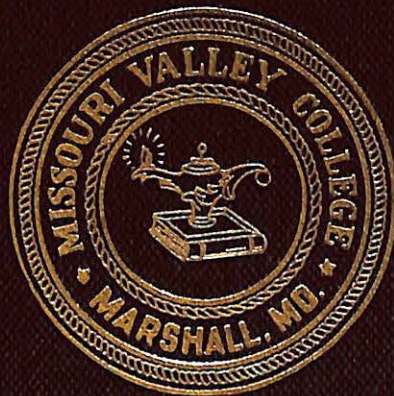


MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE



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SABIDURIA

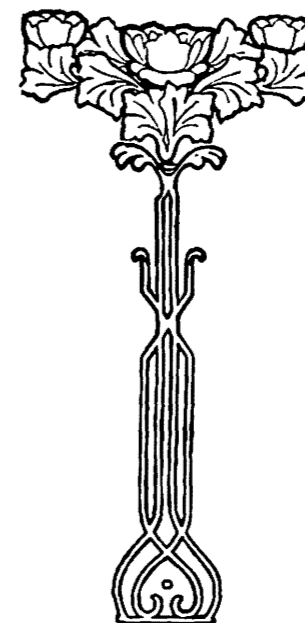


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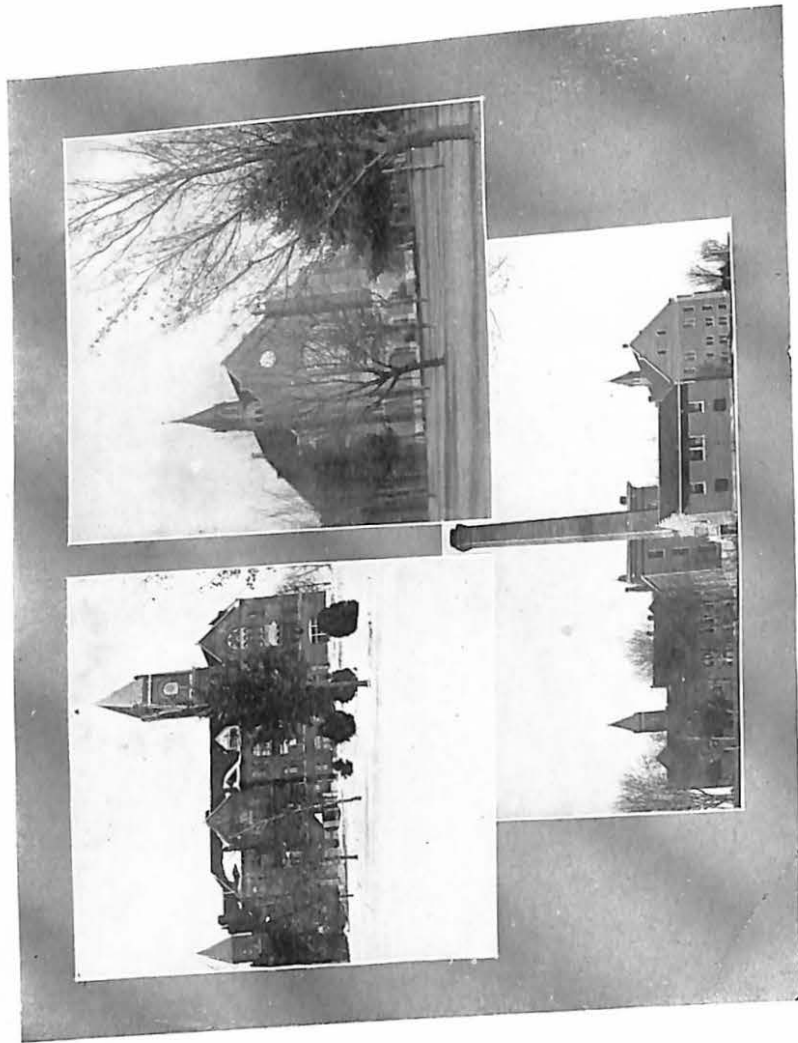
THE SABIDURIA

A PORTRAYAL OF STUDENT LIFE

EDITED BY THE CLASS OF 1913 IN ITS JUNIOR YEAR

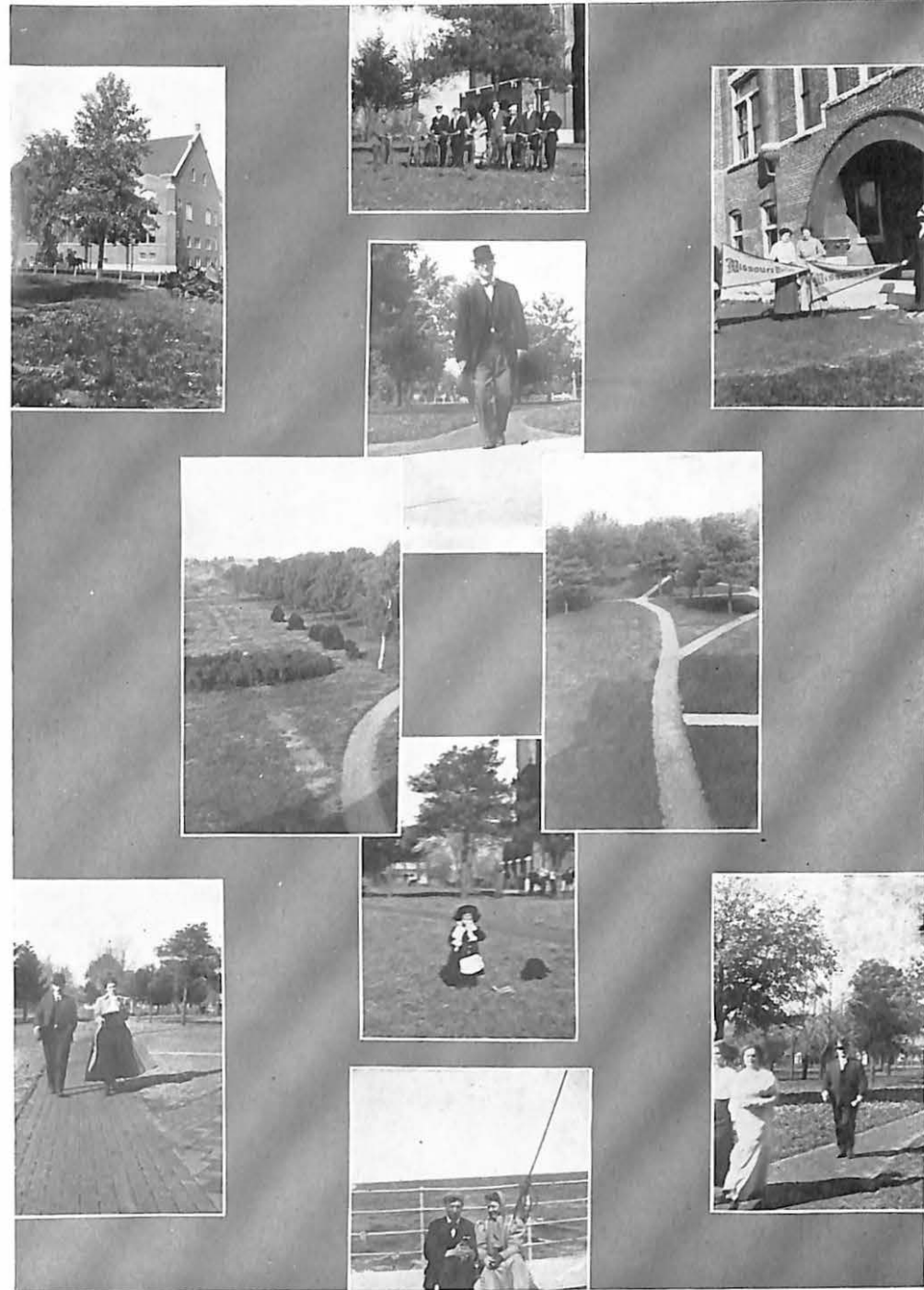


VOLUME FOUR
MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE
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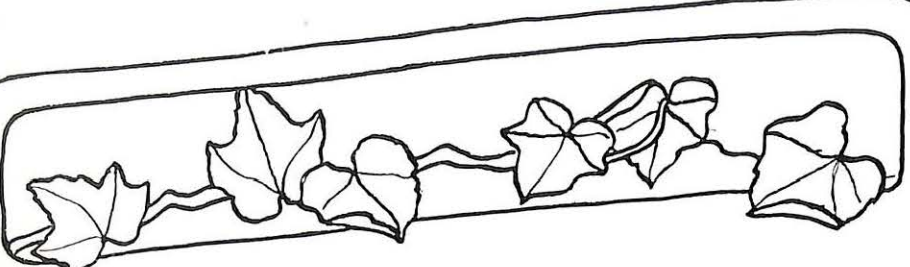


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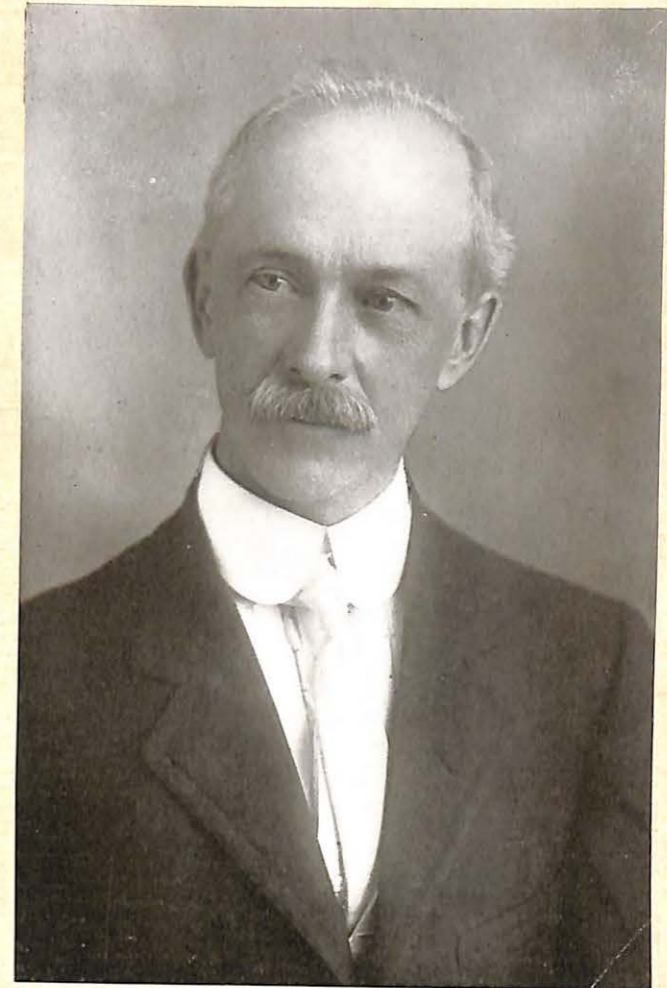
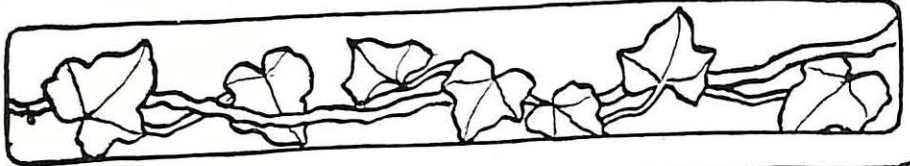
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In appreciation of a beautiful sacrifice and untiring effort that we may the better enjoy one of God's richest gifts, we, the Junior Class of Missouri Valley College, dedicate the Sabiduria, 1912

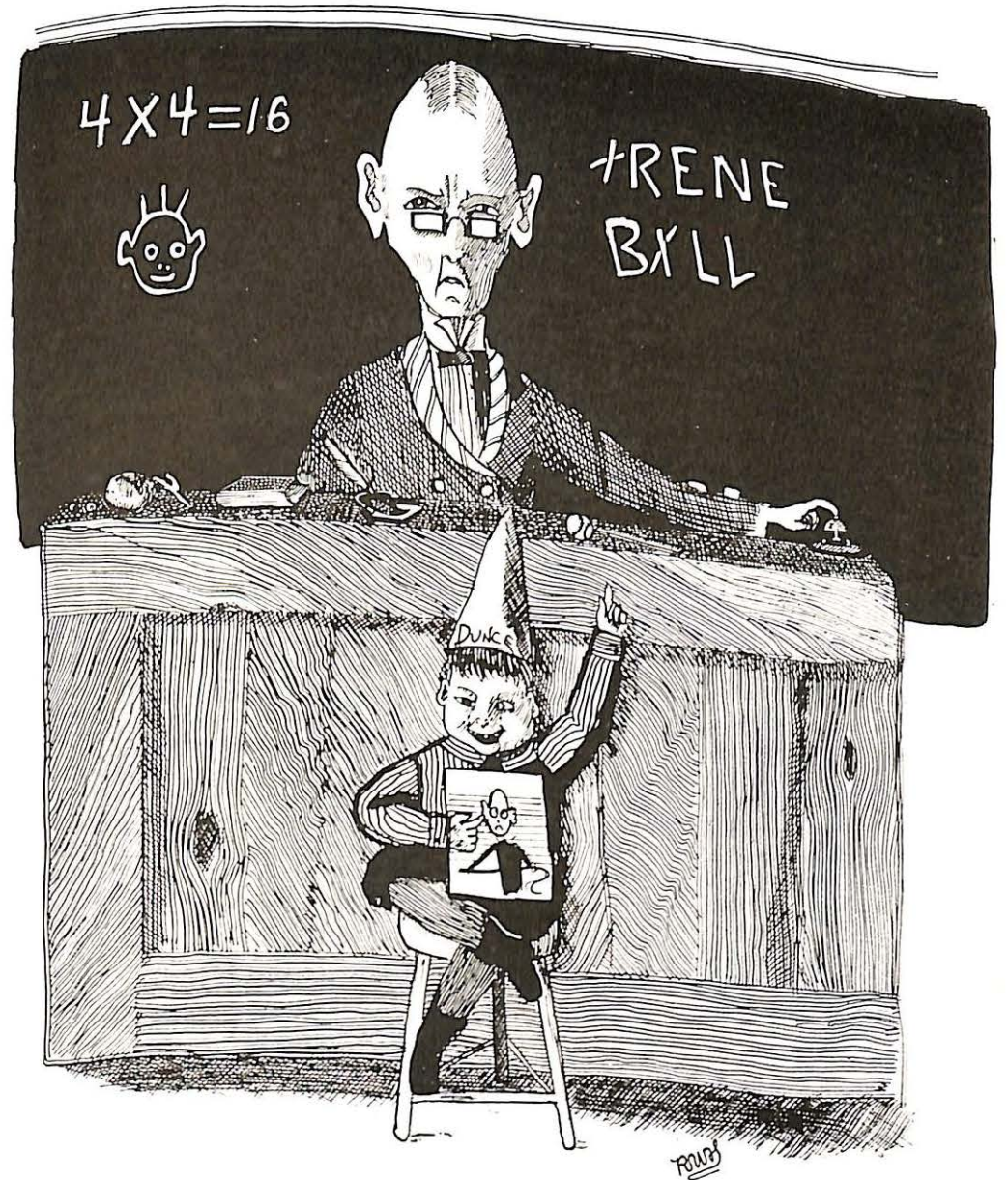
to

Edgar Sands Place,
Mus. M.



PROF. PLACE

FACULTY





WILLIAM HENRY BLACK, D.D., LL. D.
 A. B. Waynesburg College, 1876.
 B. D. Western Theo. Sem., 1878.
 A. M. Waynesburg College, 1879.
 Pastor Pittsburg, Pa., 1877-'80.
 Pastor St. Louis, Mo., 1880-'90.
 D. D. Cumberland University, 1888.
 President of Missouri Vallege College,
 1890—.
 LL. D. Westminster College, 1903.
 LL. D. Cumberland University, 1906.
 LL. D. Washington University 1907.



ISAAC NEWTON EVRARD, A. M.
 A. B. Ozark College, '92.
 A. M. Mo. Valley College, '09.
 Prin. Greenfield H. S., '92-'98.
 Prin. Richland Schools, '98-'99.
 Sup't. Greenfield Schools, '99-'01.
 Prof. Eng. Language M. V. C., '01-'10.
 Teacher Springfield Normal School, '10.
 Ass't. to State Sup't., '11.
 Dean of M. V. C., '11—.

WALLACE ELMER GRUBE, A. M.

A. B. Waynesburg College, '84.
 Pres. Clarksburg College, '84-'88.
 Teacher in Odessa Collegiate Institute,
 '88-'89.
 A. M. Harvard, '99.
 Baird-Mitchell, Professor of Greek,
 '89—.



STELLA B. HICKS.

Mary Institute, '88.
 Mary Institute, '92.
 Librarian, '06—.





BELL CAMPBELL HUFF, A. B.
 A. B., M. V. C., '99.
 Teacher in Math. and Latin, Marshall
 H. S., '99-'03.
 Prof. History, '06—.



JAMES ALVIS LAUGHLIN, A. M.
 A. B. Cumberland University, '81.
 Prof. of Math. Univ. of Ark., '91-'98.
 Acting Pres. Univ. of Ark., '92-'98.
 Prof. of Math. Bethel College, '98-'99.
 A. M. Ark. Cumberland College, '94.
 Prof. of Math., '00—.



ALBERT MCGINNIS, A. M., LITT. D.
 A. B. Waynesburg College, '78.
 Teacher of Latin Waynesburg College,
 '78-'82; '83-'87.
 Student at Leipsic, '82-'83; '02-'03.
 Lincoln University, '87-'88.
 Indiana State Normal, Indiana, Pa., '89.
 Litt. D. Missouri Valley College, '06.
 Professor of Latin and German, '90—.



SCHUYLER RICE MYERS, A. B., B. D.
 A. B. Beloit College, '94.
 B. D. Yale University, '97.
 Principal Missouri Valley High School,
 Missouri Valley, Iowa, '06-'07.
 Pastor First Presby. Church, Elizabeth,
 Ill., '97-'07.
 Professor English Language and French,
 '08—.



JOHN MOORE PENICK, A. M.
 A. B. Princeton University, '85.
 Professor National Sciences, Baird Col-
 lege, '85-'90.
 A. M. Princeton University, '00.
 Professor Physics and Chemistry, '90—.



EDGAR SANDS PLACE, MUS. M.
 Pupil in Piano under Diller and Sher-
 wood in '83-'84.
 Pupil in Harmony under Sherwood in
 '85.
 Pupil in Voice under J. Harry Wheeler
 in '86.
 Private Instructor in Huntington, N.
 Y., and Pittsburg, Pa., '83-'88.
 Ass't in Music, Univ. of Wis., '89-'90.
 Mus. M. M. V. C., '06.
 Dean of the School of Music, '90—.



ARMSTEAD H. STEPHENS, A. B., D. D.
 A. B. Trinity University, '78.
 B. D. Lebanon Theo. Sem., '81.
 D. D. James Milliken University, '02.
 Founder and First Pastor of Taylor
 Street Presbyterian Church, Fort Worth,
 Texas, '78-'79.
 Pastor Former Cumberland Presby.
 Church, Sedalia, Mo., '81-'92.
 Founder and First Pastor, Church of
 Providence (Presby.), Chicago, Ill., '92-
 '09.
 Pastor Odell Ave. Presby. Ch., Mar-
 shall, Mo., '09—.
 Ass't in Bible, '10—.

ARTHUR T. VAWTER.

Pupil of Von Rolla Mackalenski of
 Warsaw.
 Conservatory of Music, '98-'99.
 Private Studio in Marshall, Mo., '99.
 Pupil of Francois Boucher of Paris Con-
 servatory of Music, '07-'08.
 Prof. Stringed Instruments, '07.



W. FRANK MCDANIEL.

Sup't. of Buildings and Grounds, '06.



B. L. SEAWELL, B. SC.

B. Pd., Warrensburg State Normal, '87.
 B. Sc., University of Edinburg, '92.
 Student, Harvard University, summers, '88-'89.
 Student, British Museum, '90.
 Research student, Nebraska University, summers, '02-'06.
 Student, Columbia University, summer, '11.
 Member of American Association for Advancement of Science, and American
 Microscopical Society.
 Principal, Moberly H. S., '87-'89.
 Science and History, M. V. C., '89-'90.
 Teacher of Sciences, Lincoln and Fremont, Neb., '92-'96.
 Hasting College, '96-'97.
 Teacher of Biology, Warrensburg S. N. S., '97-'09.
 Teacher of Biology, M. V. C., '11—.

CLASS

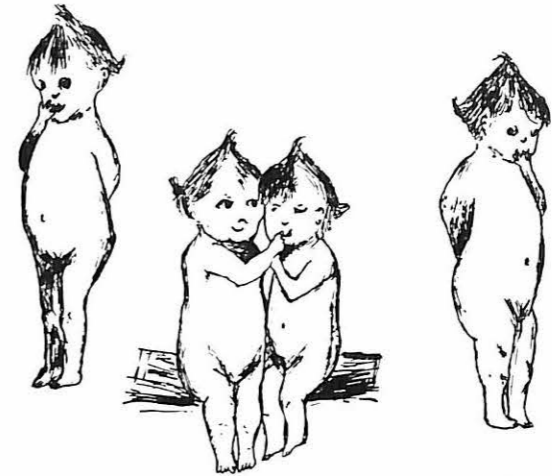
Thos. H. Gilmore
Seniors

Margaret Manning
Juniors

PRESIDENTS

Carl I. Duncan
Sophomores

Otto Marksbury
Freshmen



As they came to M.V.C.

SENIORS



As they leave.

Invincible Seniors

SPACE does not permit the Historian to give a complete history of the Class of Nineteen Hundred Twelve. Only general facts can be given. Owing to the nature of things, definite dates cannot be given in many instances, since they have to be determined by circumstances. For instance, the dates of births of members cannot be had. All we can say is that our members were born between 1492 and 1908. We infer this from the fact that they are all native white Americans and have had four years of college work.

But aside from vagaries and uncertainties there is much that can be said of the class. The most conspicuous thing is that it is the best class that has ever gone out from this or any other college. In the class there are fifteen boys and girls (counting men and old maids), and every girl has twice as many brothers as all the boys have sisters. There are two sisters-in-law of every member of the class except two, and every member has one niece and one nephew except one. In the class there are two husbands, one father and thirteen sweethearts.

The class is well prepared to take care of itself. If it has an urgent mission, it can command a Leeper; if it needs light, it has two torches (Garrard and Van Buskirk) and three "sons" (Rolofson, Harrison and Hutchinson); if it has burdens to bear, Campbell is ever ready to offer his service; if swollen streams are approached, Bridges can be used; if it is uncertain about the directions, it can be assured that the moss always grows on the north side of the Ross; if religious services are desired, the boys can take the Van, the girls a Bus and all can go to the Kirk; if the pole is not long enough to reach the persimmon, the class can have McClym' for it; if he does not succeed, it can have McGin' (McGinnis) after it; if it desires to be noticed, it can blow its own Horne; if it gets hungry, it has its own (Grub(e)); if it gets tarnished, it can Gil(d)more and stay bright; and if you bother it, it will get Huff(y).

This class is composed of aspirants to several of the most noble callings known to man. Of those who expect to wear ministerial robes there are the Revs. Thomas Hendricks Gilmore, D. D. ((1947); Aubrey C. Ross, D. D. (1961); Charles Byrd Leeper, Ph. D. (2000); William Riley Van Buskirk, D. D. (1973); Ira H. Clymonds, D. D. (1968); Roy Carl Hutchinson, D. D. (2113); and Elder Leonard Harrison, Ph. D. (1991). All of the ladies are expecting to teach and are looking for Bachelors who are in some degree Masters of (He) Arts. If any one knows of any person or persons with these qualifications he will greatly oblige any of the following ladies by notifying her of his or their whereabouts: Misses Grace Rolofson, Mittie Huff, Beulah Garrard, Mazee Bridges, and Alberta McGinnis. (All communication should be addressed to Marshall, care of The Sabiduria.) Dr. Wallace McBride Grube, M. D., F. Z. S., (1987) expects to minister to the physical man and keep him in running order and paying condition. Hon. Richard Carter Horne, LL. D., (1975) expects to plead for justice and a speedy payment of fees. Mr. Oren Ross Campbell is willing to till the soil and feed us all at a reasonable price.

Chronos only can proceed further with this history, so we leave it with him.

R. C. HUTCHINSON.



MAZEE BRIDGES
Houxonian A. B.
Marshall, Mo.

Society Sec'y., '10; Vice-President, '11; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '11.

Affectionate, m o o d y—she belonged to the strollers club last year, but now she goes alone.

THOMAS HENDRICKS GILMORE
Pearsonian A. B.
Carthage, Mo.

Sophomore, Junior, and Senior class Pres.; Ath. Ass'n. Pres., '10; Society Pres., '10-'11; Football Cap't., '11.

"Tommy." Ah, you flavor everything; you are the vanilla of society.

MITTIE STEPHENS HUFF
Bairdean A. B.
Marshall, Mo.

Delta Staff, '08; Society Vice-President, '09.

"Big Mitt." Laugh and grow fat.

Her tongue once started,
All the Prof's. can do
Is to calmly wait
Till she gets through.

IRA HENDERSON McCLYMONDS
Pearsonian A. B.
Slippery Rock, Pa.

President Athletic Ass'n., '09; Society President, '10; Y. M. C. A. Secretary, '11; Captain Gospel Team, '11.

"Mac" shines in football.
A Pennsylvanian who has been here so long you would hardly suspect it.





ALBERTA MCGINNIS A. B.
Bairdean Marshall, Mo.
Sophomore and Junior at Southwestern, '09 and '10; Society Vice-President, '11; Senior Secretary.
Volens et potens.
Some hearts are hidden, some have not a heart.

WALLACE MCBRIDE GRUBE A. B.
Houxonian Marshall, Mo.
Society President, '11; Manager of "The Toastmaster."
Prof. W. E. Grube, Jr.
"Caruso." He loved no maiden "specially" till this year. His greatest fault is that he is conscious of none.

GRACE ALMA RUTH ROLOFSON A. B.
Pearsonian Fairfax, Mo.
Y. W. C. A. Vice-President, '11; Second alto and reader in M. V. C. Ladies' Quartette.
"Jeff." Fortunately we do not have to use her entire name on informal occasions. "Well say, girl——."

OREN ROSS CAMPBELL A. B.
Bairdean Marshall, Mo.
Society President, '11.
His affections among the co-eds are as scattered as chaff before the wind.

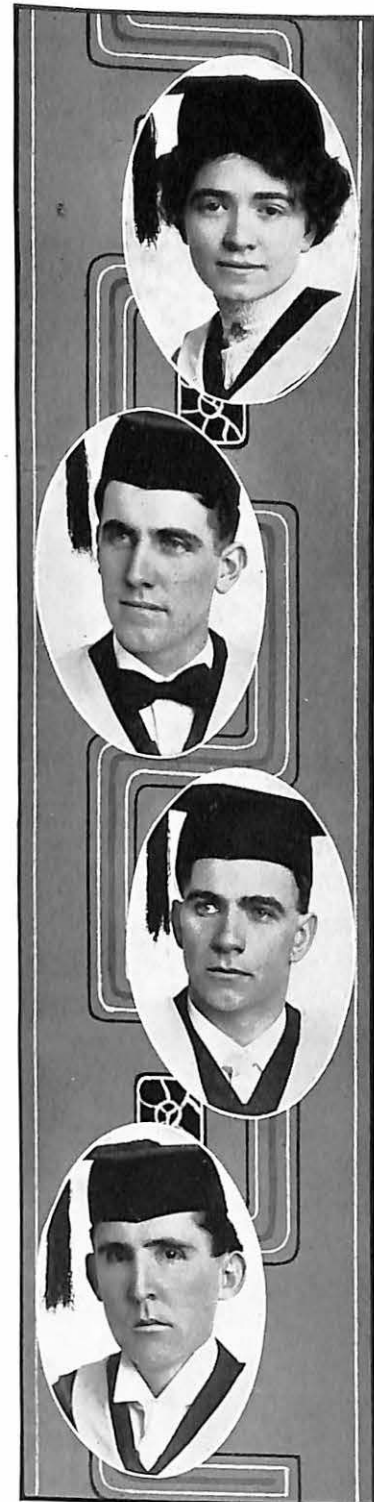


BEULAH KELSO GARRARD A. B.
Houxonian Marshall, Mo.
Society Usher, '09; Librarian, '10.
"Torchy." Little and lovely. Her hair saves the boys the expense of buying matches.

AUBREY C. ROSS A. B.
Pearsonian Marshall, Mo.
Society President, '10-'11; Inter-Society Debater; Sophomore Class President, '10; Y. M. C. A. President, '11.
"Pee-wee." He has been here just three years, and we wish it could have been longer.

CHARLES BAIRD LEEPER A. B.
Bairdean Marshall, Mo.
Society Critic, '10.
"Charley." In the opinion of college students, marriage ends all, as it does in a comedy.

ROY CARL HUTCHINSON A. B.
Bairdean Marshall, Mo.
B. D., Lebanon Theol. Sem., '04; Master of Forensics, '07; Inter-Society Debater.
The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose—so can a debater. He reaps what he sows, and rips what his wife sews.





RICHARD CARTER HORNE
A. B.
Houxonian
Marshall, Mo.

Houxonian President, Autumn, '11; Inter-Society Debater (3); Inter-Collegiate Debater (2); Manager of Lecture Course, '11. "Tartuffe." "A worthy gentleman, on all subjects well informed."

WILLIAM RILEY VANBUSKIRK
A. B.
Bairdean
Half-Way, Mo.

Bairdean President, '09; President, Y. M. C. A., '09-'10. "Van." He hails from the Ozarks, which explains some things. All M. V. C. has missed him since he left for the Seminary at Pittsburg, Pa., last Autumn.

LEONARD VANCE HARRISON
A. B.
Houxonian
Marshall, Mo.

Society President Winter and Spring, '11-'12; Inter-Society Debater (2); School Joke, '09-'12. "Cider," "Reverend." The oracles are dumb.



Juniors

Junior Class Roll

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON BAKER, MARSHALL, MO., BAIRDEAN. This genial product of M. V. C., like the Emperor of Germany, is the possessor of a broad grin and exhibits other peculiar traits.

MARGUERITE DOWNS, MARSHALL, MO., BAIRDEAN. The personification and incarnation of self-satisfaction and pity for the rest of us, who are mere human beings.

DAVID FITZGERALD, ARLINGTON, TEX., BAIRDEAN. The consecutive advancement, first of the left, then of the right shoulder, and this, interspersed with slight perturbation near the ground in Fitz's vicinity, and you have a crude description of his mode of perambulation.

CECIL FRANCISCO, MARSHALL, MO., HOUXONIAN. We must learn to bear her eternal good nature with christian resignation.

RUTH HARRISON, MARSHALL, MO., HOUXONIAN. A very small girl with large ambitions and great Leap Year aspirations.

MARY HURT, MARSHALL, MO., HOUXONIAN. She does not always say what she ought to, but what she thinks.

JOSEPH E. JOHNSON, OZARK, ARK., BAIRDEAN. An example of all that a young divine ought not to be.

CHARLES H. LAONARD, MARSHALL, MO., BAIRDEAN. Perseverance is its own reward.

DONALD S. LAMM, SEDALIA, MO., BAIRDEAN. Possessing a thorough knowledge of all subjects, he is ever ready to part with it to anyone willing to listen.

HUBERT MCDANIEL, MARSHALL, MO., PEARSONIAN. Who shall say what wise thoughts or odd fancies are being bred behind this pair of glasses?

ARCHIE G. MCNEELY, COLUMBIA, MO., BAIRDEAN. For all the daughters of Germany I would not go a step, but for one daughter of "England" I would go across town.

MARGARET MANNING, MARSHALL, MO., HOUXONIAN. A Gentle pilgrim from "James" town, absolutely ineligible to the Knockers' Club. So smoothly turn the wheels of her existence that the gentle creaks thereof disturb not her fellow travelers.

PAUL LUCIUS OLIVER, CORNING, ARK., BAIRDEAN. "Every time I smoke a cigarette I think, "Nearer My God to Thee." He is generally willing to take the book's word for it, whatever it is.

ROBERTA RASSE, MARSHALL, MO., HOUXONIAN. Slow of speech, settled in convictions, deliberate of motion, she is always there with the goods, at the psychological moment.

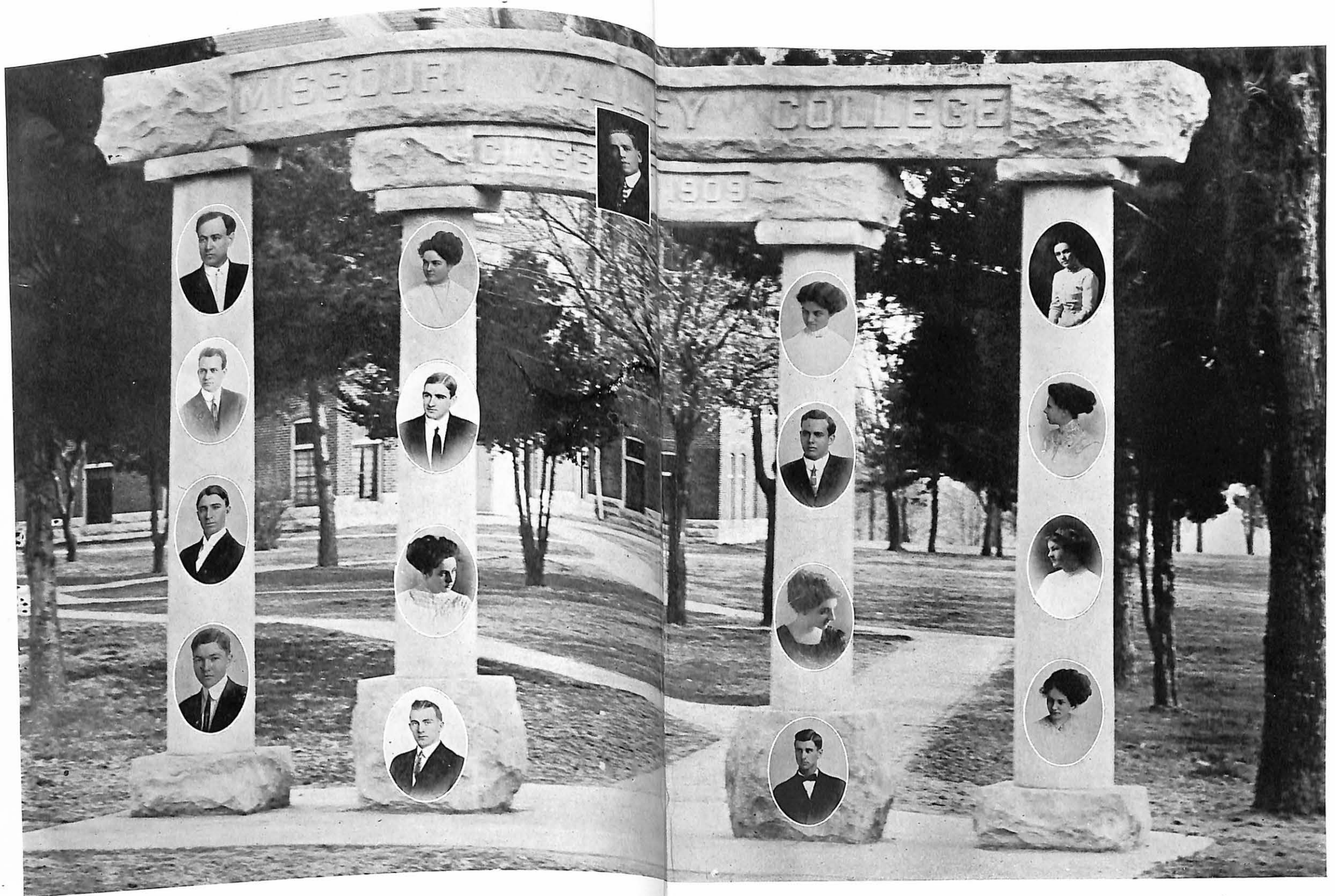
RUTH ROSE, MARSHALL, MO., HOUXONIAN. She is, indeed, such a proficient slumberer that she can talk as rationally when asleep as when awake.

JOSEPH VERTREES, CURRYVILLE, MO., HOUXONIAN. A iniformly successful debater. "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country."

ELIZABETH COCHRAN, MIAMI, MO., BAIRDEAN. A brilliant student. Had to stay out and teach school this winter while the class catches up with her.



THE STAFF



MISSOURI VALLEY

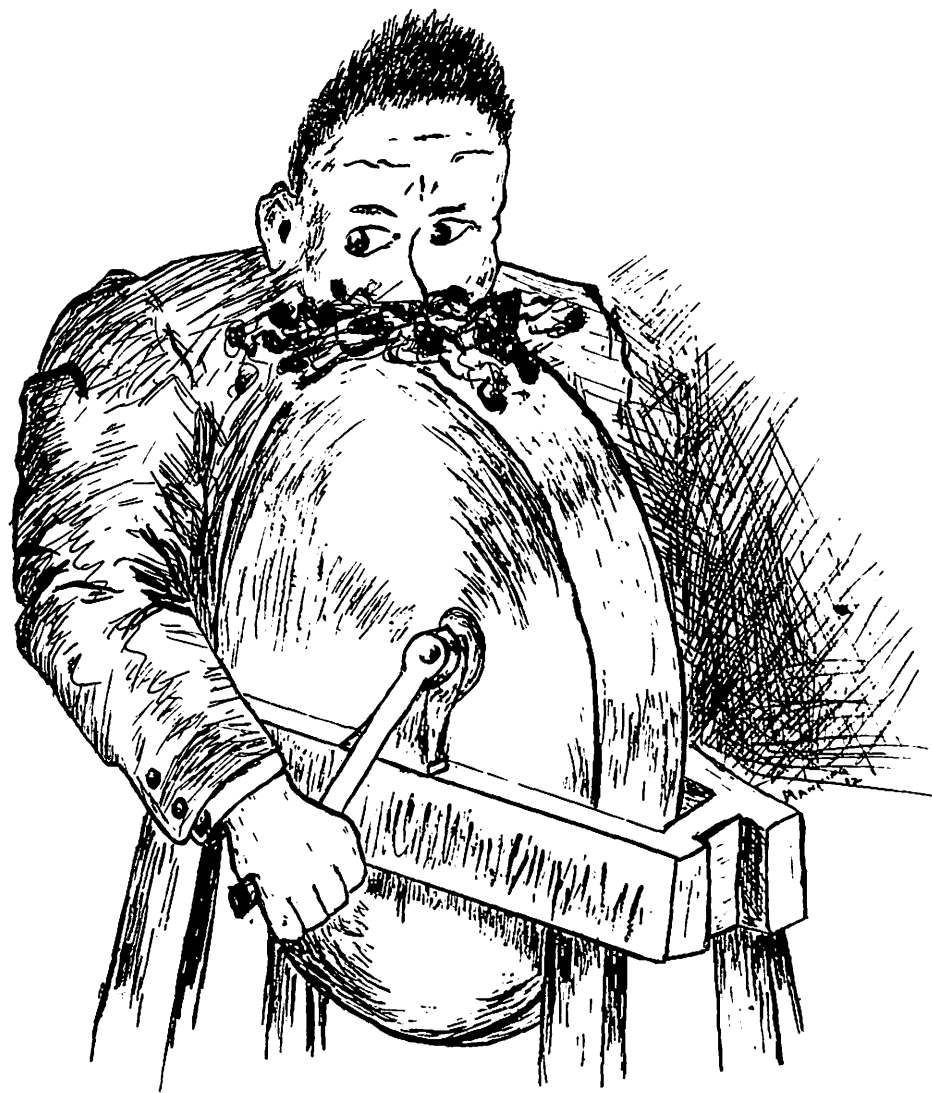
COLLEGE

CHASE

1909



JUNIORS



SOPHOMORE.

The Sophomores

Here's to Nineteen-fourteen and the red and the blue!
 We're the very best class in the college,
 For we've life and we've grit and we've pluck and we've go,
 And some of us even have knowledge.

Carl Duncan, with taste more for business than books,
 Is our President loyal and true.
 He is zealous in things like year-books and plays,
 And will boost with whatever we do.

Theron Holmes plays baseball and debates with a vim,
 And is Dr. McGinnis's joy.
 Mary Dean is a charming and studious girl,
 Whose soft voice would never annoy.

Speed Leonard is strong along musical lines—
 Plays piano and violin great!
 G. Fitzgerald will set forth his views by the hour
 On the vague intermediate state.

Mildred Taylor gets grades of the very best kind,
 But for Chapel she never will linger.
 In Katherine Sue Penick we probably see
 A future grand opera singer.

They say Florence Patterson talks quite a lot;
 That saying on truth can't be founded.
 Paul VanDyke, our beauty, is sinfully fond
 Of salad of chicken compounded.

Charlotte Bohn on her music spends most of her time,
 And expects a diploma some day.
 Minnie Claggett, a fair maiden gentle, is head
 Of the college Y. W. C. A.

Erwin Miner, Bairdean, was rushing a girl—
 Thought she'd join the Bairdeans last fall;
 But he quite gave her up when she turned Houxonian,
 You really can't blame him at all.

Then here's to the class of Nineteen-fourteen!
 We're the best class that e'er sought for knowledge.
 And here's to the boys and girls that make up
 The very best class in the college!



CHARLOTTE BOHN

Houxonian A. B.
 A sprightly young person, fully endowed
 with all the requisites of grace, and
 "thoroughly furnished unto all good
 works."



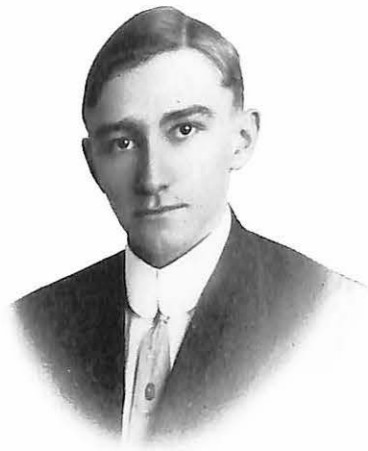
MINNIE CLAGGETT

Bairdean A. B.
 The spinster of the sophomore class, and
 noted for her activity, religiously and co-
 quettishly.



MARY DEAN

Houxonian A. B.
 An innocent country lass. Her soft
 voice and alluring charms have won her
 many friends.



CARL I. DUNCAN
 Facul-tonian B. S.
 An exceedingly polished and brilliant gentleman. As president of the Philo-mathean Society, his talents have been recognized and rewarded by that august and soulful body. Writes 67 page letters to "Lucile." O Mush!!!



GERALD FITZGERALD
 Bairdean A. B.
 "Whoopy" specializes on the expansion of the fundamental and the shrinkage of the superficial.



THERON HOLMES
 Pearsonian A. B.
 His daily task consists in sleeping, eating, and asking myriads of questions about every conceivable or inconceivable fact or fancy that flits through that vestigial organ called his brain.



SPEED S. LEONARD
 Houxonian B. S.
 A well-known and popular man about town; rapidly developing, however, into a misogynist. The habitual contraction of his brows is presumably caused by the vacuum hebind them.



ERWIN A. MINER
 Bairdean A. B.
 An experienced and scarred veteran in the field of infantile affections. We hope that his mental development is commensurate with his recent physical broadening.



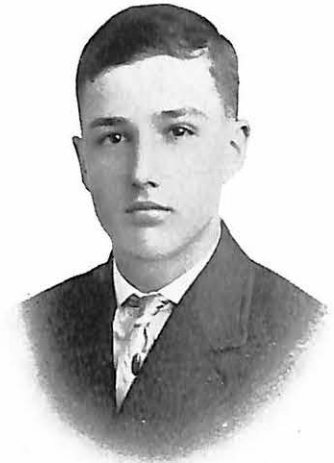
FLORENCE PATTERSON
 Houxonian A. B.
 A staunch and fluent advocate of her own personal views, however, distorted and erroneous they may seem to others.



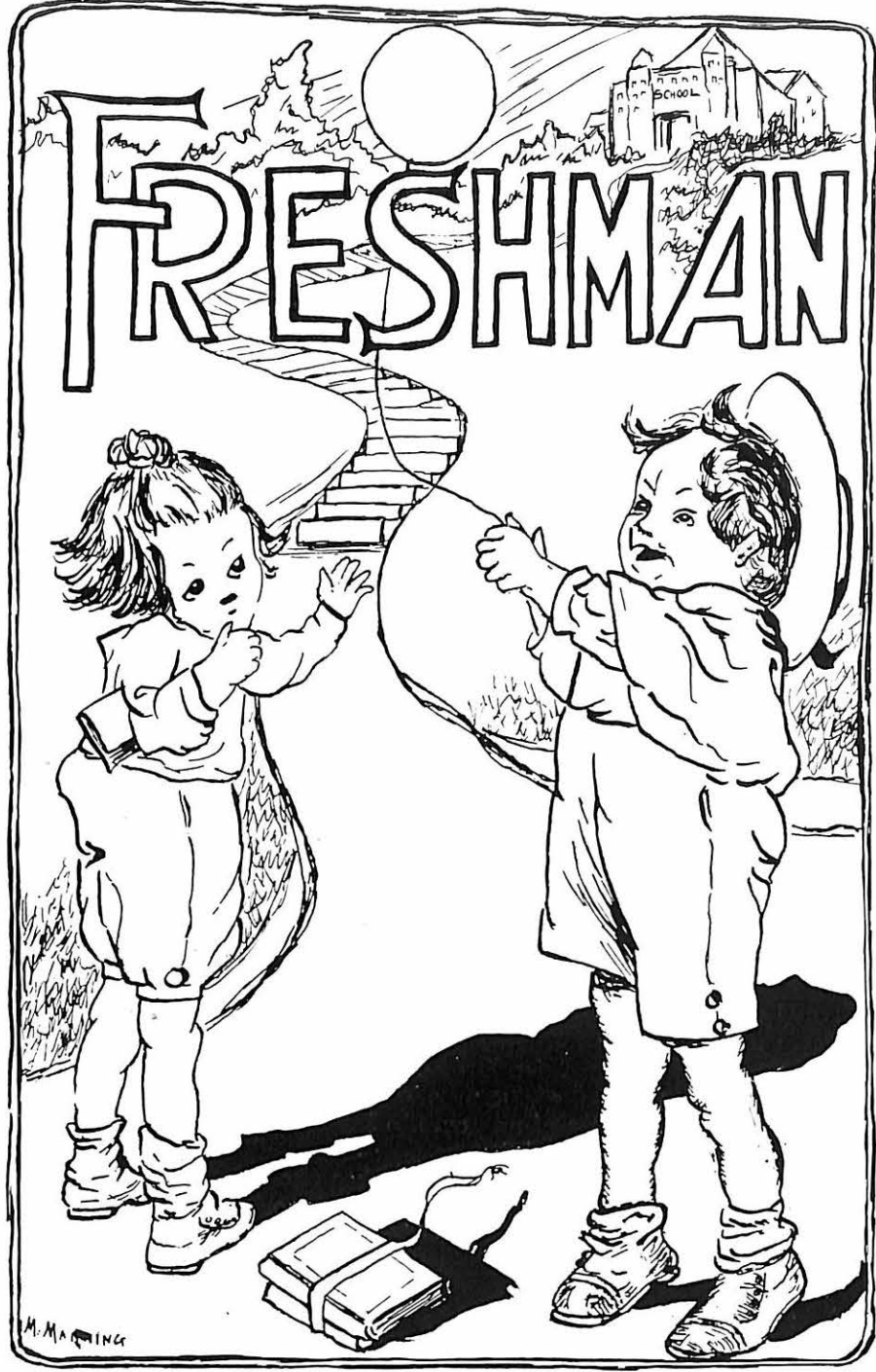
KATHERINE SUE PENICK
 Pearsonian A. B.
 I would like to correspond with a nice looking young man about twenty or twenty-two years of age. I am good looking and a favorite with all the boys. Would be glad to exchange photographs.



MILDRED TAYLOR
 Houxonian A. B.
 A talented musician and a student par excellence; we therefore regret that we are forced to place her likeness in the ranks of this tribe of unsophisticated clowns, commonly known as the Sophomore Class.



PAUL S. VANDYKE
 Houxonian A. B.
 His histrionic talent and his courtly demeanor have made him famous. Possessed of an unlimited capacity for slumber, especially in chemistry class.



Freshman Review

COLORS
Cedar Green and Cream

MOTTO
"Equo ne credite"

President, Otto Marksbury

FRESHMAN'S CREED

"I believe in Missouri Valley College, maker of great men and women, and in the Freshman class of '11-'12, which was conceived by a thirst for knowledge, born of a willingness to work, struggled through various High Schools, received its diplomas and determined to gain others; on September 6 it rose again from vacation, took its place in Missouri Valley and sitteth under the rule of the Faculty all powerful, from whence it shall come to judge the earth and all therein.

I believe in this institution, her laws and regulations, the communion of students, the cutting of classes, the terrors of examinations, and the survival of the fittest. Amen."

The guiding star of each of these people steadily guided them onward till on September 6, 1911, it rested over the gateway of Missouri Valley campus. Some of us, being graduates of M. V. A., at once felt at home, but the rest, having only recently experienced the glories of Seniorhood in other institutions, felt our dignity somewhat humiliated at being dubbed "Freshies" by second and third year "Acs." Then came the great decision of our lives. What society should we join? Having satisfactorily settled this momentous question we proceeded to enjoy school life, not forgetting to dutifully pay our respects to our elders by entertaining the Juniors. Thus we lived happily till that black robed figure, whose shadow we had often seen before, carrying a text book in one hand and a report card in the other, Examination, as he is generally known, stalked through our peaceful midst. But fortunately our constitutions were strong and we have all survived.

Nightly we arm ourselves for battle, daily we go forth to the fray. Every morning at eleven o'clock some of us experience the thrill of struggle.

Half a line, half a line, half a line onward,
Into the jaws of Death rides the Latin Class.
Verbs to right of us, nouns to left of us,
Volley and thunder.

Every night the rest of us read our hundred or two pages of history.
Half a page, half a page, half a page onward,
Into the valley of Sleep rides the History Class.
Great men to right of them, battles to left of them,
Volley and thunder.

We have already progressed far on the road of knowledge. In Campustry, that most important branch taught in a co-educational school, we are already adepts. But we are as yet merely an infant class. We have a bright future before us, and we shall make our mark in the world. You shall hear from us again.

G. W.

JAMES BELLWOOD, Marshall, Mo.
Houxonian

"Life is a grind: a sorry few
Are blunted in their aim,
And some are sharpened keen and true,
And carve their way to fame."

FLAVEL BROOKS, Golden City, Mo.
Bairdean

"Earth has beauty everywhere
If the eye that sees is fair.
Earth has music to delight
If the ear is tuned aright."

ALTA COLVERT, Marshall, Mo.
Bairdean

"The way is never very long
If measured with a smile and song."

ANNIE COWAN, Marshall, Mo.
Pearsonian

A young lady of excellent merits, and sweet disposition, looking for someone upon whom she may lavish her affections.





GORDON FISHER, Marshall, Mo.
 Houxonian
 Smile if you will, the gods will lead me
 to her—to the girl I love.

KATHERINE JESTER, Marshall, Mo.
 Houxonian
 Take it easy, have your fun,
 And let the old world flicker;
 The girl who's always on the run
 Won't "get there" any quicker.

ERMA KLINGER, Marshall, Mo.
 Pearsonian
 A light headed girl with many peculiari-
 ties. Especially fond of singing German
 songs to the boys.

MILDRED MANNING, Marshall, Mo.
 Houxonian
 "Let me have men about me."



OTTO MARKSBURY, Marshall, Mo.
 Bairdean
 A freshman amply versed in craft,
 But where he shines is working graft.

ARTHUR MCGINNIS, Marshall, Mo.
 Bairdean
 Set in his ways with no inclination to
 change. What a Leap Year opportunity
 for some bold maid.

LEONARD PATTON, Marshall, Mo.
 Pearsonian
 The face of a dove and the temper of a
 demon.

VIRGINIA PEARSON, Bowling Green, Mo.
 Pearsonian
 "Joy rises in me like a summer's morn."
 It isn't the family tree that counts, but
 the kind of fruit it bears.



GRIDER PENICK, Marshall, Mo.
Bairdean
"Life is too short to waste in useless labor."

LOUIS RASSE, Marshall, Mo.
Houxonian
"Were I to dress my grandest thoughts in my sublimest style, Shakespeare would be out-Shakespeared in a very little while."

FINIS NORWOOD READ, Marshall, Mo.
Pearsonian
"For thy sake, Tinsley's Thick Plug, I would do anything but die."

MARCUS EDWIN RHOADES, Marshall, Mo.
Houxonian
He is lavishly extravagant with his tongue. "A boy's will is the wind's will."



BURNEY RICE, Marshall, Mo.
Pearsonian
The school; disturbance. "What care I for what men think?"

LUTIE ROBERTSON, Marshall, Mo.
Houxonian
"Her lips aren't like the red, red rose of which you poets tell; They're just a sort of pinkish tan that suits me very well."
(Words and music by John Hall.)

WOODRUFF STANLEY, Ozark, Ark.
Bairdean
"Mine is a sorry narrative; my genius is so rare I cannot tell it to the world because I do not dare."

JOSEPH E. TOPE, Clinton, Mo.
Bairdean
"Dear Reader, just between us two, I may as well confess That first and last, I've courted twenty sweethearts, more or less."



OLE CURTIS GRIFFITH, Louisiana, Mo.
Pearsonian

"A man of words and not of thoughts
Is like a great big row of naughts."



EDNA HOLLISTER, Marshall, Mo.
Houxonian

"It is bad to have an empty purse,
But an empty heart is a whole lot worse."



FERN TRESSA LEWIS, Webb City, Mo.
Pearsonian

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



ANNA MARGARET STEPHEN, Marshall, Mo.
Bairdean

She teaches that in "Union" there is
strength.



GEORGIA WILLIAMS, Marshall, Mo.
Pearsonian

Neat, witty, and attractive generally.
She handles her men as she would a sewing
machine—(in her stories).



HUGH EDWARD WILLIAMS, Marshall, Mo.
Pearsonian

Brush back your hair and look up
through the sky-light, don't blink at the
Prof's. through the eyes of a mole.



SOLOMON WRONKER, Marshall, Mo.
Houxonian

The Solomon of the 20th Century who
has not yet received his Queen of Sheba.



CORNELIUS YOUNG, Marshall, Mo.
Houxonian

This young man is to be complimented
upon not having lost his head over the
marked attention shown him by the ladies
or the many complimentary things spoke
of him by his Professors.



FRANK HALL DUGGINS
 Houxonian Marshall, Mo. A. B.

"Shut you mouth and open your eyes,
 And you're sure to learn something to make
 you wise."

ARCHIE COLUMBUS THORPE
 Bairdean Ashley, Mo. A. B.

"Life is a drag, school is a drag, so are
 my feet."

SUSAN VAUGHAN
 Houxonian Marshall, Mo. A. B.

"A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold
 black eyes. On, Stanley! On!"

A
 F
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 A
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 P
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 F
 J
 W





CARRIE LOU BUCK, Marshall, Mo.
Bairdean

JANNETT BUCK, Marshall, Mo.
Bairdean

LILLIAN BUCK, Marshall, Mo.
Bairdean

VERA CUBBAGE, Yates, Mo.
Pearsonian



WILLIAM DICKSON, Marshall, Mo.
Pearsonian

WALLER FICKLIN, College Mound, Mo.
Bairdean

JOHN R. HALL, JR., Marshall, Mo.
Houxonian

MILDRED McANINCH, Hughesville, Mo.
Bairdean

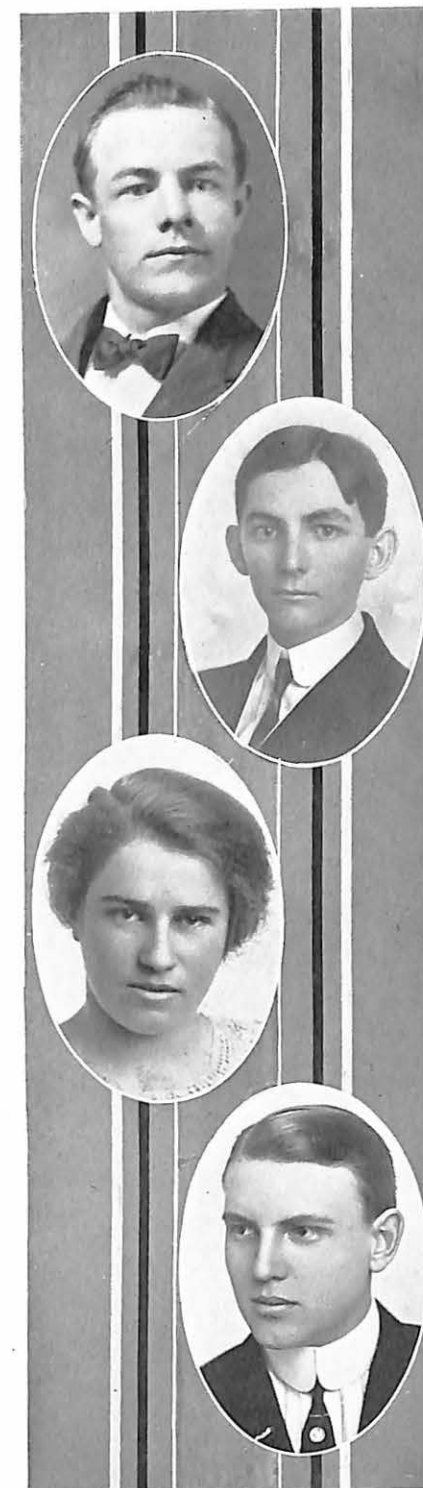


PAUL McANINCH, Hughesville, Mo.
Bairdean

BESSIE ODELL, Marshall, Mo.
Bairdean

ROBERT ROLOFSON, Fairfax, Mo.
Pearsonian

WALTER SMITH, Mayview, Mo.
Bairdean



CLINTON C. COX, Marshall, Mo.
Facul-tonian

FRANK PRICE, Marshall, Mo.
Pearsonian

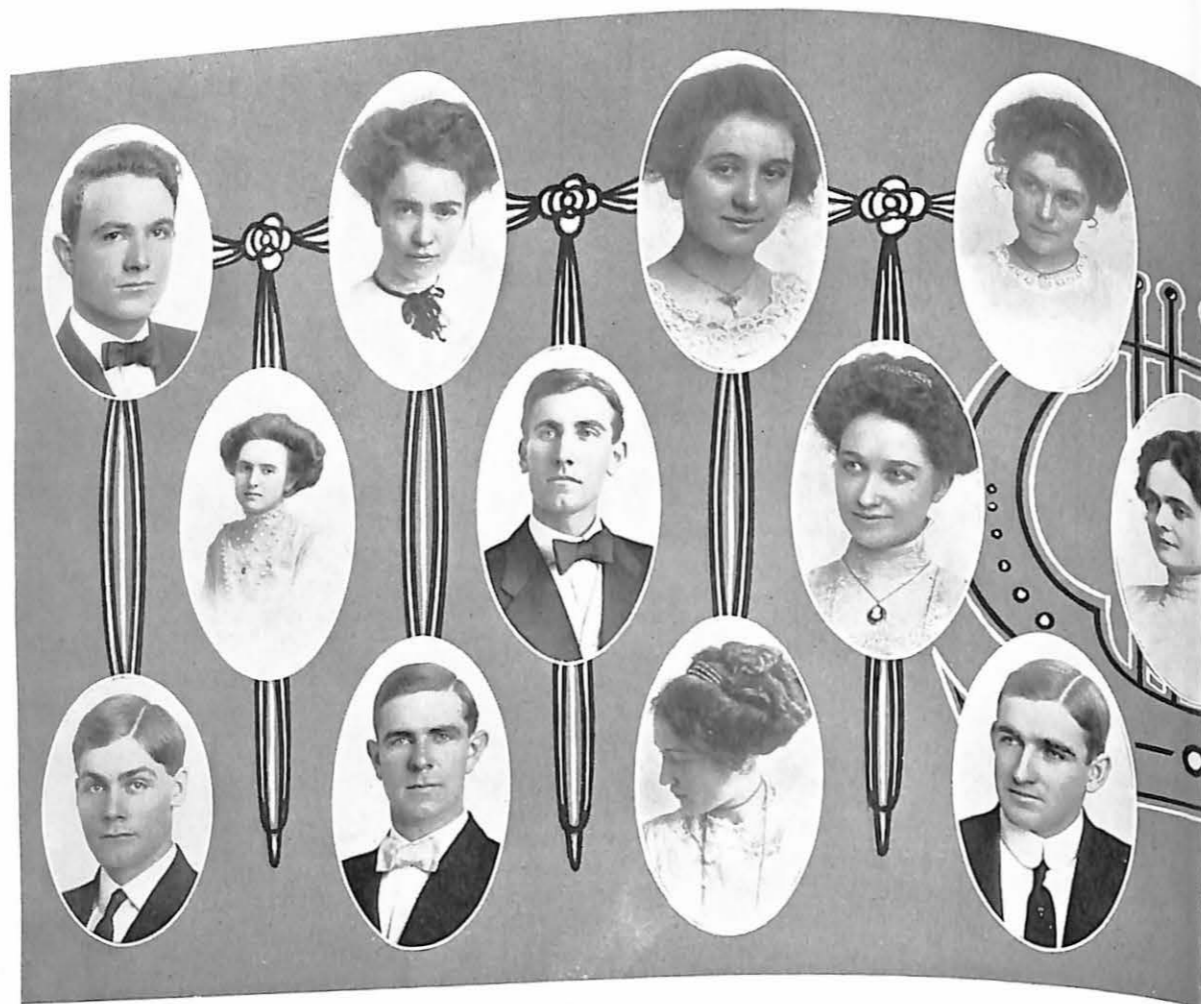
HELEN THOMPSON, Shackelford, Mo.
Bairdean

WILLIAM SLOAN WHITSETT,
Kansas City, Mo.
Pearsonian

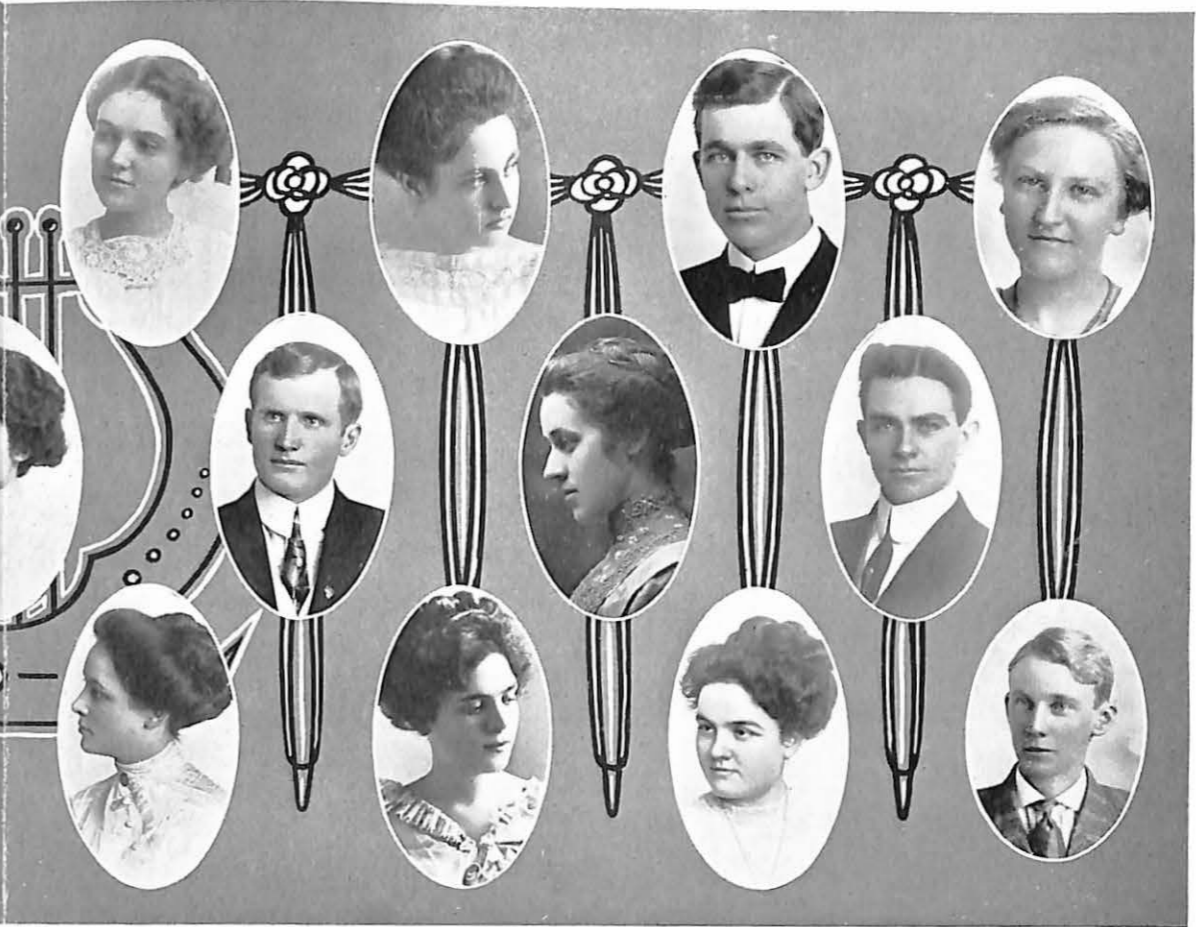


MUSIC

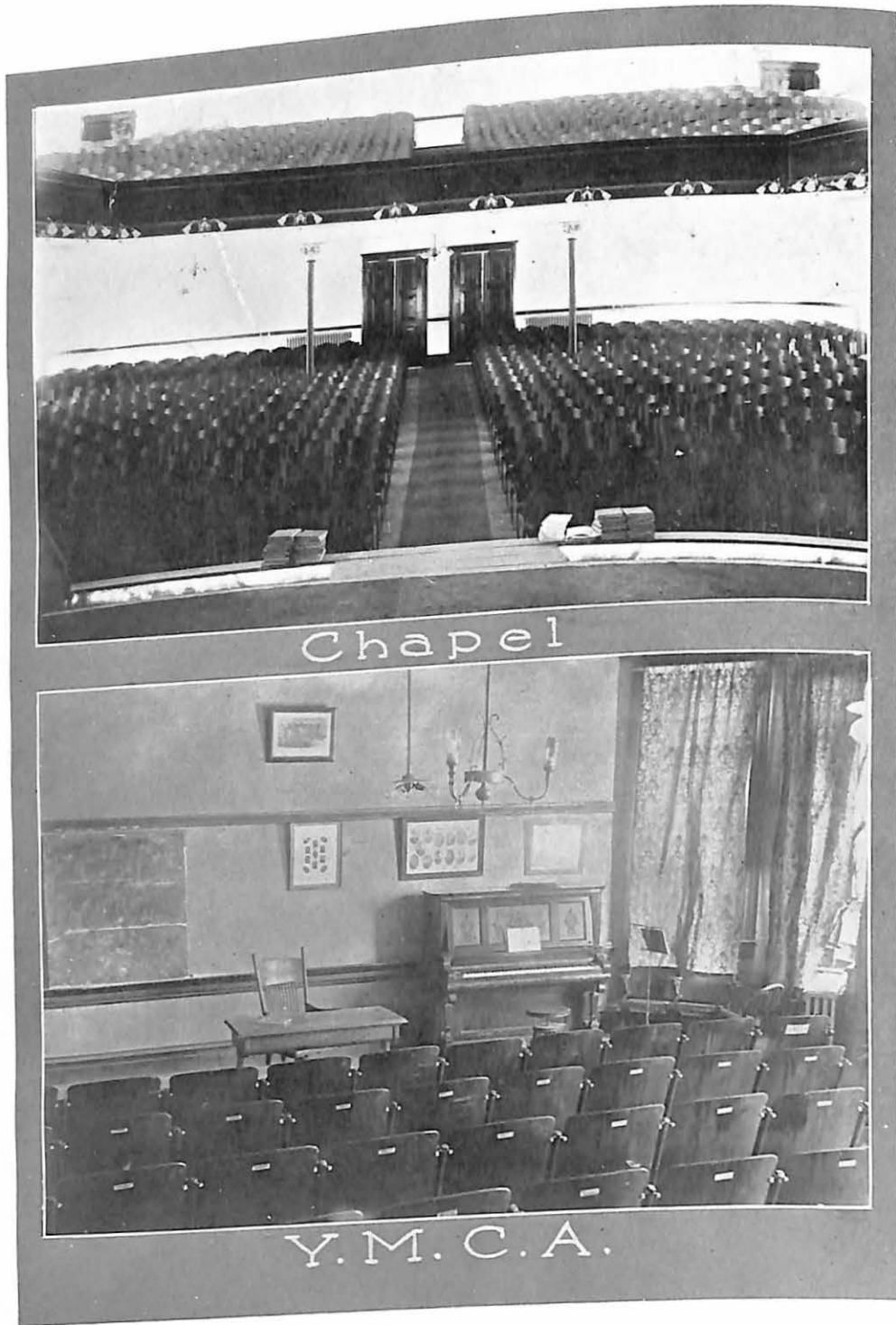




CHORAL CLUB



CHORAL CLUB



LITERARY SOCIETIES



A GLIMPSE OF PARNASSUS

ONE day as I was journeying through the Land of Knowledge I came to an exceeding high mountain, and starting to climb, I found myself upon a long, winding, stairway. The one word, 'Parnassus,' in glowing letters, was swinging over-head, and wondering as to the meaning thereof, I persisted in the ascent until the summit was reached. Here I met a diminutive figure who, noticing my unacquaintance with the surroundings, graciously volunteered his services as guide. To my inquiries he replied that this was the mount sacred to the Muses and that he would be glad to escort me to their most favorite spot, a little nook in the North-eastern portion of the mount, where for twenty-two years they have been meeting with, and inspiring to higher achievements, those who are engaged in such exercises as delight the Muse-ical heart."

"Accordingly, we traversed what seemed a long, walled, cause-way and, as we neared the farther end, a door to the left was opened, from which poured forth a light so dazzling that it for the time blinded me. But my faithful guide led me to a comfortable seat and began at once to explain the unusual surroundings.

"We can talk to visitors," he explained, 'Otherwise I should be fined if I spoke to you.'

"Do you see,' said my guide, 'the musical instruments along the west side of the room? There is a piano, a trombone, a guitar, a cornet, and thousands of sheets of music. That goddess-like figure bending over the piano is Euterpe, the Muse of Music. Do you see the illustrious people grouped about her? The maiden with rosy cheeks who is singing 'I AM LONGING FOR YOU' is Mary Blayney, and she is expressing her heart-felt sentiments in the song. The maiden who is drawing those heavenly strains from the piano is Katherine Sue Penick, the pride of Euterpe's heart, especially when she lifts her sweet voice to sing. The three maidens standing close to Euterpe's side are Fern Lewis, Elizabeth Crawford, and Anna Lewis. They are earnest pupils of the Muse and she expects great things from them. That little German girl is Fraulein Klinger, our own little Irma. Do you hear the sweet, clear, tones of her voice as she sings 'Hans und Liesel?'"

"Close to Euterpe stands Erato, Muse of Love and Matrimonial songs. Venus and Cupid are at her side and the latter feels that he has done his work well. Heart trouble seems to be common in this group. No sooner does Ira McClymonds get his heart in every-day living order than, at sight of the first pretty girl, he is down again with an acute attack. Maurine Gorrell's case, I fear, is chronic. Aubrey Ross, that cold, distant, unapproachable fellow, twice president, is well informed, however. To each Leap-year proposal he replies, 'I had heard (Hurd) before you spoke.' Virgie, the Carpenter, is daily building castles, which are finished, not in hardwood, but with Nor-wood. Leonard Patton is perhaps not in serious condition, yet we know that he has found it necessary to take several trips to Georgia during the past cold winter. Wylie LaRue finds it refreshing to visit the Salt springs near Shackelford frequently at week-ends. Thomas Gilmore is only waiting for a diploma in love songs, that he may be graduated into the songs of matrimonial bliss."

"Katherine LaRue, our little girl, is claimed by all the Muses, but she is too young for it to be decided to which she belongs. However, it is the dream of Erato that she shall be a smasher of hearts."

Melpomene, the Muse of tragedy, has quite a large troupe. Poor Sloan Whitsett's broken heart settled in his foot and he had to use a cane for several weeks.

Esther Geisendorfer, our other fraulein, is destined to be mistress of Tragedy, for, woe be the luckless victims who may come under the spell of her eyes. From fair facts (Fairfax) the Pearsonians have one Grace that shines in perfect rays in tragical performance. Miss Grace Rolofson's latest hit was made at Christmas time in a daring but ineffectual attempt to derail a crowded electric car in Kansas City. Norwood, a reed shaken by every wind, has been saved from a tragical end only by calling frequently upon a Carpenter."

"Near to Melpomene stands her sister, Thalia, Muse of Comedy. That tall, dark man nearest her is Robert Rolofson, her most advanced pupil. Frances Yeagle is a wit of rare merit, true to the rythm of his last name. Luetta Gorrell is a stage as Honey, bids well to be Thalia's favorite child, while Wallace Williams is the droll one. William Dixson already shows talent for succeeding Tommy Gilmore in the famous role of the 'Biggest Fool in School.' Vera Cabbage delights thousands with her pianologues, impersonations, and general good humor. Price and Henderson, the only real Frank boys in school, are certainly an honor to their Society."

"Now look over to Orators' Corner, where presides Polyminia, Muse of Oratory. There you see Hubert McDaniel, the undefeated, and Theron Holmes, the spirited 'Son of Thunder,' and upholder of the rights of—the girls. Oh, See Griffith is an orator, especially eloquent on Hot Air, while Everett Hendricks, in his oratorical flights, frequently soars to the heights of the Ozarks. Herr George Ohlendorf won a place for himself and his patron, Bacchus, by his expository remarks on the art of cider making. Polyminia expects to make a great elocutionist of Lillian Buck, also a future orator of Edgar Carroll, and a stump speaker of John Sneed."

"The next group is Clio's, Muse of History and writing in general. Towering far above her fellows stands Georgia Williams, whose vivid imagination and practical common sense combine in working out most delightful themes. Joe Pyle is a whole heap of interesting things. Myrl Gorrell, especially when May approaches, waxes eloquent in her descriptions of battles lost and won. Carrie Lou Buck is a genuine astonisher when it comes to getting up one for society, and Martha Mounts (MOunce) aloft to heights of description in pen portraits of College life."

"Right at Clio's side stands Caliope, Muse of Poetry, who is very busy training her ready pupil, Burney Rice, in her wonderful art."

"Now take a long look at the last group, that of Urania, Muse of Astronomy. Let most anyone ask Annie Cowan to take a moonlight stroll and see what she says—provided he is good-looking. Sidney Yeagle wants a pretty night for his astronomical pursuits while he hunts 'possums. Virginia Pearson is the star of this group, sumably on account of the much time spent beneath the stars, while Bessie Williams is never happier than when she has a companion gazer. Clarence LaRue studies the mysteries of the visible heavens, and on long drives, recites their glories to—the buggy. Edward Williams has signed up for a full course and will doubtless be graduated with honor." But as one gazes among the stars he is almost certain to see a familiar face, for is not Eulalia Thorpe, our angel, likely to be soaring there?"

"Notice the purple and white pennants and the motto: 'Usus Est Magister Optimus.' You see for yourself that the Society is thriving. In fact she has a very strong constitution. Now everyone is gathering around the piano. Listen to the song pouring forth from forty-eight hearts:

'Pearsonians, Pearsonians,

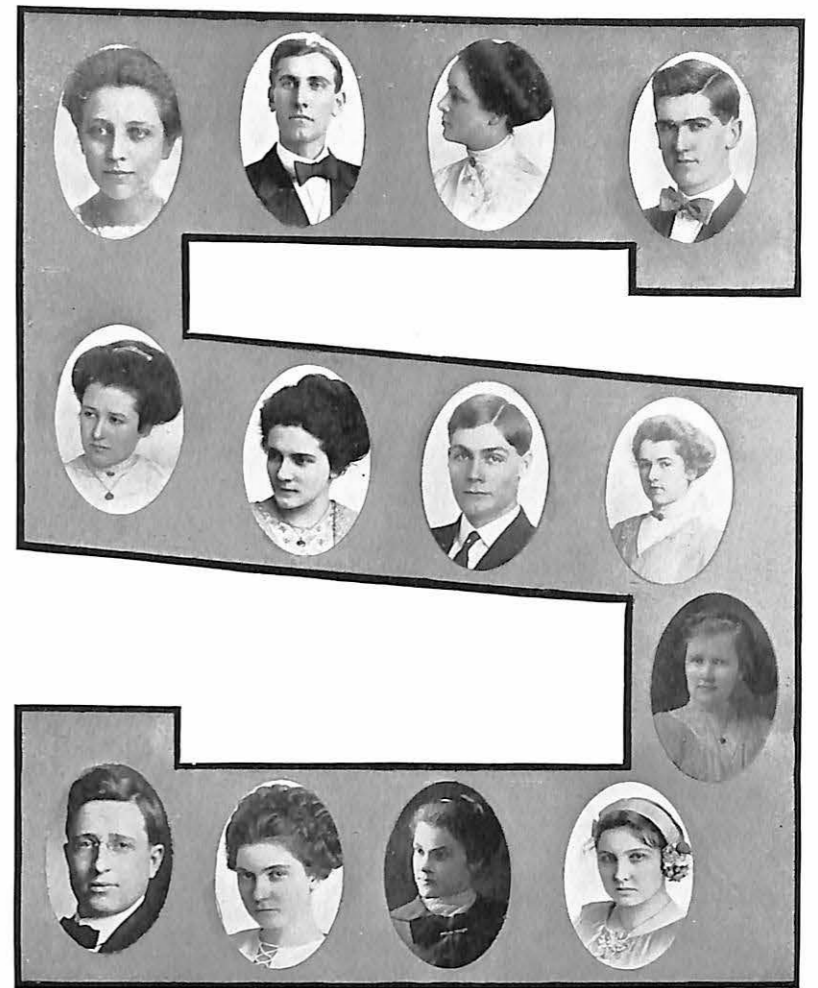
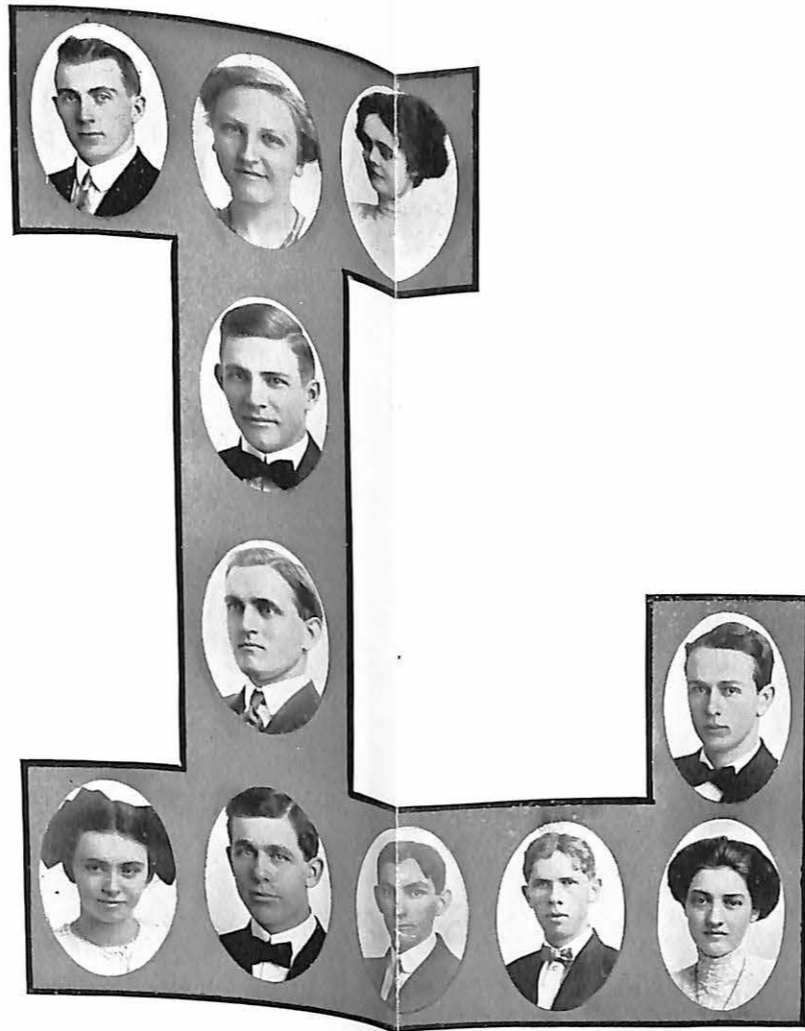
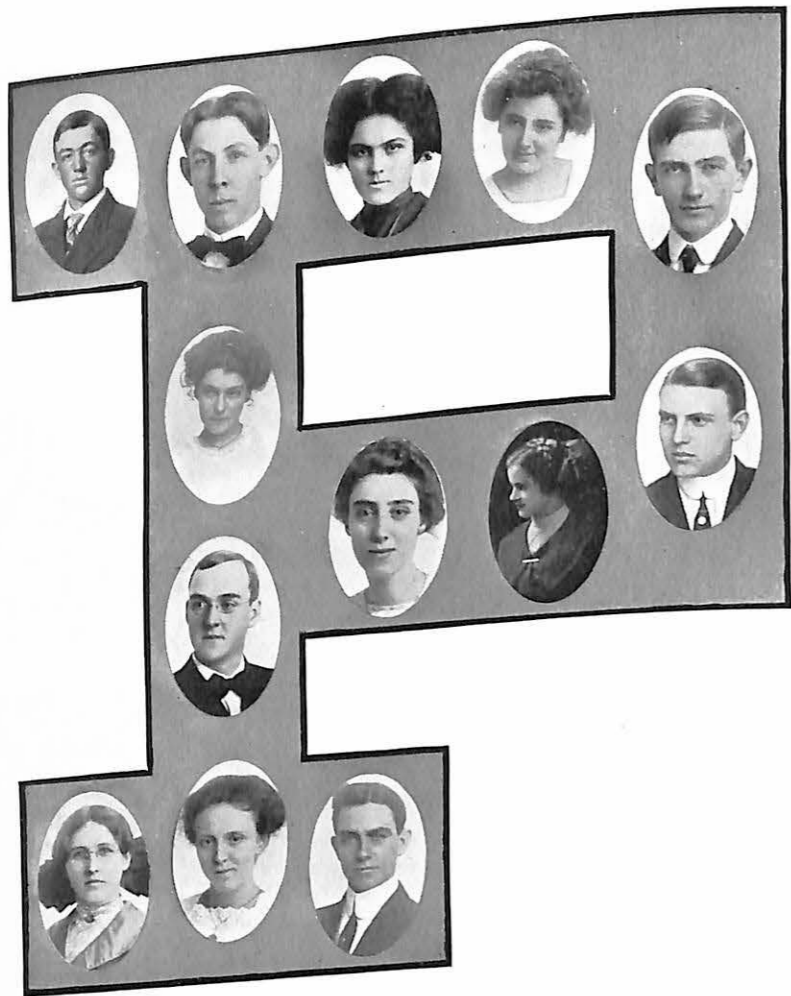
We are the only, only ones.' Etc.

And now they are singing the song of the land of knowledge:

Miz—oo—rah Val—ley College,

Oh, we'll sing a song for her.' Etc."

And as I descended from Mt. Parnassus with her songs ringing in my ears, I thought of the great people who are coming forth each year from this training school of the Muses, men and women equipped for bringing good to all mankind."



HOUXONIANS

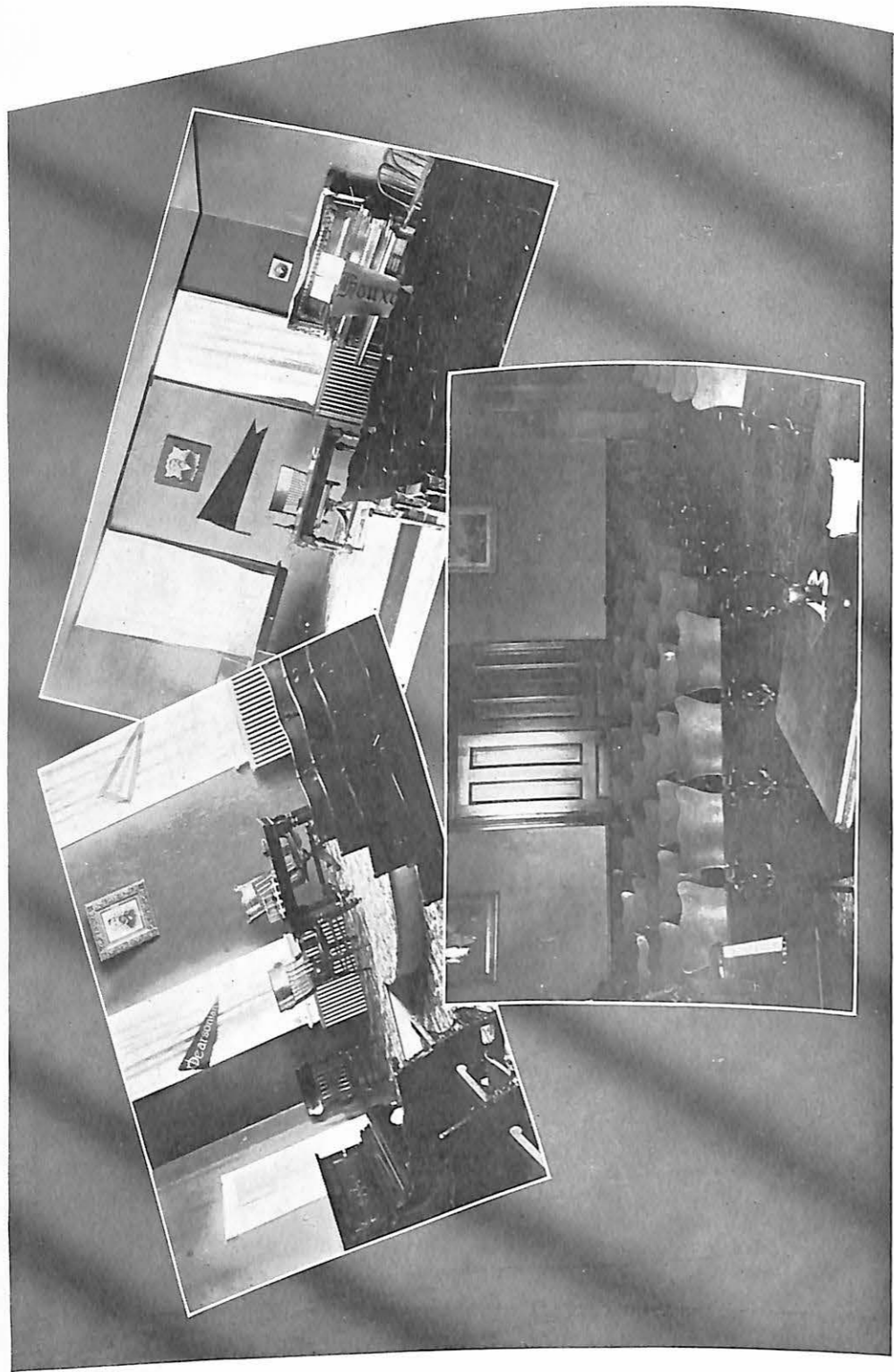
SOCIETY ROLL

James Bellwood
 Charlotte Bohn
 Mazee Bridges
 Mary Dean
 Frank Duggins
 Gordon Fisher
 Cecil Francisco
 Beulah Garrard
 Myrl Gauldin
 Harry Green
 Wallace Grube
 Ruth Harrison
 Leonard Harrison

Edna Hollister
 Richard Horne
 Mary Hurt
 John Hall
 Cathryn Jester
 Speed Leonard
 Margaret Manning
 Mildred Manning
 Florence Patterson
 Catherine Patterson
 Mary Piper
 Louis Rasse
 Roberta Rasse

Edwin Rhoades
 Ruth Rose
 Lutie Robertson
 Eva Shepard
 Mildred Taylor
 Farrell Quigg
 Paul VanDyke
 Susan Vaughn
 Joseph Vertrees
 Bess Yancy
 Cornelius Young
 Zachariah Wall
 Soloman Wronker





BAIRDEAN HISTORY

And why our history?

As we, in the midst of our vicennial year, review the work of the past, it is fitting that we record that which shall be treasured in years to come as a chronicle of the early days.

We are justly proud of our past twenty years. Mr. W. T. Baird of Kirksville, in whose honor the society was named, has ever been to us a munificent giver and a sympathetic friend. Harmony and good fellowship have held sway within our walls and in our annals can be found no trace of strife. From north to south and from east to west the Bairdeans of earlier days are scattered abroad. In every profession and occupation they are truly "making good." They speak for themselves, and most eloquently do they speak. We cannot say too much in appreciation of the worthy example which they have set for us. The years have brought us many victories, yet they have also brought us defeats which have served as stepping stones to higher things.

As for the present, we are still keeping before us the higher standard set by our predecessors. Loyalty to the Orange and White is our watch-word, and as of old, we chant "Dii laboribus omnia vendunt." What the Bairdeans of the present can accomplish and achieve the next few years will show, therefore we will refrain from boasting and will proceed to "Show you."

For the future, we have fond hopes and great aspirations. Very great things lie before us to be realized, not in some remote, shadowy future, but in a near future.

Why more words? "Happy is the nation whose annals are brief."





THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS



The Young Men's Christian Association

A permanent and prominent organization of M. V. C. is the Y. M. C. A. We are glad to note that its members, by studying local problems and by corresponding with state and national Y. M. C. A. leaders, are keeping abreast with the times. The aim of the Association has always been that of developing and maintaining a higher christian standard among the young men. As time passes it realizes more and more that service, on the part of the young men, is the most valuable stepping-stone toward the attainment of its objective.

It may not seem monotonous to review briefly the type of service peculiar to this special organization, stressing particularly the additional features which have characterized the school year of '11-'12.

The watch-word has been "Extension." With this idea in mind the various committees have gone about their work.

The Religious Meetings Committee, besides providing for the usual morning prayer meetings, has broadened its field of usefulness to the students by providing for the "Tuesday Night Meetings." At these services, which have been held weekly, messages from men who are really doing things in the world have been given. This Committee was instrumental, also, in securing Rev. J. Beveridge Lee, of Philadelphia, who held a series of meetings here in February which shall long be remembered by the students as being helpful and uplifting.

The course of study being used by the Y. M. C. A. Bible Study Classes is the "Will of God." The classes this year are being conducted in connection with church work, thereby making a move in the direction of further co-operation of the Association and the Church.

In the Missionary Department three study classes have been carried on. The additional work of this Department is the starting of a Missionary Library.

The Sick and Relief Committee has not confined its work to the students alone. Its working with the Good Fellow organization of the City has extended its service beyond college boundaries. A Y. M. C. A. man is a "Good Fellow," anyway.

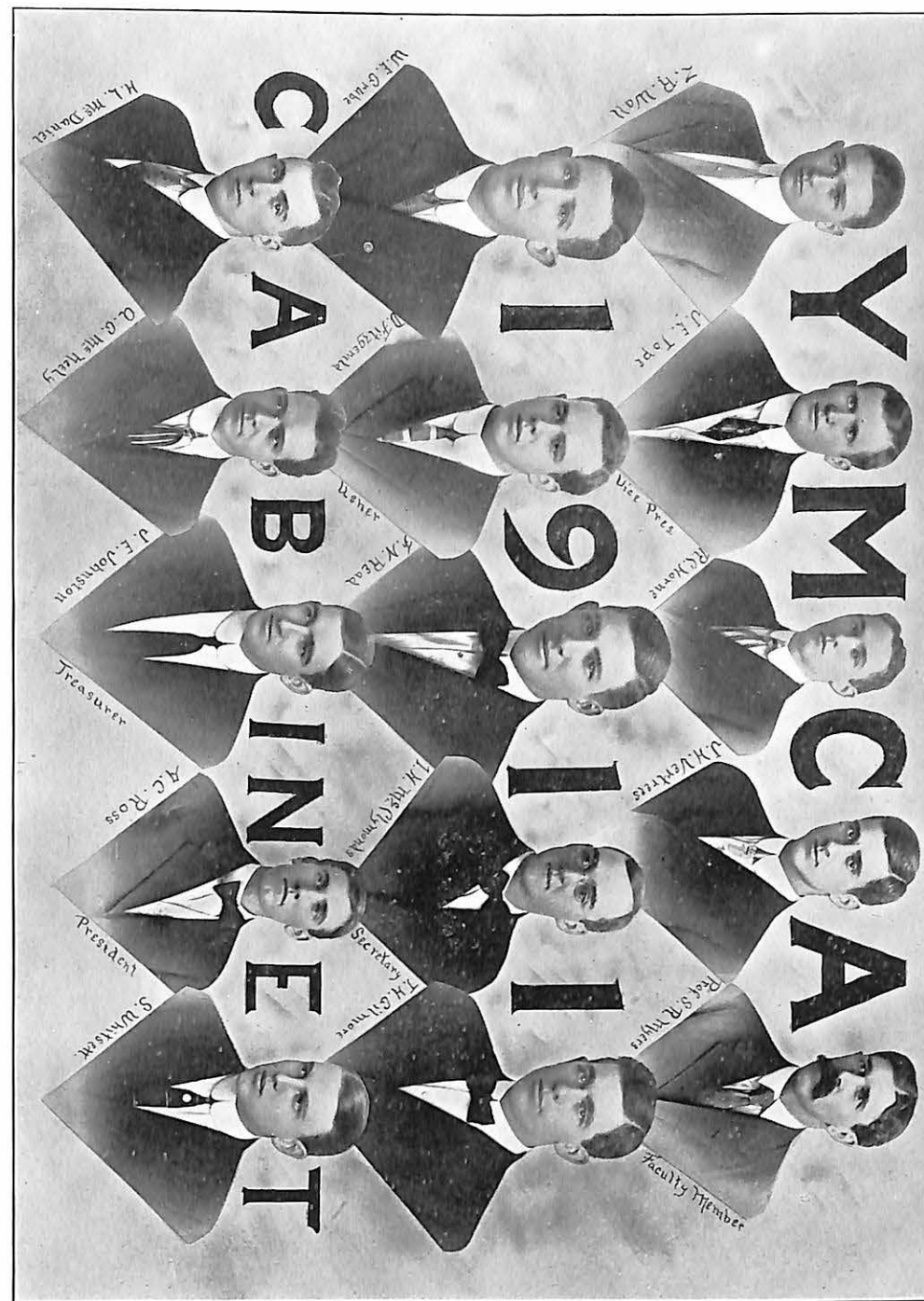
The Membership, Lecture Course, Finance, Auditing and Social Committees have served their usual purposes. It has been hinted that another rousing good social is in store for the boys, making three for the year.

To extend the service to still other fields which seemed to invite the young men, two additional committees were formed this year. One, the Book Exchange Committee, has aided both students and Faculty to a great extent in the exchange of textbooks. The efficiency of the work done by this Committee has gained the confidence and patronage of all in school.

The other, the Extension Committee, found that its greatest opening for usefulness called for a Gospel Team. The work of this team is discussed on another page. This Committee has also found work to do in the vicinity of the College. The Sunday afternoon music and talks given at the County Poor Farm by the boys, serve as a fitting example of its practical service.

After all, we must realize that only a start has been made. The field of usefulness is world wide. To the boys of the Y. M. C. A., which means practically all of the boys in school, we would say, find each man his place and make next year notable for the accomplishment of greater things. There is a work for every man, "For nought so vile that on earth doth live, but to the earth some special good doth give."

A. C. R.





WALL TOPE JOHNSTON PATTON MCCLYMONDS

THE GOSPEL TEAM

The Gospel Team proposition in Missouri is no longer a theory waiting to be tried out in practice, but its practicability has been demonstrated beyond a doubt in the efforts put forth by the student organizations of the Y. M. C. A. throughout the state, and by the results visible and otherwise, which follow their efforts.

The team sent out by our own Association located in Atlanta, Mo., for a six day campaign. Each day was spent in contact with the citizens of that place, calling upon men in their places of business and in their homes in brightening the lives of shut-ins with a song and a word of encouragement, and at all times trying to live up to the text: "Only let your manner of life be worthy of the gospel of Christ." Phil. 1:27.

The evening meetings consisted of a combination of the gospel of music, and of the spoken word, backed up by and based upon the word of Life. The quartette appeared several times in each program. Johnston sang beautifully and effectively in his solos, and his leading of the song services was done in a masterly way. An orchestra assisted materially in the congregational singing, besides furnishing a special opening number each evening. The young men of the community rendered efficient services in both orchestra and male choir.

Each member of the team appeared at least once as a speaker at the evening services, and the talks given were certainly to the point and well delivered. One cannot help but see the influence of college life and association experience in the presentation of messages by boys who are active in the good things of life.

The visible results of the series of meetings are, first, one definite decision for Jesus Christ by a young man nineteen years old, and in the second place, the taking of "forward steps" by perhaps one hundred and fifty of the people, both by Christians and by those who have not made a profession. These results, though far short of what was hoped and prayed for, are sufficient to make the members of the team justly satisfied that their vacation was well spent.

We commend the Gospel Team work, and recommend that it be made a permanent part of the policy of the college Y. M. C. A.s in the state of Missouri.



THE Y. W. C. A.

Early in the history of M. V. C., the Y. W. C. A. was organized and from that time to the present, it has been a potent factor in the lives of the girls of the College. When a daughter leaves home and parents for the first time to go to school, she finds in the Association a sympathy, counsel, and intercourse, a circle of interested companions, who will throw around her an influence which tends to develop womanhood.

The Christian Associations stand as the exponents of the religious life of the student. They are no longer ideal principles, but have become moving factors in College religious development.

The Y. W. C. A. in M. V. C. at present includes thirty-eight girls, and carries on an active Christian work throughout the year. We pride ourselves on the fact that ours is the only Y. W. C. A. in the state having daily meetings. From seven-forty to eight each morning, devotional exercises are held, and to the Association girls, a day would seem incomplete without these few moments communion with God. It helps us to start each day aright.

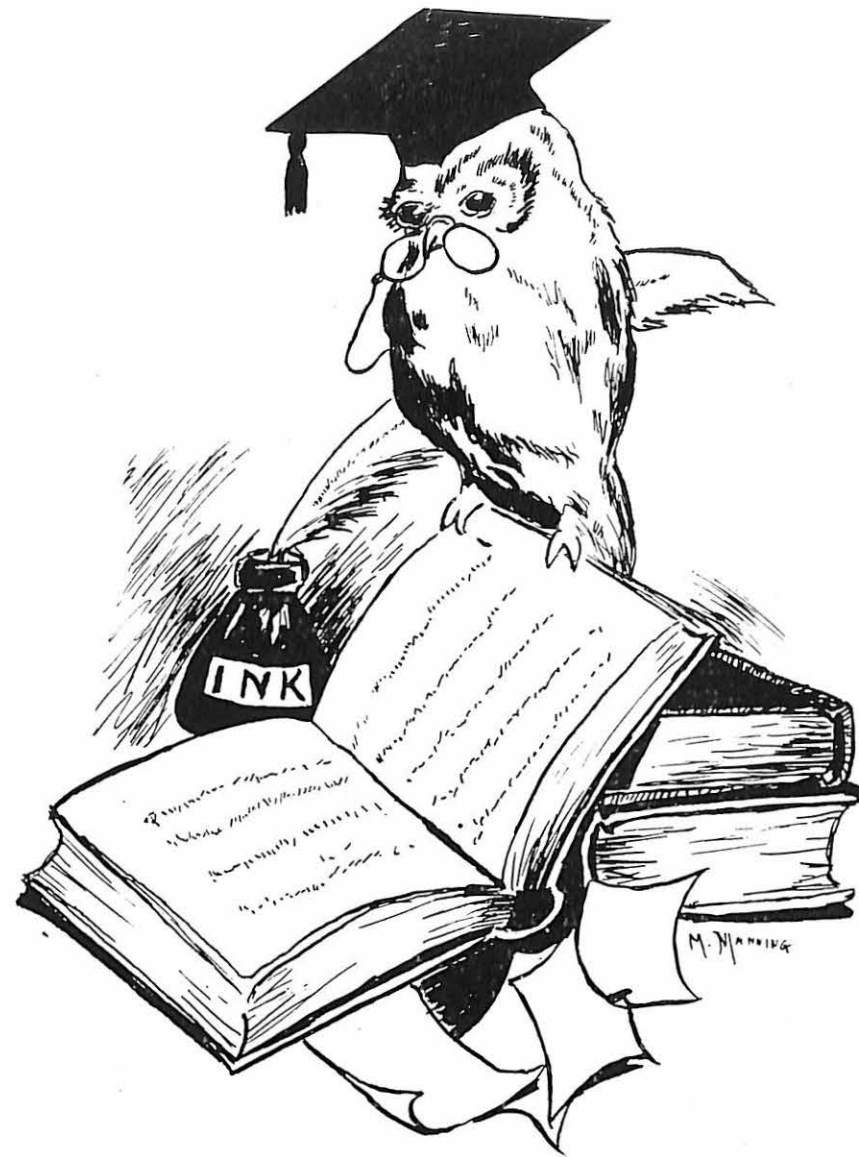
Two of our former Presidents are laboring for the advancement of God's Kingdom in the Foreign Field, and our President and Vice-President of this year, are members of the Volunteer Band, having purposed to give their lives to foreign work when through College.

Under the auspices of the Missionary Committee, a Mission Study Class has been organized. This Class is composed of eleven girls and meets for an hour each week at the home of Mrs. V. V. Huff. Mrs. Huff is our Faculty member, and the Association owes much to her interest and able assistance.

Every year we have sent one or more delegates to the State Convention. Last year Mrs. Huff and Marguerite Downs represented us at Columbia. This year Minnie Claggett and Grace Rolofson, our President and Vice-President, represented us at Mexico. Our delegates have always brought back pleasing reports of the inspiration and joy of these meetings; they have especially been impressed with the personality of the women who were there, and have been helped and broadened by contact with so many Christian girls.

Our Association has extended its influence over nearly every girl in school. The Cabinet has planned and worked to faithfully carry out their motto: "To make Christ real to every girl in school." Last February a contest was carried on which greatly increased the attendance at the morning meetings. We are few in numbers, but our work has undoubtedly had its influence, and many a girl has been developed into a purer and sweeter womanhood because of the Y. W. C. A. For every Association girl, some of her sweetest memories in years to come, will cling around the Association. Some of the truest friendships ever formed have been among girls who came very close together in their Association work. Perhaps some of us will never know till our school days are over, what a powerful influence the Y. W. C. A. has exerted over our lives. That influence has given us strength to meet the burdens of life with better courage, and I am sure there are none of us who will not be better for our daily twenty minutes communion with God, in the Association Hall of M. V. C.

MARGUERITE DOWNS, '13.



LITERARY

THE FIRE

Comes a roll and a shriek and a harrowing cry
With a swell to a fierce and a shattering pierce
Of the sky.
Then a sliding to moanings and groanings
Of death and despair.
That startle the hills till they tremble and shiver—
Till the vault of the heavens, alive and acquirer,
Is weeping with pain.

Comes a bustle, a rustle and clanging of doors,
A dash and a scramble, a rush and a rumble,
And echo of feet
That swing to a gallop with clanking and clinking.
Then swishing and twishing to pulsing and beating,
The horses, like demons,
Their foaming flanks steaming,
Their eyes and teeth gleaming,
Run mad to the fire.
But the master, the driver, that nothing e'er frightens,
In the tumbling and plunging his massive jaw tightens,
Sits calm as Apollo and heeds not the bounding,
The lurch, the careering, the catch at the curbing,
The staggering buildings or yells of the people,
But smiling back mixtures of marble and iron,
He rules the mad monsters of hell.
And the bell
With its clanging,
Its iron togue twanging,
Awakens the city
With terror and pity
To rush to the fire.
While over and over the tale is repeated,
By voices that falter when reason half-seated,
Is lost in the rush to the fire.

Around the great building by hundreds and thousands,
And pushing, and packed by the weight of their crowding,
They stand at the fire.
The roar of the flames and the rush of the waters,
The cring'ing and twing'ing of battle and anger,
The gain of the flame, the command of the captain,
A groan from the building, a shudder, a totter,—
Then a gasp and a cry at the fire.
With pealing of thunder
And parting asunder,
The sky-scraper tumbles
On pavement and mob.
Wild cries of the frightened and groans of the dying,
The lowering spray,—and the cinders are flying,—
The gutters run red
With the gore of the dead,
All mingled with tissues and bones of the dead,—
Then the silence of horror and pain.

Like a dirge's refrain
With its slow, mournful sobbing
Comes the roll and the toll of a bell.

W. R. VAN BUSKIRK. '12.

"WHEN ROSES ARE IN BLOOM"

PRIZE STORY BY GEORGIA WILLIAMS, '15.

THE old man was sitting on the vine covered porch, watching the sunset. The door opened softly, quick, light steps approached, and a slender, white clad figure slipped down on the arm of his chair.

"I knew I would find you here, granddaddy, watching that beautiful sunset and dreaming, dreaming just as though you were twenty-two instead of seventy-seven. Tell me, sir, what were you thinking of?"

The old man took the girl's soft hand in his wrinkled one and stroked it gently.

"Yes, yes, child, the dreams of seventy-seven are not so very different from those of twenty-two, only those of the one are of the past, while those of the other are of the future. This sunset, with the fragrance of roses from the garden carries me back over half a century to another summer evening, so much like this that I feel myself growing young again."

"Tell me about it granddaddy, there's an interesting story somewhere, I know," and the girl took a rose-bud from her hair and fastened it in his button-hole.

Her grandfather looked at it lovingly. "It shall be a story of roses, then. Well, it was just fifty-five years ago this month, before the war, you see. There was a large plantation, called 'The Pines,' with a stately white house set well up in the pine grove, with a rose garden at one side, and farther back, among some apple trees, the negro cabins were scattered.

"The adjoining plantation, Locust Grove, belonged to quite a young man, who had recently come into possession of the estate by the death of his uncle.

"We will call this man the 'Inexperienced Man,' for, while he had just finished college in the east, he was about as inexperienced and helpless when it came to governing a large plantation and a lot of negroes as a man could well be.

"On the first day in his new home old Uncle Nat, the most trustworthy negro on the place, hesitatingly approached him.

"'Has de young massa any 'jections ef ol' Nat goes ober to De Pines dis mornin'?' he inquired, as he nervously twirled his shabby old cap in his hands.

"The 'Inexperienced Man' looked at him curiously. 'Why do you wish to go, Uncle Nat?'

"'Why yoh see, massa, as how my ol' woman, Nancy, 'blongs to Miss Rose, ober at De Pines. We's be'n married nigh onto twenty yeahs, I reckon, an', ol' massa, he neber 'jected toh my goin' ober there eberv mornin' an' even' to cut Nancy's kindling foh huh, I neber stays long, an' I works all de harder toh make up foh it. Yoh ain't mindin', be you, massa?' and the anxiety on the old darky's face was pitiful to behold.

"'Certainly not, Uncle Nat, I wouldn't think of objecting, not for an instant,' the young master assured him hastily. 'Poor fellow,' he added to himself, as the darky disappeared, 'twenty years, and he only asks that he be allowed to chop her stove wood.'

"The conversation between Uncle Nat and Aunt Nancy must have been very satisfactory, for the old darky came home smiling all over his good humored black face, and kept chuckling to himself 'ef they'd only do it, ef they'd only do it.'

"That night he again approached his new master.

"'Will young massa 'low ol' Nat to tell him 'bout that south wood lot 'blonging to De Pines? 'Cause ef he will, he oughta go ober see 'bout it tomorra. Nancy

says as how Miss Rose, she done had a buyer today, and he looked sorta favorable like, an' ef young massa wants it, he'd bettah see 'bout it right awa'. Ol' massa, he was a gwine to buy it, ef he'd lived, he tol' me so jus' afore he died. Could young massa go look at it tomorrah?"

"The 'Inexperienced Man' looked at the negro an instant suspiciously. What was there about the good, honest darky that made him feel he was being led purposely? Was there a plot of some kind lurking in the old man's brain? But no, impossible. Uncle Nat had been his uncle's trusted right hand. Now, he himself could find no better advised than the old negro, he had better follow his advice about the wood lot, as in all other matters, till he got his bearings, at least.

"By the way, Uncle Nat,' as a new thought struck him, 'what kind of people are these neighbors of ours?"

"The negro rolled his eyes till only the whites showed. 'Der's only Miss Rose, massa, an' she am de good angel ob dis here community, she am foh a fact, sah. When- eber anybody's sick, Miss Rose, she takes 'em flowers, genully some o' huh roses. Eberybody luvs Miss Rose, sah.'

"Rose,' the 'Inexperienced Man' mused over the name. The lady was probably the usual tall, thin, spectacled spinster, with hair drawn tightly back from her forehead, only her name ought to have been Martha, or Jane., 'Rose,' belonged to quite a different sort of person, and then her carrying flowers to sick people—but tomorrow he would see her.

"De missus am in de rose garden, sah,' Aunt Nancy told him the next day, as she led the way to the garden.

"And there, looking very much like a sweet wild rose herself, the sunlight falling on her golden hair, her arms full of roses gathered to be taken into the house, stood, not the spectacled spinster, but the 'Lady of the Roses,' he named her so on the spot. So surprised and startled was this 'Inexperienced Man,' that for a time he could do nothing but take off his hat and bow politely. But at last he recovered his voice and found himself talking in a very business like way o fthe good and bad qualities of the south wood lot. He had decided to himself, at first sight of her, to buy it, but he was careful to leave the arrangements incomplete, that he might have an excuse for calling the next day.

"That night, as he served his master at the table, Uncle Nat longed to bring up the subject nearest to his heart, but was at a loss how to do it naturally.

"Ol' massa, he thought as how the south wood lot 'ud be a big bargain', he ventured. 'Miss Rose, she's a good one to carry on bueness wif.'

"The 'Inexperienced Man' coughed. 'Ahem, I thought as much. By the way, beaux are not lacking at The Pines, are they?"

"The darky rolled his eyes. 'Laws-a-massy no sah, but it's mostly jus' one now, I reckons. Mistah Mervin, he's fohm de east somewhere, he's be'n a sparking huh foh nigh on six months now, I reckon. He 'pears toh think a heap o' huh, an' I shouldn't be 'sprised ef she didn't let huhself get 'gaged toh him. But ef anybody was toh step right in, quick like, I 'specs they'd stan' a right good show.'

"That'll do Uncle Nat, quite enough coffee, thank you,' and the 'Inexperienced Man' abruptly pushed back his chair.

"Two weeks sped quickly by. The buying of the south wood lot, breaks in the division fence, and other matters of interest to the two plantations forced the 'Inexperienced Man' to be a frequent visitor at The Pines. Uncle Nat and Aunt Nancy looked at their master and mistress, and then at one another, with understanding nods of appreciation. But trouble was near at hand.

"The 'Inexperienced Man' received, and promptly accepted, an invitation to a week's fishing trip, adjuring Uncle Nat to take entire control of the plantation and the other negros during his absence.

"That night, when Uncle Nat returned from his nightly visit to The Pines, he sat down in the doorway of his cabin and buried his face in his hands. The children, who usually found in him a ready playfellow, awed by his silence, shunned him, while his banjo stood, silent and untouched, in one corner of the cabin.

"Oh Lord,' he groaned, 'de good Lord hab mercy on dis po' ol' wuthless nigger. Jus' now, when we thought eberything's acomin' out right, after twenty yeah's o' wait-in,' oh Lord, how kin ol' Nat stan' it, ol' Nancy's all he's got, an' toh hab huh taken awa'—' for Uncle Nat had been met at The Pines by a sorrowful Aunt Nancy. They had sat down side by side, in the doorway of her cabin, and in broken bits she had told him her story.

"She had received the news that morning, when she had taken breakfast to her young mistress. Miss Rose had confided to her that the financial resources of The Pines were running low, that she had found herself too young and inexperienced to manage so large an estate, and now considered herself foolish for ever having attempted it. She had resolved to leave, and place the plantation in better hands before it was too late. But Aunt Nancy must go with her, she had been her nurse, and her mother's before her, and it had been her mother's dying request that Aunt Nancy be kept in the family. Then Miss Rose had hinted at something else. Mr. Mervin was to call in three days, and she would give him his answer. She confessed she did not feel entirely satisfied, but it was the best thing to do, there was no other way. So Miss Rose and Aunt Nancy were to leave The Pines. Aunt Nancy added, as she told her story to Uncle Nat, that her mistress seemed very unhappy.

"Ef only young massa wah here,' Uncle Nat had groaned, 'eberything ud'll be all right.'

"Ef only young massa wah here,' kept repeating itself in the old negro's brain, as, stunned and numbed by the impending sorrow, he mechanically directed the work in the hay field the next day. The wide, golden field had been carefully mowed, and the hay was being raked up into shocks. Uncle Nat's eyes wandered to the group of horses browsing in the adjoining field. Dixie, the young master's favorite saddle horse, caught his eye. If something should happen to Dixie, if she should be hurt, or before ill, 'young massa' would hurry to her aid.

"Oh Lord,' groaned the old man, 'keep ol' Nat from such wicked thoughts, I didn't mean it, foh a fact I didn't, an' don't let anything happen to Dixie.'

"Uncle Nat had not realized that a summer shower was coming up, till the whole sky was blackened and the roll of thunder brought him to a realization of his surroundings. Then a vision of possibilities seemed to break upon his mind. Without a thought of regret for the hay, which would be unavoidably greatly injured by the rain, seeing that the other men were fleeing for shelter and he was left quite alone, he hurried to the field where the horses were enclosed, and ruthlessly tore down a great part of the division fence between the two plantations. Then he started in a run for the cabins, for the rain was beginning to fall.

"Half way there he stopped and stood still in the rain.

"Oh Lord,' he prayed, 'forgiv' dis po' sinnin', deceitful nigger, but ol' Nat ain't bery wise, an' sumthin's gotta be did, an' dis is de only wa' he ken think of, an' when he's laid up wif de rheumatiz, make de pains jus' as bad as yoh think best, in 'cordance wif de heabiness o' de guilt, an' ef it's necessary, deah Lord, ol' Nat's willin' toh die, only so things come out right.'

"For a long time he stood there, allowing the storm to beat upon him, till he was thoroughly wet and cold, then he slowly made his way to his cabin.

"Good thing ol' Nancy ain't here, or she'd be skeared toh death. But I's be'n dis wet a heap o' times afore, when it couldn't be perverted, an' all dat happened was two days in bed wif de rheumatiz. O' course I won't feel real spry foh a couple o' weeks, but I won't be clear down more'n two days, an' that'll jus' be time enuf. But I'd bettah build a fire now, an' dry out a leetle, ol' Nat don't wanta die, les' he jus' has toh."

"The next morning Uncle Nat was tossing and groaning with racking pains. "Send one o' de niggers ober toh De Pines toh fetch Nancy," he commanded of the negro who appeared in answer to his calls, "an' send a man toh De Corners, oh Laws-a-massy, my leg! an' get word sent toh de young massa as how he'll haf toh come home. Dere ain't a one o' yoh wuthles' niggers ken tend toh things right, when ol' Nat ain't dere, an' dat hay's gotta be looked after."

"But the young master proved hard to find, and it was afternoon of the next day before he stood in Uncle Nat's cabin, to inquire after the old man's welfare before he started out on a tour of inspection.

"Thank de Lord you's come, massa, ol' Nat's be'n turrible worrit. We's sorry toh hav' send foh yoh, but sumthin' had toh be did," which was far truer than the young master realized then. "Will de young massa forgiv' dis po' ol' nigger foh all de sins he eber c'mitted 'gainst him?"

"Why of course, Uncle Nat, you couldn't help getting sick, and you did just right in sending for me," the young master assured him.

"The old man's hands worked nervously under the covers. "De hay was all out in de rain, an' de 'vision fence was torn down an' de horses all be in Miss Rose's fields. Such a wuthless passel o' niggers I neber sah, I tole 'em toh tend toh de hay fust, but I spec' dey ain't done nuthin'. Miss Rose, she ain't carin' much 'bout de horses, I reckon, foh she's gwine awa' 'bout tomorra, an' I reckon she ain't comin' back no more."

"Going away, Miss Rose? the 'Inexperienced Man' suddenly leaned heavily against the doorway. "What do you mean, Uncle Nat?"

"What I say, sah, an' I spec' she ain't gwine alone, foh she done tole my Nancy as how she's toh giv' Mistah Mervin his answer tonight, but she ain't happy, dat po' chile ain't."

"But the 'Inexperienced Man' had already gone. Uncle Nat smiled with relief, as he crept painfully out of bed. "Dis here thing's gotta be done up right, ol' Nat's done suffered too much to run any risks now," he muttered to himself, as, leaning heavily on a stout oak stick, he made his way to a neighboring cabin.

"Git up fohm dere, yoh lazy, good foh nuthin' niggah," and he poked with his stick a small barefoot boy sleeping in the sun. "Run down toh de stables an' saddle two o' de fastest hosses, git a move on yoh now, or I'll learn yoh sumthin'," and he smiled to himself with evident satisfaction as he watched the black legs gleaming in the sunlight as the little darky ran to do his bidding.

"A short time later Uncle Nat was addressing a tall, dignified, clerical looking gentleman.

"Could de Parson Wheeler go wif a po' ol' nigger to De Pines on a bery important mission?"

"The Reverend Wheeler looked astonished. The Pines? Could Miss Rose be ill?"

"Oh no, no, the errand was of quite a different nature from that, but would he please not ask any questions and come at once? A horse was ready for his use.

"And so it happened that the wondering minister was soon ushered secretly into the rose garden, with many requests to only have patience a few minutes and everything would be explained. Then Uncle Nat went in search of Aunt Nancy. He found her in the kitchen, shelling peas. Briefly, excitedly, he told her his story, and together the old darkies waited, in almost unbearable suspense. At last a call came from the living room. Aunt Nancy started to her feet.

"Dat's her, she wants me, yoh come toh," and she forcibly led him along. "There they stood, the young master and mistress, and the arm of the 'Inexperienced Man' was around the 'Lady of the Roses.'

"I want you to meet your new mistress, Uncle Nat," said the master, "and we want to tell you that if it hadn't been for you it might have been too late. If we only had the minister we might settle everything right now. Would you mind, little 'Lady of the Roses'?"

"Uncle Nat was crushing and recrushing his shabby old cap in his nervous hands. "De good Lord bless yoh, young massa, an' yoh, Miss Rose, an' do yoh 'believe' in Providence, 'cause ef yoh do, will yoh look out in de garden, sah?"

"Both young people turned to the window, which overlooked the rose garden, where the dark form of the minister could be seen, walking back and forth among the roses, his hands behind his back, a puzzled, thoughtful expression on his face, as though he were at a loss how to work out this inexplicable riddle. For several seconds there was silence in the room, while the negro waited anxiously. Then the 'Lady of the Roses' turned to her lover.

"Will you wait in the garden, dear, till Aunt Nancy and I come?"

"Exactly forty-five minutes later the sweetest bride the sun ever shone upon entered the garden, followed by Aunt Nancy. The faithful black hands had arrayed her in her mother's wedding dress, and rose buds were twined through her golden, waving hair. The 'Inexperienced Man' had gathered a large bunch of her favorite roses, and as she took them in her arms she gave him a smile which he has never forgotten. They were married there in the garden, just at sunset, among the roses.

"So four hearts were made happy that day through Uncle Nat's strategy. The name of Locust Grove was changed to Rosemont, in honor of the fair mistress, and Uncle Nat and Aunt Nancy lived together in peace and happiness to a ripe old age. And that is the end of my story, and that is why your name is Rosemond and why—"

"If you two people are not out here talking like sweethearts, I declare, I never," grandmother had come up softly behind grandfather's chair, and stroked his white hair tenderly.

Rosamond reached up and patted her grandmother's soft, withered hand. "I might have known it was 'Your Story,' you two dears, it was just like you, and it was such a sweet story. I'm going to tell it to Dick, or get you to tell it over again, and we'll call our little home Rosemont, we hadn't been able to decide on a name. Thank you, granddaddy," and she dropped a kiss on his forehead.

Her grandfather took his wife's hand and held it against his cheek. "I meant to add to that story," he continued, "that my Rose has not withered yet, but is just as sweet as ever, and her little namesake is becoming more like her every day. But I see some one coming down the street. Go, dear child, let him find *his* Rose waiting for him in the garden, and if you have time to think of anybody else, you two foolish young things, gather some roses for your old grandmother and grandfather, we'll be waiting for you here on the porch."

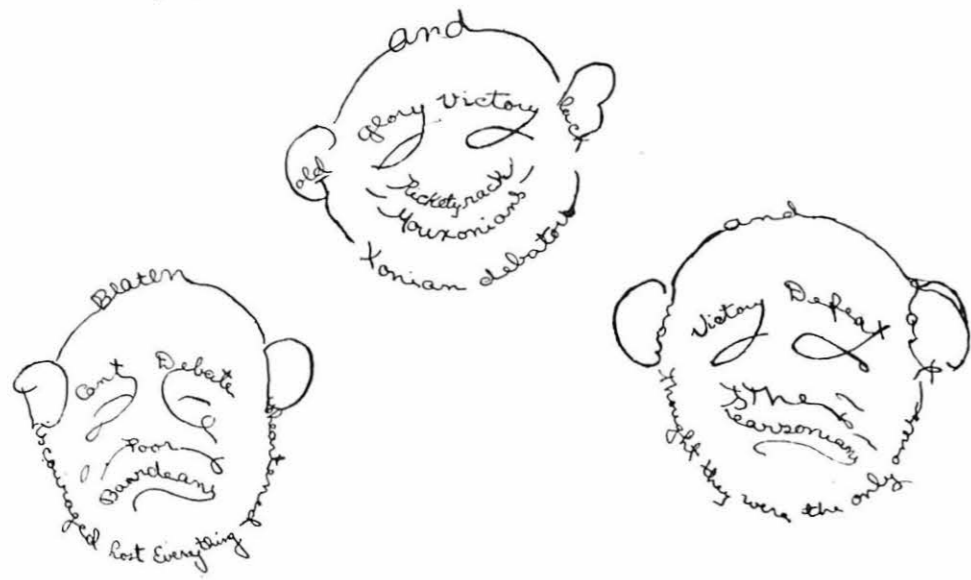
The
"Size"
of our
1911
Team.



DEBATES



THE SABIDVRIA 1912



The Annual Inter-Society Debates

Held in Stewart Chapel, December 18th, 19th, and 20th, 1911.

HOUXONIAN—BAIRDEAN

Question—Resolved: That the recall of judges is dangerous to the safety of the state.

AFFIRMATIVE 2.
Houxonian representatives
L. V. Harrison
R. C. Horne

NEGATIVE 1.
Bairdean representatives
Marguerite Downs
R. C. Hutchinson

BAIRDEAN—PEARSONIAN

Question—Resolved: That the U. S. Government should adopt the Initiative and Referendum.

AFFIRMATIVE 1.
Bairdean representatives
Arthur McGinnis
Otto Marksbury

NEGATIVE 2.
Pearsonian representatives
H. L. McDaniel
Theron Holmes

PEARSONIAN—HOUXONIAN

Question—Resolved: That a Graduated Income Tax should be made a part of our system of taxation.

AFFIRMATIVE 0.
Pearsonian representatives
A. C. Ross
Everett Hendrix

NEGATIVE 3.
Houxonian representatives
James Bellwood
J. H. Vertrees

THE SABIDVRIA 1912

M. V. C. Teams
THE TRIANGULAR DEBATING LEAGUE
between
CENTRAL, WESTMINSTER, AND MISSOURI VALLEY



HENDRIX LAMM HUTCHINSON
Affirmative



MARKSBURY MCDANIEL HOLMES
Negative

Question for 1912—Resolved: That state judges should be subject to recall.

THE SABIDVRIA 1912

THE DELTA

VOLUME XIV

FEBRUARY, 1912

NUMBER 6

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—BY—

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Edited by the Literary Societies of Missouri Valley College

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EDITORIALS

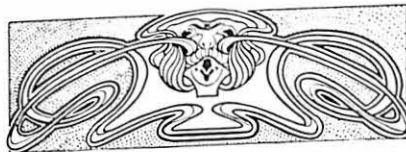
A COLLEGE Annual is a publication of the students, by the students, and, primarily, for the students. To the same degree that these characteristics are present or absent, is the book a success of failure. The Junior Class, in launching into the work of publication this year, understood to some extent at least, that these qualities were to characterize the book.

We have taken every opportunity to make the Sabiduria a portrayed of student life. This, however, is not to be taken as a boast at the expense of former Sabidurias. Whatever improvements we may have been able to make over last year's book are credited largely to the courage of the Class of '14 in breaking the way for us. If this book is a broader portrayal of student life than last year's it is because we have built on the experience of some of the present staff with that book.

We have enlisted, whenever possible, the aid of students outside our own class, striving to make all feel that it is their book, and not the property and efforts of one class alone.

That the book is for the Student Body will be denied by no one, unless there be those among us in whom the last spark of College Spirit is extinct. We have not contracted for a large number of books this year, only enough to provide at least one for each student. If you wish to see the Sabiduria made a permanent Annual, the only way to demonstrate your desire to the following class is to support this one by buying at least one book. We have had in mind the necessity of putting the price within reach of every one.

We wish to express our appreciation for the valuable assistance rendered in the form of counsel by the Business Manager of the preceding Sabiduria, to Miss Rachel Hunter, of St. Louis, and Mr. Harold Crank, of Chicago, for the cartoons which bear their signature, and to the many others who have helped materially, and by their good will, to make this volume what it is.



BASE BALL



Record of the 1911 Baseball Team

APRIL

- 1—Missouri University won from our boys at Columbia. Score, 3 to 0. Battery—Lansing and Daugherty.
- 5—Won from Westminster at home, 5 to 1. Battery—Lansing and Daugherty.
- 6—Lost to Westminster, 4 to 3. Battery—Clemens and Daugherty.
- 10—Won from Wm. Jewell at Liberty, 5 to 2. Battery—Lansing and Daugherty.
Lost next day by same score. Battery—Clemens and Daugherty.
- 12—Won from Wentworth at Lexington, 14 to 4. Battery—Clemens, Lansing, and Daugherty.
- 17—Tied Central on our grounds in a 14 inning game. Battery—Clemens and Miner.
Next day won from Central, 3 to 0. Battery—Lansing and Miner.
- 24—Lost to Kemper on our grounds in 10 inning game, 4 to 3. Battery—Lansing and Daugherty.
- 27—Beat K. S. N. S. 11 to 0 on our diamond. Battery—Lansing and Daugherty.
- 28—Won again, 2 to 1. Battery—Lansing, Rollins, Oliver, Schweer, and Daugherty.

MAY

- 4—Defeated Mo. School for Deaf at Marshall, 7 to 2. Battery—Lansing and Daugherty.
- 10—Won from Baker U., 10 to 1. Battery—Lansing and Daugherty.
- 13—Won from K. U., 4 to 2. Battery—Lansing and Daugherty.
- 18—Lost to Wentworth at Marshall, 6 to 2. Battery—Lansing and Daugherty.
- 25—Won from Wm. Jewell at home, 7 to 3. Battery—Lansing and Daugherty.
- 26—Lost to same team, 4 to 2. Battery—Lansing and Daugherty.



ROBERT B. CLEMENS, Coach, 1912.

1912 SCHEDULE

- April 11 Westminster at Marshall.
- April 12 Westminster at Marshall.
- April 17 Central at Fayette.
- April 18 K. S. N. S. at Kirksville.
- April 19 K. S. N. S. at Kirksville.
- April 22 Wm. Jewell at Marshall.
- April 23 Wm. Jewell at Marshall.
- April 30 Westminster at Fulton.
- May 1 Westminster at Fulton.
- May 2 Mo. School for Deaf at Fulton.
- May 3 Concordia Seminary at St. Louis.
- May 4 Christian Brothers College at St. Louis.
- May 8 Baker University at Marshall.
- May 10 Mo. School of Mines at Marshall.
- May 13 Wentworth M. A. at Marshall.
- May 15 Kansas University at Marshall.
- May 21 Ottawa University at Marshall.
- May 22 Ottawa University at Marshall.
- May 28 Mo. School for Deaf at Marshall.
- May 29 Mo. School for Deaf at Marshall.

LINE-UP FOR 1912

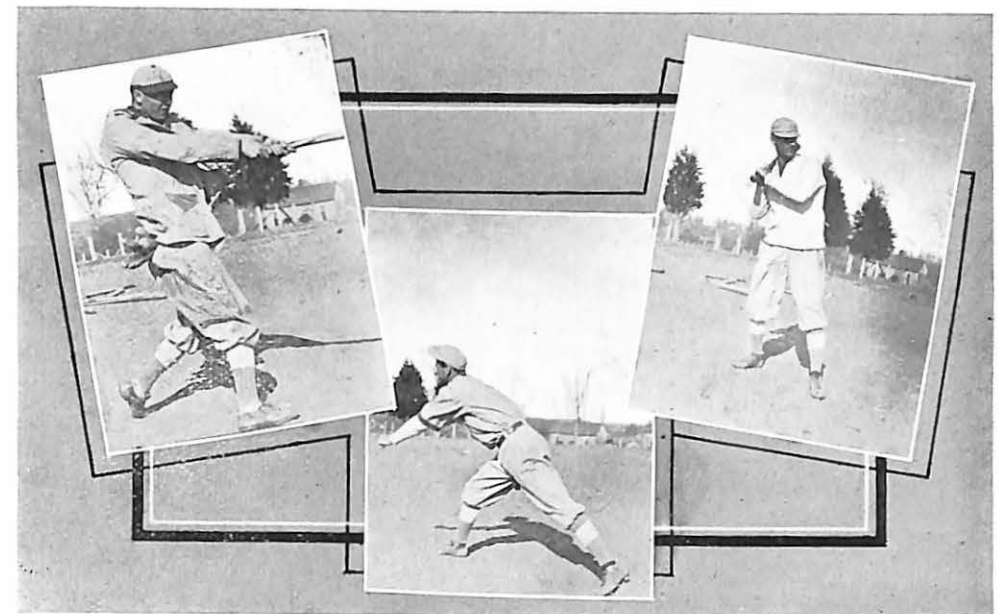
Miner	Catcher
Vertrees, Rollins, Neal, Leonard	Pitchers
Holmes, Fisher	First Base
Green	Second Base
Oliver	Short Stop
Read	Third Base
Neal, Switzer, Quigg, Fisher	Out Field



OLIVER, Short Stop
Captain



VERTREES
Pitcher and Manager



THE SABIDVRIA 1912



READ
Third Base

NEAL
Pitcher and Left Field

ROLLINS
Pitcher



THE SABIDVRIA 1912



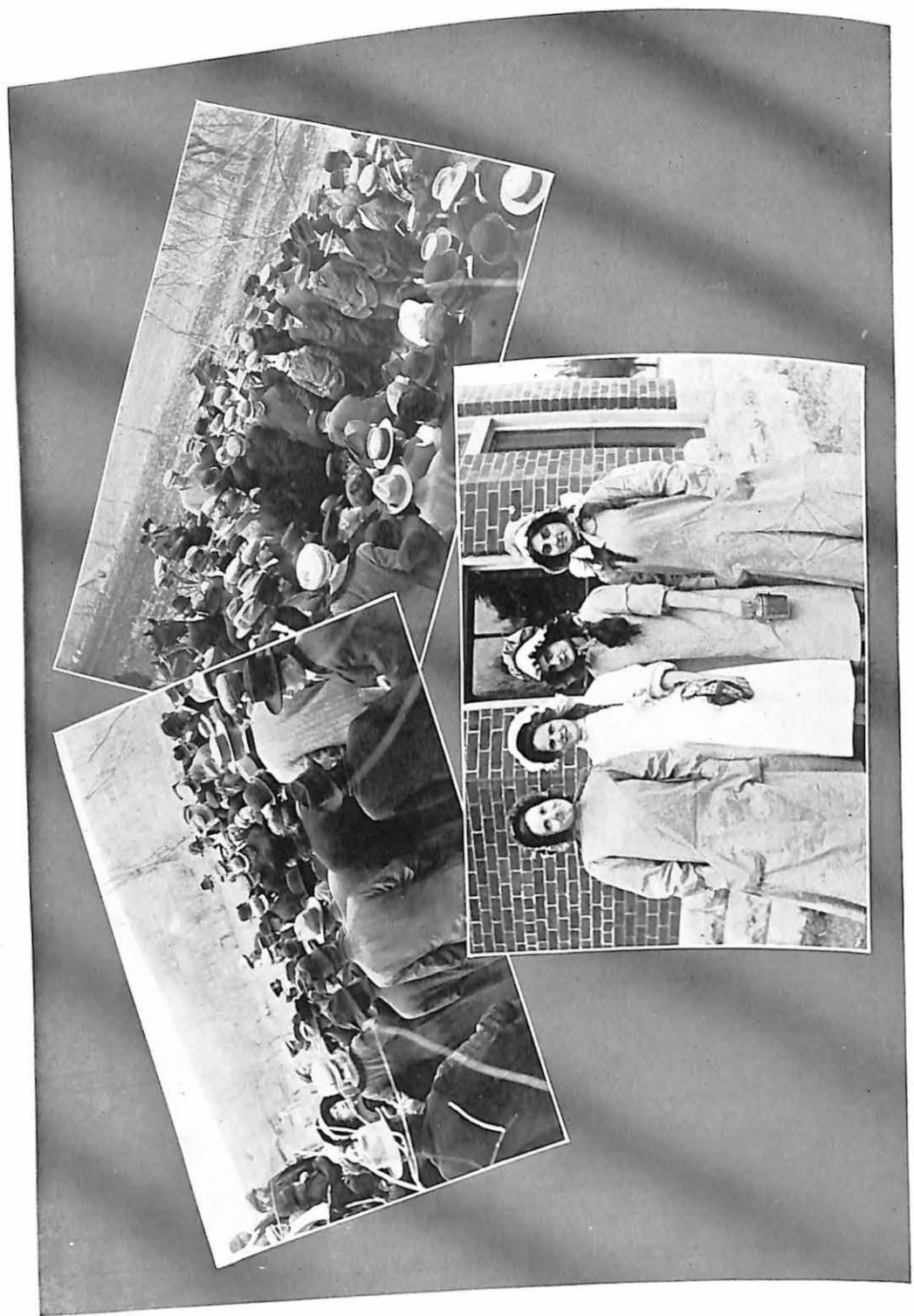
HOLMES
First Base

MINER
Catcher





In the spring the young man's fancy —



BASKET BALL



GILMORE, Coach
 WILLIAMS CRAWFORD BROOKS
 MAURINE GORRELL Cap't, CARPENTER
 KLINGER MYRL GORRELL DEAN

Basketball Team

1911 Record

November 13th—At Marshall.

Central College of Lexington	25
M. V. C.	18



CALENDAR

MARCH 1911

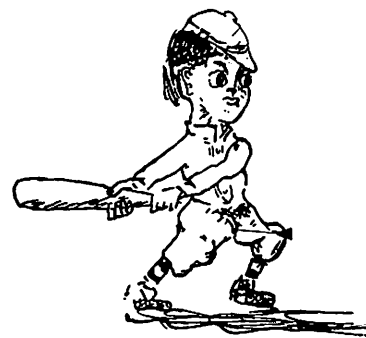


March 18, 1911

- 17—Some girls swipe the wrong surrey and its owner breaks a shoe-string—Dr. Black goes off—Bang!
- 18—Lunch club feast. Several baptized. All completely and entirely stung by Mrs. Huff.
- 20—Rollins joins the ranks of Dormitory Devils.
- 22—Tommy and George—
- 23—Ann and Ross married in Pearsonian Hall. Rolofson, the officiating minister.
- 24—Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald gives a fine talk in Chapel.
- 26—Someone sings "Casey Jones" at the Dorm.
- 27—Lights out at the Dorm. So the unhappy boys can't study.
- 28—Harmony Concert Company gives a strictly classical entertainment. "Grizzly Bear" requested—to relieve the monotony.
- 30—Orchestra entertained at Francisco's.
- 31—Boy Scout talks in Chapel.

APRIL

- 1—Baseball team hands over a game to the Tigers at Columbia, 0 to 3.
- 3—Harry Lansing visits the burg.
- 4—"Sophs" turn Chapel services into a masquerade party. Joe Johnston and Fritz make a big hit.
- 5—Prof. Biddle creates a "Speakin' day."
- 6—First ball game with Westminster. Our boys wear a "smile that won't come off." Score, 5 to 1.
- 7—The smile vanished. Score, 4 to 3 for Westminster.
- 8—Daugherty, Gilmore, Johnston, Neal, Rollins, and Evans canned from the Dorm.
- 9—Tommy and George hunt a room.
- 13—The luckless six are out-lawed for ten days. Tommy explodes.
- 14—The "Exodus" of the Out-laws.
- 15—Dr. Black requests Out-laws to keep off the campus.
- 16—Easter day Services in the Chapel at 4 P. M. under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A.
- 17—Ball game with Central ends in 14th inning, 1 to 1. All excited.
- 18—M. V. C. won from Central, 3 to 0.



- 20—Prof. Place goes away and Choral Club takes a vacation.
- 23—Rumor—Slo—ann went to see Ann.
- 24—The Prodigal Sons buy some furniture and come back.
- 25—Inter-collegiate Debates. Won at home. Lost at Fayette.
- 26—"Dick" is sore.
- 27—M. V. C. plays a walk-over with K. S. N. S.
- 28—Another victory over the Normals. Score 2 to 1. Both teams played like colleges.
- 29—Prof. Laughlin gets a new suit.
- 30—Oh no! that's a mistake. He had his old one pressed!!!!

MAY

- 9—Butter-ball Taylor gets a wheel.
- 10—Boys scare Baker U. silly and run up a score of 10 to 1.
- 11—Pearsies have a picnic.
- 13—Sabidurias are out.
- 16—"Toastmaster" presented by Houxonians.
- 24—School picnic at Wilton.
- 25—M. V. C. won from W. J. C., 7 to 3. Neal got "Home-run" shoes.

- 26—W. J. C. won, 4 to 2. More "Home-run" shoes. Quartette and Orchestra recital.
- 27—Last day—Hoorah! Biddle's recital.
- 28—Baccalaureate Sermon.
- 29—Prof. Place's recital.
- 30—Juniors and Seniors have charge of Chapel hour. Academic Graduation.
- 31—Alumni day.

JUNE

- 1—Commencement. Gov. Hadley gives address. Fourteen Seniors "Bachelored" and charged \$11.50 per.
- 2—Everyone gone, except poor Summer School slaves.

SEPTEMBER

- 5—Enrollment. Town students trip out early this year to see the new ones.
- 6—Still they come.
- 7—Recitations begin. Kitty Sue sings in Chapel.
- 9—Society rush begins.
- 10—Rained pitch forks.
- 11—No S. S. attendance report in Chapel.



McClymonds plays a game

- 14—Reception to new girls at Dr. Harrison's. Y. M. C. A. boys entertain new boys in their hall.
- 19—Joint reception at Dr. Black's.
- 20—Literary Societies crowded. "My society is the best." "You'll be sorry if you join those others."
- 26—Dire threats uttered by "Skimpy."
- 28—Day of Judgement. All societies proud of their new members, both in quantity and quality.

OCTOBER

- 1—Lightning strikes Chapel, thereby occasioning the College an expenditure in repairing the roof.
- 6—Juniors start their old gag—having stunts.
The Juniors are lucky,
The Juniors are bright,
When they entertain at Cecil's
They think they're just right.
- 7—None of the Juniors knew anything in Logic. Unhappy state of mind!
- 10—Half-holiday announced in Chapel. Students stunned. Nothing short of a fire or aeroplane brings a holiday at M. V. C. Rogers here with his aeroplane. All the "simps" in College attach their signatures to it.
- 11—Aeroplane leaves Marshall for K. C. Faculty row turns out at 6 A. M.



Enrollment

- 12—Facultonians initiate new members. Ladies' Quartette sing at the picture show for the Baptists.
- 13—Pearsonians reception at Penick's a howling success. Ghosts of the Philomathean Society appear on the scene.
- 16—Houxonian reception at Taylor's. Faculty attend a wedding.
- 19—Bairdeans are at home to their new "sisterin and brethern" at King's. Lunch club had a feast.
- 20—Special music in Chapel—Thombone and Saxophone duet by McClymonds and Lamm.
- 21—The Moo-cow-moo" given by a reader from the Warrensburg Normal.
- 23—"Hell" as Dante saw it, at the Lyric.
- 24—Alberta McGinnis and Grace Rolofson entertain the Sap-heads and Owls—in other words, the Sophomores and Seniors.

- 25—A brave Senior Ac. asked Prof. Laughlin if he had the bloom of youth on his face. "I haven't as much as you," he replied.
- 26—Y. W. C. A. Cabinet "Spread."



- 27—Santa Fe Trail "Boosters" in Marshall. Gov. Hadley makes a speech.
- 29—D. Fitzgerald and Marksbury wager a month's growth of beard on the World's Series. Marksbury wins.
- 31—Junior and Freshman ghosts come to Chapel. Hallowe'en spirits miraculously change the grand piano into a bed—Lecture.

NOVEMBER

- 1—Beginning of a new month and no one thought of the change.
- 2—Oyster supper at Gauldin's. M. V. C. well represented. Challenges are made for Inter-society Debates.
- 4—Dr. Black gives a gentle hint to the students that social functions are too numerous.
- 5—Cupid is worn out and is taking the long needed rest.
- 6—Basketball game with L. B. C. postponed.
- 7—All who attended Church and S. S. please stand on your heads.
- 8—Biology takes a field trip to Red Banks and some get caught in the rain.
- 9—First concert of the School of Music, under the direction of Prof. Place.
- 10—Freshman flag waves over the Chapel. Sophs, aided by a severe wind, capture it. Basketball court is demoralized. Extraordinary change in temperature.
- 11—Egg shower postponed. Train three hours late, so Quartette girls stay in Marshall. Mayview!!!!
- 12—Rainy weather.
- 13—The Baptists hang one on the Presbyterians. Score, 25 to 18. Reception in the evening for the visiting team. (Mutual attraction between Lexington girls and Missouri Valley gentlemen.)
- 14—Dr. Stephens talks to Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. Lost in Armstrong—a quartette of girls. "Geraldine" loves the fat man.
- 15—Mr. Lamm and Mrs. Huff engage in brilliant repartee from eleven to twelve in History class. Meeting of Sabiduria Staff.
- 16—Election of officers in Houxonian and Bairdean Societies. Excitement runs high. Duggins is seen with a dray-load of voters.
- 17—Dr. McGinnis smiled.
- 18—Missionary speaks an hour and a half in Chapel.
- 19—Sunday School and Church for Co-eds.
- 20—O! for some excitement.
- 21—Edna left Prof. Myer's class room by request. M. V. C. students go to Columbia to see the Missouri-Kansas game.
- 22—Exams begin.
- 24—New students seen in the corridor.
- 25—Everybody prepared for most anything. Good thing, for the "Roman" gives an exam in Psychology.
- 26—A beautiful day when the balmy breezes blow.
- 27—The rude boys frighten Walter.
- 28—Students still cramming for exams.
- 29—Dr. Black announces visitations of the college thief.
- 30—Thanksgiving Holiday.



DECEMBER

- 1—Mild weather, mild music, mild Chapel, and mild recitations.
- 2—Not fully recovered from the holiday. Some students suffer with an attack of "Flunkitis."
- 3—Still sick.
- 4—Jim seen with Margaret.
- 5—Echo in corridor—who is Paul Jones? Sister takes notes for Mary out at Rose's.
- 7—M. V. C. Ladies' Quartette give concert at I. O. O. F. Hall.
- 8—Mittie and her little Lam(b) perform in Chapel.
- 9—Vote taken for two week's holiday in Chapel. Carried by a big majority.
- 10—Ruth went to Christian Church—so did Lamm.
- 11—Basketball girls have picture made for Sab.
- 12—Tennessee Quartette expected at Chapel, but failed to appear.
- 13—The said Quartette arrive. O! you good singing.
- 18—Beginning of Inter-society Debates. Pearses win from Bairds, 2 to 1, and swell up.
- 19—Houxes win from Bairds, 2 to 1. Hutchinson repeats some scripture—so does Horne.
- 20—Houxes win unanimously from Pearses. Starch taken out. School out for the Holidays.



JANUARY

- 4—Back at school. Gospel Team and Ladies' Quartette give glowing accounts of their trips during the Holidays.
- 5—Everyone feeling bum.
- 6—Thermometer dropped to 20 below. Big snow storm—sleighing fine.
- 9—Litchfield Trio at Stewart Chapel. "I never had such a time in my life." Naughty Gerald was seen flirting at the lecture.
- 10—Cupid about to stir, though still rather indolent.
- 11—Society halls are frigid. Oh! the comforts of a home.
- 12—Skating girls decidedly popular.
- 13—Quartette and Gospel Team exchange notes in Biblical Literature Class.
- 14—Nig, nay, nig. Prof. Myers opened his watch and a picture of Stella B. H. fell out.
- 16—Y. W. C. A. contest begins. Membership and attendance growing larger.
- 18—Houxonians turn over a new page and "scrap" again. Pearsonians elect officers.



- 19—Hysterical weeping among the girls because Cox got married. Wallace and Myrl seen in the hall.
- 25—McClymonds and Gilmore administer sweets to the sweets at the Dorm. The other "Devils" attempt to lock them in, but fail.
- 26—Inter-collegiate debaters elected. General "Row." Houxonians give themselves a tacky party at Prof. Grube's.
- 27—The Roman has the Houxes do all the talking in Psyc. "Wonder how he knew they were out last night."
- 29—Biology quiz. Everybody glad????
- 30—Tommy makes his appearance once more in his rah, rah, clothes.

FEBRUARY

- 1—Mrs. Black entertains Seniors and Senior Acs. The latter appear in caps and gowns.
- 2—Y. W. C. A. Cabinet girls have picture made.
- 6—McAninch a warrior bold???? Scraps with "Tubby" over Maurine.
- 9—Dr. Lee, of Philadelphia, begins a series of meetings under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.
- 10—Trouble among the Sab. Staff.
- 11—Ralph and Margaret seen at Church.
- 14—Prof. and Mrs. Grube entertain the Seniors.
- 15—Senior Acs. entertain at Dr. Stephen's.
- 19—Farmer's Short Course in Agriculture begins.
- 20—"The Sophomore" presented by the Sophomore Class.

- 21—Students, get out of the hall, you are disturbing the farmers.
- 23—"Farmer" and "Sun-bonnet" quartette sing a few ditties.
- 24—The farmers have gone, O! ho, O! ho. "The Four Artists" at Opera House.
- 28—Miner and Duncan beat it down town to take "Lizzie" home.

MARCH

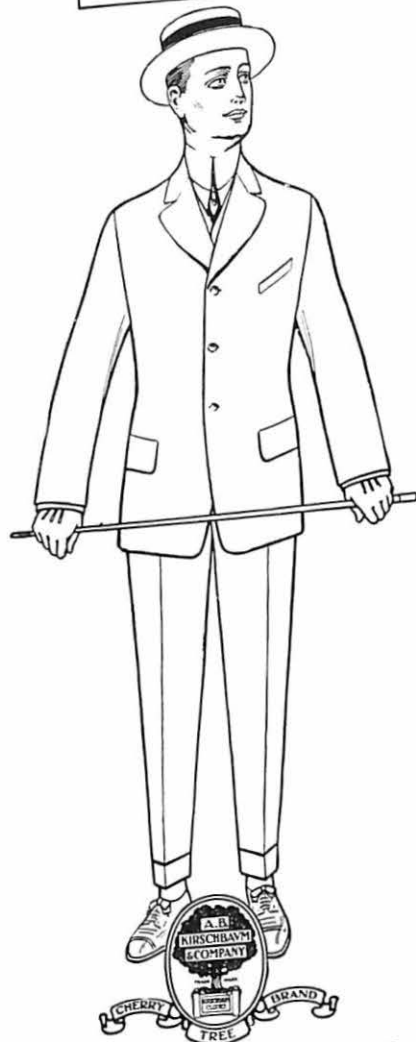
- 1—Comes in like a lamb. Watch for the lion.
- 2—Spring fads displayd in front of Prof. Laughlin's room. Green and red leading colors.
- 3—Installation of Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. officers.
- 4—Second concert of the School of Music.
- 5—"The Freshman" given at Opera House for Charity benefit.
- 6—Dorm. boys give an oyster fry—fare-well party for Sister Smith. First floor rough-necks contribute a load of furniture.
- 7—Meeting of Sab. Staff. Everybody lectured by the Bus. Mgr. Whew!
- 9—Suffragettes suffragetted today. Miss Lucy Katzenjammer nominated for national representative.
- 14—Political discussion nearly precipitated a riot.
- 18—Out-door baseball practice begins.
- 19—Sore muscles.
- 20—The lion arrives.





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Frances Yeagle	Wylie La Rue
Carl Duncan	Robert H. Rolofson
Frank Duggins	Wallace Grube
Sidney Yeagle	Z. R. Wall

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Dr. McGinnis (Discussing Will and Attention in Psychology): "What makes this crayon fall?"
 Margaret: "'Cause you failed to catch it."

Dr. Black (In Biblical Literature): "What sort of garb do you suppose John wore?"
 Tommy: "Well, I hope he didn't wear the kind that preachers wear now."

Speed: "Do you ever get hungry in the night?"
 Duncan: "Yes."
 Speed: "Take a roll in bed."

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 Candy
 Dried Fruits**
 Or anything good to eat

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 Marshall, Mo.

IV.

Cabinet girls have their pictures taken at McChesneys' studio.

Grace Rolofson: "Oh, Jack—dear Jack, how sweet you are!"

Grace was talking about a picture on the wall.

Prof. Grube (Speaking to McClymonds, who was otherwise engaged): "Do you know what I said?"

"Mac": "Don't you know, Professor?"

GUESS the answer to this Enigma and get a dozen \$8.00 folders FREE. Guess the answer, put in an envelope, seal, and bring it to our studio. The first correct answer brought in before June 15, 1912, gets the prize. Come and see about it

AN ENIGMA

I am a trinity and unity three in one;
 Yet each complete can stand alone.
 My first will oft a question start;
 My next in Othello takes a part,
 My last and whole is in youthful art.

GORHAM *Photographer*

North-west Corner Square

WHAT IF:

- Joe J. should work?
- Marguerite could eat humble pie?
- Lamm should fail to offer information on any subject presented?
- Vera should make a choice?
- Gerald F. could call on Mary Piper?
- Gracie could get a steady fellow?
- The baseball team could have practice in March?

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V.

ABIEL LEONARD

MARSHALL, MISSOURI

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RULES FOR YOUNG LOVERS

- 1—Don't mention the weather.
- 2—Don't select a chair on the other side of the room.
- 3—Don't mutter to yourself.
- 4—Don't address the window-pane.
- 5—Don't keep your eyes fixed persistently on the end of her nose while you are talking to her.
- 6—Don't pant.
- 7—Don't pull the braid off the best sofa pillow.
- 8—Don't hand her everything in the room in order to touch her fingers.
- 9—Don't refer, even remotely, to the cost of living. It is bad taste to imply that love is, in any sense, bound by natural laws.

Smith (Telling some girls good-night): "I enjoyed rocking the cradle this evening, very much."
Young lady: "Well, if you enjoyed it, come back some time and put us to sleep again."

Brown's Red Cross Pharmacy

IS THE PLACE TO GET

Kodaks If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak	Soda Water The kind you ask for a second time	Candy Nunnally's, a trial will convince you
---	---	---

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"Hello Lamm, where's Mittie tonight?"
Lamm: "At home with the Lindsays and Landsings."

Edwin R.: "If a burglar should get into the cellar, would the coal chute?"
M.: "No, but the kindling (wood) would."

Sloan (To Katherine Sue): "If the moon should rise and see the lovelight in your eyes, would the sunset?"

M. (In Economics): "Aw, teacher uses slang—no fair."
Beulah: "Indeed, he's no fit example for this class."

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Dr. Oliver (At dinner): "You know, I want my boys to have as much spending money as they need when at school, but I require them to send an itemized account of expenditures every week. However, one thing about Paul's account which is rather amusing to me is that he has ten cents on his account each week for the Ladies' Home Journal."

Griffith: "Ignorance is bliss."
Virginia: "But don't you find such a state monotonous?"

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Dr. B.: "White signifies purity, what does red signify?"
 John H.: "Paint."

M.: "Sister Smith said I was the prettiest girl in school."

K.: "Well, Stanley said I was the prettiest."

Prof. G.: "O, you're both pretty, now let's read."

Advice to Freshies: Should a higher classman ask you to sing in "Sanskrit" while standing on your head, humor him. It might save your life.

"I think it is the weakness of mine eyes that shades this monstrous apparition."

—Theron Holmes.

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 Wall Paper

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Marshall, Missouri

VIII.

Who said kuth kose talked in her sleep?

Margaret was heard to resolve that a farmer is of more benefit than a merchant. We do not doubt it, from her stand-point.

Mrs. Huff (To Corney, who was shuffling his feet about): "Less activity in the feet, Mr. Young, and more in the head."

McC.: "Isn't 'Kindling' hard to write?"

Kate: "It's hard to split, I know."

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Ruth Harrison	{ Charles Dunwoodie
Mildred Taylor	{ Russel Moore
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IX.

Significant Style-News from Our Fashion Exhibition

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We are impatient for YOU to come and view these extensive stocks which we have gathered for your approval. We want you to see them while they're at their best and most complete; and we therefore urge you to come at your earliest convenience. Even if you do not intend purchasing, you will be certain to absorb many style-ideas that will be of helpful service to you later on. And whether you come to purchase or merely to "look around," you'll be equally welcome

ON THE FARM

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Joe Johnston
Mary Dean
Paul McAninch
Gerald Fitzgerald
Solly Wronker

OLD HENS

Roy Hutchinson
Charles Leeper
A. S. J. Baker
Chas. H. Leonard
Mrs. V. V. Huff
Georgia Williams

GOATS

Everett Hendricks
Ross Campbell
Charlotte Bohn
Susan Vaughn
Eva Shepard
Frances Thompson

LAMBS

Woodruff Stanley
"Zach" Wall
Janie De Moss
Anna Margaret Stephens
Fern Lewis

CHICKENS

Myrl Gauldin
Kathryn
Waller Ficklin
Arthur McGinnis

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Think Wright

When you think DRY-GOODS. When you think of coming to Marshall, we want you to think Wright. When you want Dress Goods, Silks, Trimmings, Laces, Embroideries, Gloves, Corsets, Underwear, Hosiery—in fact almost anything usually kept in a dry-goods store, we want you to think WRIGHT. And we'll treat you right. Let us prove it to you.

E. M. Wright

Young Women's Corpulent Association

MOTTO
Fat people are always good natured. May we always be fat.

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In olden times manners and morals were synonymous, today they are obsolete.

Gerald: "I don't want no girls in mine."

Prof.: "Where would you go to, Miss Garrard, for the real interpretation of life—Poetry or Philosophy?"

Beulah: "Well, I don't think I would go to Philosophy."

Ruth Rose: "O, for a lover like a star-fish!" (Five arms.)

Prof. G.: "Doesn't it make you tired moving around all the time?"

Rhoades: "Yes sir, about night-fall."

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Dr. B.: "Can you define laughter, Joe?"

Joe: "No sir, but I can give you an illustration."

Dr. McG.: "Thinking is not absolutely prohibited in this class, Mr. Penick."

Dr. McG. (In Logic): "Do you think the Author means this, or is he just beating the air?"

Grace: "Well, Dr. McGinnis, I don't know about that, but it seems to me that you are."

Dr. B., asking Beulah a question one day, but seeing her hesitate, asked: "Beulah, did you open your mouth?"

Beulah: "Yes, but I shut it again."

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Represent
Faultless Construction
and the highest
achievements in tone touch
and finish

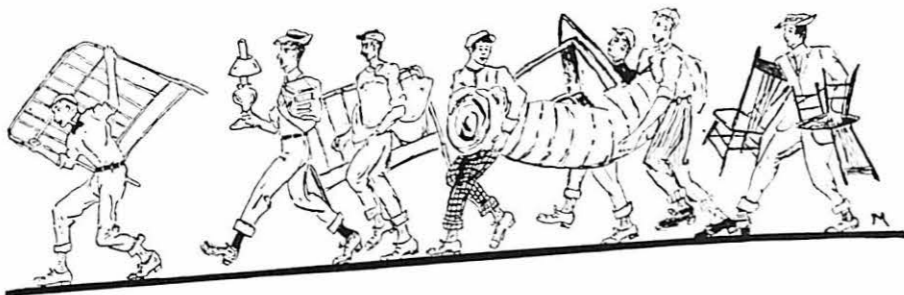


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MARSHALL, MISSOURI



EMBLEM: The Chanticleer.

MOTTO: "What I haven't been, I will be."

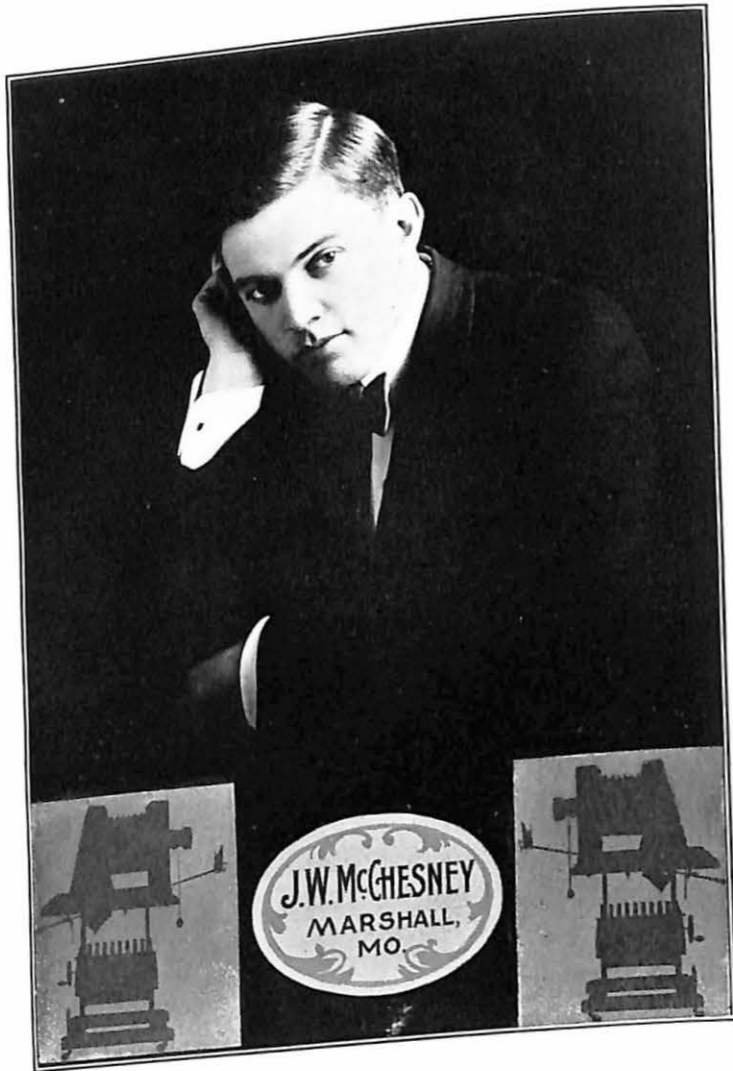
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XVII.



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Class Rings



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JACCARD JEWELRY CO.
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Mildred: "Every day I
get my Greek lesson in the
Library."

James B.: "Where, out of
Everybody's?"

Joe J.: "Poor consolation for
a hungry man to swallow his
pride."

Frank Duggins (Filling
out an entrance blank): "Do
you hold a certificate of
graduation from any other
schools?"—"Y e s"—"I f so,
what?"—"Diploma."

Dr. B.: "Oliver, what is
Zeitgeist?"

Paul: "Dr., I think it is
a new kind of breakfast
food."

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**Marshall
Laundry
Company**

Best work & prompt
attention. We help
you, you help
us.

Dry Cleaning and Pressing
in Connection

N. F. Randolph
MANAGER
Phone 209 Marshall, Mo.

Mary: "Carl, where were
you last night?"

Carl: "I went to take Liz-
zie home."

Myrl (O v e r-hearing):
"Well, I thought he left
mighty early."

JOKE IN GREEK CLASS:
Prof. G.: "Seven wise men
met another wise man, and
all eight (ate) saw sages
(Sausages)."

Dr. McGinnis: "What is
a sweat-box, Mr. Lamm?"
Lamm: "It is a small
room, superficially heated by
steam."

David: "Nobody loves me,
but darned if I'll eat worms."

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Saline Citizen



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MOTTO
"He whose tongue is connected with his brain needs an operation to sever it."

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Senior Warden
Junior Warden
Senior Steward
Junior Steward

Ole Griffith
Frank Duggins
John Hall
Edwin Rhoades
Mary Piper

Edna Hollister
Don Lamm
Kate Jester
Grace Rolofson

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MARSHALL, - MISSOURI

XX.

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Will be glad to see you.
Yours,

B. F. Naylor Hardware and Plumbing Co.

Proverbs of a Jap School Boy

Two by the waves—girl and boy—is supreme cuddle.
The clammy hand not entirely supposes heart-felt. Three, all to the honorable d—.
Say not the speech into the yawning mouth.
The hot bird is worth several on the bat. Oh, yes!
The skin beauty is never deep. Care not.
Laughing the last is most funny.
Kind words said slobbily turn off the wallop.
Better the herb dinner with nice girls, than ox with suffragine.
From bad trouble comes with swift the grand sun-shine.

OUR POLICY

Is an expression familiar to most of you. It stands for definite business principles.
In short, it means a higher phase of merchandising—unquestioned quality, rational
prices, a pleasing store, and a well known guarantee. Phone us your orders. Phone 42.

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XXI.