becoming rather noisy in the corner farthest removed from the rostrum.

"There will have to be less talking," he said at last, rather severely, "if I am to continue.

"The farming population has always formed the framework of every nation. History has shown that whenever the representatives of agriculture become oppressed, as were the slaves in Sparta or the serfs of Russia, the condition of the nation is critical. The measure of a country's freedom, prosperity, and progress will be found in its agricultural conditions and the protection and encouragement that are given them. The United States, for example, shows how true this is, for with its growth has developed its agriculture."

I had noticed two or three potatoes nodding for some time, and at this point a deep snore was distinctly heard proceeding from a very rotund, ignorant-looking potato who had found the discourse too learned for his understanding. His shocked neighbors nudged him into wakefulness, but the Reverend Tuberosum had heard him, and, concluding that enough history had been given to serve the purpose, he began the discussion of the second division of his sermon, taking on unconsciously a more dignified bearing as he did so.

"The agriculturist," he said, "is the only truly 'ancient and honorable.' His art and office date from Eden itself, which shows in what importance the Creator held it, since He made it the first occupation of man. His art is the only true art. It is the mother art, for from it all others spring. The dignity of agriculture has appealed to the great men of all ages. The Emperor Diocletian, after having abdicated, when solicited by Maximian to re-

assume the reins of government, said, 'If I could show Maximian the cabbages which I planted with my own hands here at Salona, he would no longer urge me to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power.' "

"If he had raised potatoes along with his cabbages, he would have been ever happier," whispered an old lady tuber.

"The kings of Greece in the time of Homer might have been seen supervising the labors of the harvest - field. Less practical, though significant, is the custom the emperors of China have followed for centuries of going out at the beginning of every year to offer sacrifice to the God of Agriculture and to plough the first furrow with a golden plough to insure a plentiful harvest. Tolstoi, in this last century, donned the peasant's garb and labored with his own hands on his estate. Have you noticed," the potato shook his finger impressively at his flock, "have you noticed everywhere the sneer that is implied by the word 'hayseed'? Yet none of the sneerers can carry his dignity like Burbank. Luther Burbank represents the modern man with the hoe. In Millet's famous picture the man is bowed down with the labors of many generations. Burbank, on the contrary, has thrown off the burden and walks erect among his fellows."

The potato drew himself up to his greatest height, as though he felt himself a Burbank.

"And he is only one of many. He is perhaps more prominent from having worked such extraordinary wonders in the agricultural world, but there are numbers who are unknown outside of their little circles of acquaintances, yet the fact remains, nevertheless, that they are there doing what they can in a good useful work. And this brings me," said the potato, wiping from his brow the perspiration caused by his ardor, "this brings me to the third point of my sermon.

"From the utilitarian point of view, agriculture is the most successful ,all-around industry there is. The chief interest of humanity centers in the hoe and sickle. If man be cut off entirely from communication with cities or places of trade, and even from human society, he can live on the products of the soil. For example of the first, as did the Pilgrim Fathers; and of the second, to quote fiction, 'Robinson Crusoe.' Human society is not based upon the city, but upon the farm. The farm furnishes the brain and brawn of the world. Cities would soon run out if there were no supply of fresh blood to infuse new life into them. A large percentage of the great men of our boasted American civilization have been born and reared on the farm, among these: D. H. Carnagey, that famous silver-tongued declaimer of the Warrensburg State Normal School, who probably first learned 'pieces' as a lad while he fed our kind to the pigs on his father's farm; W. G. Neet, the renowned orator, rival of Demosthenes, Cicero, and Daniel Webster, now standing on the dizzy heights of fame, no doubt made his first attempts at oratory as he rested at intervals while cultivating the potato-patch; and Z. Calloway, contemporary of the two above mentioned, the talented debater, the bespectacled winner of renown, presumably debated many a knotty question with obstinate cows and calves."

"I heern tell o' them before now," said a lanky, ungrammatical potato to his neighbor.

"Then, too, agriculture forms the main occupation of mankind. It is the one industry that feeds and clothes, the one industry that is pure utility."

The potato now took up the discussion of the fourth point of his sermon with an enthusiasm which left no doubt as to what appealed the most to him in the subject.

"The farm for me!" he began, all his eyes sparkling with his enthusiasm. "There has been much discussion as to the location of Eden. Whoever is in doubt need only go to the country to find it. The boundaries of Eden have been extended to all the agricultural world. It passes my understanding how so many of the human race can leave Eden for the purpose of herding together in cities as

they do. Cities! dirty, grimy, smoky, murky, crowded cities, teeming with disease and vice and iniquity. Their crowding inhabitants elbow one another in the race for existence, breathing the thick, foul air so detrimental to health and well-being, and vainly imagine that they are happy and better off than we are who live free, clean, contented lives. Compare their surroundings to ours at the present moment. Look about you; see the morning sun shining through the trees onto our domain, throwing fantastic shadows across the road, and the fresh and restful greens; hear the songs of the birds, and the hum of happiness which rises from every living creature; breathe the pure, fresh air about us and consider which is preferable. How any young man or woman having within the bounds of possibility the living in the midst of beauty, plenty and pleasure could 'leave his valley to batten on that moor' is incomprehensible."

A young potato shook his head in entire disagreement with this last sentiment, his action implying that the city seemed to him a veritable land of promise in spite of anything that could be said to the contrary.

"The finest paintings which copiers of Nature have produced do not begin to equal the paintings of Nature herself, for they are inimitable. The millionaire buys beautiful diamonds, but the poorest laborer in the fields has jewels which are incomparably more beautiful in the dewdrops sparkling on the grass or swinging to and fro in the gossamer hammock of a spider's web in the morning sunshine."

I noticed, as the potato was pronouncing these last words, that a sturdy coleoptera was under-mining the hillock which served as pulpit. Suddenly it gave a convulsive lurch and the potato fell forward among his flock. Unfortunately, I turned just then, for I heard someone call me, and when I looked at the congregation again they had become the common, speechless, unintelligent potatoes which can be seen anywhere. I picked up the preacher potato with a feeling of profound respect, for he had given me an insight into a subject to which, until then, I had not given very much thought.

Grass.—A form of vegetation covering the Normal Campus and off with students are requested to keep.

Horse.—An animal made up entirely of points. The remembering of these points causes much trouble and tribulation.

Hayseed.—An extinct animal, some remains of which may still be found in remote regions.

Foot-Ball.—A strenuous game played chiefly in town, and usually by agricultural brain and brawn.

Mice.—Little beasts which abound in the Agricultural Laboratory. Industry is their chief characteristic. They can destroy an entire coffee plantation in a single night. This statement can be corroborated by Mr. Prince.

[*Note.*—The suggestion is made that Mr. Prince get up a score-card for mice, each student being required to catch and score his own mouse.]

North Pole.—The place where Prof. Hoover would like to spend his summer vacation.

Net.—Something to catch butterflies with. These nets may be seen moving over the Campus like will-o'-the-wisps throughout the day at certain seasons of the year; the bearers *walk on the grass.*

Prince.—A man who will be King in his line some day. We have one at W. S. N.

MR. HOOVER.

"I am a man more sinned against than sinning."

"My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much must talk in vain."

MR. PRINCE.

"A married man! That 's most intolerable."

"I was not always a man of woe!"

"They that stand high have many blasts to shake them."

Chemistry Department.

A ROMANCE OF ATOMS.

Atoms, like humans, live in families, bound together by ties of kinship and affinity. These atomic families, as a rule, are dissatisfied. The little atoms do not care for their own brothers and sisters so much as for some other atom's brother or sister.

Now one day in the scientific realm it was decided that a picinic should be given for the different kinds of atoms, so that they might become acquainted with one another. The picnic ground was a large handsome bottle, in Room 21. Professor Walters was host. The spectators were the members of the Chemistry class.

It can be imagined how glad these little atoms were when the time arrived for them to be set free from their various imprisonment. When the time came, they were carried into the beautiful play-ground, the majestic bottle. They were all thrown in together. Such a scramble! The atoms fairly elbowed their way through the crowd.

Mr. Oxygen spied Miss Hydrogen and rushed immediately to take a walk with her. His family objected, but he, becoming incensed at their rudeness, to provoke his mother still more, grabbed two Hydrogen atoms and started off with them. His mother and father rushed after him, pushing their way through the seething mass of atoms, and, just at the moment he would have been snatched away from the Misses Hydrogen, fortunately his fairy godmother, a large luminous Match, appeared and instantaneously combined the three into a tiny drop of water.

The Oxygen father and mother, foiled in their attempt to regain their son, throwing their arms about in anger and desperation, accidentally grabbed an atom of Carbon, and they clung to it so closely that they formed Carbon Dioxide, thereby doing a great deal of good; for, as the fire from the fairy godmother's torch would have caused much excitement, they brought the atomic atmosphere into a calm, by putting out the flame.

However, before her torch was extinguished the fairy godmother wrought several wonderful changes. She set on fire the petticoat of a certain little Miss Hydrogen, who in turn entered into a blissful combination with a Mr. Chlorine, a large, pompous, weighty atom who happened to be near her. They sailed out on the matrimonial sea as a molecule of Hydrochloric Acid Gas, and, although they themselves were perfectly contented, it was proved, concerning them, that they were instrumental in separating numerous "Chemical Combinations." These little Hydrogen atoms were terrible flirts. They would enter into really close association with certain atoms, then, if by chance they saw some other atoms which attracted them by an indescribable affinity, they would without ceremony leave the old for the new.

But the Fluorine atoms caused more discontent and displeasure than any others. They fairly incensed and insulted various kinds of atoms. If they saw one with whom they felt at all inclined to combine, they very impolitely crowded out their rivals, gentlemen or ladies, as the case might be. Little Miss Sodium actually shed tears because of a very impertinent, bold little Miss Fluorine's taking from her her spouse, Mr. Chlorine, with whom she had passed many delightful years as Sodium Chloride.

Relying on her supreme strength as a chemical agent, this Miss Flourine added injury to the insult by scratching Miss Chlorine's face until she looked as if she had the small-pox.

In fact, Miss Fluorine not only broke up this combination, but she stirred things up generally. She really spoiled the picinic, by

breaking up every pleasant flirtation; and only the atoms who were very close combined did she leave unmolested. She had the faces of the lady atoms scratched and wounded until they looked pitiful, and the men had the appearance of having been on a field of combat. Indeed, she was not satisfied with the defacement of her atomic neighbors, but she even began to attack the sides of the large, handsome battle, which had been so generously loaned to the company for the day.

When the other atoms, disabled though they were, saw her defacing their beautiful play-ground, where they had planned to have so much enjoyment, it was too much.

Every atom who was at all able lent a hand in punishing these Fluorine atoms. They were all heated to such a point of anger that they set fire to themselves, and suddenly as the roar of a mighty cannon, as the movement of distant artillery, an explosion occurred. A flash of light! a crash! and the large, handsome bottle was broken into atoms. It was an explosion, that was all; an instantaneous combustion, caused by the anger of the atoms. The remains of the atomic picinic were analyzed by the spectators. All that could be found was a drop of water, an unpleasant odor, and the shattered remains of a bottle.

C. S.

MR. WALTERS.

"He knows what 's what, and that 's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly."

"Yet he is kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bears to learning is in fault."

"The mind's the standard of the man."

"His countenance is the very portal and portrait of his mind."

Chemical Fire Extinguisher

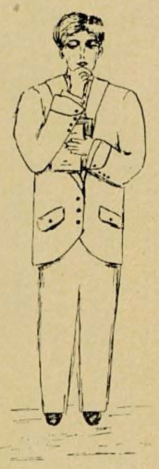
Physics.

Always walking, walking, walking;
Always talking, talking, talking,
  Keeping pace with seconds as the minutes rolled on by,
With his fingers gently roaching from his forehead an encroaching
Lock, lest those keen eyes miss receiving
All the chances that were passing, passing
  Onward to return no more.

Always rapping, rapping, rapping;
Always tapping, tapping, tapping,
  As he studied out the formulas of some old sage of yore;
With his head downcast in thinking,
With his eyelids never blinking,
He sometimes stopped a moment—
  Just a moment and no more.

Always teaching, teaching, teaching;
Always asking, asking, asking,
  Questions profound in their meaning,
And, if we should be caught napping,
"Come on, class!" would be his warning;
We are given for our thinking
  Just one moment and no more.

Always helping, helping, helping;
Gently pushing, pushing, pushing
  Onward, to a higher height that we can only dream.
Ever lifting up the struggling, ever censuring the idling,
How he hated all our talking,
Though at times he was caught joking, joking—
  Simply for a moment and no more.



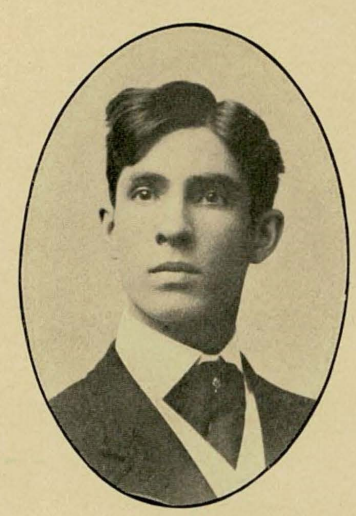
"Now, come on Class"
Mr. Morris

MR. MORRIS.

"And I, so plain a man am I."
"He sits high in all the people's hearts."
"Nowher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he seemed besier than he was."
"There 's such a gloom in melancholy; I would not, if I could, be gay."

Expression.

Zella Goodnight.



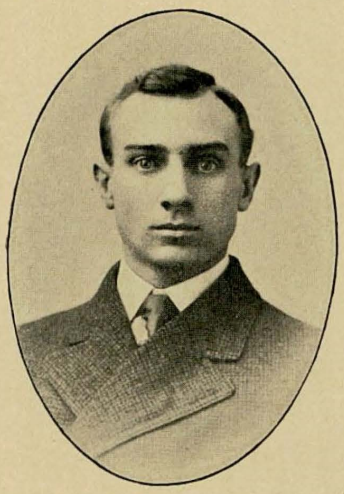
William E. Kemp.

Adelia Culp.

Chester Allen O'Dell.

James B. Steiner.

Cast of "Pygmalion and Galitea."

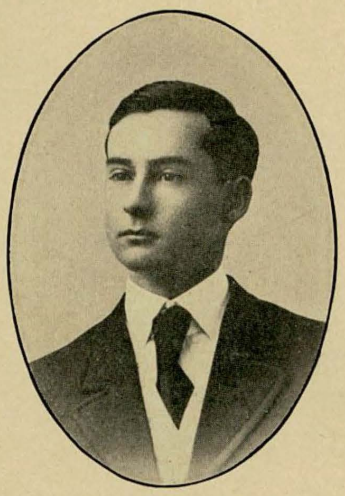


Lester P. Dittimore.

Agnes Kirk.

Mary Louise Findley.

Madge Davis McNair.



William G. Neet.

Cast of "Pygmalion and Galitea."

MR. ABBOTT.

"He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

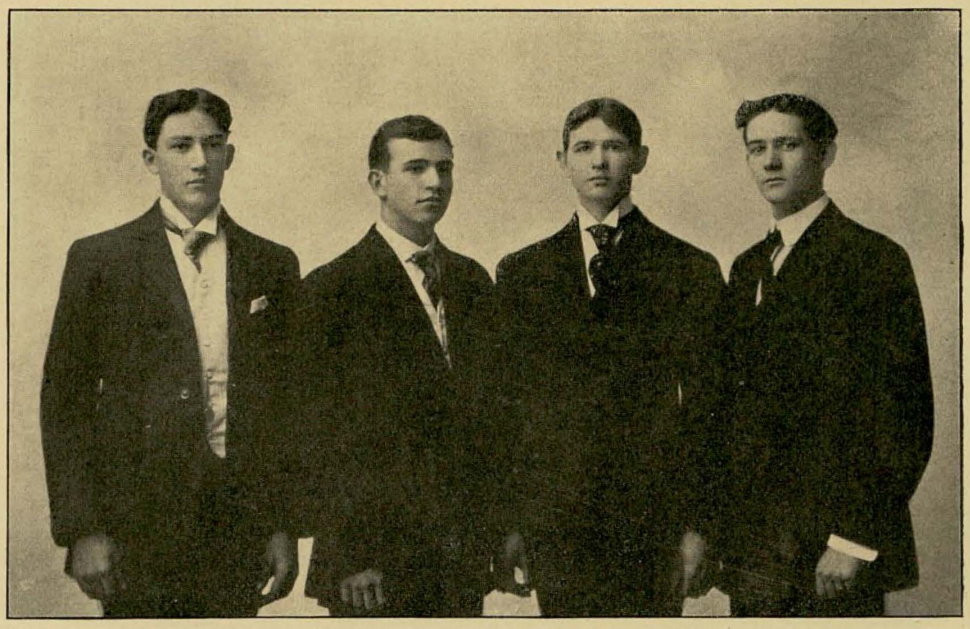
"Trust not too much to your good looks."

"He reads much, is a great observer, and looks quite through the deeds of men."

"Rather than be less,
Cared not to be at all."

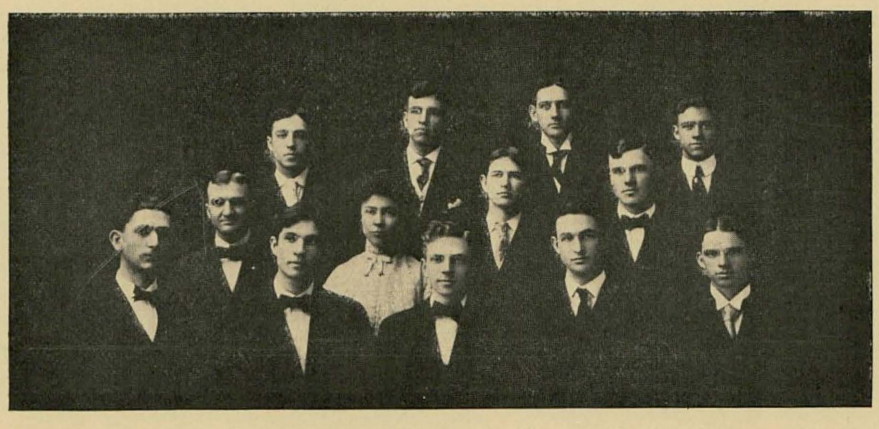
Music.

Irving-Campbell Orchestra.



Irving Quartette.

TREBLE CLEF CLUB.



GLEE CLUB.

MISS PEARL MINICK.

"Oh! she 'll sing the savageness out of a bear."

"She 's a winsome wee thing."

"Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit
More than in woman commonly is seen."

"Yes, I 've loved a good number, but there 's pleasure, at least, in a change."

Domestic Science.

WHEN THE TEA-KETTLE BEGAN TO BOIL.

When the tea-kettle began to boil, on the twelfth day of September, in this newly founded department of Domestic Science, it was closely watched. This was the first lesson. It sputtered and boiled, but not under ideal scientific conditions. For water is boiled scientifically only in connection with chemistry. This being the case, the demonstration which followed was the most practical possible for illustrating the function of water in connection with cooking. In other words, each girl washed her lay-out of dishes.

The tea-kettle continues to boil, and boil, and boil. So listen to its story while it boils.

"I saw things most mysterious, most queer, for it is rather unusual for a kettle to see eighteen girls all diligently working with pots and pans, in their effort to prepare good things to eat. First they cooked the proteid foods, the next quarter the carbo-hydrates,

and lastly a series of batters and doughs. There was fun, of course, but work, laborious work, for the stern eye of their portly teacher was ever upon these débutantes."

The kettle boiled on and saw more, and finally boiled over when the third of the nine breakfasts was given, for it had been worked most powerfully hard.

"I truly was worked over-time, for these young maidens were to try their skill at serving twelve-o'clock breakfasts. The Faculty were the victims. Each couple of girls played cook, waiting-maid and hostess in turn. These meals were all said to be howling successes, but ask any of the sedate teachers for further information upon this subject.

"The recipes were most delicious and were made in an expert manner, with much care and deliberation. For instance, one young lady, when in the art of making an omelet, forgot her eggs. You are left to guess the result. Again, while making 'cream of tomato' soup, she very carelessly forgot the tomatoes, and her result was creamed onions."

"Let me not forget to tell you, before I boil dry, of the most important method of cookery—that of frying. It is the most wholesome of any of the methods, and should be used as much as possible.

"When asked the why and wherefore of the Cooking School, just say:

" 'We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

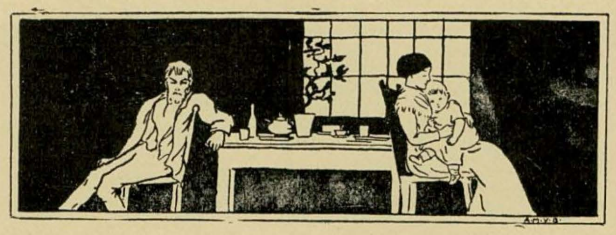
" 'He may live without books—
What is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—
What is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—
What is passion but pining?
But where is the man
That can live without dining?' "

MISS FLETCHER.

"Frailty, thy name is woman."

"In single blessedness."

"Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap."



Monologue of a Library Mouse.

I don't feel very well to-day, so please keep quiet. I was out for a free lunch last night and got into a "Paradise Lost." I thought, being lost, no one would care if I ate it; but I guess I couldn't digest it, so I will leave the rest for Prof. Coulter. No, indeed, he isn't a foot-ball player. Don't you see he is afraid of the girls?

My son, you should be better acquainted with these people about us. Just meet me at the southwest corner of "Abraham Lincoln" at 8 in the morning, and I will explain some of the phenomena to you.

Well, here we are just in time for the grand rush. No matter how early the Library is opened, there are always from one to a dozen devoted students draped around the newel-posts, and clustering about the Library door for an hour previously. Many of them, in spite of this early start, have to be "shooed" out in the gathering darkness of night. So I am led to suppose, from their being always with us, that they are trying to subsist on a "feast of reason and flow of soul" and save their board-bill.

See, Miss Roberts is unlocking the door, and now they bear down on the desk with a chorus of, "Hasn't that book come in yet? When will it be in? Will you keep it for me?" And all the time they are dropping, dumping, flinging books all over the desk until Miss Kinsley has entirely disappeared from view. But don't you think for a minute she is extinguished. In a half-hour or so she will have restored all those books to their accustomed shelves, and recorded quite a number of two-cent fines against tall boys, who hoped to escape by laying down the books and fading away unnoticed.

Did you observe that all of them have to transact their business from in front of the desk? No, it isn't so easy to reach across it, but you see Miss Kinsley is afraid she might fall into someone's pocket, if they crowded around by her stool—or, indeed, her favorite night-mare might come true, and she be carried off bodily by some insistent dragon, who demands a book she tried to reserve, but a Senior beat her to it. Yes, it's amusing to hear some of the conversations—especially some that do not amuse Miss Roberts. For instance, see that girl asking, "Where is the Periodical Index?" "It has been sent to the bindery," says Miss Roberts. "Then I can't get it now?" "Hardly!" And the girl takes a turn around the table and accosts Miss Willoughby: "Let me have the Periodical Index, please." "It is not in the Library now." "Are you sure? Where is it? When can I get it?" Assured in all earnestness that Miss Willoughby can't produce it, she subsides for a couple of minutes Then she spies Miss Kinsley, and frankly confides to her that she 'd "like to have the Periodical Index—please!" Miss Kinsley enters into detailed explanations, and the girl retires, with a very suspicious expression, to the reading-room. Miss Roberts, who has hovered in the background and heard the whole affair, is torn between a desire to faint and an impulse to apply the fire-extinguisher. She is usually deterred from either, however, by more experiences of the same kind, only more so. How distressing it must be to a conscientious student to be so at the mercy of a group of librarians who don't know anything at all about the Library and who deliberately conceal every desirable volume whenever it is most wanted! ! !

All these people you see about us may be divided into three groups: First, the Faculty, who know everything in Heaven above and the earth beneath, and who may be easily lo-

cated in the Library by the peculiar buzzing noise that emanates from them, and whose reading may be traced by the pencil-marks they put in the books.

Secondly, the Seniors, who know a great deal more than the Faculty ever hope to, and who remain in school for the social culture and for the pleasure they get from criticising the Faculty. They are chiefly noted in the Library for carrying off all the reserved books they can get hold of. The third group is the Freshmen. They really ought to travel around in wagons, they have so many text-books to carry. They are here to get their money's worth; they take six subjects and can't stop to draw a long breath. Their chief Library characteristic is to say: "Where can I find an elementary science book? Professor said it was on the table back of the desk." "Yes, right there," smiles the librarian, and points to it. The Freshman goes around and stands by the table. Finally it gets on Miss Kinsley's nerves and she turns around and picks up the book and puts it into his hand. "Oh!" he says, "is that it? May I look at it a minute?" Then the bell rings and he rushes off without having read even the first line. There is another class I have heard mentioned, but haven't located yet—they are the "Pasts"—some kind of old sticks, I suppose.

Sh! There comes Dr. Hawkins and the new lights. Where are the lights? Gracious, child! Could anyone see Dr. Hawkins in the Library and not know he had the new lights in his head? Of course that 's a proper place for them—if it wasn't, I 'm sure he would have hung them somewhere else long ago. That thing he left with "Bobs" is a piece of tallow candle; yes, sort of a "symbol of love in heaven," I suppose—I don't know what else it 's good for. Did you notice the candlestick? I don't know whether it 's a sample of Mr. Ahrens' Mission Style bench-work, or only a piece of the janitor's kindling.

That young man with the dreamy eyes is Earl Foster—no, he has not ten pretty sisters in school. When you are older, my dear, you will be able to tell the difference between sisters and others at a glance. What? You 're already in love? Well, then, it may interest you to watch the far corner of the reading-room. Notice how affinities gravitate toward a common point. Conscious of "Her" remoteness, "He" goes to consult the dictionary and is only two tables away. "She" feels a draft and moves one table closer. "He" coughs and gets up to close the offending window, and—oh, bliss! there is a vacant chair beside her. "Two souls with but a single thought" surely should not be so divided as to break the circuit of that lovely thought, so Authority looks the other way and all is merry. But that means noise. So rappity—tap! tap! goes a pencil on the desk, and icy tones recall the mantle of dignity that should enwrap the students of this elevated institution. The social culture becomes merely telepathic, a dozen or so innocent sub-normalites blush guiltily for being alive, and Miss Roberts scoots behind the door to giggle.

Do you see that inseparable couple over by the magazine rack, absorbed in the same magazine? Look closely and you will see its title is "Good Housekeeping." Suffering cats! Don't let anybody report that to Mrs. Neet!

Yes, you would better look about for a new home. Oh, no! That does look as if it would make a cosy nest, but, my dear, that 's Chester O'Dell's hair, and the throbbing of the thoughts beneath would make it as uncomfortable as a dynamo. Besides, you could never get safely into it, for even when he goes sound asleep reviewing these RHETOR grinds, there are entirely too many pairs of bright eyes always watching him. And above all things, my dear, you must never show so much as the tip of your nose. Didn't you hear how they shrieked when the window-shade fell? The sight of a mouse would start a panic.

When you really want to set up housekeeping, I would advise you to move down into the Domestic Science Room. That 's

where all those smells come from—I mean the good smells, like fudge and baked beans and turtle soup. Those other kinds, that make us wish we had died when we were young, come from Prof. Walters' and Dr. Morris' kitchens across the hall; I hope I 'll never live any closer to them.

If you don't know the way to the Domestic Science Room, just drop into Harry Reid's pocket some day. He is the most earnest student down there, judging from the frantic way he rushes around here, asking everybody whether they 've seen the Boston Cooking School Book.

Ah! there comes Dr. McAllister—that man with a fringe of hair just the color of mine. Yes, you can tell he is very wise by the way his forehead approaches the back of his collar. Did you notice his psychological smile? He has to take refuge in a corner up here when crowded out of his only domain below.

See that old soldier telling Jamie Morrison to sit up straight—I mean that old gentleman everyone looks glad to see. That 's Captain Bahlman. We really ought to have some larger books for him; not that he needs to learn anything more, but he could make such good use of them, pressing trousers as he now presses his neckties in the wise-looking volumes he carries around. I saw the librarian find one of his neckties in a book where he had left it to press and forgotten it. And speaking of queer book-marks, there is no limit to the library lead pencils; and the tooth-picks would keep any modest boarding-house supplied. Buttons, hairpins and post-cards all do duty; but the most interesting of all I 've seen was that charming letter signed "Brown Eyes." It so evidently was meant to make up a lovers' quarrel that Miss Roberts mailed it to the man addressed. She has often wished to learn whether they lived happy every after. I think "Brown Eyes" might have sent a piece of wedding-cake just to show her gratitude, and even we could have shared in the crumbs.

Yes, my son, we have an interesting Library, but there are still a few things we need, as, for instance, a step-ladder for Miss Kinsley, so that she can reach the books above the third shelf; a gong for Miss Roberts to use, that she may save the end of her pencil; and rubber heels for the shoes of most of the students.

Sh! keep quiet! Here comes the janitor with his duster! He only waves it over the books, so you needn't run.

S.

MISS ROBERTS.

"The lady doth protest too much, methinks."

"She looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth."

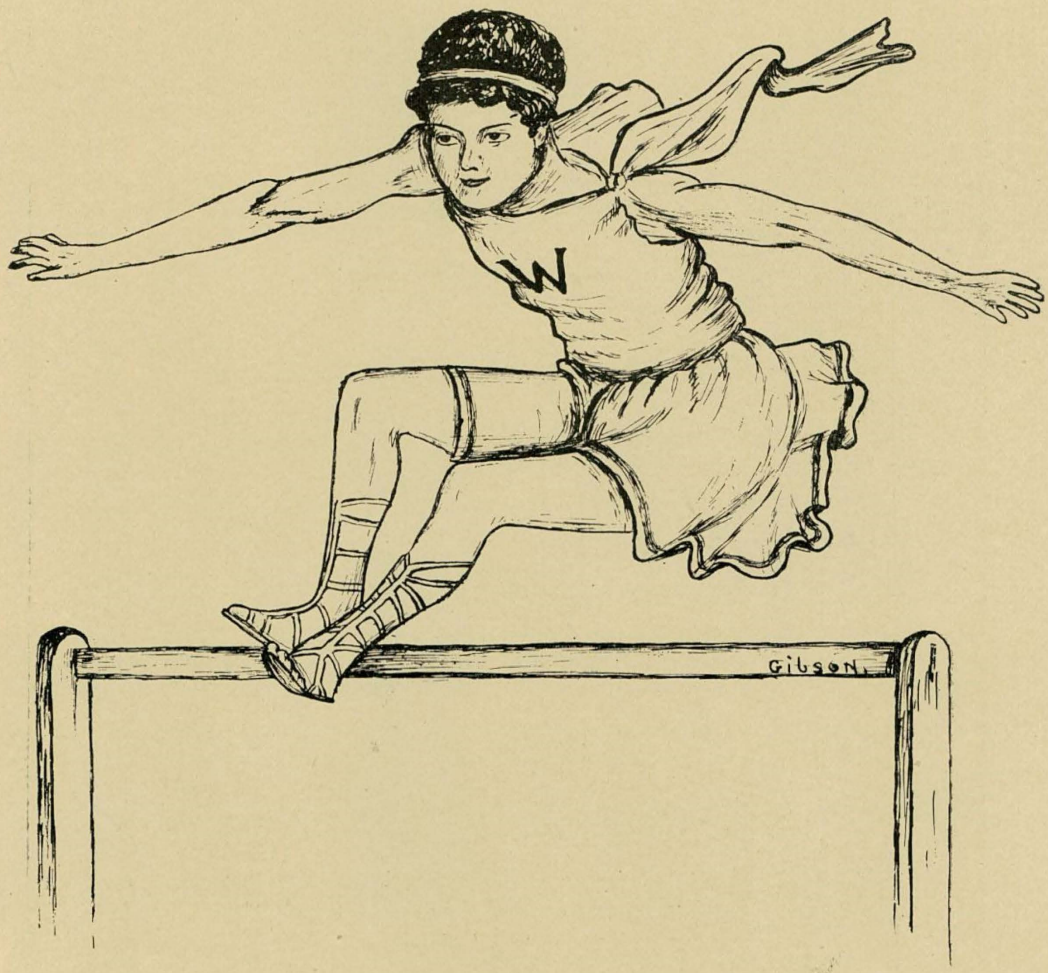
"Her voice is ever sweet and low, an excellent thing in woman."

MISS KINSLEY.

"The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known."

"I never knew so young a body with so old a head."

"Season your cares with occasional joys."



ATHLETICS

Normal Basket-Ball Team, 1907-08.

First Experience in the "Gym."

I entered the "Gym" with fear and dread,
For startling tales I 'd heard
Of the "stunts" I should be required to do,
Yet it might not be deferred.

A pretty little lady with auburn hair
I saw when I entered the door;
Her smile serene soon banished my fears,
Her friendly looks quite won me o'er.

"Attention! In line!" the order came;
I trembled, I must confess;
We crowded in line by the backward wall,
And next we heard, "Right, dress!"

I turned to the right with eager haste—
To be prompt I always tried—
But I quickly faced the front again,
When I looked at the girl at my side.

"Right, face!" "'Bout, face!" Which heel, which toe?
Alas! I am undone!
No matter on which heel I turned,
It should have been the other one.

"Mark time!" With joy I mark the words;
This one thing I do right.
"Forward, march!" My spirits rise again—
The world is growing bright.

But not for long. "Slide step to the right
Three steps and then to the left,
Forward, and two-step; backward, and two-step!"
Of my senses I am bereft.

The floor had been waxed. I slid to the right,
To slide to the left I then tried;
I slid and I slid—well, I didn't two-step,
But I picked myself up still alive.

In line in the center I felt safe once again,
But orders came thick and fast;
My pride bent low before the storm,
As reeds bend before a strong blast.

"Arms now forward upward stretch!"
Overhead, or shoulder high?
"Downward outward stretch!" Ah me!
I heaved full many a sigh.

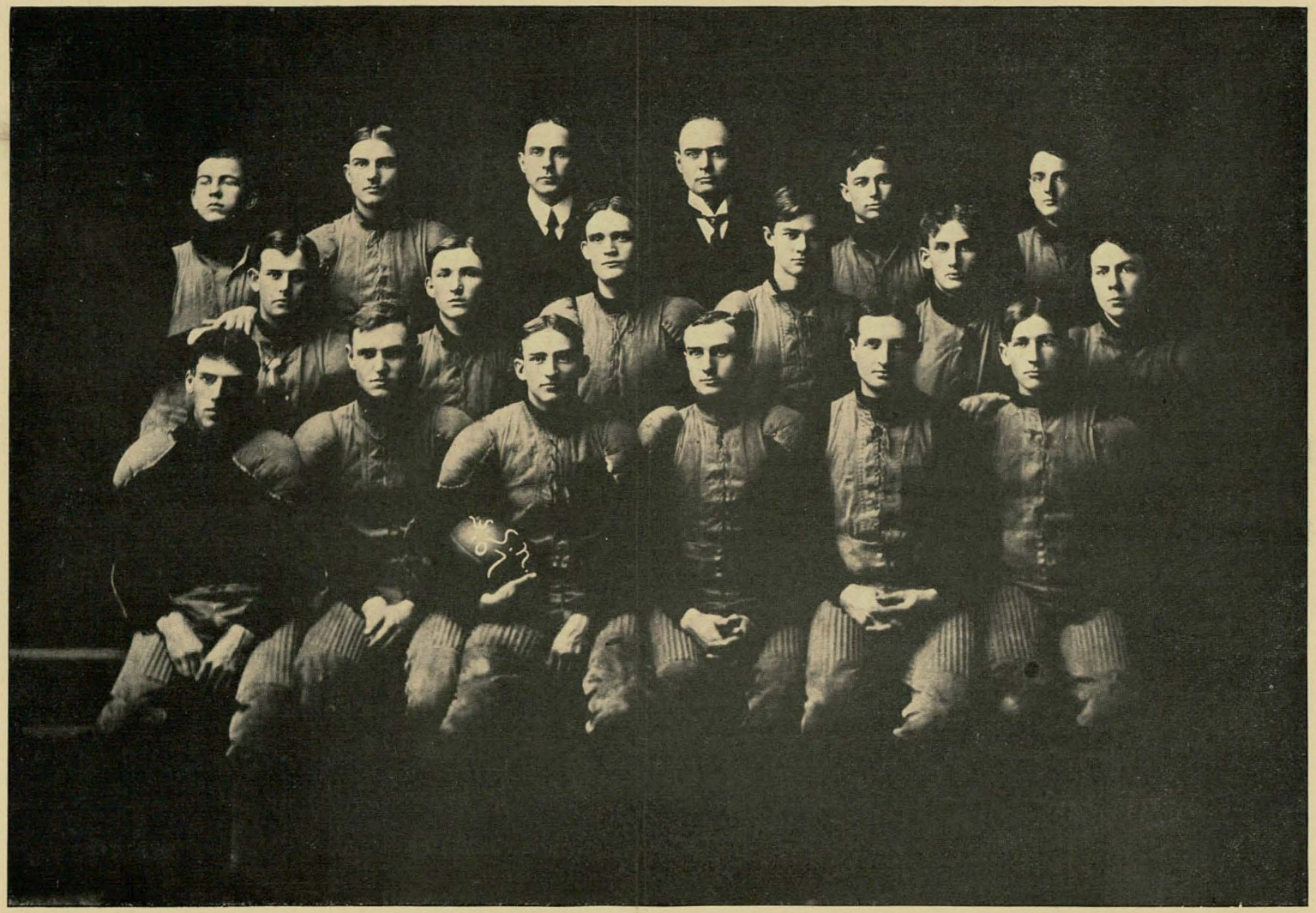
"Heels raise!" "Toe-deep knees bend!" Alas!
Submissive, I sought the floor,
In deepest humility I knelt,
But no prayers did my lips mutter o'er.

Indian clubs were soon within my grasp!
Ah, sad my tale of woe!
'Twas wisely said, "What the right hand doeth
Let not the left hand know."

First, "Outer shoulder!" Next, "Outer wrist!"
Then, "Inner back!" There 's the rub;
We 're told 'tis no matter if we do strike our heads,
On no account dare strike a club.

The sinuous curves of the "snake movement" next
Did my sad soul vainly enthrall,
And when the "wind-mill" was finished, I 'd barely strength left
To hang up my clubs on the wall.

My cup now was full! No more I could stand;
"The first fling-step!" I 'm filled with despair;
Undone and bewildered, my senses depart,
As "Money Musk" floats on the air.



Normal Foot-Ball Team, 1907.

When Warrensburg Had the Ball.

Foot-Ball.

At the beginning of the ball season, about twenty-five men came out in suits to try for the team. With us was our new coach, Prof. G. A. Lowman. The material looked good and promised a good standing with teams playing against them.

Our first game was with Central Business College, Sedalia. This was a practice game and the score stood 23—0, in favor of the Normals.

The next game was scheduled at Warrensburg with Kemper Military School. In this game all the boys played fast and together. The score stood 85—0, in favor of Normal.

The following game was at Columbia against Missouri University. The University was somewhat exercised over the score against Kemper, and put in hard practice for our game. They were more experienced and heavier by twenty pounds, and so defeated us 38—6. The 6 was obtained by punt over Missouri University defense and our right end securing ball and passing over goal line. The Tigers did not crow over this victory, but said we put up the best defense of any team bucking them.

The next game was with Central College, Fayette. They were a nice bunch of boys, but did not know what foot-ball was. Score, 39—0. Their score with Missouri University was 41—0 in Missouri University's favor.

The following game was the black spot on record of season 1907. It was played at

Wentworth with four of Normal's men out of the game. Even with this crippled team, we should have won, but over-confidence caused our defeat 15—0.

The next game was a snap, played with the bald-headed "vets" of Howard College. Score, 65—0.

The following game was against Westminster, at Fulton. Truly some of the preachers must have escaped from the asylum. Never did the Normal team receive such a rotten deal.

They were massed on not letting Warrensburg score, no matter what means were needed to prevent it. After three touchdowns (which were not counted), a field goal was made. Scored four points.

Our next game was a result of victory for us at the score of 28—0, at Cameron, Mo.

The following game at Warrensburg was where the true Normal spirit was made plain by the preparation of yells and songs by the student body. This game was THE game the Normals wanted. After defeating the Kansas Normal in oratory and base-ball, it was up to the foot-ball team to uphold the lead. After being defeated by Kansas for the past five years, the team, with the help of rooters, defeated the Jayhawks by score of 12—0.

The final game and Thanksgiving game was with the Cape. They were full confident, but when they were defeated by score of 34 to 4, they pulled in their sign.

So with 289 points against [illegible] points the foot-ball season closed by *not having our home goal line crossed.*

Tackle Garnett was elected captain for 1908-9.

J. F. Miller, Junior.

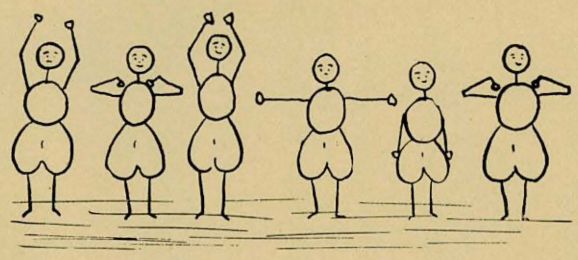
MR. LOWMAN.

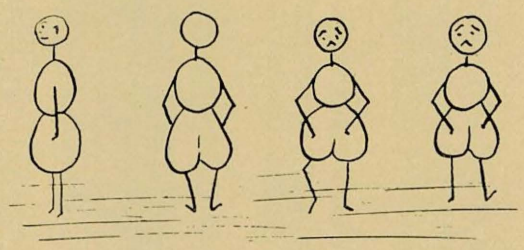
"Men of few words are the best men."

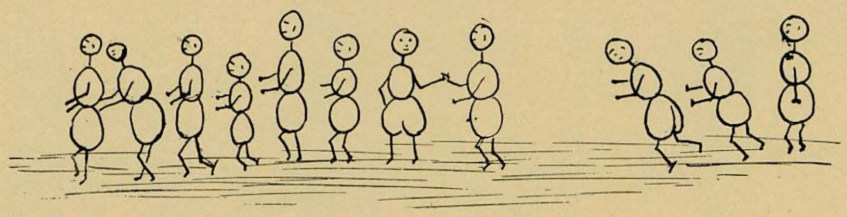
"Young in years, in judgment old."

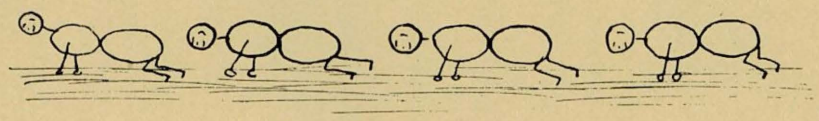
"Thou art a gentleman;
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not."

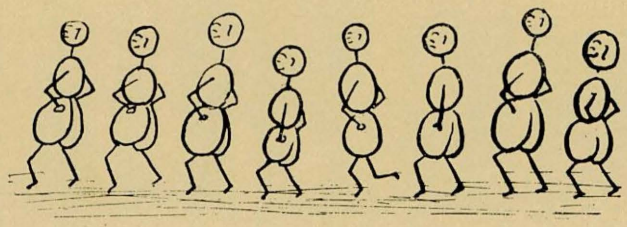
"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

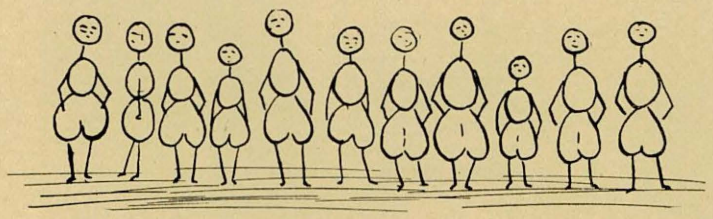


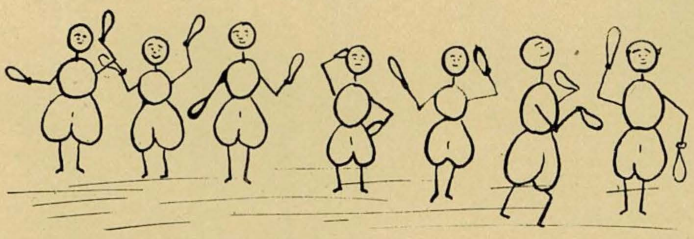


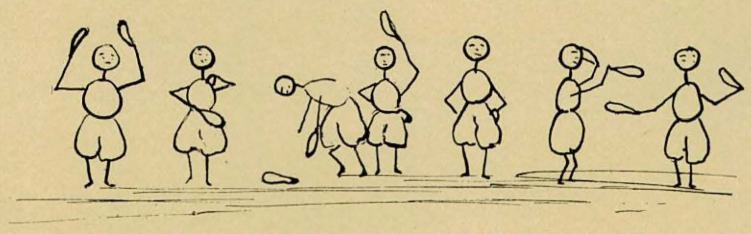


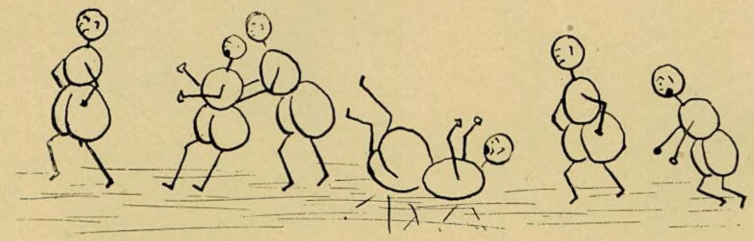


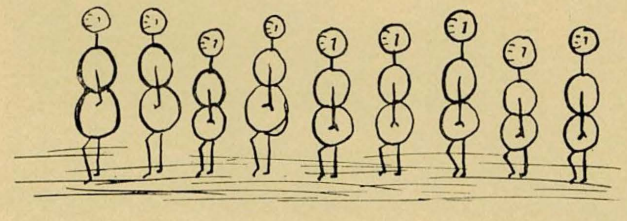


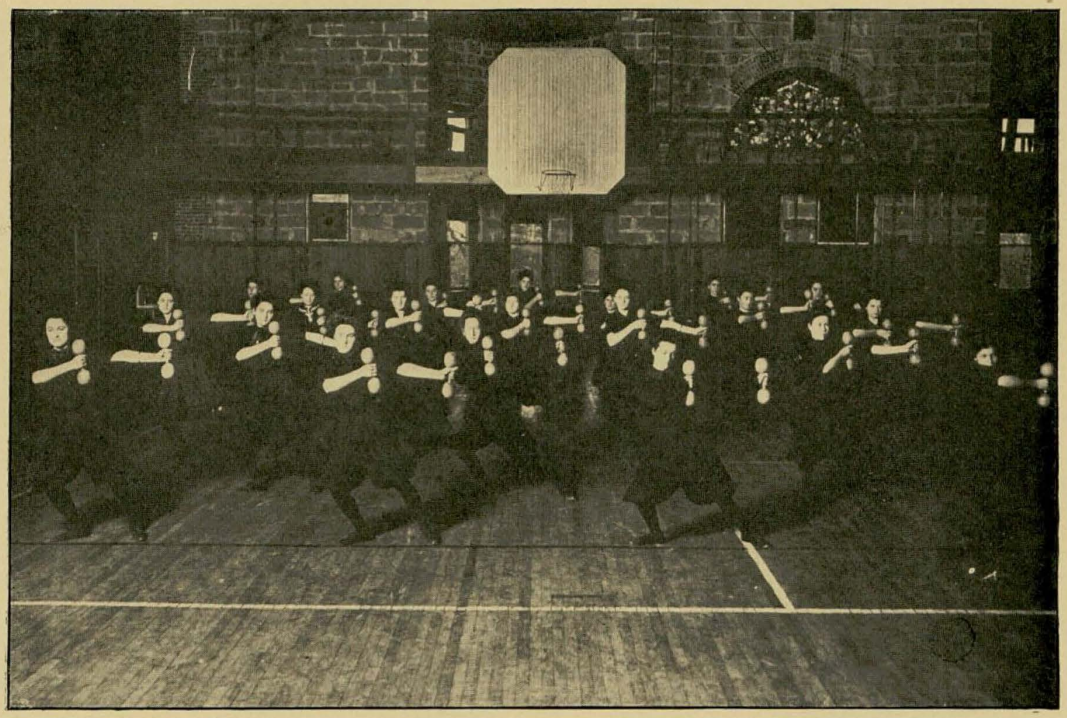












DUMB-BELL WORK.

DUM-BELL WORK.

MISS FLEMING.

"But so fair,
She takes the breath of men away
Who gaze upon her unaware."

"And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon."

Oh! Ye Officers of the Faculty!

H. T. McCLURE.

"Diquise, I see thou art a wickedness—
Aye, every inch a king."

"He is the very pink of courtesy."

"Thou hast the patience and the faith of saints."

"That man that hath six tongues I say is no man."

"I do profess to be no less than I seem."

"I am but a gatherer and dispenser of other men's stuff."

"I attend to the affairs of other men, regardless of my own."

"Great Pompey's shade complains that he is slow."

MISS STILWELL.

"Soft as the down that swells the cygnet's nest."

"I am not as bashful as I look."

"She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blest
a disposition
That she holds it a vice, in her goodness,
not to do more than she is asked."

MRS. MARY V. NEET.

Her peaceful face, her gentle smile,
Her figure trim and neat,
Her kindly acts must needs beguile
And bring all to her feet.

What girl in Normal Number Two,
Who e'er her voice has known,
Denies that all the long year through,
She 's the model chaperon?

MISS MAYME HARWOOD.

"I, your glass, will modestly discover to yourself,
That of yourself which yet you know not of."

"Who is it can read a woman?"

"Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

MISS CATHERINE WOOD.

"Happy am I; from care I 'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

"Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a spring to snare them all."

"Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk."

MR. ZOLL.

"I am the very pink of courtesy."

"He 's older than he would be reckoned."

"Though I am not splentive and rash,
Yet I have something in me dangerous."

"All great men are dying, and I don't feel very well myself."

"Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold."

MRS. MYRTLE OSBORNE LOWE.

It seems impossible to definitely characterize her as thus and thus, and feel that even half has been told, for somehow in her all the sterling virtues of a rare and noble woman are so wonderfully intermingled with all the gentle graces, that we can only look and marvel and love.

With a keen, sure intellect and a deep spiritual insight, she led the way and made the search for truth seem both a duty and a joy.

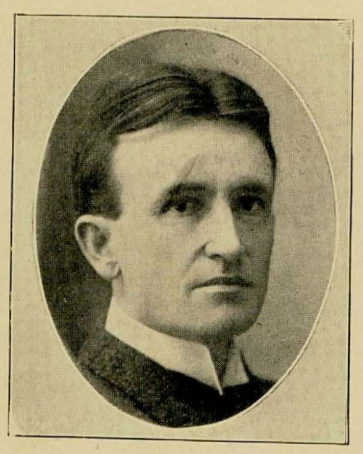
We look back upon the hours spent in her class-room with feelings of deepest gratitude that it was given us, not only to glean something of knowledge under her skillful guidance, but also to catch glimpses of that heart wisdom which makes her own life so rich and full. She seems to live always in a happy, wholesome, hopeful atmosphere that casts its spell over every one. Her keen appreciation of the humorous, her ready wit and buoyant spirit sparkle in her eyes and ripple contagiously in her merry laugh.

Earth seems brighter, heaven nearer, because we know and love her, and have walked and talked with her.

G. U.

MR. J. M. GWINN.

The world is large, 'tis cold, 'tis bleak, and stern;
And many are the men that strive to tempt
The future years; their smiles on them to turn,
And bid them be from toil and care exempt.
But lucky is the man whose wiles succeed;
For few e'er reach those heights sublime and grand
Where want is never known, nor strife, nor need,
And where the learned and great and proud e'er stand.
A few, a very few have learned the truth,
And well 'twould be if more the same would do,
That if they would to greatness mount, forsooth,
It must be by labor hard and merit true.
Of one I wish to speak who rose by worth,
And climbed, with steady step, the pathway steep.
He was not blest with gold, nor yet by birth,
But onward pressed, and mastered problems deep.
Professor Gwinn, the name to us so dear.



We love him still, who from us shortly
went;
We would his visage see, his voice we'd
hear,
In class and hall, where help he freely lent.
How proud we are this is his native town!
The house where he was born stands on a
hill,
And from its lofty summit, looking down,
The mighty buildings of this School in-
still
A great desire for knowledge. So he came
As many fresh from country life, you
know,
To take the next step here that leads to
fame;
Then to our University did go,
And came prepared to tell us how to rule
The children that to us might flock some
day,
By teaching Pedagogy in our School.
Ever a perfect gentleman was he,
In dress and manner, too. His brown hair,
fine,
Always parted in twain he chose to see;
And if, perchance, an odd hair broke the
line,
He neatly plucked it out at once, and so
The proper equilibrium did preserve,
Because, thus balanced, logic keen he showed,
And from his greatest purpose never
swerved.

A dignified and stately mien he bore;
About five feet in stature, I believe,
Perhaps he may have been a little more;
At least, when some lost point he did
retrieve,
I do not doubt he rose to five feet five;
Or when, so well, he struck those famous
licks
The Seniors to unknown defeat to drive,
In base-ball games, he loomed to five feet
six.

Of ready wit he had a good supply.
Indeed, he knew just how to use a pun;
Though Pedagogy is, by nature, dry,
This good man knew that students all
need fun.
Sometimes 'twas at our own expense—*e. g.*,
To Mr. Smith Prof. put a question brief,
And this is what the answer chanced to be:
"My meditations I cannot express."
Says Prof., "Too bad, 'tis true, to have them
late!"
Then came a smile he could not well
repress,
"But we have time—just send them in by
freight."

Such was the man we once could call our
own.
An "all-'round" man he was in any sphere;
His feats on the athletic field were known,
And when upon the stage, his voice rang
clear;
His step was firm, and firm he took his
stand;
His countenance was firm, and so his
speech;
His words naught but attention could com-
mand;
He always ceased against the wish of each.
His eyes from lids half-closed would ever
glow,
But slowed to see; and thoughtful were
his looks;
And if the secret of his life we know,
It is his ardent love for all good books.

Now, in conclusion, I will briefly state
His memory with us ever shall remain;
And while we realize our loss is great,
To the sunny Southland, great, how great
the gain!
We trust Professor Gwinn may ever rise,
And that for him, due honors yet remain;
That pleasure in his future pathway lies,
Crowned with success, in distant, far
Tulane. *W. G. N.*

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Frank Elmer Alsup..... .....Business Managers.

EDITORIAL STAFF OF JUNIORS.

NED GOLAY. LULU SMITH.
BELLE BRADEY. FLORA DAVIDSON.
CLARENCE O. CLARK.

Miscellaneous.

J. B. Gibson.

The Senior Mirror.

Name	Commonly Called	Chief Characteristic	Admires	Favorite Expression	Admired for	Chief Occupation	Wants to be
Atchison	"Atchie"	Drollness	Captains	"I 'll find it"	Humor	Story-telling	Classical.
Akins, Ina	"Kins"	Studiousness	School	"Gee Whig!"	Her dullness	Beaming	A bright and shining star.
Alsup, F. E.	"Alsoup"	Diplomacy	Society	"Now, let us get down to business"	His voice	"Annual"-izing	A success.
Braun, Matilda	"Tilda"	Basket-ball	"Gym"	"O kid! I can't"	Being "Johnny on the spot"	Avoiding the issue	A graduate.
Bliss, Florence	"Sis"	Her sighs	Athletics	"Honey! please don't"	Executive ability	Changing her program	Mrs. —?
Briggs, Charlene	"Pete"	Blue Eyes	The other sex	"Oh, hush!"	Winsome ways	Driving in uncle's buggy	A ballet dancer.
Brom, Ella Myrtle	"Blankie"	Invisibility	Nothing in particular	"—— ——"	Languidly languid	Hunting policemen	Just anything.
Brisbon, Cleda	"Cled"	Antediluvianism	Wisdom	"Hello! Hello!"	Her studiousness	Sewing	A telephone girl.
Braus, Myrtle	"Myrt"	Enthusiasm	Horses	"Git up!"	Grace	Riding ——	A circus rider.
Cheatham, Leda	"Leda"	Thoughtfulness	Woman's Rights	"O girls!"	Her golden hair	Making candy	A public speaker.
Coleman, Mary	"Miss Coleman"	Her wit	Universities	"Well! yes!"	Being a "prof."	Wielding the pen	A critic.
Coleman, Lucile	"Lucile"	Dignity	"Mary"	"Poor thing!"	Her wit	Reading Latin	A capitalist.
Culp, Adelia H.	"Dela"	Tragic manner	Mr. Douglas	"Oh, dear!"	Her interpretations	Vocalizing	A pet.
Cole, Manolia	"Nolia"	Her silence	The boys	"Ding bust it!"	Fluency of speech	Grinding	Ground.
Cary, Frances D.	"Cary"	Sunny disposition	Guarding some people	"O girlie!"	Her length	Reading literary productions	A dean of women.
Curmet, Ora	"Curmet"	Pathos	"Nuts"	"Yes, sir!"	His boldness	Gossiping	A logician.
Carter, Victoria	"Victory"	Violent temper	Great problems	"Great guns!"	Stick-to-ness	Reposing in the background	A dressmaker.
Coyle, Grace	"Grace	Hardness	Beaux	"No! No!"	Her jewels	Dramatics	Street car conductor.
Dittemore, Lester P.	"Little Ditt"	Balls—all kinds	"Heavenly Bliss"	"O Joy! O Bliss!"	His taste	Coaching	A groom.
Duncan, Frankie	"Frankie"	Sneezing	"Millie"	"Ha! Ha!"	Her connection	Reviewing Latin	A Latin pony
Danforth, Lillie	"Lillie"	Winsomeness	H. A.—H. A.!	"No, you won't"	Her authority	Keeping tab on —?	A little shorter.
Duvall, Beulah	"Bulee"	Contentment	Dark eyes	"My love! my dove!"	Her dreamy eyes	Writing poems	Just what she is.
Dickerson, E.	"Friend Dickerson"	Adv. Am. Hist.	Laboratory (?)	"Well, I should say!"	Fluffy hair	Attending the Normal	A pedagogue.
Ebbs, Nellie	"Nell"	Ebbing	"Quickness"	"Oh, I don't know!"	Her playfulness	Practicing	A financier.
Farmer, Martha	"Mattie"	Agriculture	Farmers	"I don't know!"	Her garden	Weeding	A cultivator.
Findlay, Mary Louise	"Miss Findlay"	Mathematics	"Frats"	"Gu! Gu! Gu!"	Her fund of knowledge	Looking wise	Only a teacher.
Ferguson, Sallie	"Sal"	Pretty clothes	Miss Yeater	"Is n't that a sight?"	Being a butterfly	Smiling happily	A Latin book.
Gentry, Charles	"Mr. Gentry"	Knowledge	Teaching Dr. M.'s class	"Pay fifty cents!"	complexion	Working in physics lab.	A physic-ian.
Gallenkamp, E.	"Mousie"	Determination	Bowling	"Oh, go on!"	Rosy lips	Heart-crushing	A teacher.

THE SENIOR MIRROR.

Name	Commonly Called	Chief Characteristic	Admires	Favorite Expression	Admired for	Chief Occupation	Wants to be
Steele, Edna	"Ed"	Bossiness	Harmony	'Oh, will you?"	Plumes	Daubing	A teacher.
Sterling, Nellie	"Grinny"	Her sweetness	Lavender	"Why-y-y!"	Her sweet ways	Playing in orchestra	Milliner.
Starr, Alma	"Starr"	Brightness	First magnitudes	'O my stars!"	Heavenliness	Shining	A comet.
Steiner, James	"Jim Steiner"	Frankness	Violin music	"Oh, gee!"	His diplomacy	Instructing others	President.
Stone, Beulah	"Stoney"	Charming manner	Being on executive committee.	"Oh, me! oh, my!"	Stoney heart	Thinking	Broken up.
Swingle, Edna	"Ed"	Elasticity	Grammar	"Oh, say!"	Literary ability	Reading novels	Journalist.
Truex Iva	"Truxie"	Humor	Taffy	"Oh, phiz!"	Pulling taffy	Child-study	A "prof."
Turley, Kittie	"Kit"	Her smile	Seniors	"Yes, sir!"	Her attitude	Tilling the soil	Missionary.
Tygart, Eva	'Little Eve"	Sweet voice	Fashion plates	"Would you recommend—?'	Style	Asking questions	Artist.
Wade, Wm	"Wade"	His bright face	Some merchants	Yes, sir! (to Mr. S.'s questions).	Having a preference	Filling the treasury	"Wisdom-like."
Walters, Francis	"Franc"	Composure	Senior class colors	"Too bad ! ! !"	Society spirit	Keeping door closed	A lady's man.
Willoughly, Hettie	"Hettie"	Her knowledge	Theorists	"Squelched!"	Her philosophy	Cutting classes	A stage manager.
Winn, Nannie	"Dee"	Wit	Domestic Art	"Oh, darn!"	Amiability	Sewing	Seamstress.
Wisdom, A. G.	"Wissy"	Business	Business	Business	Sentimentality	Business	Business-like.
Yates, Harriet	"Hallie	Sweetness	Nobleness	"I 'm as mad as old Tucker!".	Her ideas	Story - telling — in kindergarten.	Deaconess.
Sexton, James	"Sexton"	His voice	Choruses	"Oh, knight-in-gale!"	His heavenly eyes	Passing hand-bills	A famous tenor.
Farnsworth, G.	"Goldee"	Ambition	Some people	"Don't you dare!"	Surveying—?	Running into people	B. A.
Ford, Lester	"Ford"	Forwardness	History	"Cut it, kid!"	Gaudiness	Swimming	An angel.

THE SENIOR MIRROR.

Name	Commonly Called	Chief Characteristic	Admires	Favorite Expression	Admired for	Chief Occupation	Wants to be
Goodnight, Zela	"Zela"	The stage	Romanticism	"Pygmalion!"	Her dreams	Posing	An actress.
Gibson, Jessie	"Jessie"	Brown eyes	Art	"Yes-s-s!"	Her smile	Designing	An artist.
Hopkins, Mary Sue	"Sus"	Acting	The stage	"Begorie!"	Tragic appearance	Winking	An actress.
Honey, Oliva	"Honey"	Silence	"Maths"	"Do you think so?"	Sweetness	Honeying	A woman's rights woman.
Hackleman, Edna	"Edna"	Sarcasm	Policemen	"Mon Dieu!"	"Depenebility"	Walking 'round	A vocal teacher.
James, Olive	"Olive Branch"	Her eyes	Six subjects	"Oh! Hazel!"	Pink cheeks	Carrying books	A Ph. D.
James, Roxie	"Roxie"	Cordiality	A few people	"Well I think that 's rocky!"	Her winsome ways	Making other people happy.	A concert player.
Johnson, Laurence	"Lau"	His walk	Teachers' meetings	"Yes'm!"	His bravery	Answering questions	A mail carrier.
Kelley, Lloyd	"Kelley"	"Chewing the rag"	Lloyd Kelley	"O—I don't know!"	Pleasing manner	"Doing others"	Commander-in-chief.
Kemp, William	"Billy"	Brilliancy	Shoes—sometimes	"Is that so? ? ?"	Having twenty years and one-half	Spinning taffy	An Italian baritone.
Kirk, Agnes V.	"Ag"	Athletics	Just one girl	"Angel	Speed	Helping everybody	A trained nurse.
King, Agnes	"Miss King"	Dignity	Quietness	"Cheese it!"	Being a sport	Resting	An historian.
Lindsay, Melvina	"Vina"	Digging	Arithmetic	"I 'll just whip you all!"	Neatness	Writing (?)	A blacksmith.
Ludwig, Stella	"Lud"	Germany	Germans	"Ach! Himmel!"	Ingenuity	Smiling	A frau.
Massy, Nina	"Shadow"	Lloyd	Japanese jewelry	"I 'm married now!"	Her ability to slip	Studying	A home-maker.
Maupin, Margaret	"Marg"	Grammar	Humor or wit?	"How many books have you read?"	Talkativeness	Teaching	A house-wife.
Meador, Dan	"Meador"	Gruffness	Books and books!	"Dang!"	Babbling	Hitting the goal	A philosopher.
Meadows, Edna	"Edna"	Primness	Lessons	"Hang it!"	Her gentle way	Grinding	A book agent.
McNair, Madge	"Madgie"	"Mabel"	"Maths"	"Oh, dearie!"	Her dimples	Reading letters	Mistress of a "catery."
McLean, Emily	"Em"	Kindergarten theory	Making programs	"She 's a girl I think can do it!"	Her walk	Wearing out the library.	A university swell.
McConnell, James	"Jamie"	Soaring height	Librar (ian)	"O Caesar!"	His arguments	Chewing gum	A second Cicero.
Mitchell, Stella	"Stella"	Satisfaction	"Sons"	"Himmel!"	Her vioce	Yachting	Loved.
Neet, Wm.	"Billy"	Preciseness	Gibson-girl	"Let us come to order!"	Dressing so neat and being so sweet	Rapid walking	A dude.
O'Dell, Chester	"Chesty"	Anxiety	"E's"	"Huh! huh! huh!"	His golden locks	Bluffing	A gentleman of ease.
Poage, Charlotte	"Charlotte"	Meekness	Latin	"Oh, dear!"	Her thunderous voice.	Loafing	An old maid.
Peckstein, Lewis	"Peckstein"	Musical talent	Some flowers	"I move we adjourn!"	His freshness	Supporting wisdom	A star.
Rayhill, Mary	"Ray"	Voice	Pink cheeks	"Oh, pshaw!"	Her quietness	Wading	Hair dresser.
Redford, Mattie	Miss Redford"	"Es"	Commanders	"Oh——?"	Talkativeness	Taking campus	A society belle.
Reid, Harry A.	"Harry"	Constancy	Lilies	"Now! Love!"	His stability	Waiting for ——?.	Librarian.
Reed, Mary	"Sister"	Concern for others	Novels	"My dear!"	Her playfulness	Playing chess	A sign-painter.
Scott, Grace	"Scottie"	Boisterous manner	A strong voice	"Well! ! ?"	Simplicity	Playing basket-ball	Missionary.
Simms, M.	"Georgia"	Her amiable disposition.	Angels (?)	"I 'll do it if I can."	Her princess gowns	Helping others	An evangelist.

Miss Wilkins: "Mr. Kenagey, I am Miss Wilkins."

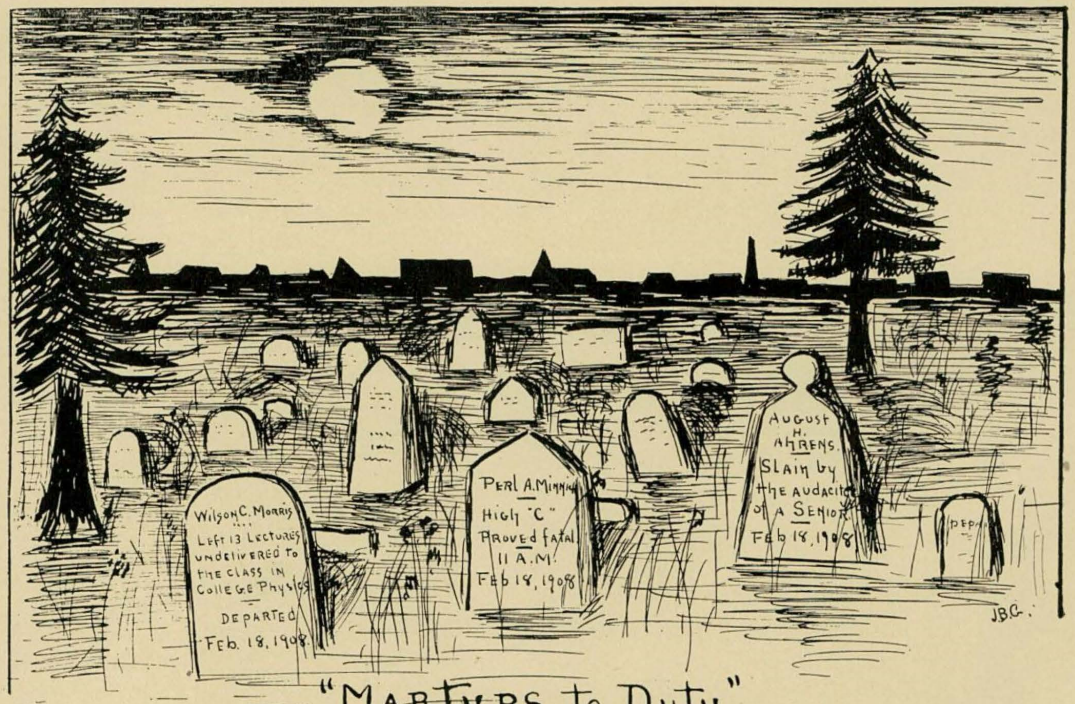
Mr. Kenagey: "I don't care who you are, get out of here! Don't you know the rules of this campus?"

Miss Wilkins' Young Gentleman Friend: "I—you—she—he must be a brute."

Miss Wilkins: "——— — — ! ! !"

Appropriate Pieces of Music.

"Sweet Marie" . . . . . Mary Rayhill.
"After the Ball" . . . . . Lester Dittimore.
"Kiss and Say 'Good(k)night'" . . . . . Zella Goodknight.
"Coax Me" . . . . . Mr. McConnel.
"Father Time" . . . . . Dr. Shannon.
"Blush Roses" . . . . . Charles Gentry.
"Hooks and Eyes" . . . . . Mr. Wade.
"Meditations" . . . . . Nellie Hart Sterling.
"Blue Bells" . . . . . Charline Briggs.
"Happy Heine" . . . . . Mr. Peckstein.
"Sweet Roses that Wither" . . . . . Miss Nickerson.
"Home, Sweet Home" . . . . . Prof. Phillips.
"I 'm Married Now" . . . . . W. G. Neet.
"Dreaming" . . . . . Leva Taggart.
"Cupid Does Not Marry" . . . . . Goldena Farnsworth.
"Making Eyes" . . . . . Beulah Stone.
"Mother, Pin a Rose on Me" . . . . . Francis Walters.
"Ever Near Me" . . . . . Lily Danforth.
"Love Me and the World Is (Thine) Mine" . . . . . Mr. Dickerson.
"So Long, Mary" . . . . . Mary Sue Hopkins.



"MARTYRS to Duty"
[REQUIESCANT IN PACE.]

? ? ?

"What 's the matter with the Faculty?" is the question that looms up before us Seniors. We find it engraved on the morning breeze, embroidered on the setting sun, stamped on the dews of night, inscribed with indelible ink on the bare branches, and photographed in the smoke that descends on us from the M. T. B. as we canter up the west walk in a freshly laundered collar. How to make them feel that they are not living up to their highest ideals, that they are not realizing the lofty conceptions which we think (?) are theirs, how to make clear to them that it is naughty to worry us in our last few tender months, instead of endeavoring by every conceivable means to increase our pleasure. These are the questions that are embroidered on the evening breeze, engraved on the setting sun, stamped on the bare branches, photographed on the dews of night, and inscribed with indelible ink on the smoke that descends from the M. T. B. as we pace up the west walk with a new tablet in our hand.

Woe to the one who causes a gray hair to appear on the brain-box of one of these favored sons or daughters of W. S. N.! Woe to the one who causes the cup of sorrow of one of the same to slop over in the saucer! Woe! doubly woe!! trebly woe!!! to the one who by his deplorable mannerisms inspires one of these elect to blind his eyes with a Normal pennant and drown his sorrows in the depths of Pickle's quarry!

These are the cautions that are photographed on the midnight gale, stamped on the dying sun, inscribed with indelible ink on the trunks of the solitary trees, engraved in the mists of night, and embroidered in the smoke that descends on them from M. T. B. as they clamber up the west walk planning fresh inroads in the gray matter of the above-mentioned celebrities.

Have we cause to complain??? Did not the estimable Mistress of Books give minute directions as to where we should find N. E. A. Reports, Psychologies, Missouri Laws, *Scientific Americans,* Zoölogies, World's Almanacs, anything to hasten the ripening of the gray hair, to fill the cup of sorrow to the slopping point, to dig a new ditch in the gray matter? But never so much as the eyelash of an allusion was there at *Puck,* "Thorn in the Heart," *Loafer's Delight,* or any of those numerous publications designed to make hairs that were thinking of turning gray change their course, empty cups of sorrow, fill in the chasms in the gray matter.

Does not the ponderous historian with his fishy co-worker daily expound the values of his favorite subject, yet in his short sightedness fail to make record of the doing of this class, of this Senior Class of the youngest year of time? Surely it were enough to make them, thus neglected, to walk up and down Holden Street and proclaim their wrongs; surely it were enough to make them hire four automobiles and traverse the town giving vent to their motor activity in the form of the Normal Yell; to ascend in three balloons over the town and hurl down complaints at the inhabitants. Surely, say we, it were enough.

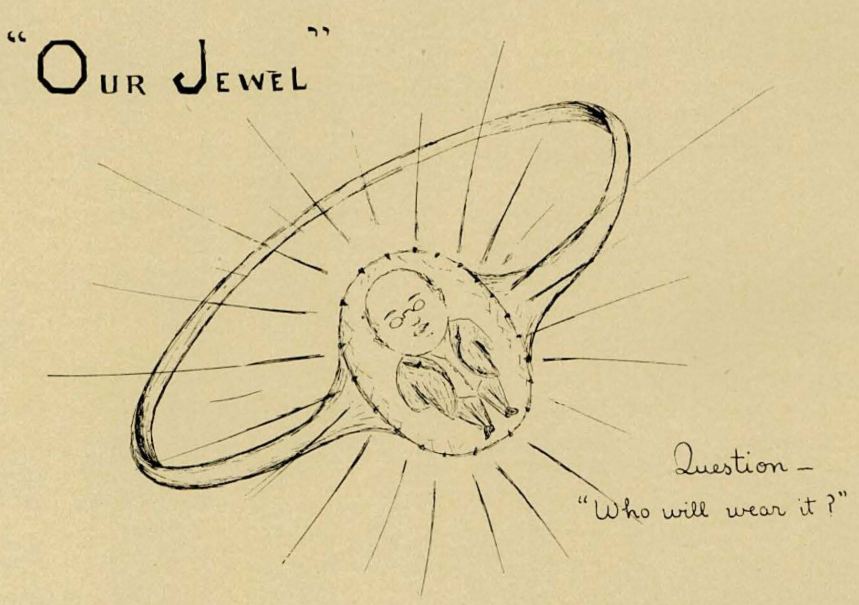
Does not the Princess of the Tea-pot serve us with vulgar rice, dry crackers, and newspapers for napkins, whereas her accomplices dine in state off clear soup muddied with pepper, *charlotte russe à la fuss,* sweet potatoes served on quails' wishbones, sour plums sweetened with jelly, sweet jelly soured with plums ————, and damask napkins of the hue of snowflakes! Would you wonder if we formed plots to smuggle the sugar from her domain; to convert the cream bottles into fish ponds; or to reduce the but-

ter and eggs to a common denominator? We say, Do you wonder?

Did not we appoint a committee to wait upon the Knight of the M. T. B., and request him to cease endeavoring to dislodge his shoulder; upon the Knight of the Electric Bells, and remind him that he is not expected to teach Physics to the occupants of the Library; upon his Royal Highness of Room 9, and beseech him to teach us how to vote for local option; upon the Queen of the Vocal Cords, and implore her to cheer our aching hearts by warbling for us at least twice a week in Chapel; upon the Daughter of Fair France, and coax her, on bended knees, to let her silvery laugh float oftener to our ears?

But was it of any avail? Ouch! it makes us screech to contemplate the failure that met each mission. Surely it were enough to force us to use slang, to dance, to play cards (we utter it in whispers).

And to whose account will it all be charged? You know. Then, what's the matter with the Faculty? "*I.*"



The Faculty Man.

♣ ♣ ♣

See that man a-comin' down the street
With his high-falutin' air,
With haughty tread, with lofty glance
That shows no trace of care?
Step off the walk, and let him pass;
This ain't no time for jokes;
He 's a member of the Faculty,
And we 're just common *folks*.

He 's gone by now—I can breathe again.
But oh! the feelin 's strange
That comes to me, I must confess,
When he first steps into range.
'Tain't often that I feel like this,
But say, this ain't no hoax,
For he 's a high and mighty personage,
And we—why, we 're just *folks*.

There has been much conjecture as to what Prof. Davis could possibly have wanted with a "House-keeper" which he took out of the Library recently. Verily, the ways of men —some men—are past finding out.

It is always beautiful to see devotion to ancient landmarks. A good example of such loyalty was observed in the Library the day the new lights were put in; as darkness descended, the little candle, so long a faithful friend, sent forth its customary gleam from the Librarian's desk.

A Senior in the Special Methods Class thus queries: "Now, Mr. Phillips, don't you think that combination will be just a little difficult for a first grade pupil?"

Mr. Phillips replies: "Well, I think you 'll find he won't have half the trouble you people are having."

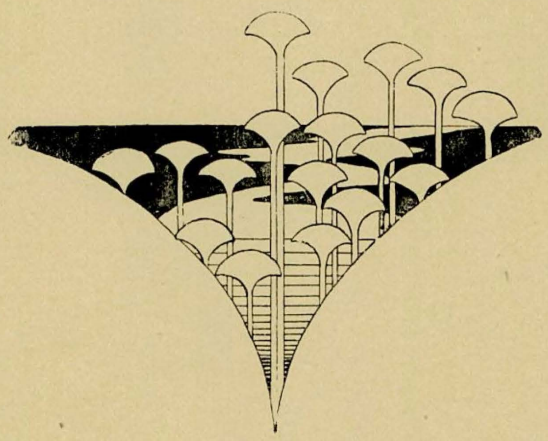
The all-knowing Senior subsides with shocking rapidity, but he is able to don his wise front again when he hears our worthy pedagogue remark that "teaching primary teachers is harder than teaching the chaps."

LEAPYEAR
1908
Gilb.

There is a dear lady named Ball
Who teaches in this Normal hall.
"Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear!"
With many a tear,
Moaned this excellent woman named Ball.

And this was her burden so sore—
Her heart it was pierced to the core:
"The English you use
You do not well choose;
I am sure I can bear it no more."

L. P.



OUR OLD LAND-MARK.

A Page Detached from a Junior Note-Book.

I. JUNIOR CLASS OF 1908.

1. Definition.
   (*a*) That indefinite, although most powerful quantity, ever existing between the Sophomore and Senior stages.
2. Origin.
   (*a*) First appeared in the form of Freshmen, Sept. 17, 1905. Having been treated according to the Process Aim in Education, it has slowly developed into the Junior Class of 1908.
3. Space It Occupies.
   (*a*) God made man a little lower than the angels. He left room between for the Juniors.
   (*b*) Always a little in advance of the Seniors.
4. Officers.
   President: Edward Baker.
   Vice-President: Norah M. Penn.
   Secretary and Treasurer: Bessie Ward.
5. Colors.
   Sage Green and Cream.
6. Battles.
   (*a*) Junior Basket-Ball girls encounter the formidable Senior foe at the Gymnasium, winning a glorious victory.
   (*b*) Senior Basket-Ball regiment of boys met and conquered by the Merry Junior Lads.
   (*c*) Song of Victory—Tune: "Wait for the Wagon."
   Did you believe, O haughty class,

Although you're proud and tall,
That you could ever beat us
In a game of Basket-Ball?
How you did work to make a score,
While we were on the floor,
You went away and hid your face,
After the game was o'er.
Watch out, Seniors,
Watch out, Seniors,
Watch out, Seniors,
When we play Basket-ball.

7. The Junior Stars.

(*a*) Johnny Miller—As Quarter-back on the Foot-ball team.

(*b*) Lorine Ferguson and Geo. Earl —As Basket-ball managers.

(*c*) Dale Carnagey — As Winning Debater.

(*d*) Adam Remley—The "brightest" head in all the class.

(*e*) Mary J. Gilbert—As Latin and Greek translator.

(f) J. N. Crocker, W. L. Johnson — The only ships "safely" launched on the Sea of Matrimony.

(*g*) Effie Sollars—For her extraordinary definitions. Ex.-Lightening — *Sparking* on a large scale.

(*h*) Fern Norman, Ruby Fisher — For keeping folks moving over at the Gym.

(*i*) Forrest Welsh—The only Junior boy who has courage enough to face Miss Yeater in "Cicero."

(*j*) Esther Sayles—As inseparable from Y. W. C. A. and Miss Sly.

(*k*) Jamie Morrison—For a patent, adjustable indestructible smile.

(*l*) Geo. B. Davidson—For numerous Bible quotations.

(*m*) Rhoda K. Shaw—For her devotion to Miss Yeater.

(*n*) Etc. — — — — — — — — — —.

8. Motto.

"*Ne cede difficilibus.*"

Note.—Further particulars concerning this class may be obtained by applying to the Registrar of the W. S. N., or by corresponding with Dr. W. J. Hawkins, President.

Leading the singing.

We know a young artist named Zoll,
He 's always dressed up like a doll;
He keeps, tho' it 's dry,
His trousers rolled high,
And spats wears this elegant Zoll.

"Let men and maids from A to Z
See me to-day," signed C. A. P.
I 'll quickly run
Toward No. One,
He may have units there for me.

Our jolly old brother Demand
In History is perfectly grand!
If you want a good grade,
'Tis easily made:
Just see that you keep up your hand.

"Mr. Reed, have you taken History of Education?"

"I have been exposed to it, but as yet it hasn't taken."

ADELIA CULP:

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book 's a book, altho' there 's nothing in 't."

MR. PHILIPS:

"The dome of tho't, the palace of the soul."

DR. SHANNON:

"Ah! happy years, once more who would not be a boy?"

ROXIE JAMES:

"So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there."

MR. AND MRS. PRINCE:

"And both *were* young, and one was beautiful."

CHESTER ODELL:

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

MARY COLEMAN:

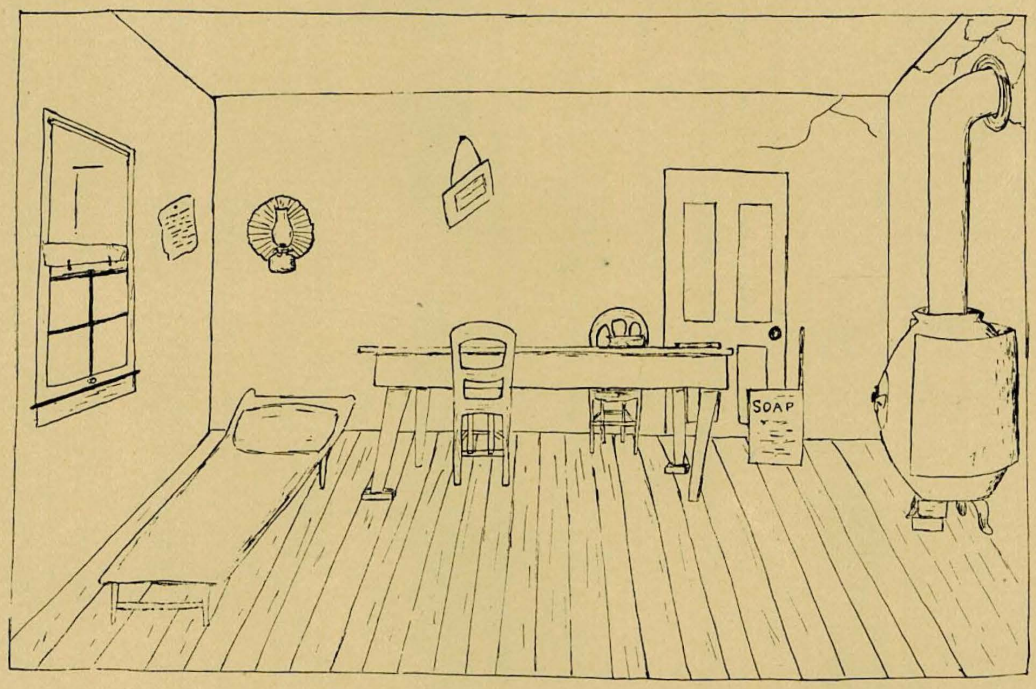
"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

MR. ALSUP:

"As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile."

MISS FARMER:

"My valor is certainly going! it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palm of my hands."



Boys' Rest Room

WE WONDER:

Why Miss Yeater incessantly violates one of the fundamental laws of school government.

Why Sam Tanner looks so guilty when asked about his Sunday afternoon walk to Pertle Springs.

Why the Ladies of the Faculty refused the Senior girls' challenge.

What are Lawrence Johnson's highest aims (Ames).

When Prof. Hoover will deliver his next oration against "Music."

Why Georgia Doolin stays in the Agriculture Laboratory instead of going to Chapel.

What Dale Carnagey's next scheme to work the Faculty for a holiday will be.

How Miss Minick would look if she were really displeased.

What the Freshmen would do if it were not for Captain Bahlman.

Prof. Morris: "Miss Bliss, how shall we save time in writing up our experiments?"

Florence Bliss: "Always 'Ditto-more.'"

What we are anxious to discover:

1. When all the girls will begin to use the "Crying System" to get "Dates," since it worked so successfully on Market Street.

2. Why Miss Yeater always calls on Billie Neet and Jessie Gibson in succession? Is it because of the association of ideas?

3. If Louise Hornbuckle thinks it says to prepare her toilet in too great a rush. Wonder what Prof. Phillips would have to say?

4. Why Miss Wood was all smiles April 15. Was it because Pechstein entered the design class?

Mr. Hill (looking into his mirror): "Don't I look pretty and girlish?"

Ask Emmet Yates why Grace Winkler represented the "Dear-Slayer" at the Y. W. C. A. library party.

Mr. Moody came from the wild and wooly West: Does he look it? Marion Clark and Gladys Anderson don't think so.

Why does Eula Simms wear a "Bleeding Heart" these days? Smithy has gone to the farm.

Miss Yeater: "Lucile, why are the light descriptions put in 'Macbeth'?"

Lucile Vernaz: "In order to relieve the monotony."

Martha Trotter's example of an alliteration: "Secret secluded society—Sly and Sayles."

Forest Welsh is a rising artist; he makes geometric figures appear *tipsy* even in this "dry" town.

SOME THINGS THAT ALL NORMALS HAVE.

Plenty of loafers.
Sufficient number of spooners.
Precious few book-worms.
Scores of slick and shiny "seats."
Students hunting for snap teachers.
Flunkers.
Crushers.
An unmanageable gang of impudent practice kids.
Bu Hins.

HEADLIGHTS OF No. 2.

Adam Remley.
Effie Henley.
Katherine Wilson.
Miss Perry.
(Any other red-heads.)

CONSTANT COMPANIONS.

Mary Rayhill and Mr. Wade.
Charline Briggs and Blaine Gilberth.
Jimmy McConnell and "The Giggles."
Clarence Clark and "Monkey Shines."
Neal Woodruff and Bertie Hutchinson.
Billy Kemp and Louise Findley.
Hugh Gilkeson and Norah Penn.
James Steiner and "Parliamentary Laws."
Loyd Kelley and Nina Massey.
Arch Danforth and Clara Rowland.
Chester O'Dell and "Lofty Airs."
Dale Carnegy and "Egoism."
Mary Reed and "Nerves."
Dee Brown and Julius Oppenheimer (?).
Goldena Farnsworth and "The Latest News."
Broad Street and "The Zoll Whistle."

EVER-ACTIVE INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Neet.
Training School Supervisors.
Janice Morrison.
Alma Sanders.
Dale Carnegy.
Capt. Bahlman.
Mattie Redford.
Mr. Gentry.
Billy Neet.
Harry Reed.
Joe Hardesty.

THE STAR ROOTERS.

Johnny Miller.
Holiday Harrison.
J. M. Thompson.
Cecil Roberts.

LOST.

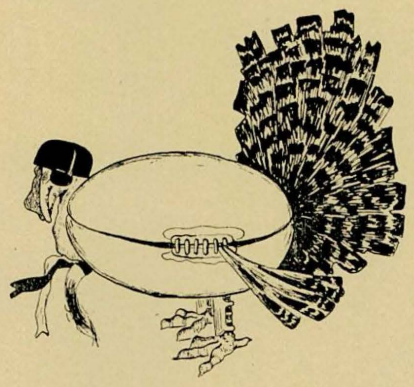
Voice, by Prof. Morris.
A hip-pocket, by Miss Runyon.
Sam Tanner, by Portia Shackleford.
All ball games, by the Seniors.
A lock of hair, by Dr. McAllister.
Short legs, by Earl Foster.
His taste for flowers, by Frank Walters.

DUDE AND SPORT OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

Lawrence Johnson.

Miss Yeater (in Freshman Latin Class): "Give the principal parts of flunko."

Geo. Davenport: "Flunko, flunkere, suspendi, expulsus."



"The Normal Bird"

A CONVERSATION AS HEARD FROM THE DINING-ROOM TABLE.

"Hello! Give me 263x. Prof. Zoll's residence?....Who is this? Effie Barton!!!! W-say, is Charline there?.....Tell her to come to the 'phone, please.....Why didn't you speak to me this afternoon?.....I would know you two miles away.....You don't treat me right.....Do you want to go to-night?.....I feel like O'Dell hasn't got the measles any more than I have..... Well I will tell you that to-night. Good-bye."

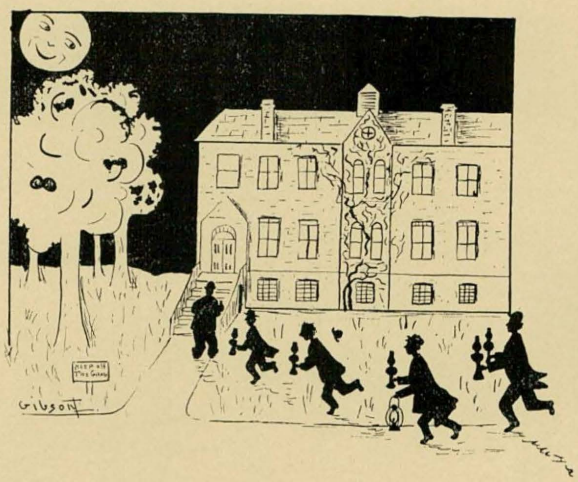
Prof. Morris (rotating a mirror in front of Erse Johnson to show the effect on formation of an image): "Can you see yourself? In what position are you?"

Erse Johnson: "Perpendicular."

Prof. Morris (rotating the mirror): "Now what position are you in?"

Erse Johnson: "Can't see anything but my feet."

Prof. Morris: "Um—m—probably that is all there is to see."



"As sure as brother John and I fought when we were boys, we'll have light to-night." *Mr. Demand.*

Prof. Moody (after hearing several horrible screams in the hall): "What wild animal is doing all that screaming?"

Prof. Seawell: "That animal belongs to a class of students we have here. The leader of the tribe is Mary Hickman."

Prof. Moody: "Are any in your class?"

Prof. Seawell: "Yes, but don't worry; cutting class is their chief characteristic."

So says the "*Princely*" sage: "A fly was 987,365,989 hairs on its body. If you don't believe it, count 'em."

PROF. HOOVER.

"A noticeable man with large gray eyes."

PROF. PRINCE.

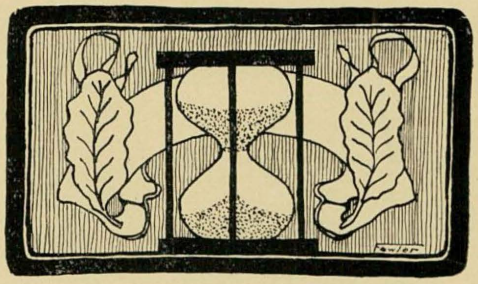
"When I said I should die a bachelor I did not think I should live till I were married." (From Shakespeare.)

PROF. PHILLIPS.

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

WM. KEMP.

"Father calls me William; sister calls
"Father calls me William; sister calls me Will;
Mother calls me Willie—but the fellers call me Bill."



Without

"I don't know anything about companionship; I never had, but I 'd like to have one. Can't you '*cite*' me to one? ! ! ! ! ?"—*Arch Danforth.*

"We, also, wonder what Miss Runyon did during the Christmas vacation." — *Roman History Class.*

WE WONDER WHY? WHY? WHY?

The Training School attracts Mr. O'Dell so much after he has gotten his grades from that Department?

Miss Findley does not still desire an escort whose wealth is unlimited?

What the aim of the "Fratority" is?

Why the student-body wished the Seniors to have charge of the School at all times?

Why the Faculty did not play more than four innings in the base-ball game? Also, who will dress Mr. Coulter's foot and take charge of other disabled Faculty-men in the day of the next Senior-Faculty game?

Why Thompson wore a mustache?

Why some people loaf in the halls?

Why Mr. Prince had his "photo" taken with his hat on? We don't think him at all impolite and uncultured.

How the Freshies found out they were ignorant of most things? (Answer: By the Seniors teaching their classes.)

If the Soph's skull is not made of the same material as a skull once used here in a lecture? There is no doubt but what the inner parts are identical (all having a hollow sound).

How Miss Gibson got possession of an account-book from the Citizens' Bank?

Why Dr. Moody went to Cave Hollow in the rain? Also, why so many foolish girls went, too? And, more, what Mr. Hawkins thought of that kind of biology journeys?

Where Mr. Kemp got those elegant spots? Also, how it would do to call him Robert Number Two?

Why Mr. Kelly is so congenial?

Why the James sisters were so anxious to have their photos in the RHETOR?

Why the Treble Clef Club sing so many new songs?

Why the Sophs wanted such fine photos? Won't they make sporty Juniors?

Why everybody likes Prof. Demand?

Why the Faculty disagree so often and say bad things about the students?

Why the winner in an oratorical contest must be a charming young lady and a good declaimer (not orator)?

Why the Faculty ladies don't play basket-ball?

How Hue come to like his pen (Penn) so well?

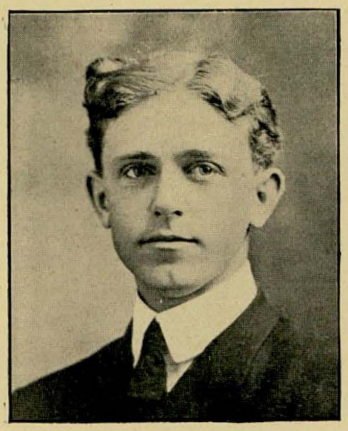
If Mo. U. will call base-ball games dead easy when played with W. S. N. any more?

Why the Juniors like to sit with the Seniors?

When the "Country Skule" can be reproduced so that it will compare with the one given by the Faculty under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

Why the Junior Staff worked so hard on the RHETOR?

Bertha O. Job,
A Tardy Senior.



Dr. R. L. Moody,
Being Initiated.

Junior Sausage Mill.

MINNIE SMILEY.. .. ..Versailles, Mo.
"Too quiet to even make a noise in the world."

RHODA SHAW.. .. ..Pattonsburg, Mo.
"Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet."

LOIS BUTLER.. .. ..St. Joseph, Mo.
"A maiden never bold, a spirit still and quiet."

JAMIE MORRISON.. .. ..Sedalia, Mo.
"I love men not because they are men, but because they are not women."

BESSIE WARD.. .. ..Hume, Mo.
"Ready in spirit and resources."
Always doing "finished" work.

GRETCHEN STARR.. .. ..Bronough, Mo.
"Fair as a star, when only one is shining in the sky."

EULA V. SIMMS.. .. ..Diamond, Mo.
"I say, isn't she the daintiest creature that ever walked?"

MR. CLARK (CLARENCE).Warrensburg, Mo.
"Greater men than I have lived, but I do not believe it."

RUBY FISHER.. .. ..Sedalia, Mo.
In spirit and letter obeys the Scriptural passage, "Follow Me and I will make you a Fisher of men."

NORAH PENN... .. ..Kansas City, Mo.
"Pretty, but not old enough to go with the boys."

BELLE BRADY.. .. ..Warrensburg, Mo.
"Her life was earnest work, not play."
"Silent as the night."

HELEN MILLER.. .. ...Warrensburg, Mo.
"They say thine eyes part of thy attraction form."
"Never fearful of trying."

HUGH GILKESON.. .. ..Warrensburg, Mo.
"I love to commune with Nature, especially girls."

ERSE JOHNSON.. .. ..Sibley, Mo.
"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

ZOLL CALLAWAY.. .. ..Waverly, Mo.
"As loquacious as a flock of geese."
"I 'd rather argue than eat."

JULIUS OPPENHEIMER...Warrensburg, Mo.
"Would he were fatter."
"A brilliant linguist."

EFFIE SOLLARS.. .. ..Warrensburg, Mo.
"I 'll to my books, for I have resolved to make 'E' in every subject."

JEAN WYATT.. .. ..Maysville, Mo.
"You shall never take her without her answer unless you take her without her tongue."

HERMAN CONNER.. .. .. ..Spokane, Wash.
"I have always known how to dance."

GEORGIA SIMMS.. .. ...Warrensburg, Mo.
"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight."

JOHN HARDESTY.. .. ..Winfield, Mo.
"Facts are stubborn things."

DALE CARNAGEY.. .. ...Warrensburg, Mo.
"I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me."

JAMES MEDLEY.. .. .. ..Warrensburg, Mo.
"Escaped by the skin of my teeth."

JOHN MILLER.. .. .. ..Warrensburg, Mo.
"A good runner is never caught."

EDWARD BAKER.. .. ..Kingsville, Mo.
"When I first came here, I did not intend to study much, and I rarely, if ever, change my mind."

C. Lee Kenagy.. .. ...Warrensburg, Mo.
"A grand old Bluff."

Helen Borthwick.. ...Warrensburg, Mo.
"Busy brain, happy heart, teasing tongue, but ever a jolly Junior."

Rose Pratt.. .. ..Carthage, Mo.
"She is beautiful, and therefore to be sought;
With this virtue all else may be forgot."

Lauretta Ferguson.. .. .. ..Tipton, Mo.
"Her heart is surely in her work,
She 's never known to lag or shirk."

Lillian Weselah.. .. ..Sedalia, Mo.
"Her voice was ever soft and still,
An excellent thing in woman."

Flora Davidson.. .. .. ..Grant City, Mo.
"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

Geneva Collins.. .. ..Warrensburg, Mo.
"Only this, and nothing more."

Jessie Magers.. .. ..Carthage, Mo.
"A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard."

W. L. Johnson.. .. ..Chilhowee, Mo.
"Has there any old fellow got mixed up with the boys?"

Hamilton Davis.. .. ..Warrensburg, Mo.
"The atrocious crime of being a *young* man."

Jayne Wilkinson.. .. ..Alton, Mo.
"My crown is in my heart, not on my head."

Esther Sayles.. .. .. ..Lowry City, Mo.
"Silent as the night."

Blanche Smith.. .. ..Merwin, Mo.
"A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

Florence Greer.. .. ..Warrensburg, Mo.
"From a pure heart proceeds the fruit of a good life."

Jennie Metcalfe.. .. .. ..Maitland, Mo.
"Modesty is the brightest jewel in the crown of womanhood."

Ann Todd.. .. ..St. Joseph, Mo.
"There are brighter dreams than those of fame,
Which are the dreams of love."

Marguerite Crawford.. .. ..Tipton, Mo.
"A woman's heart, like the moon, is always changing."

George Earle.. .. ..Cassville, Mo.
"A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds."

Eudora Wadell.. .. ..Warrensburg, Mo.
"Modesty is woman's courage."

Bettie Cloud.. .. .. ..Warrensburg, Mo.
"Thou living ray of intellectual fire."

Fern Norman.. .. ..California, Mo.
"So long as you're innocent, fear nothing."

Grace Carpenter.. .. ..Rolla, Mo.
"They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts."

Vivian Jacqua.. .. ...Warrensburg, Mo.
"A bundle of virtues, few faults to confess."

Delia O'Bryan.. .. ...Warrensburg, Mo.
"Woman's at best a contradiction still."

Yula Davis.. .. ..Knobnoster, Mo.
"Let us do or die."

Adam Remley.. .. ..Orrick, Mo.
"At whose sight all the stars
Hid their diminished heads."

Ned Golay.. .. ..Warrensburg, Mo.
"I do not set my life at a pin's fee."

Lucile Vernaz.. .. ...Warrensburg, Mo.
"Young in years, in judgment old."

Edith Quick.. .. ..Quick City, Mo.
"Her very foot has music in it
As she comes up the stairs."

Eva Couch.. .. ..Knobnoster, Mo.
"Life's a jest and all things show it;
I thought so once and I know it."

MARY GILBERT. . . . . .Warrensburg, Mo.
"Whence is thy learning?"

MARIA COATES. . . . . .Kearney, Mo.
"Of what use would it be to live
If one heard only one's own voice."

CHARLOTTE KYD. . . . . .Green Ridge, Mo.
"I ask no favors and shrink from no responsibilities."

MILDRED RUCKER. . . . . .Warrensburg, Mo.
"The noblest mind the best contentment has."

EDNA CLARK. . . . . .Warrensburg, Mo.
"But to see her was to love her."

DORSEY CARR. . . . . .Liberty, Mo.
"The first duty of woman is to be pretty."

LAURA MITCHELL. . . . . .Centreview, Mo.
"Assume a virtue if you have it not."

FRANK MATHERS. . . . . .Adrian, Mo.
"Every man is exceptional."

J. N. CROCKER. . . . . .Story, Mo.
"There 's nothing in a name."

DRUNA HIATT. . . . . .Holden, Mo.
"An ever-smiling face."

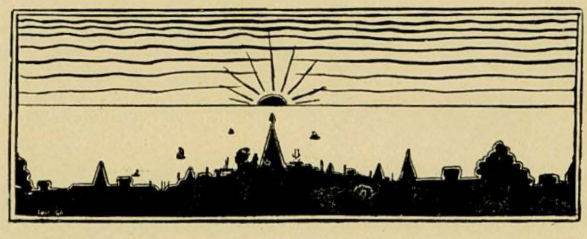
VINNIE SHIPP. . . . . .Centreview, Mo.
"Life 's too short for logic."

CORINNE SAUNDERS. . . . . .Creighton, Mo.
"It takes two of me to make a showing."

BERTIE HUTCHINSON. . . . . .Carrollton, Mo.
"Behold a child, by Nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

LULA BRAMHALL. . . . . .Carrollton, Mo.
"The glass of fashion."

FORREST WELSH. . . . . .Warrensburg, Mo.
"He 's a daisy, he 's a ducky,
He 's a lamb."



Advertisements

IT IS ONLY WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF OUR ADVERTISERS THAT WE ARE ABLE TO PUBLISH THIS BOOK. WE URGE THE STUDENTS TO PATRONIZE THEM, AND OBLIGE

RHETOR STAFF.

Jas. Steiner: "You would make a big laugh."

Effie Sollars: "I suppose that 's why you are laughing."

Mr. Lowman: "The night after I coached the ladies of the Faculty, I dreamed that I had the Senior girls in a suit-case."

When you see a bumble-bee
Bumming o'er the lea,
The thing that you had better do
Is to let that bumble be.

Chapter I. Maid one. Chapter II. Maid won. Chapter III. Made one.

Prof. Coulter: "Did you ever study English grammar?"

Alice Kirk: "When I was little."

THE KINDERGARTEN.

Motto: "I wanter see mah maw."
Colors: White and Baby Blue.
Flower: Pillsbury's Best.

FOR SALE.

A livery stable, several horses of each of the following: Cæsar, Cicero, and Virgil, Reasons for selling—we have to teach ward schools.

Latin Class of 1908.

Frank Walters: "Not Hercules could have knocked out his brains, for he had none."

WANTED.

Positions as teachers, any old place, any old where, at any salary.

Class of 1908.

Dr. Shannon: "Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form."

To Let.—A head that 's unfurnished.

Freshman.

A still afternoon in March. Suddenly there comes the sickening crunching as of human bones. Loud above the groans of the spectators rises the piercing shriek of a woman. Then silence — Miss Yeater has crushed another spirit.

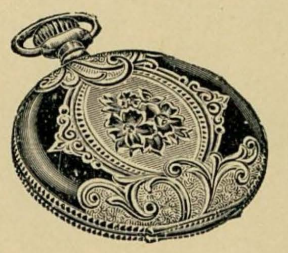
Edith Quick (in Biology): "I think I noticed in Dickens' Leather Stocking Tales that the Indians could tell the direction by the lichens which grow on the north side of trees."

"I would rather read English by the fire than Greek with the angels."

A Former Greek Student.

Steiner: "How like a river—largest at the mouth!"

Graduating Presents of All Kinds



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America's most stylish and best fitting.

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The best known, known as the best.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOES,
Fully guaranteed.

Lion Brand Shirts. Lion Brand Collars, ¼ sizes; they launder the longest.

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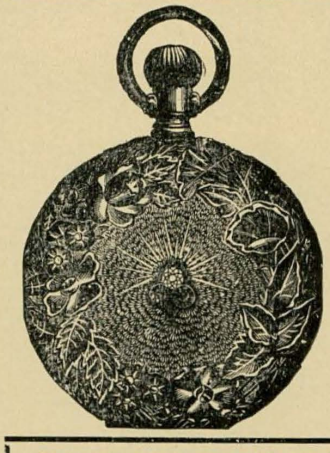
John Thrailkill

The Plain Figures, One Price, Cash Clothier.

Students' Headquarters



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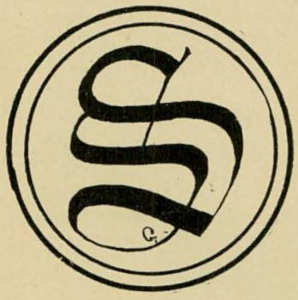

This Monogram was made from a Pen Drawing by Miss Gibson, Art Editor of RHETOR.

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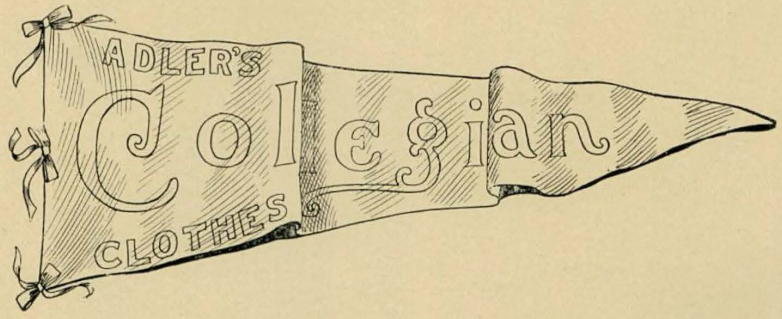
EYES TESTED and CORRECTLY FITTED



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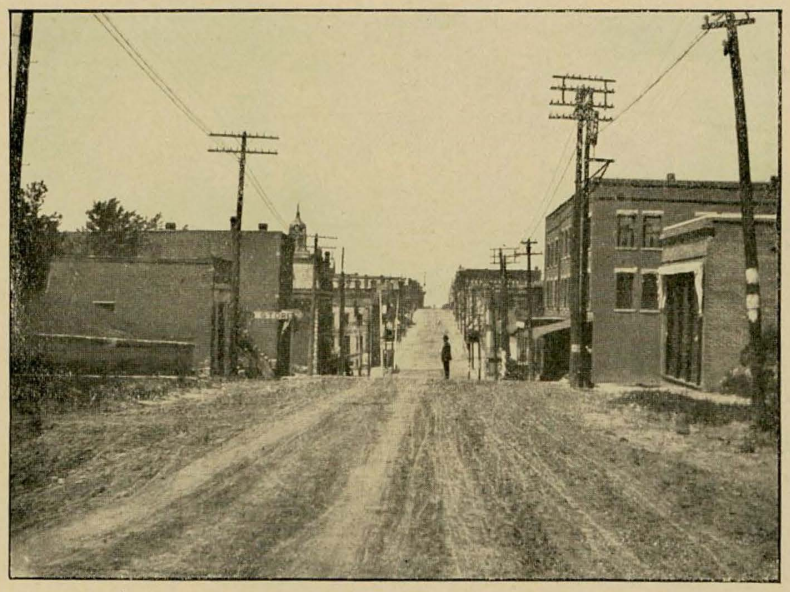
Collegian Clothes

better than anything we can say about them. They are the ideal College Clothes. **$15 to $25.**

Faulkner-Anderson Mercantile Co.

Outfitters for Men from Shoe to Hat.



Looking North on Holden Street.

Warrensburg School of Music

Robert E. Wadell, Director

WARRENSBURG, MO.

Thorough course of instruction in Piano, Voice, Organ and Harmony.

Competent and experienced instructors.

WRITE FOR CATALOG.

We make people forget their woes,
If for them we take their Photos;
If with you we make a hit,
Please tell other folks of it.

STONE

The Photographer

In the Library.

WANTED:

"The Deserted Goldsmith."
"Chaucer's Prolong."
"Bryant's Synopsis."
"Benjamin Franklin's Autograph."
"The School Management Lesson."

Miss Culp: "I wan't that green grammar."

Miss K—: "There are a good many done in green. Which one?"

Miss Culp: "That green one."

Miss K—: "Can't you tell me more about it?"

Miss Culp: "That 's all Miss Baxter said."

Timid Youth: "I want a history."

Miss K—: "What kind?"

Timid Youth: "Don't know. I want a history."

Miss K—: "Do you know who it 's by?"

Timid Youth: "Oh, yes; that tall 'geeser' with the long beard."

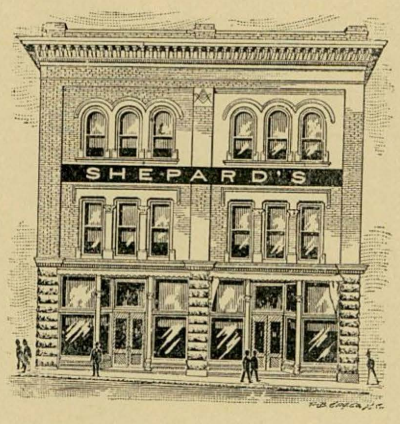
Good-looking young man presents book to be stamped.

Miss Lammert: "Age, please?"

"That book is not on the shelf; do you think it is in the trunk (truck)?"

"Meet Me at Shepard's"

THE IDEAL
SHOPPING-PLACE
WHERE
YOU MAY FEEL
PERFECTLY
AT HOME



THE
STUDENTS
ALL MEET HERE
WHEN
DOWN TOWN

ALWAYS BUSY **THE LADIES' STORE** ALWAYS BRIGHT

JOIN THE THRONG

SOMETHING NEW HERE EVERY DAY

Chesterfield SUITS

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An inspection will reveal many new and novel features only shown in these peerless Clothes for men. We will be pleased to show them, whether you intend to buy or not : : : : : :

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Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments and Ladies' Furnishings a Specialty

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Reach the limit of style and excellence.

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For trim elegance, luxurious fit, style and individuality in fine Footwear, we're at your service, sir.

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Opposite Court House

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J. V. MURRAY, Cashier. A. LEE SMISER, Assistant Cashier.

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"ALWAYS SOMETHING DOING"

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Hotel Estes Barber Shop

The Newest, Finest, Most Up-to-date Shop in the City. Located in the HOTEL ESTES.

CARMACK BROS.

Proprietors.

Meet me at the Boston Candy Factory.

Normal Dictionary.

(Revised '08.)

Bluff.—A stiff talk by a student, who has been out the night before, to a Prof. for a grade.

Brute.—The Prof. who flunks you when you ought to have "E."

Bucephalus.—A famous Greek steed, long considered useless because of his inveterate propensity to buck. He was finally broken to ride by an ambitious young Macedonian named Alexander, who then rode away to school on him and "busted" up a whole University curriculum. For this great feat Alexander was given the title "the Great."

College (Faculty report).—A place where everything but work is done.

Cut.—The total failure of students to attend any recitation of a professor (not found in Freshie's vocabulary).

"E."—Easy, eligible, excellent, enough.

English.—A popular language, sometimes used by Prof. Coulter. "I have seen that he has went," etc.

Flunk.—Failure of a student to respond to a professor's invitation to recite.

Faculty.—A body of persons banded together for the purpose of making life miserable for another class, known as the students.

Green.—Of the color of herbage; growing; fresh; recent; in state of usefulness. Synonym, Freshman.

Graduation.—The jovous leave-taking of a few students who have succeeded in "bamboozling" the teachers.

Latin.—An ancient language. Supposed to have been dead, but resurrected by Yeater. Taught in a few colleges to aid those interested in foot-ball.

Pony.—A motive power of the institution. Recommended sometimes by head of Latin Department.

Rest-Room.—An escape from the Faculty, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A.

Rhetor.—A receptacle for surplus intellect of Seniors, the Book of the Hour.

Senior.—A mighty power passing from this Normal.

Student.—One who aspires to be a member of the Faculty.

Silently, one by one, in the note-book of the teacher
Blossom the little zeros, the forget-me-nots of the Seniors.

To those who feel that we have handled them a little roughly in the foregoing pages we extend our most sincere sympathy and hope for their speedy recovery.

DEAR OLD NORMAL NUMBER TWO.

To the students, past, present, and future, of the State Normal School at Warrensburg, Mo., Second District.

Words and Music by FREDERICK ABBOTT.

mf **With Spirit.** *f* *mf*

1. There's a school at Warrensburg we all love well, Hoo-ra, ra, boo, Hoo-ra, ra, boo, Where the students
2. Oth-er schools there may be, but there's none you see, Hoo-ra, ra, boo, Hoo-ra, ra, boo, Quite as good as
3. When the days of school are o'er, and home we stray, Hoo-ra, ra, boo, Hoo-ra, ra, boo; 'Tis with gladsome
4. And when we have grad-u-at-ed, left her halls, Hoo-ra, ra, boo, Hoo-ra, ra, boo, We will ev-er

f *ff*

take de-light to sing and yell, Hoo-ra, ra, boo, ra, boo; Then join the chorus, let all sing,
dear old Number Two to me, Hoo-ra, ra, boo, ra, boo; Then brothers, sisters, join our throng,
hearts, for we have earned our play, Hoo-ra, ra, boo, ra, boo; But we are glad when rest is o'er,
think of her and heed her calls, Hoo-ra, ra, boo, ra, boo; Then here's a bumper, Normal Two,

Hoo-ra, boo, ra, boo.

mf *ff* *mf*

Hoo-ra, ra, boo, ra, boo, ra, boo; Make all the wel-kin roar and ring, Hoo-ra, ra, boo, ra,
Hoo-ra, ra, boo, ra, boo, ra, boo; Come on, we want you hear our song, Hoo-ra, ra, boo, ra,
Hoo-ra, ra, boo, ra, boo, ra, boo; Back to our school to come once more, Hoo-ra, ra, boo, ra,
Hoo-ra, ra, boo, ra, boo, ra, boo; Our Al-ma Ma-ter, good and true, Hoo-ra, ra, boo, ra,

Hoo-ra, boo, ra,

f rit. REFRAIN. a tempo.

Boo. Hoo-ra, boo, ra, hoo-ra, boo, ra, boo.
Hoo-ra, boo, ra, hoo-ra, boo, ra, Hoo - ra, boo, ra, Sing the praise of Warrensburg, in old Mis-sou;

ff

mf

Hoo-ra, ra, boo, Hoo-ra, ra, boo, 'Tis our Normal, dear old Normal Number Two, Hoo-ra, ra, boo, ra, boo.

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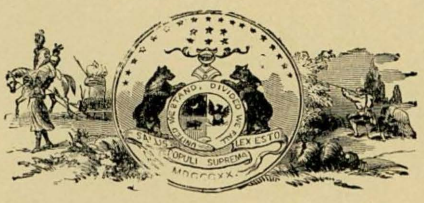
The State Normal School

(Second District of Missouri,)

Warrensburg, Missouri.



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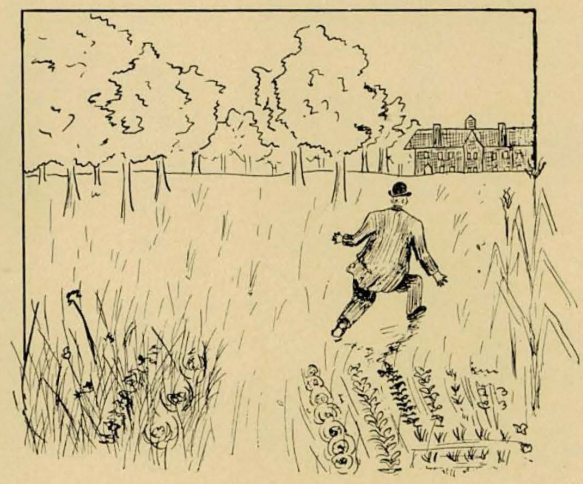
The Professional Courses are unsurpassed—the departments of Psychology and Pedagogy thoroughly ground teachers in theory and the Training School affords practice in actual teaching under skilled guidance.

Students are in a teaching atmosphere. The school spirit is most excellent and school ideals formed here are the highest.

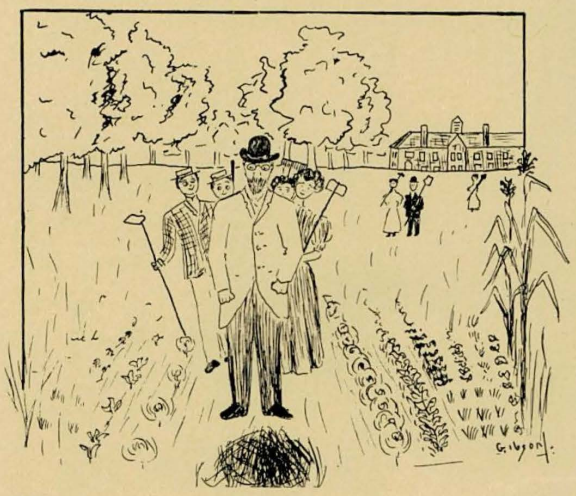
An Experience in Practical Agriculture.

As one day the lord of the Normal
  Through the garden is taking a stroll,
An appalling vision soon meets his gaze,
  And strikes horror chill to his soul.
In the otherwise well-kept garden,
  On whose beauty his contented heart feeds,
Is a patch unattended, neglected,
  A tangle of plants and of weeds.

But behold! Very soon he returneth
  With a dark son of Africa's shore;
The desecrated spot he now seeketh
  With a face more grim than before.
On his knees falls the dusky companion,
  In obedience to order so grave,
And he uproots the weeds in a twinkling,
  Nor the flowers do his eager hands save.



Spellbound for a moment he stands there,
  Righteous anger inflaming his face;
Then, freed from the spell that enthralls him,
  Toward the Normal he starts with a pace
That startles the students beholding;
  And they gaze with eyes opened wide
At the figure descried in the distance,
  Hastening with inelegant stride.



Night falls and night again passes,
  And the afternoon cometh again;
To his domain e'en now comes Prof. Hoover
  With his usual accompanying train.
His eye now the mischief descrieth;
  His thoughts no tongue can relate.
His practical illustration?
  Perchance 'twas forbidden by Fate!

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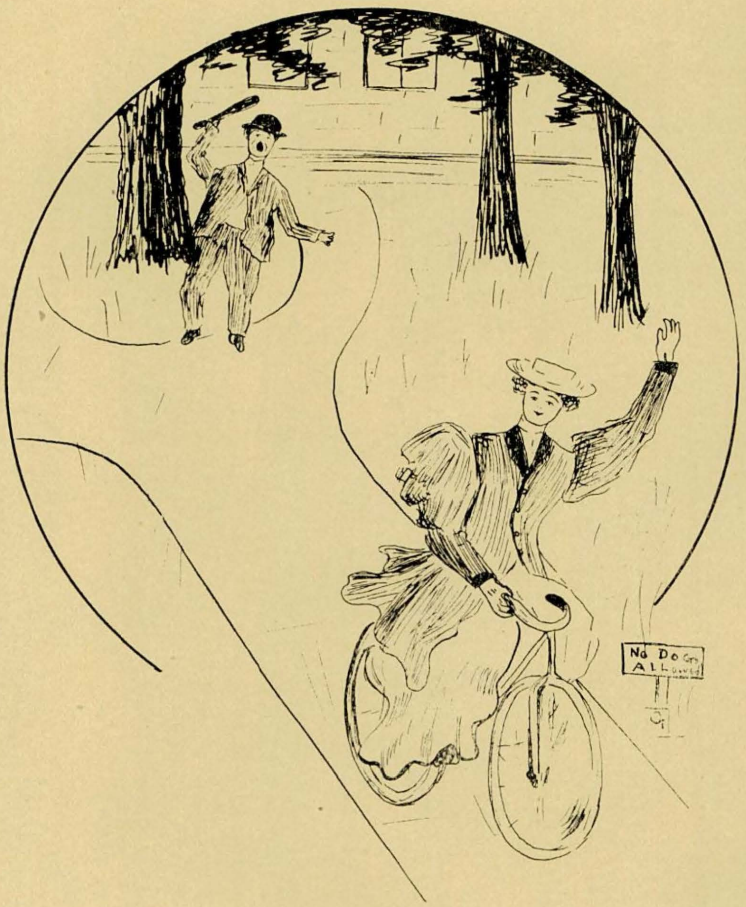
Moral.

From this tale of such serious import
'Tis well we a lesson now draw,
That, in years to come, those who follow
May be spared the sad sights that we saw.

Let them both grow together till harvest,
The tares along with the wheat,
Lest, when the tares are up-rooted,
The grain likewise suffer defeat.

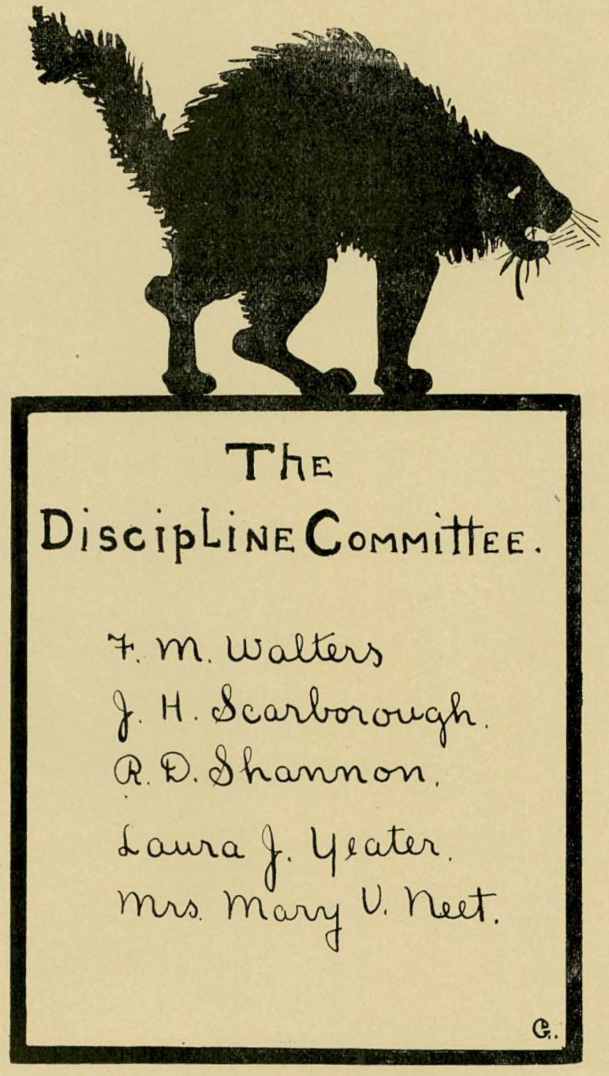


O'Dell: "Miss Minick, we must ride through the campus on our wheels, for that will be the finest yet."

Miss Minick: "Yes — y — n — n — no! Y—e—s, I guess Kenagey won't catch me."

Kenagy: "Young man, get off this campus! D ! d ! d ! d ! d !"

Miss Minick: "I ain't no young man!"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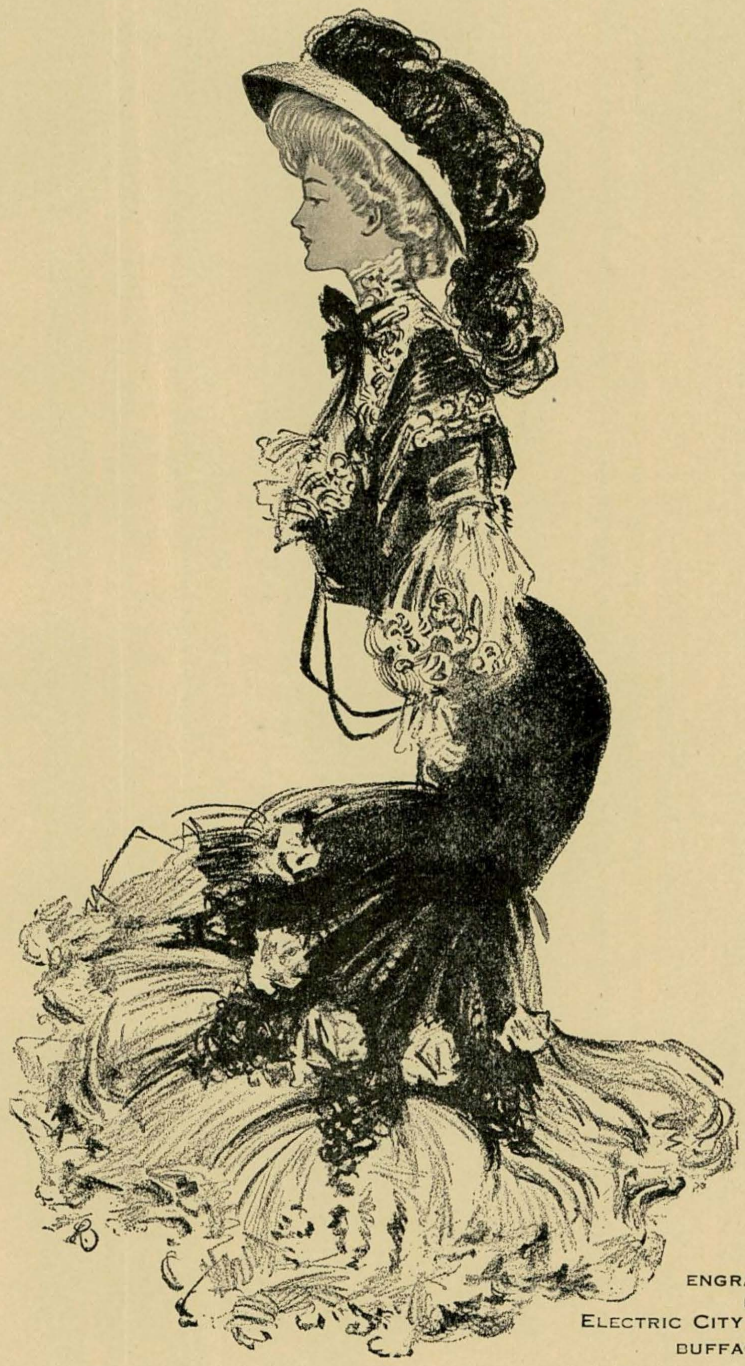

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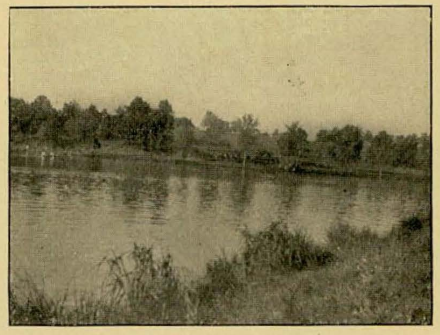
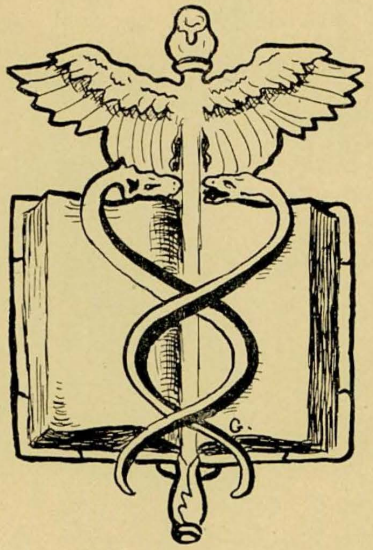
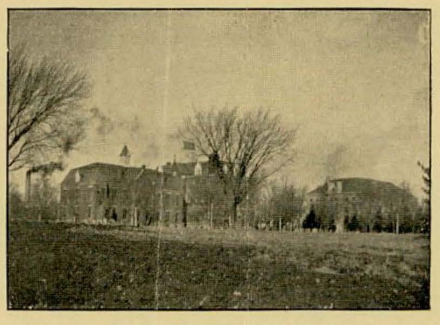


Pertle Springs Lakes.

Normal Gymnasium.



Bird's-Eye View of Warrensburg.



Normal Buildings.