

MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE



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THE
SABIDURIA



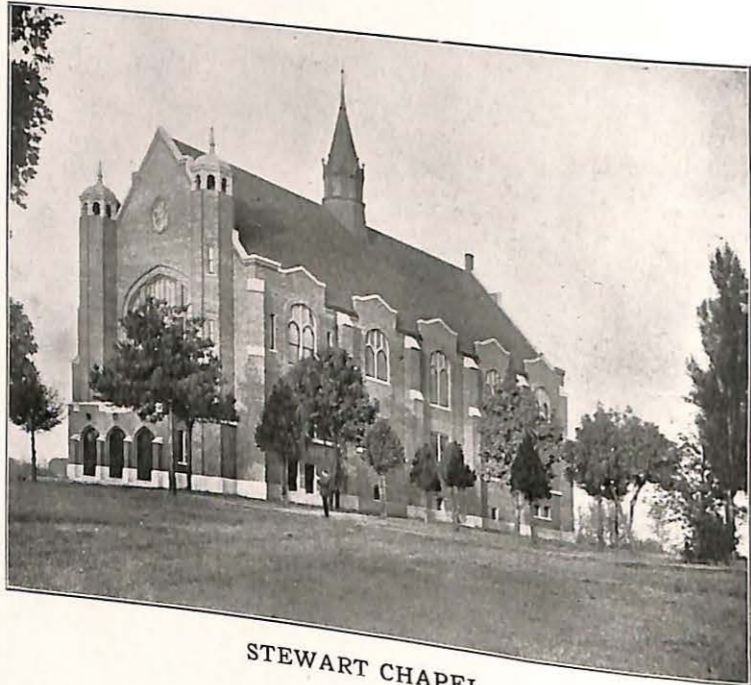
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THE
Freshman Class
OF
Missouri Valley College
in the Year 1911



Marshall, Mo.

Volume 3

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Columbus, Ohio



STEWART CHAPEL

6/50



THE FRESHMAN GIRL

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Dedication



To an instructor who does not deny
that he was once a school-boy.

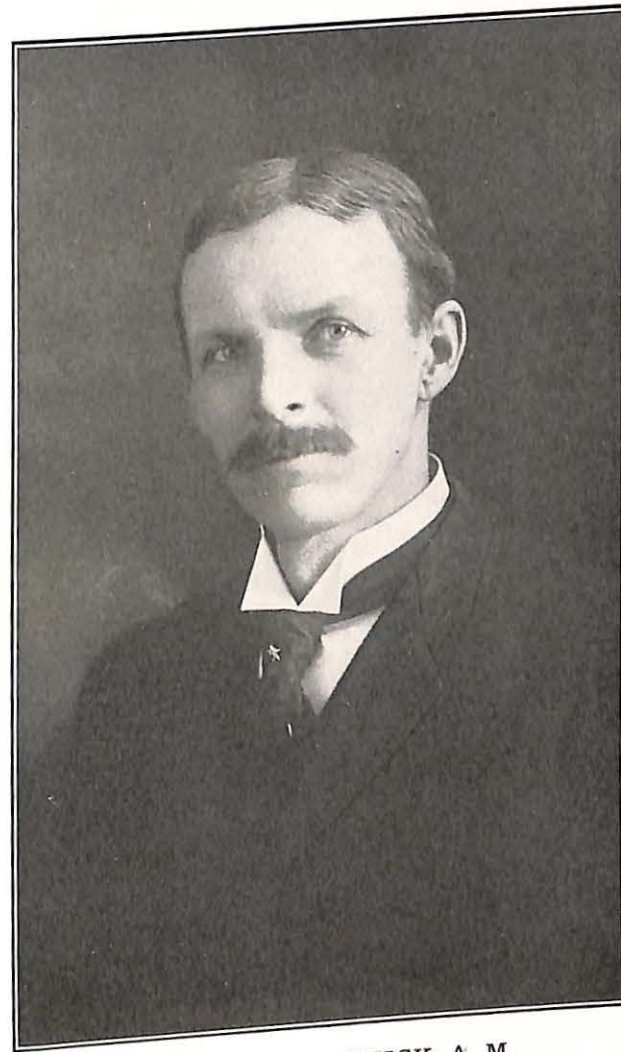
To a friend ever mindful of our
best interests.

To a man who has given himself
to his work that we may benefit by his
sacrifice.

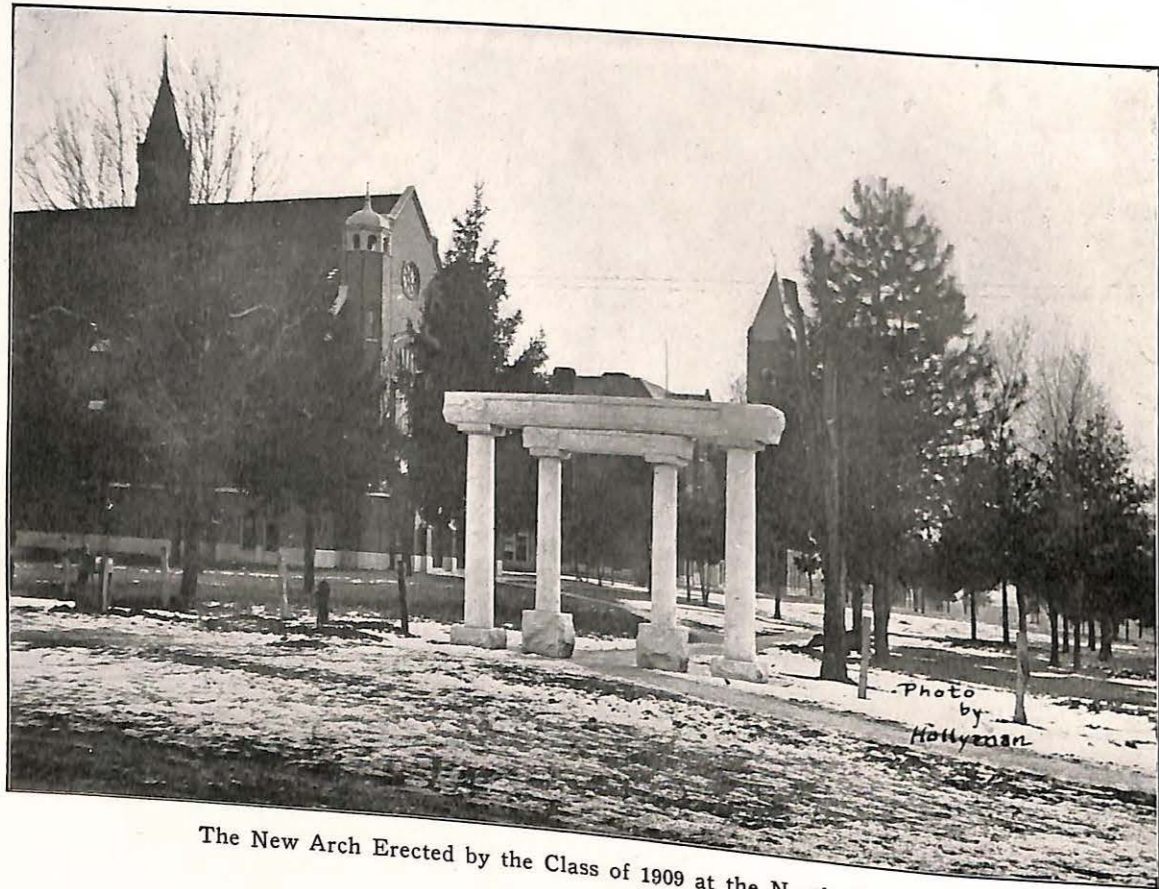
To JOHN MOORE PENICK, A. M.
Professor of Physics and Chemistry in Mis-
souri Valley College,

We, the Freshman Class respectfully
dedicate

THE SABIDURIA '14.



JOHN MOORE PENICK, A. M.

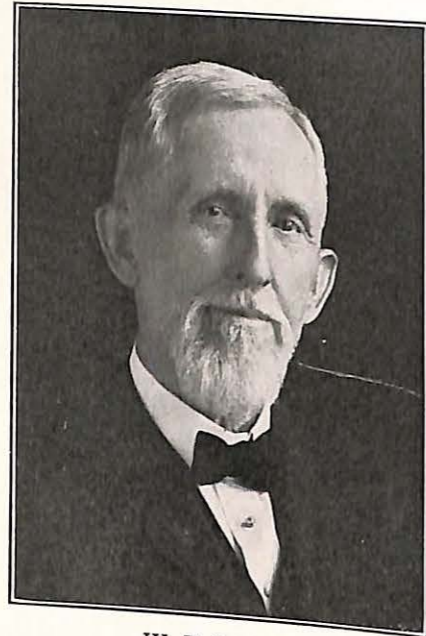


The New Arch Erected by the Class of 1909 at the North Entrance.

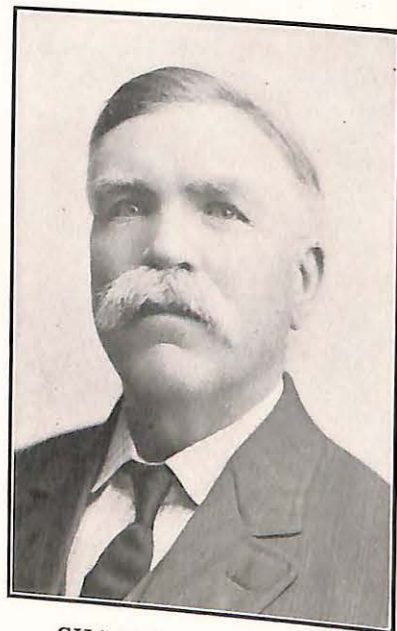
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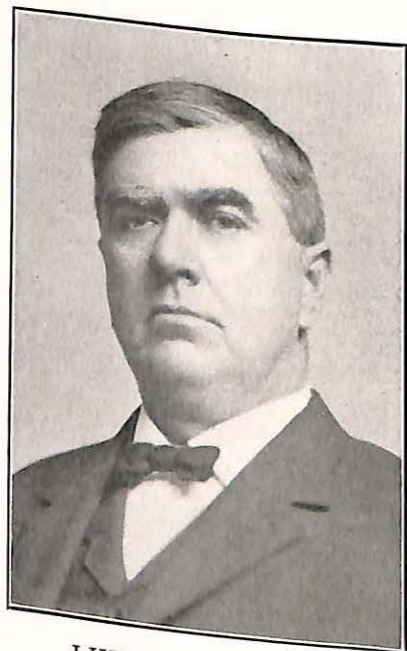
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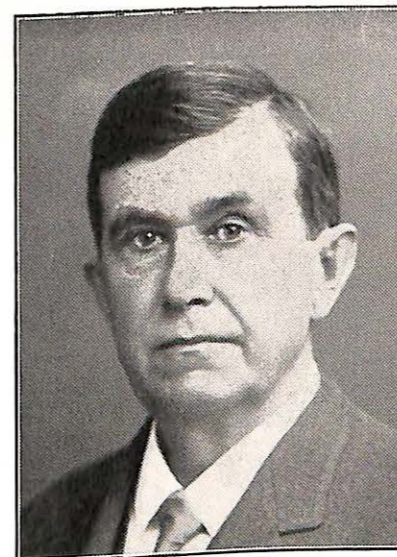
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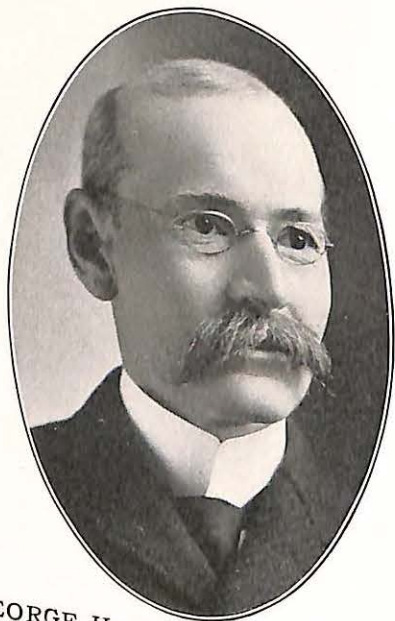
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Denver, Colo.



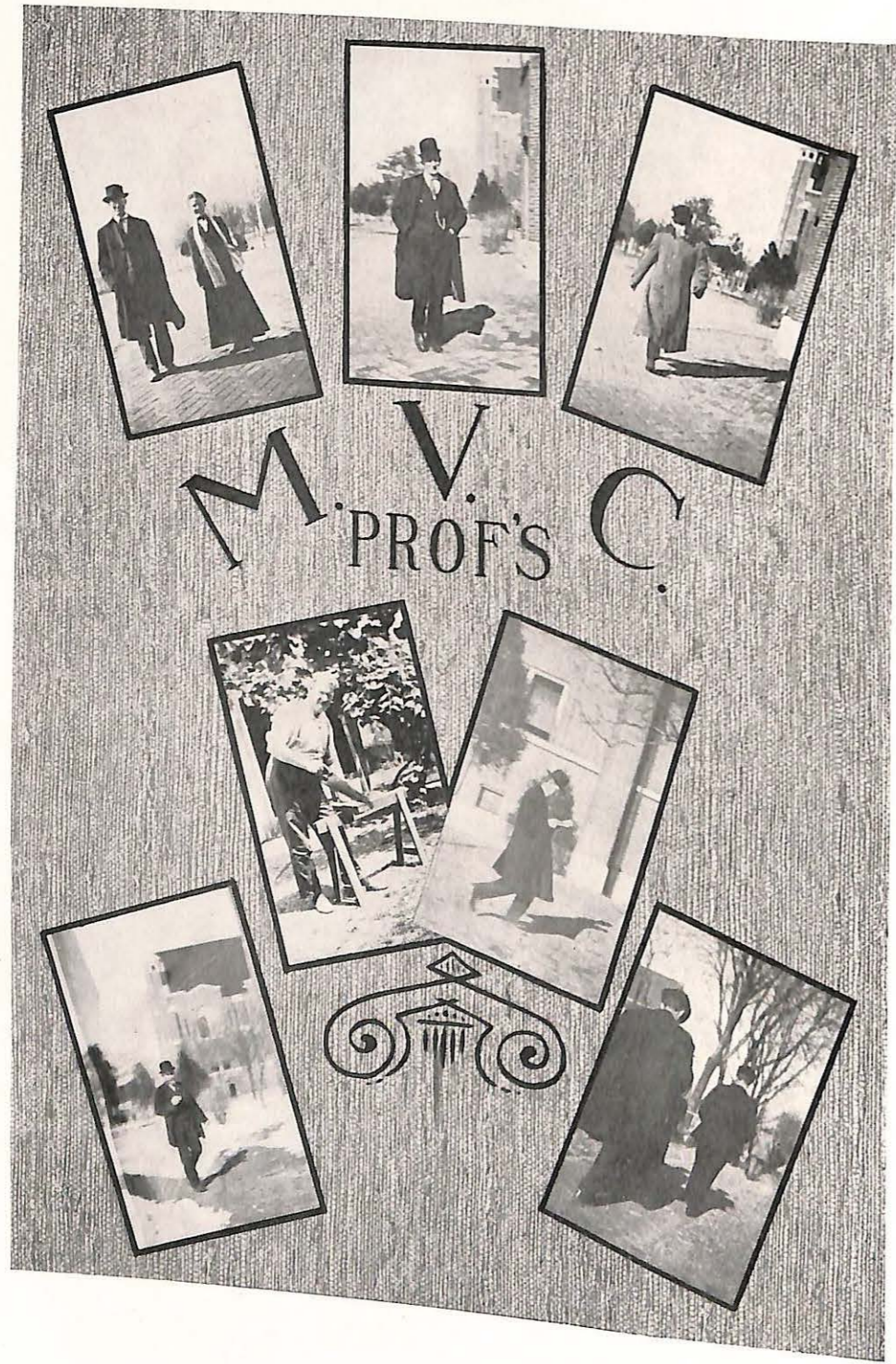
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Macon, Mo.




GEORGE H. ALTHOUSE, Treasurer
Marshall, Mo.



W. P. STARK, LOUISIANA, MO.



The 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 Valley College,
1890—.
LL. D. Westminster College, 1903.
LL. D. Cumberland University, 1906.
LL. D. Washington University, 1907.

Photo by McChesney.



ELVERTUS FRANKLIN BIDDLE,
B. S.

B. S. Northwestern University, '06.
Graduate of Cumnock School of Ora-
tory, '07.
Graduate work University of Chicago,
'08.
Professor of Public Speaking Knox
College, '07-'08.
Professor of English Literature and
Public Speaking, '08—.



WALLACE ELMER GRUBE, A. M.

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



WILLIAM SHELTON BIXLER,
S. B., Ph. M.

S. B. Lincoln College, '97.
Assistant in History, University of
Chicago, Summer Quarter, '03.
Professor of Economics and History,
Adrian College, '03-'04.
Ph. M. University of Chicago, '04.
In Chg. University of Chicago's Ex-
hibits, Louisiana Purchase Exposition,
'04.
University Extension Work, Univer-
sity of Chicago, '05.
Financial Secretary, The Temple Col-
lege, '06.
Professor of History and Social Sci-
ence, Heidelberg University, '09-'10.
Professor of Economics and Educa-
tion, '10—.

Photo by McChesney.



STELLA B. HICKS.
 Mary Institute, '88.
 Mary Institute, '92.
 Librarian, '06—.

MARY BELLE HUFF, A. B.
 A. B., M. V. C., '99.
 Teacher in 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—.

Photo by McClesney.



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, Eliza-
 beth, Ill., '97-'07.
 Professor English Language and
 French, '08—.



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

Photo by McClesney.



EDGAR SANDS PLACE, MUS. M.
 Pupil in Piano under Diller and Sherwood 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.
 Prof. of Music, '90—.



VIRGIL RAY STEPHENS, M. S.
 B. S. Northwestern University, '08.
 M. S. Northwestern University, '09.
 Principal Belmont School, Seaton, Ill., '05-'06.
 Laboratory Instructor in Botany, Northwestern University, '07-'08.
 Demonstrator in Comparative Anatomy, Northwestern University, '08-'09.
 Prof. Biology, '09.



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., Marshall, Mo., '09—.
 Ass't in Bible, '10—.

Photo by McChesney.

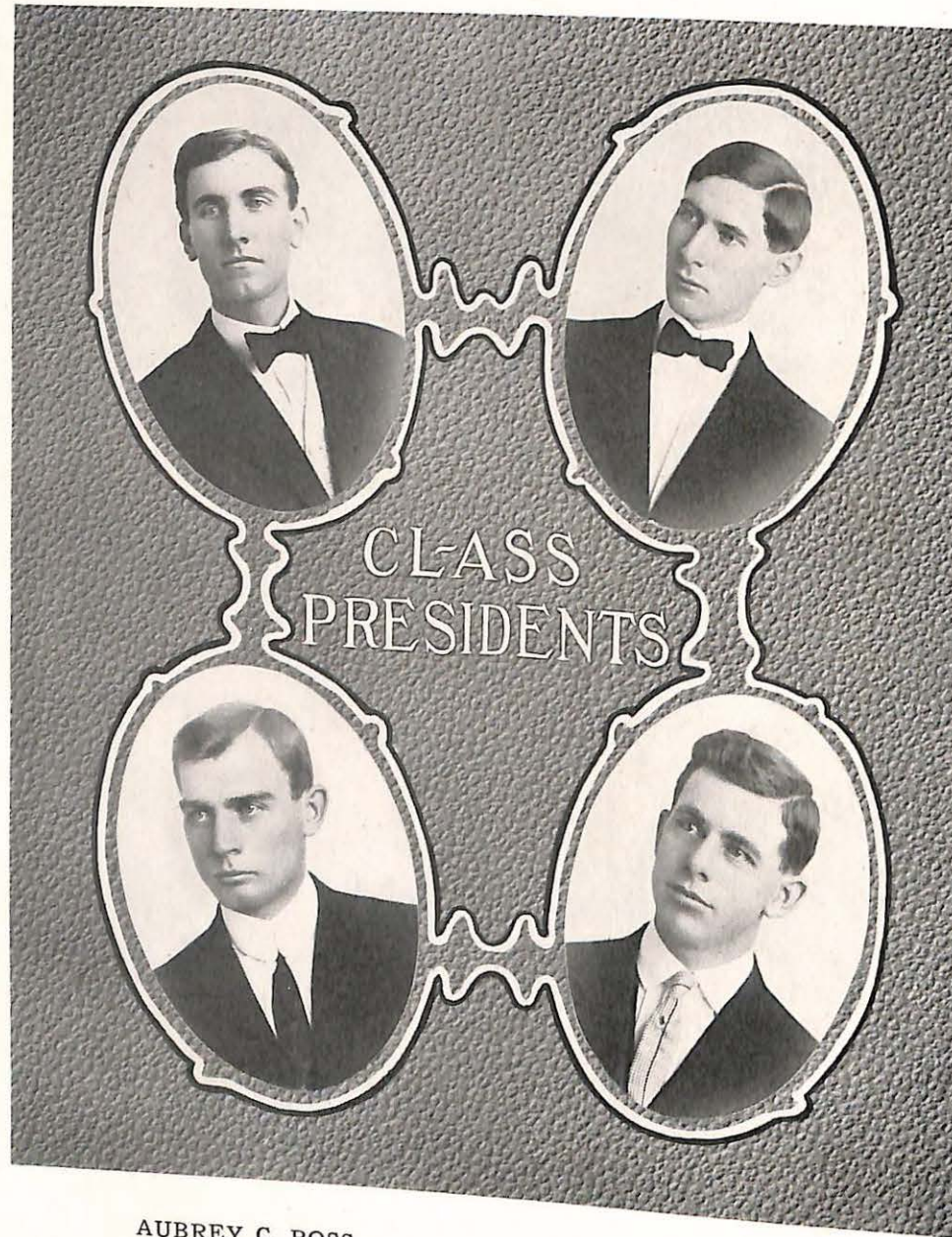


ARTHUR T. VAWTER.
 Pupil of Von Rolla Mackalenski of Warsaw.
 Conservatory of Music, '98-'99.
 Private Studio in Marshall, Mo., '99.
 Pupil of Francois Boucher of Paris Conservatory of Music, '07-'08.
 Prof. Stringed Instruments, '07.



W. FRANK McDANIEL.
 Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds, '06.

Photo by McChesney.



AUBREY C. ROSS
Atlanta, Mo.
Sophomore Class

GEORGE WILLIAM DAVIS
Marshall, Mo.
Senior Class

WILLIAM YEWELL LOCKRIDGE
Marshall, Mo.
Freshman Class

THOMAS HENDRICKS GILMORE
Carthage, Mo.
Junior Class

Photo by McChesney.



Seniors

- WILLIAM DAVISPresident.
 CLARA I. SMITHVice President.
 EDNA M. HARRISONSecretary.

COLORS—Myrtle and Maroon.

The Senior Class consists of fourteen members who are noted for their individual strength. This class was allowed to edit the January Bulletin, a distinction never before conferred upon students.

All the members of the class have selected their vocation in life and are united on the profession of teaching and preaching except two—Ella Robbins Black and John Kirkpatrick—and later they two may be united.

Ella is renowned for her beauty and gift of song.

John has shown efficiency in his class room work and on the baseball field. Johnathan Hollyman's deep "basso" has been heard with pride and pleasure.

He is devoted to the ministerial cause and to a minister's daughter. Greatness cannot be measured by size, as shown in the case of Edna Harrison. If something better than teaching were offered to her, would it not be foolish to reject?

Otto Schweer's beautiful complexion is perhaps due to physical exercise. The faculty has not yet decided what degree shall be conferred upon him for his work in science. His choice is L.D.

Clyde Blosser and William Davis surpass any of the girls in the use of puffs, so both could tell you pleasant pipe dreams. The former dreams of Latin exercises "amo" "Esse;" the latter of discoveries he can make in science and "Mae."

Floyd Gauldin has been an active member of the Y. M. C. A., an athlete and chapel speaker. His seven years stay at M. V. C. has not won him away from attractions near his home.

Emma Marschall has been a faithful worker. Her interest in the Y. W. C. A. deserves special mention. At the week's close she has often been weary and ready to give up, when she would hear James' footsteps and through her mind would flash "undertake 'er again," so she has pressed forward.

Alice Montague has shown marked ability as a student, particularly along historical lines. The utter indifference of the boys at M. V. C. and German have been sources of much annoyance to her.

George Daugherty has been a star on both the football and baseball teams. But he has given the Senior Class trouble. At one time his feet seemed firmly planted on senior ideals, but almost before we were aware he had lowered his standards until they were even academic. We fear he is now beyond all recovery, for he thinks and speaks always of such primary subjects as "Mary."

Georgia Rolofson has impressed everyone with her ideas and straightforwardness in expressing them. Her inclinations are also academics. But she claims the Patton-t and he says "by Georgia I'll stay," so seniors are powerless.

Baird Parks may be singled out as the only member of the class who is not single. His wit and geniality have cheered many. He is a promising minister.

Only these few good qualities of the class members could be mentioned, but they are sufficient to show the strength and demand for the class an important place in the history of M. V. C.

C. I. S.

ELLA ROBBINS
BLACK

Houxonian A. B.
Marshall, Mo.

Little Innocence. "BOB."
"My favorite flower is
Jo (h)n-quil."



CLYDE H. BLOSSER.
Bairdean A. B.
Marshall, Mo.

To speak and to offend
with some people, are but
one thing.

College Seniors

GEORGE W. DAVIS
Bairdean B. S.
Marshall, Mo.

"Bill" — Mother's baby
boy.

"Mae— I come over to-
night?"



GEORGE W. DAUGH-
ERTY.

Bairdean Ph. B.
La Plata, Mo.

Football Star. "Mary,
I'll be around about six-
thirty."

THE SABIDURIA

FLOYD F. GAULDIN
Houxonian A. B.
Marshall, Mo.



Perfectly heartless. Lost somewhere in the neighboring country.—“Hel-en.”

EDNA MIZE HARRISON.
Houxonian A. B.
Marshall, Mo.



Don't let her extensive vocabulary frighten you. “Wait a minute and I'll ask Aunt Sallie.”

College Seniors

JOHNATHAN C. HOLLYMAN
Bairdean A. B.



“Being entirely ignorant and without knowledge of the circumstances accompanying the incident and possessing an extraordinary conscientious regard for veracity, I feel an exceeding delicacy in articulating upon this most complicated and incomprehensible question.” etc., etc.

JOHN MCKEE KIRKPATRICK
Houxonian A. B.
Yates, Mo.



Auto fiend, Greek shark. “Ella come under my umbrella.”

Photo by McChesney.

THE SABIDURIA

EMMA RICKA MAR-SCHALL

Bairdean A. B.
Marshall, Mo.



“’Tis better to have loved and lost Than to get married and then be bossed.” Plays basketball night and day.

ALICE CORDELL MONTAGUE

Houxonian Ph. B.
Marshall, Mo.



All men are bores except when we want them. Says what she thinks. Takes olive oil for her complexion. Beautiful eyes.

College Seniors

A. BAIRD PARKS

Bairdean A. B.
Chelsea, Okla.



He asked her to put her shoes in his trunk—and she did.

GEORGIA ROLOFSON
Pearsonian A. B.
Fairfax, Mo.



Talks with her eyes. Elocutes. “He’s just a cousin of mine.”

Photo by McChesney.

THE SABIDURIA



OTTO F. SCHWEER

Philomathean B. S.
Blairstown, Mo.

"Dutch." Perfectly in-
different to fair maidens—
with one exception. Loves
society work (?) Knows
football from Alpha to
Omega. Ideal type of
classic beauty.

CLARA ISABELLE
SMITH

Pearsonian A. B.
Marshall, Mo.

Possesses an unbeliev-
able thirst for knowledge.
Vocalizes. Enthusiastic (?)
Pearsonian.



College Seniors

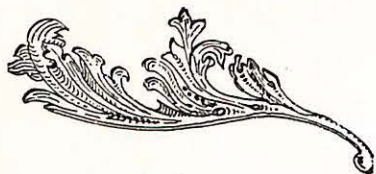
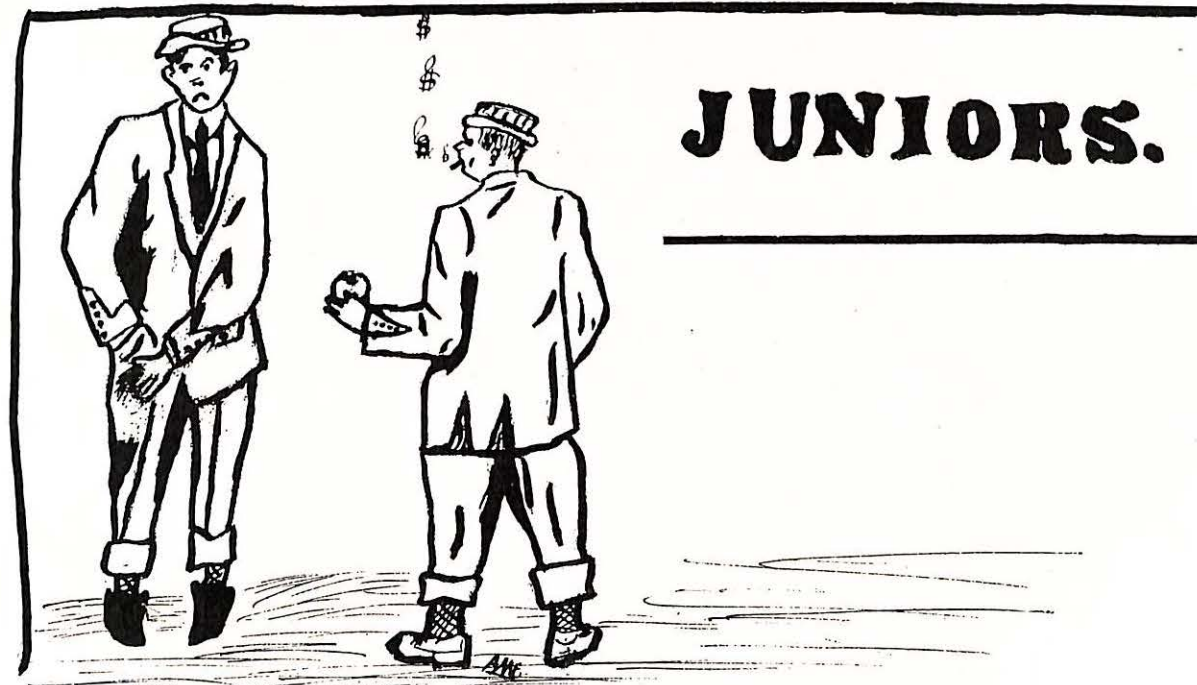


Photo by McChesney.



THOMAS H. GILMOREPresident.
 BEULAH K. GARRARDSecretary and Treasurer.
 COLORS—Carmine and Old Gold.

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY.

From Alpha to Omega, from Dan to Beersheba, from Grube to McGinnis, from amazing grace to a floating opportunity, we have been urged along the flowery paths of knowledge. We have been cajoled, suspected, called on the carpet, persuaded, counselled, rebuked, exhorted, outlawed, tutored, flunked, and conditioned with all long-suffering and diligence. We have unearthed Homer and Horace by every method approved and disapproved, from the 'tongueless silence of the dreamless dust' and laid them away in the cobwebbed recesses of our cerebral archives. With aching brains we have sought the rest room only to find it rudely closed by the hand of a tyrant and upon the door written "Nothing doing." Then we petitioned, we remonstrated, we supplicated, only to be spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. Then we wrestled all night with the gods and there came an answer to our wishes, a new abode like a giant mushroom that grows in a single night. Behold the illustrious names.

A. B. Lansing: Future lawyer. Has double compound cylinder jawbone and ballbearing tongue adjusted to the ten-millionth of a milligram. Even when his brain becomes hopelessly befuddled the machine goes on. Buzz!

Mazee Bridges: Still working for her A. B. The queen of hearts. Even the gods do homage.

T. H. Gilmore: Tommy Boy. So gentle and quiet. Lives with his eyes turned Slaterward. Also preaches. "O, beg your parsnips."

Beulah Garrard: Personification of independent exclusiveness. The golden sunset within her hair. She blushes and looks down. Beware!

Ross Campbell: Attends to his own business. Unscarred by Fate or Cupid. A jewel, sixteen onions fine.

Wallace Grube: Future Dean and millionaire. A chip off the old block. Raises watermelons.

C. B. Leeper: Such a noise. Cuts up in class. Revels in the breezes from Parnassus.

Leonard Harrison: Says he is a preacher. (Joke.) Such a foolishness. A good scout. Writes long papers for the faculty. A future bishop.

Percy Houston: "Socrates." "Got any chewin,' Van?" A think-shark. "I'll be a great man some day."

We are the offspring of the gods. And such gods! We cannot praise them enough, for we have been fearfully and wonderfully made. Our history is as yet unwritten, but flung forth in full armour from the brow of our Alma Mater and placed in happy relationship with an All Embracing Intelligence; we shall write it in terms of nobility, where humanity reads the symbols of life.

Now smile in derision, for it is your laugh now. But look ye to your arms for ye shall measure with us some day in an arena where brave souls go down. (Carpe diem.) Behold we come quickly.
 W. R. VAN BUSKIRK.



MAZEE BRIDGES
 Houxonian A. B.
 Marshall, Mo.

Pretty and much aware of the fact. A merry widow. "Gone, but not forgotten."



OWEN ROSS CAMPBELL
 Bairdean Ph. B.
 Marshall, Mo.

In search of his affinity. Goes with any and every girl.



ANNA DOTT CRAWFORD
 Pearsonian Ph. B.
 Atlanta, Mo.

A whole Y. W. C. A. in herself. Interested in everything. A friend to everybody.

College Juniors



BEULAH KELSO GARRARD
 Houxonian Ph. B.
 Marshall, Mo.

"Torchie" Assistant Business Manager of the Sabiduria. "Is that so."

Photo by McChesney.



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

"Tommy." An avowed enemy to Professor Grube. Quite "Fox(y)."



WALLACE McBRIDE GRUBE
 Houxonian A. B.
 Marshall, Mo.

"Apple Butter." Witty according to himself. Prof. G., Jr.



LEONARD V. HARRISON

Philomaethean A. B. Marshall, Mo.

"Rev." "Cider." Likes things "Easy." That girl certainly Is-a-belle. Rad, rad, rad.



J. PERCY HOUSTON

Houxonian Ph. B. Malta Bend, Mo.

Very fond of Marguerites. Believes in O. K.ing excuses. Suitor of Anna. Commonly known as "Soc."



ABRAM B. LANSING

Bairdean A. B. Elseberry, Mo.

Abram Blood-good. "Big Swede." "Coach Lindsay the second." "I play football and all the Universities want me."



CHAS. B. LEEPER.

Bairdean A. B. Marshall, Mo.

A whipped dog, for he's married now. O you.



WILLIAM RILY VAN BUSKIRK

Bairdean A. B. Half Way, Mo.

"Van." "He's been a good wagon, but he's all broke down." College poet.

College Juniors

Photo by McChesney.



Sophomores

- AUBREY C. ROSSPresident.
- PAUL OLIVERVice President.
- MARGUERITE PILESecretary.
- RICHARD HORNETreasurer and Historian.
- SLOAN WHITSETTMascot.

MOTTO—"We Lead, Others Follow."
 COLORS—Crimson and Cadet Grey.

THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING AT M. V. C.

This following is a humble account of the glorious class of 1913, the brightest star in the galaxy of classes from '89 to Judgment Day. Last year we were Freshmen, but this is a chapter in our existence which we have tried to blot out from the book of memory and are now doing our best to live it down. Last year our chief pleasures of life were in entertaining lavishly the class of '13 and modestly receiving the encomiums bestowed upon us by the faculty as the most erudite and polished set of students that ever entered the portals of this temple of learning. As to the memorable actions of this year, we have to ask a few questions. Who first organized; who first suspended an imposing banner from the frescoed dome of the Chapel, thus incurring our beloved Doctor's wrath; who first climbed up into the tower; who tore down the pitiful rags of the lowly Freshmen and unfurled our banner to the breeze from the topmost pinnacle of M. V. C.; who first entertained this year; what is the most cosmopolitan class? We have members from Pennsylvania, Arkansas, Tennessee, Texas and Missouri, and Echoe answers S O P H O M O R E S.

There are but five young ladies in the class. While the display of masculinity would enrapture any girls' boarding school. Elizabeth Cochran: The most conscientious student the class has. She contributes largely to the pre-eminent position we occupy in the eyes of the faculty.

Mary Hurt: To say she is a coquette or flirt would be heartless, so we will merely call her our popular girl. She, it is, who helps make this class the most powerful class socially.

Marguerite Pile: Another lovable student in our number and so popular that it seems impossible not to associate with her McClymonds, who "hails" from the Quaker State; and a handsome Missourian, Hubert McDaniel.

Cecil Francisco: Besides her many social graces, she is remarkably proficient in working the Profs.

Margaret Manning: The most talented and lovable girl, not only in the Sophomore Class, but in the whole school.

As for the boys, we will leave them to the tender mercies of the Sabiduria Staff, all Freshmen; alas. Space and modesty forbid a further mention of the Sophmen, but suffice it to say they need no eulogy, they speak for themselves: Smart weed—hay seed, Whoop-a-la-hoo!

We're the Sophomores,
Who are you?

College Sophomores



MARY ELIZABETH COCHRAN
 Bairdean A. B.
 Marshall, Mo.
 One tongue is sufficient for a woman.



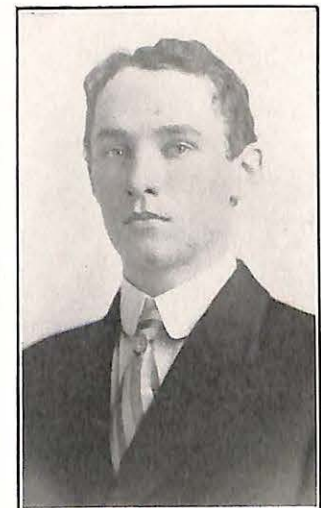
GERALD FITZGERALD
 Bairdean A. B.
 Arlington, Texas.
 Thought works in silence.



DAVID FITZGERALD
 Bairdean A. B.
 Arlington, Texas.
 I can study my books at any time. "I don't give a whoop."



CECIL FRANCISCO
 Houxonian A. B.
 Marshall, Mo.
 Independence now and independence forever.



RICHARD CARTER HORNE, Jr.
 Houxonian A. B.
 Marshall, Mo.
 A fine volley of words, and quickly shot off.

Photo by McChesney.



MARY E. HURT
Houxonian A. B.
Marshall, Mo.

"As merry as the day is long." "Life without laughing would be such a dreary blank."



MARGARET MANNING
Houxonian A. B.
Marshall, Mo.

Necessity does everything well.



JAMES FRANKLIN McANINCH
Bairdean A. B.
Hughesville, Mo.

"Surely mortal man is a broomstick."

Photo by McChesney.

College Sophomores



JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON
Bairdean A. B.
Ozark, Arkansas.

"Humor is gravity concealed behind the jest."



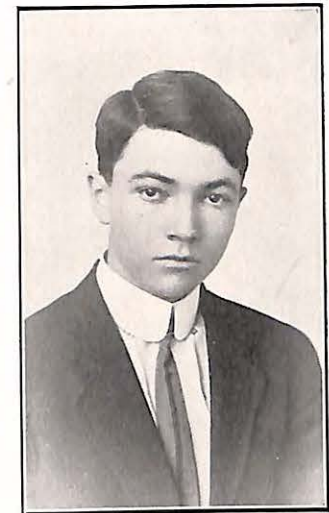
IRA H. McCLYMONDS
Pearsonian A. B.
Slippery Rock, Pa.

"What wind blew you hither?"



HUBERT L. McDANIEL
Pearsonian Ph. B.
Marshall, Mo.

"No really great man ever thot himself so."



PAUL OLIVER
Bairdean A. B.
Corning, Ark.

Hang sorrow; care'll kill a cat.

College Sophomores



AUBREY C. ROSS
Pearsonian A. B.
Atlanta, Mo.

"Let us have peace."

Photo by McChesney.



MARGUERITE PILE
Pearsonian Ph. B.
Memphis, Mo.

Beauty is based on reason.



Bairdean Literary Society

MOTTO:
 "Dii laboribus omnia vendunt."

COLORS.
 Orange and White.

OFFICERS.

ABRAM B. LANSING.....President
 JOHN A. DOAK.....Vice President
 WILLIAM Y. LOCKRIDGE.....Secretary
 ROY C. HUTCHISON.....Treasurer

SOCIETY ROLL

CLYDE BLOSSER	JOSEPH KING
ADA BRISTOW	JUNE K. KING
LEO BROWN	A. B. LANSING
JANET BUCK	C. B. LEEPER
HARRY BUCK	C. H. LEONARD
ROY BUCK	W. Y. LOCKRIDGE
ROSS CAMPBELL	OTTO MARKSBURY
ELIZABETH COCHRAN	EMMA MARSCHALL
ETHEL CORDRY	MILDRED McANINCH
MINNIE CULBERTSON	PAUL McANINCH
GEORGE DAUGHERTY	JAMES McANINCH
MAE DAVIDSON	MAY McCUTCHEON
WILL DAVIS	ARCH G. McNEELY
MARGUERITE DOWNS	ERWIN MINOR
JOHN DOAK	NELLE NEWTON
DAVID FITZGERALD	BESSIE ODELL
GERALD FITZGERALD	PAUL OLIVER
WALTER FICKLIN	A. BAIRD PARKS
MARIE GRIFFITH	JOHN POAGE
CARL HAMLIN	ANNA STEPHENS
EUNICE HUNTER	ANNA STRINGFIELD
R. C. HUTCHISON	HELEN THOMPSON
J. C. HOLLYMAN	JOSEPH TOPE
JOSEPH JOHNSON	W. R. VANBUSKIRK
	MARJORIE WHITE



Houxonian Literary Society

MOTTO:
"Qui non proficit, deficit"

COLORS.
Black and Gold

OFFICERS.
WALLACE M. GRUBE.....President
MILDRED TAYLOR.....Vice President
MARGARET MANNING.....Secretary
JAMES H. CRANK.....Treasurer

SOCIETY ROLL.
ELLA BLACK
MAZEE BRIDGES
CHARLOTTE BOHN
CLINTON COX
JAMES CRANK
MARY DEAN
CECIL FRANCISCO
EARL GAITHER
BEULAH GARRARD
FLOYD GAUDIN
WALLACE GRUBE
JOHN HALL
EDNA HARRISON
RUTH HARRISON
EDNA HOLLISTER
RICHARD HORNE
PERCY HOUSTON
MARY HURT
JOHN KIRKPATRICK
SPEED LEONARD
MARGARET MANNING
ISABEL McCUTCHEON
ALICE MONTAGUE
MYRTLE MOORE
FLORENCE PATTERSON
CATHERINE PATTERSON
FARRELL QUIGG
ROBERTA RASSE
RUTH ROSE
NEWTON REDMAN
MILDRED TAYLOR
ARCH THORPE
PAUL VAN DYKE
EARL VANSTONE
JOE VERTREES
ZACHARIAH WALL
BERNARD WEAVER

Pearsonian Literary Society

MOTTO:
"Usus est magister optimus"

COLORS.
Purple and White

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P-h-i-l-o-m-a-t-h-e-a-n

That's the way we spell it
Here's the way we yell it

PHILOMATHEAN!!!!

Organized November 19th, 1908.

Charter Members

Francis F. Hawley, Marshall Mo.

L. J. Farabee, Tina, Mo.

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MOTTO—"United we stand, divided we fall."
COLORS—Black and White.

The Philos



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Y
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Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

Short History of the Y. W. C. A.

Chairmen of Committees

EDNA HARRISON
Social Committee
DOTT CRAWFORD
Missionary Committee
ELIZABETH COCHRAN
Membership Committee
ALICE MONTAGUE
Intercollegiate Committee
BEULAH GARRARD
Sick and Relief Committee

MAZEE BRIDGES
Rest Room Committee
MARIE GRIFFITH
Poster Committee
CLARA SMITH
Nominating Committee
MARGUERITE PILE
Music



MARY BELLE HUFF
Faculty Member

The motto of the Association is "To make Christ real to every girl." This necessitates not only high ideals, but practical every day living. So it is fitting that every morning the day is begun by the girls meeting together for devotional services. Love is the keynote of religion, so the Y. W. C. A. strives to make this the corner stone on which rests all its work. Love for the same Savior, love for the same work, and love for one another establishes bonds among the girls that are not broken, although many miles apart they may wander.

The main feature of the Y. W. C. A. is the morning meeting. Although discouragements and drawbacks arise from time to time, the value to those attending can never be reckoned. What will reach one girl's heart may not affect another, so the meetings are planned to vary, thereby hoping to touch the sympathetic chord in every heart.

A sketch of the Y. W. C. A. would not be complete without mention of the Mission Study Class. As Mrs. Siler, the leader, conducts the class, the work is not only an inspiration spiritually, but it is also very instructive. Every meeting is a surprise in the novel way the lesson is studied. Mrs. Siler believes "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is equally as true with girls, so the few moments at each meeting spent in a social way lightens the grind that follows in the form of school work. The book that is studied is "The Uplift of China."

The Y. W. C. A. hopes, by profiting by its mistakes in the past and glorifying in its success to press forward to a higher mark in the years that are to follow.

Photo by McChesney.

DOTT CRAWFORD.



Y. M. C. A. Cabinet.

Young Men's Christian Association

Cabinet for 1910-1911

FLOYD GAULDIN, Marshall, Mo.....President
 THOS. H. GILMORE, Carthage, Mo.....Vice President
 A. BAIRD PARKS, Chelsea, Okla.....Secretary
 AUBREY C. ROSS, Atlanta, Mo.....Treasurer
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 Prof. V. R. Stephens, Marshall, Mo.....Faculty Member

Chairmen of Committees.

JOSEPH H. VERTREES, Membership

W. R. VANBUSKIRK, Bible Study

JOSEPH E. TOPE, Missionary

CARL O. HAMLIN, Social

JAMES A. McANINCH, Sick and Relief

HUBERT McDANIEL, Lecture Course

J. C. HOLLYMAN, Lecture Course Mgr.

The work of the Y. M. C. A. during the past Association year has been most successful in all respects. Under the leadership of Mr. Gauldin all the departments have kept up the pace set by the preceding years and in several cases have grown considerably.

The religious standard of the school was raised very much through the series of meetings held by Walter F. Bradley, a graduate of Missouri Valley in '07, and Cumberland Theological Seminary in '10. Dr. Black's parting words to Bradley were: "We expect great things of you." He has not been disappointed. Eleven boys and three girls of the college vowed to walk the straight and narrow path.

The Association does not have charge of the physical as in the Railroad and City Associations, but from the fact that only two cases of illness of any serious nature were reported last year, an inference can be drawn as to the manner in which that part of the work is being taken care of. The aid not being needed in the college, the sick and relief committee saw fit to use the money allotted to them for that purpose, to help some of the poor families of the town.

The enrollment of the Association is sixty-one boys out of seventy-five in school. Twenty-five were enrolled in Mission Study after the first half of the school year. The rest of the year will be taken in courses of systematic Bible Study. Sixteen have enrolled for this work so far.

In the social way, the usual "stag" social was held in the Association hall the 14th of September. The usual welcoming talks were made by the Association and Faculty, after which a feast of some of Professor Grube's home-grown watermelons was enjoyed. The usual joint social with the girls was held at Dr. Black's the next week, in which each student met all the rest. The crowning feature of the social way, however, was the Annual Banquet held at the Hotel Ruff. Three weeks before the banquet, each man of the Association was chosen on one of two sides, Reds and Blues, and a contest was held to increase the interests of the Association, attendance, membership and finances. The Reds were victorious and the Blues were allowed to pay for a portion of the Reds' plate. Dr. A. Ross Hill, president of the State University, was the principal speaker of the evening. Mr. H. S. Conrad, of the class of '97, was chosen toastmaster. After the speeches by Dr. Hill and Dr. Black, talks from members of the faculty, men of the town, and music by the quartette and Prof. Place were enjoyed and all left at 2:30 A. M. wishing for more.

The last feature of the year's work, which has just been completed, was the installation of seventy-five opera chairs in the Association Hall at an expense of \$200.00. The officers for the coming year are:

- AUBREY C. ROSS, Atlanta, Mo.....President
- JOHN A. DOAK, Chilhowe, Mo.....Vice President
- IRA H. McClymonds, Slippery Rock, Pa.....Secretary
- JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, Ozark, Ark.....Treasurer
- DAVID FITZGERALD, Arlington, Tex.....Usher
- PROF. S. R. MYERS,Faculty Member

Chairmen of Committees.

- THOS. H. GILMORE, Bible Study
- JOSEPH E. TOPE, Religious
- JOSEPH H. VERTREES, Missionary
- WALLACE E. GRUBE, Sick and Relief
- NORWOOD READ, Auditing
- JAMES H. CRANK, Social
- JOHN A. DOAK, Lecture Course
- Z. R. WALL, Membership
- ARCH G. McNEELY, Book Exchange.





Mildred Taylor, Literary Editor
 Joseph H. Vertrees, Advertising Manager
 Myrtle Moore, Poet
 Carl I. Duncan, Business Manager
 William Y. Lockridge, Editor-In-Chief

Anna Mae Evans, Artist
 Joseph M. King, Foreign Advertising Manager
 Charlotte Bohn, Humorist

Photo by McChesney.

Editorials

WHY A FRESHMAN BOOK In the years past, it has been customary as in most other schools for the Junior class to publish the Year-book, but this year the Junior class has fallen from grace and entrusted the publishing of the Annual to their superiors. Are we correct when we say superiors? Yes, for they acknowledged early in the season that it was too big an undertaking for their shallow brains to attempt.

The Sabiduria is something that should not be neglected for it is an exact portrayer of the student life, a means of giving an intelligent conception of all college life embraces. There is nothing that will awaken pleasant memories so well as a Yearbook. A year should never be allowed to pass without one and we hope the students will wake up in the future and push forward its publication.

Seeing that the Juniors were not willing to put forth a little exertion, and realizing the real significance of an Annual, and hearing the demands from the students for one, the Freshman class immediately agreed to publish this volume. It is for these reasons that "SABIDURIA 14" appears on the front cover.

We have not tried to outdo our predecessors by enlarging the book, neither have we tried to raise the standard, for we believe the preceding volumes have come up to the standard of any College Annual in the State published by a school of this size. We have added only such things as will make our Annual up-to-date and keep it in the class of the Annuals of our neighboring schools. We hope we have pleased you as we have spent many hours of hard toil in endeavoring to do so. However, if it should not happen to meet with your approval in every way, just ask yourself this one question: "Did I contribute anything towards making it a success?"

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

We will have to acknowledge that the Literary Department is not as complete as it should be. We do not feel we should be blamed for this as it is almost impossible for the staff to write a Sabiduria from the first page to the last page. You are expected to make contributions and suggestions from time to time and work with us, and we hope you will bear this in mind when our successors follow in our footsteps. As an inducement we offered a prize of \$5.00 for the best poem and \$5.00 for the best story and when the contest closed, if we had set fire to the material turned in, it would not have illuminated a cigar box, so few were the entries. This accounts for the deficiency in this department. However, we hope the stories and poems we have published meet with your approval as we believe them to be up to the standard of the year book articles.

DEPARTMENT OF KNOCKS

Friends, if in these pages you feel you have been knocked on too hard, please overlook it and take it good-naturedly, as we are sure the author did not aim to excite your wrath. We have endeavored to give at least one rap to every student in school, so if you feel you have been knocked too hard, just be patient, and probably you will have an opportunity to return it some day.

THE DELTA

VOLUME XIII JANUARY, 1911 NUMBER 4

Published at Marshall, Mo., every month during school year

—BY—

Hamlin Business Manager

Societies of Missouri Valley College

TORIAL STAFF—

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Exch

Local and Social

Address Literary Contributions to Margaret

Address Business Communications to CARL O.

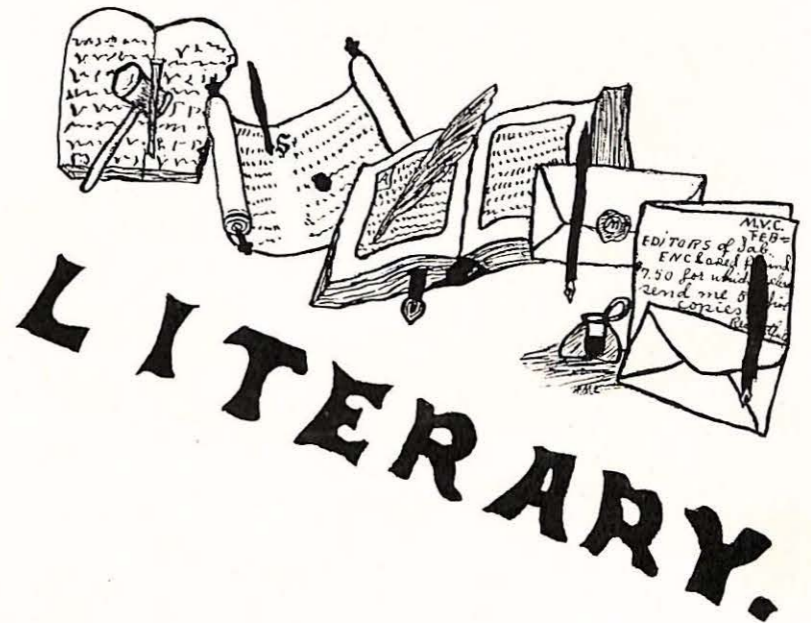
Entered as Second-Class Matter, July 31, 1909, at the Postoffice at Marshall, Mo. Under the Act of Congress, of March 3, 1879.



Carl O. Hamlin, Business Manager.
William Rily VanBuskirk, Editor-In-Chief.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE DELTA

Photo by McChesney.



LITERARY.

The Pilgrim

THE PRIZE POEM, BY W. R. VANBUSKIRK.

Throb, throb, throb, the moments pass me by
And I but register and reply.
Gone is the past, an endless, buried train—
Indefinite manifold, a linkless chain.

Cry out my soul, for what can ever be
Thou weary pilgrim on a boundless sea!
Behind oblivion and before but hope,
A vain ambition and a graspless grope!

A taste of happiness, a breath of life,
A losing struggle in a futile strife,
And I look upward to a changeless face,
Thou broad abysses of all-boundless space!

LOST is my watch-word; DOUBTING is my creed;
FATE holds my destiny, a thread indeed,
With vast Eternities on every side
Dim, distant, dawnless, stretching wide.

II.

A voice from EVERYWHERE in pleasing strain,
A grand star-chorus and a golden train,
And I look upward, taught to see and hear,
And live, still listening with inclined ear.

The voice, all silence, speaks but to command
The twinkling firmament. O MIGHTY HAND!
Thou art the harmony that holds the spheres,
And swinging pendulum of Time and Years!

Into my being pours the silent voice;
The light is breaking, O my soul rejoice!
O sing, for singing gives the greater peace!
O speak, for speaking does the faith increase!

No broad abysses and no boundless space
Shut out the glory or obscure the FACE.
There are no Mysteries; No dark Unknown,
I touch the Infinite; Am not alone.

All's Fair in Love, War and Football

Prize Story—By Edna Mize Harrison.

It was the week of the big game, the game of the season, in fact, when everyone connected with the historic old college was filled with the spirit of football. This year would decide the championship between two of the foremost colleges of the land.

The pride of Harvard's team was Stanley Gray, who was all that could be desired in a football man physically and mentally.

Besides being the best player on the team, he was one of the most popular fellows in school.

The game was to be on Thursday, and in Monday's practice Gray got "knocked out" and had to be taken from the field. But possessing such a splendid constitution he recovered in a comparatively short time and by Tuesday afternoon he was in shape again and appeared to possess his usual ability on the gridiron.

Everything was going along beautifully, even the coach seemed to be vaguely conscious that nothing more could be expected of the boys and an expression almost human crossed his face, when he passed a group of townsmen and heard their sanguine expectation of the game.

On Wednesday afternoon a large Knox car stopped at the Sigma Chi chapter house, and a vision enveloped in a gray motor coat, gloves and veil called for one Stanley Gray. That individual promptly appeared, lifted his hat, but attempt at conversation was cut short by a nod, indicating the back seat. The girl's face was shrouded by two thicknesses of chiffon, and it was a much perplexed young giant who settled himself in the back seat of the luxurious car.

At first Stanley thought this might be his sister, who often drove her own big gray car, and ascribed her taciturnly to one of her various caprices. But a strand of fair hair that escaped the enveloping chiffon dispelled that illusion, for Helen, his sister, had dark, auburn tresses.

They had gone several miles when the sound of a car approaching from the rear caused the girl to turn around. Stanley got a glimpse of her face, tho' partially concealed it is true by the chiffon, but the glimpse sufficed to show him that the young lady was not one of his acquaintances.

"Well, it's extremely kind in this fair unknown, I'm sure, to take so much interest in me," said the football hero, "but what can be her object in sitting up there like a sphinx? Why can't she be sociable? If she is daring enough to take a strange man joy-riding, she ought not mind a little conversation. Anyway, I'm going to take a chance on trying to dope out the meaning of all this." Then aloud, "Beg pardon, I am extremely interested in this unexpected pleasure, but if you would condescend to offer a little explanation I would be very grateful."

Well, Stanley might as well have been addressing his remarks to the flying landscape for all the recognition he got from the maiden in front.

"Now, this is not just what you would call encouraging, but perhaps she has lost her nerve after calling for me. I shall proceed with tact and discretion."

"This car looks exactly like our new Knox. What a lark to be given a joy-ride in my own car by a beautiful unknown. But I guess there is more than our 1910 model of this particular line of machines, still what in the deuce can be her object, especially since all the satisfaction I get out of it is an occasional glimpse of a few stray locks and yards of chiffon," with such inward commings Stanley contented himself for a few minutes.

"She sure can handle a car," thought Stanley Gray, as they sped over the smooth pike road at the rate of about thirty-five miles an hour.

In trying to fathom the mystery Stanley forgot that it was time for the last practice. There were several fine points that the coach was saving for this last practice so they would be fresh in the minds of the team. The boys were out ready and eager to play, and they sure did present an interesting picture of American manhood.

"Where is Gray?" Bob Norman wanted to know, "he's generally the first fellow out here."

"Speaking of Gray," said Drake, "I saw him get into a car with a girl about two hours ago. If that fellow fails to practice this afternoon assigning the cause to the eternal feminine, my faith in mankind will be shaken.

Sadly and tragically as these words were spoken they were not received in a very serious spirit, the fact being that Drake himself was known as the "heart-crusher," and it was always with difficulty that some of the team could drag him away from his worship at the shrine of some fair one.

"That's all right," said he of the flirtatious propensities, "I'm here and your woman-hater is not, a condition which is self-evident."

They waited awhile, the coach becoming more impatient every moment, the absence of the best player from the last practice was something which could not be lightly passed over.

"That's the first time I ever saw or heard of a girl make Gray break training," the half-back, Johnston, remarked.

Finally they could wait no longer and Stanley's "sub" was put in his place and practice began.

But to follow our hero in his adventure. Stanley Gray had never cared much for the girls, other things appealed to him more, athletics, especially. This fact had only added interest to him in the eyes of the opposite sex, and many a girl had suddenly conceived an enthusiasm for football, just to see Stanley make his famous plays.

Something about the girl who was the cause of this adventure interested him, and he became more and more anxious to see what she looked like.

He tried to devise various schemes to satisfy his curiosity, but none suited him. His innate courtesy would not permit him to rise up and stare at her, and he feared to attract her attention with the car going at such a rate of speed. So he contented himself with the thought that as everything must have an end, so

would this wild ride. Gray had not taken notice of the flight of time. All at once he thought to look at his watch.

"Good heavens, it's time right now for me to be out on the field. I can never square myself with the team, and the coach is not the least to be reckoned with either."

"I beg your pardon," began Gray aloud, "I have enjoyed the ride immensely, but I shall have to ask you to take me back to Cambridge, as I am due at practice right now."

The girl made no motion to slacken the pace and turn the car around. On the contrary, it seemed to Stanley, the big machine went all the faster.

"How in the dickens am I going to get back to school," thought Gray. "It wouldn't do any good to jump out. I couldn't walk back, and anyway I'd probably get my neck broken."

Then a happy thought came to him. "Maybe she is going back by another road. I'm not so terribly familiar with this country myself. She may be taking a short cut to town. I hope to heaven she is," he added fervently.

He thought his desire was about to be realized as he saw in the distance forms which vaguely resembled buildings, which, indeed, they were. The car stopped in front, and the girl got out and hastened inside. A wild desire crossed Stanley's mind to take possession of the car and go back to Cambridge, but his chivalrous nature forbade anything like that.

In a minute a professional serious looking man came out and requested Stanley to accompany him. Thoroughly mystified our hero followed the man into the main building.

"Step this way, please," the man courteously asked him, which he promptly did.

He entered a small room and to his horror the *walls were padded*. "Good Lord, if I haven't landed in a lunatic cell! Am I dreaming or is it possible that this is a sanitarium?"

"My dear sir," began Stanley aloud, "this is a great mistake, my being brought here. I may act like one demented at times, but I scarcely see how my conduct in the young lady's car would lead her to think that I belong to such an institution as this." All this time the physician was examining him trying to ascertain the exact nature of the malady. He made several soothing remarks to Stanley, which only served to arouse him to desperation.

"But I tell you, man, I'm no more crazy than you are. I'm due at football practice at Harvard right now. I'm Stanley Gray, the varsity fullback and we're going to have our game with Yale tomorrow. Don't you know a sane man from a crazy one?" So violent did Gray become that the physician was convinced that he had come to the right place.

The doctor left the room locking the door behind him. He found the girl and said to her: "The young man you brought has not the symptoms of an insane person. He says he is Stanley Gray of Harvard."

"Poor boy," said the girl, "he has the idea that his name is the same as the Harvard fullback. He was very quiet on the way out, but at times he is very violent. I am his sister. I am the only person who can approach him, but some-

THE SABIDURIA

times he does not recognize me, as at present. It is very distressing to us all, his condition. Please let me know every day how he gets along. Here is my card. Good evening."

Left alone Stanley decided that the best course for him to pursue was to be as quiet as possible under the circumstances. When the physician returned Gray said to him.

"See here, doctor, I can't imagine what object the young lady had in bringing me here, as I never saw her before that I know of, but if you will let me telegraph to my friends, I can prove my sanity in a very short time." The doctor was finally persuaded to send a message to the Dean of the college. Imagine that worthy's astonishment on receiving the following message:

"Landed in Asberry Sanitarium. Please send proof of my sanity."
"Stanley Gray."

It was not long before a message reached Gray: "Coming."
"D. H. Radford."

In about two hours another car stopped before the Asberry Sanitarium, and two dignified men got out and entered the building.

It was only a question of minutes until the college officials had convinced the head physician that Stanley was in his right mind.

So Gray was hurried back to Harvard, none the worse for his remarkable adventure, and was in a large measure responsible for Harvard outscoring Yale. The mystery of the "lady in gray" was never solved. There were many differences of opinion on that subject, some of the fellows tried to convince Stanley it was a retribution for his indifference to the fair sex; others thought it was done on a dare, while still others made the profoundly improbable statement that it was a young boy masquerading as a girl, who thought that by Gray's absence from the game, the Yale team will stand a better show. Gray himself never expressed an opinion as to the young lady's motive, but strange to say from this day forth he began to manifest an interest in maidens fair; his friends say he is secretly looking at some future time he may meet the author of his strange experience, and if he ever does, varied and interesting circumstances are promised.

The Imperturbable Graeme

BY

JAMES HAROLD CRANK.

The crowds in the waiting room of the big department store were thinning rapidly. Through the two tall archways on the right a steady stream of worn and hungry shoppers was pouring with increasing volume every minute. Alice Mathews drew herself up from the comfortable depths of a leather rocker, where scarcely visible to the crowd she had been inspecting it with a keen pair of interested grey eyes. Turning towards the doorway she murmured half anxiously, "I wonder where they are going?"

"To lunch!" Alice echoed in surprise, reaching for her watch. The tiny gold hands were standing at twelve.

"Why, I didn't think," she broke off abruptly, "and Tom was to be here at eleven."

"Perhaps he's been detained," said the old lady sympathetically. "One can never tell—" But Alice had spied a well-known form in the throng. With a little bird-like hop she was on her feet and darting swiftly through the crowd. At the corner the figure turned to rest into the engulfing archway.

"What can he mean," she thought vexedly. "Tom—Tom."

"Hey, there," an elderly gentleman at her elbow was making a fruitless dive for his glasses, "if you keep that mad pace—" But Alice had fled by, terribly mortified.

"Tom, why can't he hear me?" She was gasping for breath now, but near enough to touch him.

"Tom," this time she clutched him wildly by the arm, and they were swept off with the crowd. At the frantic tug at his elbow, the man turned quickly and Alice with a gasp of horror and dismay loosened her hold and stopped stock-still.

"Oh, I thought—I thought," she began incoherently, then stopped at an amused twinkle in his eye. The blood rushed to her face and the angry tears sprang to her eyes.

"Pardon me," the man said quickly, "I didn't mean to laugh." It all happened in a second. The next minute the crowd was surging forward impatiently.

"Come," he said, taking her arm. "Don't try to explain now. It's going to take all our surplus energy to make this jam. It's fierce, isn't it?" He laughed boyishly and after a moment Alice joined him.

"His eyes are bluer than Tom's," she decided after a furtive scrutiny. "and he's a little broader." Her eyes rested for a moment on the athletic shoulders with frank admiration. Instinctively he turned and met her searching gaze. Alice blushed and then grew angry. He smiled humorously. She felt dimly that she was behaving like an idiot and he was treating her accordingly.

They were at the end of the bridge now and in the tea room annex. The crowd broke as suddenly as a flow of ice when it reaches the sea and has drifted off in every direction.

With calm assurance the man turned and threading his way carefully through the numerous groups of chatting lunchers brought her up to a spacious divan at one side. With a sigh of relief, Alice sank into its faded rose depths. "Tired?" he asked sympathetically. "Maybe I can find Tom-er-a the person whom you were looking for while you rest here."

"Thank you." Alice had been mustering her dignity since the blush. "You needn't trouble yourself." It sounded unpardonably rude after she had said it and some such thought was reflected in the man's face.

"There wouldn't be the slightest chance of finding him," she added hastily. "I haven't the slightest idea myself where he is. It's my brother. He promised to meet me at eleven and now it's—"

"Twelve-thirty," looking at his watch. "He has probably been detained, now, and won't be here till afternoon." Alice eyed him skeptically.

"Social engagements very often have to be sacrificed to business," he said musingly. "It takes a girl a long time to find that out, sometimes."

Alice was wondering whether it was through any particular instance he had made the discovery or just a natural tendency on his part to philosophize, when she found herself asking:

"How did you know that it was business?"

"Guess work, partly, and a fondness for exercising certain theories of mine on observation. He came to the city today on business and you came along to shop, isn't it so?"

"What were some of your clues?" Alice asked, smiling.

"It's contrary to my custom to reveal those minute details, but if you insist," he waved his hand resignedly, "of course, I could never refuse a lady."

"Then I insist," Alice said laughingly. He looked at her quizzically.

"You won't be offended if the details are a trifle personal?"

"Not at all," she answered with the gracious air of a queen, "but for pity's sake, do go on. Can't you see I'm most consumed with curiosity?"

"Very well," he began with provoking calmness. "There is number one, which is your method of conveying your chatelaine bag. Now, if you had been a city girl—"

"Let's have number two," Alice interrupted shortly.

"Number two, with apologies for any impression, flattering or otherwise which might be conveyed, was or rather is the a-er-a way you do your hair."

"Oh." Alice's hands flew involuntarily to her head. Then seeing the amused smile on her face, she dropped them, blushing furiously.

"I think you are the impolitest, impudentest person I ever met," she blurted out angrily.

"There, I knew you would be mad," mockingly, "but you insisted."

"I'm not mad," Alice said indignantly.

"Not mad, oh my. I am glad I never saw you when you were, then."

"You will in just a minute, if you aren't more particular about what you say." Her voice had become dangerously calm. The man gazed at her wonderingly for a minute, then said courteously:

"I beg your pardon, I am afraid I was rude."

"You undoubtedly were," Alice snapped, only half appeased.

"Whew-ee, what a little spitfire."

"Thank you," sarcastically.

"But I think, after all, I rather like you."

"Really? How condescending of you." There was a world of irony in her voice.

"I'd like most awfully to have you lunch with me."

Alice shrugged her shoulders ever so slightly. "I must be going. Tom—"

"Then you won't go to lunch with me?"

"Certainly not," she answered decidedly.

"I'd feel awfully honored," he pressed. "A friend whom I was expecting disappointed me. But if you were to come now—" He paused eloquently to let her consider.

"I don't think it would be exactly pr—oper," she said finally, pursing her lips into a "papa, prunes, powder, and prisms" pucker and looking very prim.

The man laughed. "Oh, according to My Lady and her Laws of Etiquette, you should have snubbed me hours ago."

"I know it," she replied, looking really distressed, "and I tried awfully, but you just wouldn't be."

"Well—hear—that—now," in a tone of genuine surprise. "What, my dear Miss Propriety, do you think My Lady would have said could she have seen a certain fervent clasp you gave a strange gentleman not so many hours ago?"

"I think you are horrid," said Alice, saucily thrusting out her tongue at him, "that was all a mistake."

"And this," said her tormenter gravely, "is the result of a mistake. Come on, let's go to lunch. It's nearly one, and I'm almost starved."

"We—ell," Alice hesitated, then added demurely, "If you'll promise to tell me how city girls fix their hair and carry their chatelaine bags."

"That I will," the man answered, as he led the way down a long aisle of soft red velvet. On either side the tables sparkled temptingly with cut glass and silver. Tantalizing odors floated up from some unknown realm, and as Alice got a sudden whiff of fresh rolls, she became conscious of a delicious little pang of hunger. Halfway down the aisle the man paused. With a keen glance his eyes swept over the groups of tables and their occupants till they rested with unwavering certainty on one spot.

"This way," he said, guiding Alice to a small corner almost concealed by banks of palms and ferns. In the center a miniature fountain splashed musically over a heap of cool, grey stones. Along the sides of the walls and above, on an elaborate work of ceiling, soft, green moss and trailing ivy had curled themselves in graceful festoons. On the whole, it was as picturesque a little sylvan scene as man could contrive without the aid of nature.

"Oh, how perfectly beautiful," Alice exclaimed, clasping her hands ecstatically.

"Isn't it, though," he answered, delighted at her spontaneity. He drew back her chair and as he turned to seat himself bowed to someone at the table next to them. Involuntarily, Alice looked that way. A man was sitting there with a girl in soft grey broadcloth. Her strictly patrician type of beauty was set off with startling vividness against the dark, rich red of the wall behind her. Her eyes were deep grey and the faint tint of rose in the delicate cream of her complexion blended softly with the dusky black hair. Alice watched her fascinated. The girl glanced carelessly her way. Noting her intense gaze, she paused and stared a calm, well-bred stare of utter indifference, but so prolonged and she caught a low note of laughter. The color sprang to her face, and to hide her confusion she bent swiftly and picked up her handkerchief. This time she was quite sure she heard a soft, musical laugh. She turned to her companion wondering whether he had noticed it, but he was apparently absorbed in his menu.

"I want your help," he said, looking up suddenly, "shall I—"

"Anything," she interrupted listlessly. The zest of the adventure had suddenly departed.

"But you—"

"Anything, I don't care. Please go on." She was wondering vaguely how much he knew of the girl in grey and if there was any way of finding out. He watched her, puzzled for a moment, then turned and gave the order to the waitress.

"Now," coming back to Alice, "I think it's about time I was learning your name. Mine is Graeme, Howard Graeme."

"Mine is Ashley," Alice announced calmly, "and Margaret is my first." Long afterwards she wondered from what remote cavity it had popped. Just now she was considering without the faintest flicker of conscience the contingency of Graeme's ever discovering that she lied and what he would think if he did. Of course, he never would, but then if he should he couldn't help but wonder why, and why did she? She began to wonder herself.

Graeme's voice aroused her from her reverie.

"You don't suppose Ashley is worrying about you?"

"Who?" Alice asked wonderingly.

"Your brother, didn't you say—?"

"Oh," she murmured with a slight blush. "No, I don't suppose-er-I hope not."

"By the way, have another roll—does he look so very much like me?"

"Yes, only—"

"Only what," he asked quickly.

"Only you're quite a bit handsomer," she finished audaciously. Graeme was embarrassed and could not conceal it. The color mounted swiftly to his forehead as Alice laughed and clapped her hands gleefully. Their voices rang out merrily across the tea tables. For a second Alice was conscious that the girl

in grey had looked towards them curiously, then she banished her from her mind.

"You haven't told me how the city girls do their hair yet," she reminded him.

"No, I am afraid to attempt it. It takes a society editor to do them justice. But you have only to open your eyes if you want to know. They are on all sides of you. That lady in green, there, at the third table, is straight from Paris. La mode de Paris radiates from the tip of her polished nails to the toe of her satin boot. The strawberry blonde at her right is also a late arrival. Her coiffure, I believe, is strictly the latest." Alice had been following him eagerly, and as he finished asked quickly:

"And the lady in grey, who-a-what-is, is she?"

"The lady in grey," Graeme's eyes narrowed inscrutably. "An up-to-date lady of today, wouldn't you call her? Let me order you another ice?"

"No, thank you," she answered quickly. As slight as the rebuff was she had felt it. "The lunch was delightful, Mr. Graeme, and I've enjoyed it immensely, but I must be going to my lost brother now." She arose and Graeme followed.

"You must let me take you back to the parlors. There is such a rush on the bridge just now that you couldn't possibly get over. We'll take an elevator to the first floor. If you will wait here just a minute." He turned and made his way to the cashier's desk. Alice leaned back wearily against the iron railing and waited. The crowds from the elevators were pushing up from all sides and she was in danger of being caught in their resistless stream and swept away. She was hugging the rail tightly and trying to keep her balance, when she heard a voice at her elbow, saying:

"Then you didn't lunch with Howard?"

"No," another voice answered, "Nelson was back and so charmingly irresistible—" Alice could not see her, but she knew it was the girl in grey.

"I see," the other answered tersely. Nelson was a friend of hers also. The girl in grey continued:

"It's high time I was rousing some fire in the depths of the imperturbable Graeme." She laughed that low, musical sound that Alice had heard before. "He was sitting near us with *une chérie petite enfant*. I can't imagine where he picked her up."

"Probably a specimen for one of his sociological experiments. Just the same, my dear, the Graeme knows the game, too, and you—" but their voices had drifted away in the murmur of the crowd.

Alice became suddenly erect, her hands clasped tightly behind her and two bright, scarlet spots burning each cheek. *Une petite enfant*—indeed. She bit her lips to keep back the tears. One thing was clear, she must get away before Graeme returned. Rising on tiptoes she took a hasty survey of the crowd. For one fleeting second she had a glimpse of his broad shoulders towering above the surging mass around him, then she had turned, panic-stricken, to flee. The door of the elevator stood open.

Kismet

BY

MARGUERITE DOWNS, '13.

The great specialist sat in his office gazing rather humorously at the nervous man of millions who sat before him.

"There is no use balking, you must follow my prescription, and after all, it's a simple one; go off to some summer resort in the mountains, let your nerves relax, and your mind forget Wall Street and your business affairs."

The man before him stirred restlessly. "Doctor, I haven't the time to think of running away and giving my old enemy, Sam Gray, a clear field; I can't do it. Can't you give me something to help me get well?"

Dr. Farrington shook his head. "You must have absolute rest."

Mr. Galvin bit his lip impatiently, "Well, if I must, I suppose I might as well go at once. Have you any place you could suggest?"

"Yes, I think Sulphur Springs among the mountains of Tennessee is the very place for you; fashionable, yet quiet; you can there be almost a hermit if you wish."

"Very well, I shall leave Friday," Mr. Galvin replied, and rising left the office. At 30 he was a self-made man, a comparatively few years before this having been a man of only moderate means. He was one of the few whom fickle Wall Street favored and as a broker had amassed millions, but nature resented the burden put upon it by the active mind of the man, and when our story opens he was on the eve of nervous prostration. During his years of money-making he had never married, in fact, pretended to be a woman-hater.

* * * * *

On the veranda of the "Athens," the largest hotel in Sulphur Springs, the guests after dinner one hot, sultry day were gathered in groups chatting gaily. By far the largest group surrounded Miss Mary Bob Lindsay, who was noted for her beauty throughout her native state of Tennessee. Just at present Miss Lindsay, daintily dressed in white, was reclining in an easy chair with rather a scornful smile on her pretty lips.

"Oh, my, what a catch," Miss Brown was saying, "and he is positively good looking, too, but what a bear! I wore my prettiest dress this morning and when he entered the dining-room gave him my sweetest smile and he hardly looked at me."

Here Miss Lindsay interrupted, "You needn't suppose you can capture a man like Mr. Galvin with 'Chessy Cat' smiles; poor man, he isn't here to pay court to all the girls he sees, but to rest."

"But, say," said John Halcom, "don't you think he is awfully unsocial? He has been here a week and he has hardly exchanged words with any of us."

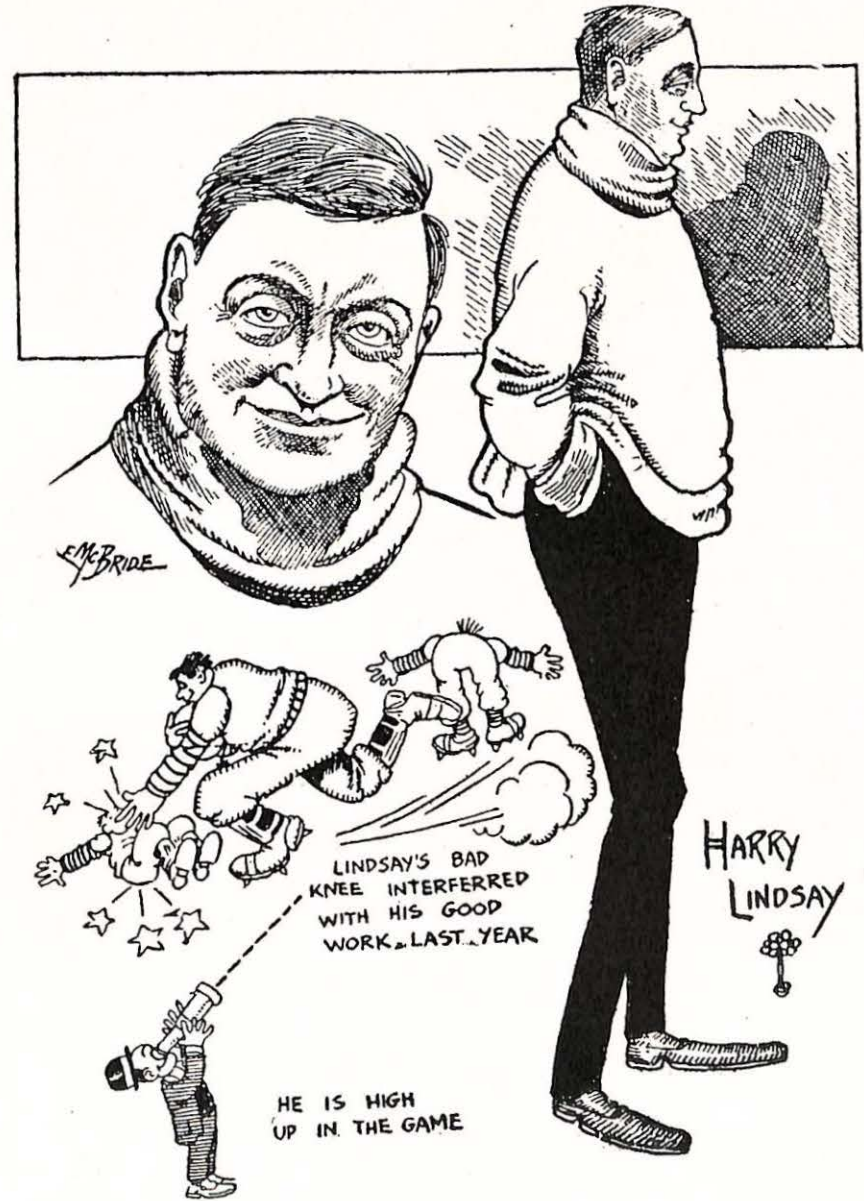


THE SABIDURIA



HARRY T. LINDSAY.

To Coach Lindsay, more than to the team itself, belongs whatever mark Missouri Valley made in Missouri football. He accepted the position, knowing that he was expected to revive football at Missouri Valley and hardly expecting so difficult a proposition as that which actually confronted him. Football had been a dead sport for the past six years and there was no experienced material around which to build a team. He had to lay his own foundation and build thereon. This is an almost impossible task, for most coaches expect only to instruct in the fine points of the game and merely whet to keenness an edge already sharpened. Coach Lindsay began at the bottom, showed a phenomenal knowledge of men, placed them to the best advantage, protected the weaker and got all out of the team that was possible. Made a well conditioned bunch without a training table, a stone wall defence without scrimmage and a fair scoring machine with only signal practice. He made a machine which was never bested by equal weight and only beaten by superior weight when worn down by heavy onslaughts. He well deserved the rank of one among the leading coaches of Missouri and Kansas. He played on the gridiron of Wisconsin University for two years, also on the Dartmouth College team, from which he bears his most treasured letter for playing on the ever victorious team of 1903 when, among others, Harvard fell before her. (It was this team which Walter Champ named as one of the few famous teams of the past), and on the gridiron of St. Louis University, where he was a shining star of the '08 and '09 teams.



THE SABIDURIA



"CURLY" DAUGH-
ERTY
La Plata, Mo.
Weight 150, Height 5-9
Position, Left Half.



"GOLDIE" GAULDIN
Marshall, Mo.
Weight 151, Height 5-11.
Position, Left End.



"GILLY" GILMORE
Carthage, Mo.
Weight 158, Height 5-11.
Position, Right Tackle.



"SOC" HOUSTON
Malta Bend, Mo.
Weight 149, Height 5-9½
Position, Full Back



LANSING, "THE BIG
SWEDE,"
Elseberry, Mo.
Weight 171, Height 5-11½
Position, Right Half
Missouri Valley's All Mis-
souri Man.



"BILLY" LOCKRIDGE
Marshall, Mo.
Weight 169, Height 6-0
Position, Left Tackle



"EDDIE" MAUPIN
Marshall, Mo.
Weight 154, Height 5-9
Position, Full Back



"BIG BOY" McCLY-
MONDS
Slippery Rock, Pa.
Weight 164, Height 6-1½
Position, Center

THE SABIDURIA



"HONEY BOY" MINER
Ridgeway, Mo.
Weight 132, Height 5-9½
Position, Quarter Back



"GOODIE" SMITH
Marshall, Mo.
Weight 138, Height 5-6½
Position, Right End



"LIZZIE" TOPE
Clinton, Mo.
Weight 154, Height 5-8½
Position, Left Guard



"BIG BEAR" VAN BUS-
KIRK
Halfway, Mo.
Weight 172, Height 6-0
Position, Right Guard

THE SABIDURIA



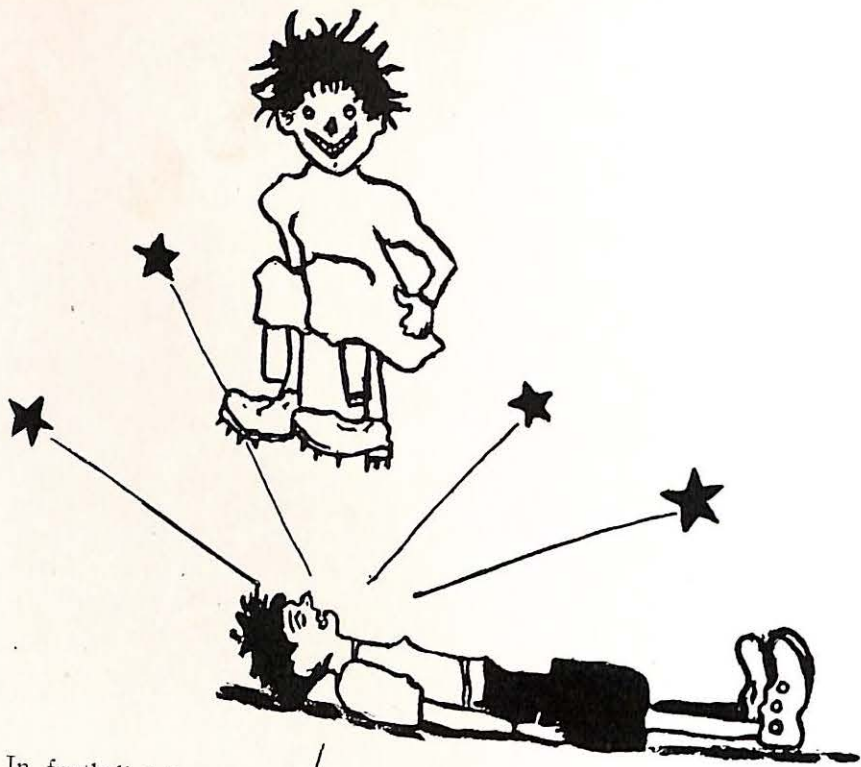
"OLD LEFTY" VER-
TREES
Cluste, Okla.
Weight 141, Height 5-10
Position, Sub. Quarter
Back



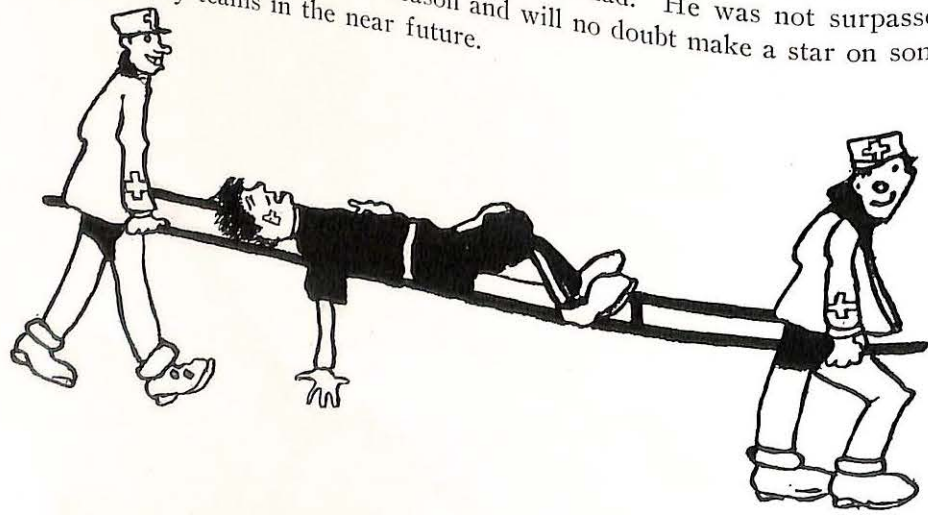
"ONE O'CLOCK" WIL-
LIAMS
Marshall, Mo.
Weight 150, Height 6-0
Position, Right Guard



"SLOW ANN" WHIT-
SETT
K. C., Mo.
Weight 140, Height 5-10
Position, Sub. Left Guard



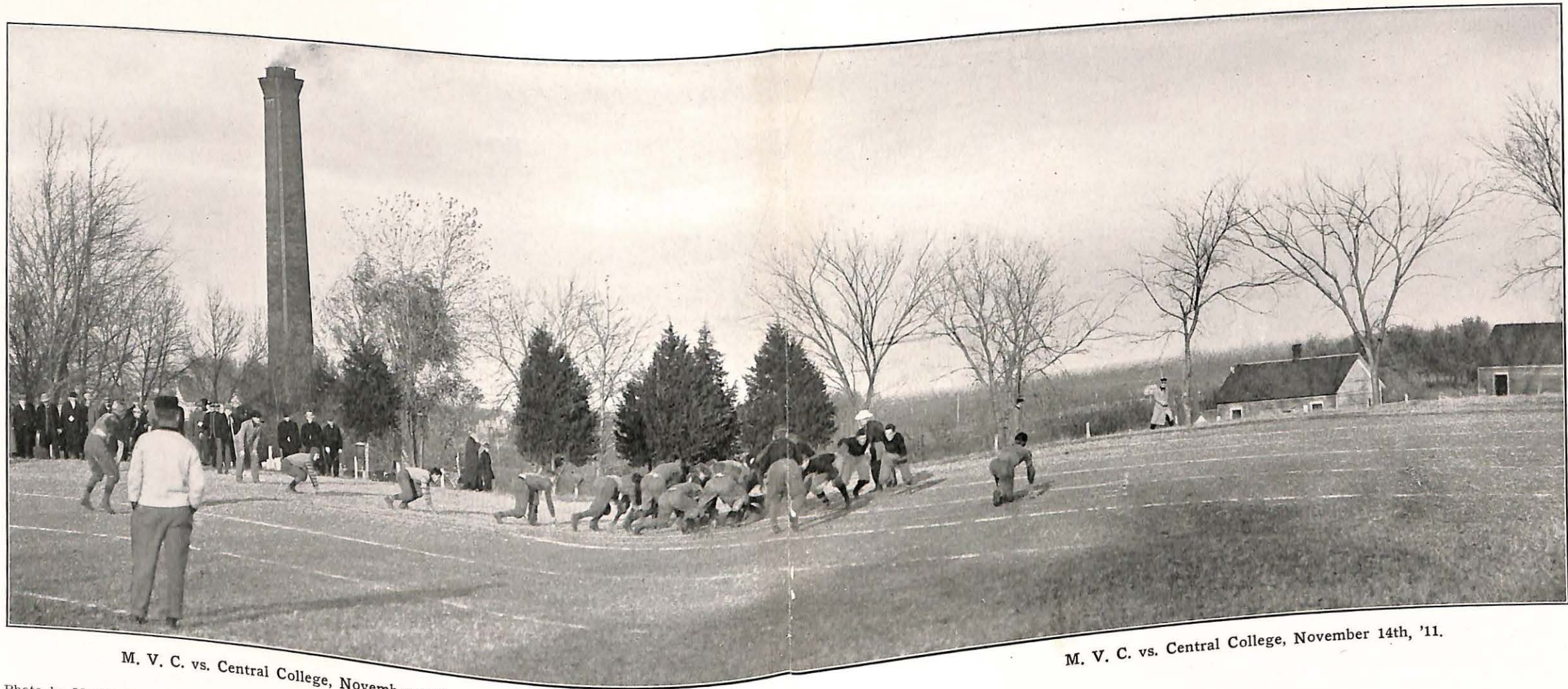
In football Missouri Valley had a creditable season, though not a great winner. The prospects were very poor, owing to a lack of experienced material which Missouri Valley could not have since she has had scarcely any football during the last six years. However, after securing the best coach possible, the attempt was made and resulted in two victories and four defeats, Missouri Valley winning from Kemper 24-0 and from Pritchett 82-0, and losing to Central 24-6, Westminster 12-0, Wentworth 5-0 and Kirksville State Normal 2-0. The team was light, averaging 150½ pounds, inexperienced, but fast and well coached. Westminster, Central and Wentworth and K. S. N. outweighed them from eight to seventeen pounds. The nucleus for a good team remains for next year and several men who showed marked ability, and will be heard from some day. Minner at the quarter, though young, was full of "pep" and ran the team with "vivo." McClymonds at center was worthy of any team in the State. Gilmore, '11, captain, was a town of strength as was Lockridge and Maupin. Daugherty, left half, though light, was fast and sandy. He made his share of gains and was perhaps the second to Lansing, the "All Missouri man," who was one of the most remarkable players Missouri Valley ever had. He was not surpassed by any of his opponents the entire season and will no doubt make a star on some of the University teams in the near future.



Baseball

REVIEW OF THE '10 BASEBALL SEASON.

Missouri Valley had probably the best baseball team in her history last year, though it is hard to surpass the team of '09. Yet they played superior teams and won eleven out of nineteen games. The '10 team were the champions of Missouri, being the only team in the State to defeat Missouri University. While losing three games to other teams in the State, it was while in a weakened condition and when the team in full strength again met these teams victory was theirs.



M. V. C. vs. Central College, November 14th, '11.

Photo by McChesney.

M. V. C. vs. Central College, November 14th, '11.

The season opened April 2nd, at Columbia, with a 4-3 victory, much to the surprise of the Missouri rooters. Battery—Clemens-Lansing.

On April 7th-8th Warrensburg State Normal met defeat in two games, 1-0, 6-5. Battery—Vertrees-Lansing. Clemens-Lansing.

Missouri Valley deviated from her usual custom of taking several short trips and made a week's trip through the State of Kansas with the following results:

April 12—Haskell Indians victorious 7-5. Battery—Clemens-Lansing.

April 13—Baker University vanquished 4-2. Battery—Clemens-Lansing.

April 14—Ottawa University victorious in an eleven-inning game 2-1. Battery—Lansing Daugherty.

April 15th St. Marys ran away 16-3. Battery—Vertrees-Lansing.

April 16th K. S. A. C. victorious 10-1. Battery—Clemens-Lansing.

The team was completely broken down the last two days, which accounts for the severe defeats.

After returning home Kirksville State Normal was defeated in two games, 5-0 and 16-0. Battery—Clemens-Lansing. Vertrees-Lansing.

April 29 — Central College was victorious in a hard-fought game, 2-1. Battery—Lansing-Daugherty.

April 30 — Central College was defeated, 12-5. Battery—Vertrees-Clemens-Lansing.

May 12 — American School of Osteopathy lost their first game, 10-7. Battery—Lansing-Daugherty. But won the second, 12-7. Battery—Vertrees-Lansing.

Wentworth Military Academy in a very fast game lost, 5-4. Battery—Lansing-Daugherty.

Kemper Military Academy won from a much weakened team at Booneville, 14-0. Battery—Vertrees-Daugherty. But in turn were defeated, 6-1, in a one-hit game. Battery—Lansing-Lansing.

Haskell Indians won the first game on the 25th of May, 3-0, on errors. Battery—Lansing-Daugherty. But lost the second, 5-4, in a thirteen-inning game on the 26th. Battery—Clemens-Lansing. This was the most exciting, spectacular game of the season.

The following was the line-up:
Clemens, p, of whom "Wish" Egan said, "He's as good as there is in the Eastern colleges."

Schweer, ss, "The fastest in the state."

Kirkpatrick, 2nd, "The best since Ed. McDavid."

Read, 3rd, "In the game all the time."

Oliver, cf, "The fastest fielder ever possessed outside the Clemens family."

Titterington, rf, "A most agreeable surprise."

Vertrees, p, "He blew from Texas."

Lansing, p and c, "His speed and dirty curves makes 'em tremble."

Morgan, 1st, "He can't get both feet off the ground."

Daugherty, c and lf, "By grab, we'll beef 'em, kid."

Rollins, sub., "Lucky, but discouraging."

COACH



EDGAR QUINLAVIN

The Team



GEORGE DAUGHERTY
Catcher



"DICK" READ
Third Baseman



"CHINK" OLIVER
Center Field
Photo by McChesney.



A. B. LANSING
Pitcher and Second Baseman

The Team



"NIG" CLEMENS
Pitcher and Second Baseman



"DUTCH" SCHWEER
Short Stop



"HONEY BOY" MINER
Right Field
Photo by McChesney.



"TUBBY" HOLMES
First Baseman



M. V. C. vs. Central College, November 14th, '11.

Photo by McChesney.

M. V. C. vs. Central College, November 14th, '11.

THE SABIDURIA

The Team



JAMES ROLLINS
Left Field



"LEFTY" VERTREES
Pitcher



GARLAND NEAL
Left Field

Schedule for 1911

- April 1 — Missouri University, at Columbia.
- April 5-6 — Westminster College at Marshall.
- April 10-11 — William Jewell College, at Liberty.
- April 12 — Wentworth Military Academy, at Lexington.
- April 17-18 — Central College, at Marshall.
- April 20-21 — American School of Osteopathy, at Marshall.
- April 24 — Kemper Military Academy, at Marshall.
- April 27-28 — Kirksville State Normal, at Marshall.
- May 1 — Kirksville State Normal, at Kirksville.
- May 2 — American School of Osteopathy, at Kirksville.
- May 3 — Missouri School for Deaf and Dumb, at Marshall.
- May 10 — Baker University, at Marshall.
- May 15-16 — Central College, at Fayette.
- May 27 — Kemper Military Academy, at Boonville.
- May 19 — Wentworth Military Academy, at Marshall.
- May 26-27 — William Jewell College, at Marshall.
- May 31 — Haskell Indians, at Marshall.
- June 1 — Haskell Indians, at Marshall.

Photo by McChesney.



BASKETBALL

Basket Ball



Girls' Basket Ball Team.

- MILDRED McANINCH
 MYRTLE MOORE
 ANNA STRINGFIELD
 EUNICE HUNTER
 PROF. U. R. STEPHEN
 DOTT CRAWFORD
 ANNA EVANS
 ELIZABETH CRAWFORD
 MAURINE GORRELL

Photo by McChesney.



THE TEN SIGNS OF THE COLLEGE YEAR



Calendar



SEPTEMBER.

- 1910
- September 6 — Enrollment begins. Beautiful day (?). Everyone glad to get back.
- September 7 — More enroll. New students hate the "old hole." Homesickness common.
- September 8 — The grind begins. Advice to new students. Pay your tuition at once. They mean every word they say. No school in the afternoon, faculty went to the county fair.
- September 9 — Homesickness at its climax. Seats assigned in chapel. No school in afternoon for the same reason as stated above.
- September 10 — Echo from girls: "Have you met that perfectly good-looking boy with Carl Hamlin?"
- September 11 — Sunday school at 9:30 for new students, 10:15 for old.
- September 12 — New students are resigned to their fate. Begin to get acquainted.
- September 13 — First lesson in Campustry. Lectures from John and Ella. Enrollment large this year.
- September 14 — Y. M. C. A. watermelon feast. Brown introduced, and his metal is lost, strayed or stolen.
- September 15 — Y. W. C. A. social at Dr. Harrison's home.
- September 16 — Nothing doing.
- September 17 — Carl D. very unexpectedly leaves College Algebra Class by way of the window and cracks a pane.
- September 18 — Ushers go to Sunday school.
- September 19 — Certain young lady makes slighting remarks about Mo. Valley rushers as compared to Versailles rushers.
- September 20 — Chorus, in which all girls join, "Who Scratched My Name?"
- September 21 — Joint social at Black's.
- September 22 — House cleaning at Black's.
- September 23 — Football game, M. V. C. vs. Slater High School. Slater did not know the new rules and forfeited the game.
- September 25 — Bunch plans to go to Wilton. Dr. Black objects.

- September 26 — Dr. McGinnis pretty raw in German. "It seems to me that anyone with the average amount of intelligence, etc."
- September 27 — Freshmen organize.
- September 28 — No school in the afternoon. Faculty amuse themselves at home. Students go up town to see the Confederate parade.
- September 29 — Girls have a campus feast. Boys invited to clean up the scraps.
- September 30 — Football team goes to Kirksville. Score, 2-0, in favor of K. S. N.

OCTOBER

- October 1 — Freshmen discuss Sabiduria question.
- October 3 — Little talks in the corridors to the new students.
- October 4 — "Join my society. It's the best."
- October 5 — "You are going to join ours, aren't you? Give me your name."
- October 6 — Society rush day. Bairdeans rush with remarkable cleverness. "Dick" is also very popular.
- October 7 — M. V. C., 0; Wentworth, 5; closing game. Carl D. boosts the Sabiduria.
- October 8 — Street fair in the "village." Puzzle—Where was the fair?
- October 10 — Freshmen still discussing the Sabiduria.
- October 11 — Freshman class meeting. Sabiduria question is brought up. Springfield bunch objects and blows off awhile. Sabiduria finally won out by a big majority.
- October 12 — Mrs. Huff devises the ingenious plan of dividing the "Western Europe" class into two sections. The dummy's section seems to be the most popular.
- October 13 — "Dutch" absent from society.
- October 14 — Mary Hurt sings in chapel.
- October 15 — Sabiduria staff elected.
- October 16 — "Somebody" gets a new diamond ring, but we suppose it is her mother's.
- October 17 — Nothing stirring but the gentle zephyrs.
- October 18 — Discovered! Carl H. is in favor of competition.
- October 19 — Three (dis)graces in History. Horne, Stringfield and Hurt.
- October 20 — "Dutch" absent from society. Will the skies fall in next?
- October 21 — Pritchett football team makes a visit. Smith makes the grandstand plays. Score, 82-0, in our favor.
- October 22 — Houxonian spread at Y. M. C. A. Hall. What becomes of the chaperons? Bairdean picnic at King's. Rather cool for a picnic.
- October 23 — What would we do on Sunday if it were not for the square.
- October 24 — Evan's and Gilmore's birthday celebration. Boys have a chance at "fooling all the people all the time," and land at the Lyric.
- October 25 — Philamtheans issue invitations to the Houxonians for a feast on ground-hog day. Houxonians accept with pleasure.
- October 26 — Anti-rat day. Pig-tail parade. Pearsonian reception. Prof. Laughlin likes the old-fashioned, sensible games.

- October 27—Greek class blown up and laid low. "Yes, anyone can tell Mr. Leonard doesn't use a translation."
 October 28—Our team cleans up on Kemper, 28-0. A. B. made several star plays. Kemper was considerably crippled up at the close of the game.
 October 29—Mary and George seen at the Lyric.
 October 30—Jim takes Margaret riding with the wheels on wrong.
 October 31—Some kind of excitement at Orr's. Brown initiated and fumigated.

NOVEMBER

- November 1—Rest room found mostly on the campus. Dr. Black seems in a bad humor. The D. D. D.'s created. Prof. Grube goes to prohibition lecture.
 November 2—Winter opening of millinery in front of Prof. Laughlin's door. Feather dusters are good this season, but they don't make a hit with Prof. L.
 November 3—Black Hands visit Brown's room in the dorm. Local showers and thunder storms. Prof. G. rushes to the scene and is caught in the rain without an umbrella.
 November 4—Excitement intense. Special faculty meeting. Trials of the criminals, Daugherty and Gilmore. No classes. M. V. C., 0; Westminster, 12.
 November 5—Brown takes the dorm. boys to the Lyric.
 November 6—House party at McAninch's. Select crowd invited.
 November 7—Crowd back from McAninch's—and talk! What didn't they do?
 November 8—Election day, wet or dry? Students turned loose in the afternoon "to help" the cause.
 November 9—Sophs. get gay and hang their banner to the plaster-of-paris filigree. Words from Dr. B. highly appreciated.
 November 10—Junior and Freshman colors wave from the tower. Soph's banner disposed of.
 November 11.—'Coon hunt at night. Fine crowd—and chaperons. No 'coons.
 November 12—Brown decides the dorm. is not the place for a respectable preacher and kicks the bucket.
 November 13—Y. M. and Y. W. services in the chapel.
 November 14—"O listen to that big brass band." Central comes over determined to have the championship, and so we gave it to her, 27-6.
 November 15—Isabel washes her hair and Leonard stays at home.
 November 16—Dr. McGinnis lets his German class out early. There must be method in his madness.
 November 17—College "Surgeons" remove the tongue from a somewhat lively specimen.
 November 19—Dot C. proposes and Prof. Myers blushes.

Miss Lindsay looked thoughtfully down across the lawn to the cottage where the subject of their conversation was calmly smoking.

"I wonder if he wouldn't like to join us now," she said.

"Suppose you ask him," Miss Brown suggested maliciously, not having recovered from the inference to Cheshire cats made by Miss Lindsay.

Miss Lindsay glanced at her calmly, "I believe I will," she said, and, rising, she shook out her skirts and had descended the steps before the astonished group had realized what she intended doing. Breathlessly they watched her cross to the cottage, and half expecting the man there to annihilate her, were surprised to see him rise, lay aside his cigar, and push forward a rocker for Miss Lindsay, into which, after a scarcely perceptible hesitation, she sank gracefully. Although the crowd on the porch were used to Miss Lindsay's daring, they looked at one another in amazement and John Halcom ejaculated explosively, "Well, I never!"

Meanwhile, on the cottage porch Miss Lindsay was saying somewhat timidly—her bravery having gradually evaporated during her progress across the lawn—"You looked so lonesome, Mr. Galvin, I thought I would come over and ask you to join us. We are rather a jolly bunch and will be glad to have you."

"Thank you, very much," Mr. Galvin replied, "but at present I feel like I would throw a damper over your fun; some other time I will accept your kind invitation."

"Sulphur Springs is rather a dead place and you mustn't let yourself get dull just because you are a stranger," answered Miss Lindsay, "and I will introduce you to everybody and see that the girls let you alone."

"How shall I repay your protection of me?" asked Mr. Galvin, an amused smile curving his lips, "there seem to be no greenhouse or ice-cream parlors here."

"We have a livery stable," suggested Miss Lindsay, rising to go.

"May I have the pleasure of a drive with you tomorrow afternoon?" asked

Mr. Galvin.

"I shall be pleased to go," she answered, and with a bow was gone. Mr. Galvin looked up at her a few moments thoughtfully and then resumed the afore-said cigar.

Miss Lindsay, somewhat flushed with the success of her mission, ascended the hotel steps to be surrounded by her friends with a volley of questions, "Was he nice to you?" "What did he have to say?" "Is he going to come over?" etc.

She looked around her and said calmly as she made her way to the entrance, "I assure you he doesn't bite and he is going to take me driving tomorrow afternoon," and without stopping to observe the effect of her words she escaped upstairs.

The drive next afternoon proved very pleasant for Mr. Galvin, for the beautiful brunette with her charm and vivacious ways proved a pleasing companion. Before leaving her he had planned another drive, and so began a series of drives, excursions to the mountains, picnics, etc. They got to be the best of friends and Mr. Galvin soon found himself telling her of his life and of some of his ambitions and day dreams. One of which was some day—when he had amassed all the money he wanted—to come to Sulphur Springs and there among

the mountains to build a palatial home in which to spend the rest of his life. Miss Lindsay was enthusiastic over his plans and offered her assistance in selecting a site for his dream home. On one of their long drives she had mentioned a Mr. Marshall several times, and Mr. Galvin, with a strange contraction of his heart, had asked "who Mr. Marshall was?"

"Oh, he is the oldest friend I have," she said. "We went to school together as little children and since we have grown older, Tommy comes to see me every week when I am at home."

Mr. Galvin, with a feeble attempt at a smile, asked, "Just an old friend, is he?"

"Well, yes, I love Tommy, though, and every time he has come to see me in the last two years he has proposed, but he is too poor for us to marry; he only gets a small salary for punching tickets in a railroad office, and besides I don't know whether I want to marry him or not."

With this Mr. Galvin had to be content. His month of vacation was over and he felt well and strong, yet he lingered in Sulphur Springs scarce knowing why himself. Back in New York, Dr. Farrington read Galvin's letters full of enthusiastic description of Sulphur Springs with an amused smile and wondered, "What woman was back of it?"

One Saturday Miss Lindsay said she was expecting Mr. Marshall that afternoon to stay over Sunday, and would have to forego her ride for that day. Galvin sulkily withdrew to his cottage and smoked in moody silence, busy with his own thoughts. Several hours later he saw a tall, slender fellow ascend the steps and Miss Lindsay advance to meet him. At different times during the day he saw them walking slowly about or sitting on the veranda talking earnestly, and his heart rankled with jealousy.

Next morning he saw them start for church, Miss Lindsay dressed in blue and carrying a blue parasol. He wondered why Sulphur Springs suddenly lost its glamour and appeared so common place. This feeling of having lost something increased after dinner, when he caught a glimpse of a masculine form and a blue dress moving off under the trees for a quiet stroll. That night Mr. Marshall left.

* * * * *

Next morning as Miss Lindsay stepped out on the porch for a breath of air before breakfast she was astonished to see Mr. Galvin approaching the hotel followed by a darkey with two suitcases. He ascended the steps and came straight to her. She recognized a subtle change in the man she had known nearly two months, an alertness, a quickness of movement she had not seen before. He came straight to her holding out a telegram.

"As you see," he said, "my old-time enemy, Sam Gray, has taken advantage of my absence to clean me out. The bottom has dropped out of the market and I am nearly penniless."

"Oh, Mr. Galvin, I am so sorry," she began—but he interrupted. "Oh, that's alright, I will make it all back in a few months, and when I do I am coming

back for you. I have found out you are the one woman in the world for me and I need you. I shall make my dream house a reality if you will let me. Won't you marry me?"

Miss Lindsay had tried to stop his hot flow of words and now she looked at him with infinite pity in her eyes.

"I am so sorry, I didn't know you cared in that way, and since Tommy—Mr. Marshall, I mean, has been here, we have come to an understanding and I have found out I had loved him all the time. Won't you forgive me?"

Mr. Galvin raised her outstretched hand to his lips, and only his eyes betrayed the pain at his heart.

"Of course I forgive you; there is really nothing to forgive. I have a standing in with some of the railroad officials and when I get back to New York will see what I can do to get Mr. Marshall promoted from that ticket-punching job. I hope you will be very happy."

"Good-bye," she said, "take my best wishes with you for your business success and when you have things straightened out again, that would be a good time to visit—us."

So the Great Game plays on.



A Courtship in Three Acts

Folks have always accused me of being a whimsical creature and one of my freakish fancies has been to write the story of my courtship, from Alpha to Omega, as well as I can remember it; and truly, the remembering of it isn't likely to be a hard task, because being wooed and wed isn't exactly an unimportant event in a woman's life.

To plunge at once into this "short-and-sweet" love affair; I had been visiting at my uncle's in the country for about a week (the city with all its bustle and confusion having nearly shattered my nervous system), when one evening at the supper table Uncle Dan announced that Phil Harding had returned from the West. I didn't know Phil Harding, and, what was more to the point, I didn't want to, as one of my reasons for leaving the city was to escape the *ever* (and *sometimes tiresomely*) present male sex. What was my consternation when I discovered that my designing relatives were plotting a match between myself and the aforesaid Philip Harding! After I had conventionally collapsed and recovered, I found that I possessed a positive aversion to the man; I knew I'd hate him and I wanted never to set eyes on his face. Actually the feeling of repulsion grew so strong and overpowering that I lost sleep over the matter, and half my visit was spoiled, I thought.

One day I picked up a book and strolled out to the orchard to munch apples and enjoy myself generally. Perched on a comfortable limb of the gnarledst tree there, I had almost forgotten all my trials, even to the troublesome Harding man, when the rustling of leaves and snapping of twigs disturbed me and foretold the approach of some one. Peering down I saw a man, and such a man!—broad shoulders, carelessly erect; thick dark hair in a slightly ruffled condition, and a long swinging stride; he was clad in a loose blue shirt with turned-in collar, khaki trousers, and cowhide boots; I couldn't see his face very well, but it was a beautiful shade of brown and I thought his chin looked square and set; I hoped his eyes were brown—that really seemed the only color that would suit him. I knew he must be the Phil that had been driving me distracted, and in spite of his attractive face and physique, I hardly admired him at all, but, on the contrary, my dislike increased. Truth to tell, I must have been a vain creature and my pride was hurt at knowing that there was a man to whom I was not considered superior.

Anxious to avoid being seen, I shifted my position, but as I was, of course, rather excited, somehow I lost my footing, failed to clutch the provoking old limb and fell kerplunk at the very feet of my enemy. His astonishment was only equaled by my chagrin, and I smile now at thinking of the expressions depicted on our respective countenances, but he managed to help me to my feet, brush the frabb from my skirt and to ask with a great show of concern, "Oh, are you hurt—badly?"

"No," I managed to stammer, "not in the least; it was so stupid of me—but what I deserve for such childish behavior. I never was—ouch!" for I had

borne all my weight on one foot and discovered that it did hurt and that most woefully.

"You've sprained your ankle," he said, really anxiously, and taking his handkerchief, bound it deftly and tightly around my poor swollen foot. "There! That may be a little better, and perhaps my arm will be of some assistance to you; lean heavily on it."

I smiled at him, although rather painfully, (one must show *some* gratitude!) and remarked, "You are very kind; I really don't know what I should have done without your help for my ankle is paining me very much," forgetting entirely that if he hadn't put in such a startling appearance, I would still be reposing safely on the bough.

By the way, at first I was disappointed to find that his eyes were grey, but after due deliberation, came to the decision that no manner of brown eyes could be so satisfactory as those kind, honest, piercing grey ones that smiled so pleasantly into mine. For a perfectly abominable person, I had to confess that he did have unusual eyes.

"I am glad if I have been of service to you," he rejoined, (his voice was agreeable, too.) "I am afraid you wouldn't have made much progress to your home with a foot like that. How did you happen to fall, anyhow? You seemed to have a pretty secure seat."

"It was all my horrid clumsiness," I answered, in the most disgusted tones, of course being unwilling to let the gentleman know that he had anything to do with my discomfited precipitation. "Not being a bird, I should have had better sense than to try to flit around in a tree, and I'll never to it again."

"Indeed, and you are not awkward, Miss Lathrop," (so he knew my name! How in the world) he protested gallantly. "And if you will excuse the slangy comparison, although you are not a bird, you are certainly a 'peach,' so you have a perfect right to perch in a tree; the only mistake you made was in choosing an apple tree."

"That was gracefully said," I acknowledged, blushing, pleased in spite of myself.

"Don't be afraid to trust your weight to my arm," he said, "I assure you I'm able to stand it; by the bye, you must not think that the sprain is so dreadfully serious; I don't at all, but you just must be careful."

He was right, the sprain proved to be a slight one and I was only confined to the house a week, during which time, Mr. Harding called to see how I was several times. However, I wouldn't see him but once, to Aunt Lizzie's sorrow, and only then because I knew he couldn't stay long. If I had been able to like him, I would have enjoyed his breezy conversation, that was literally brimming over with fun and common sense.

A lovely creek runs through Uncle Dan's farm and I have spent some of the happiest hours of my visit, roaming around along the green banks, hunting flowers, skipping stones and sometimes venturing to wade in the shallow parts. My joy was supreme when that beloved old uncle of mine purchased a skiff for my own special benefit, and taught me to row; and many were the jolly hours I spent rowing up stream, floating down, and in the meantime acquiring a healthy coat of tan and a good supply of muscle.

THE SABIDURIA

On a lazy July afternoon I was sluggishly oaring around promiscuously, not caring whither I sailed, when I saw with alarm several sharp snags only a few feet from me, and to my distress I saw that I had gone beyond my usual limits and was swiftly nearing the rapids, a most dangerous part of the stream.

Frightened though I was, I began tugging frantically at the oars, and having succeeded in steering my small craft away from the danger, was beginning to feel pretty safe when cra-a-ck! I heard an ominous snap and the next moment I was plunged into the eddying current. I screamed once as I went down, then when my head bobbed to the surface made a wild grab and, seizing some slippery roots, held to them for dear life. Although they seemed small aid, like the proverbial drowning man, I swung on to my straw, screaming more desperately than ever and doing my best to tread water, but had just made up my mind that I could never get to shore alive when I heard a voice shout encouragingly, "Hold on a little longer! You're doing bravely! Hold on, Jane!"

Just the bare utterance of my name gave me the strength to get a firmer grip on the roots and I clung there, almost unconscious and completely blinded by the dashing spray.

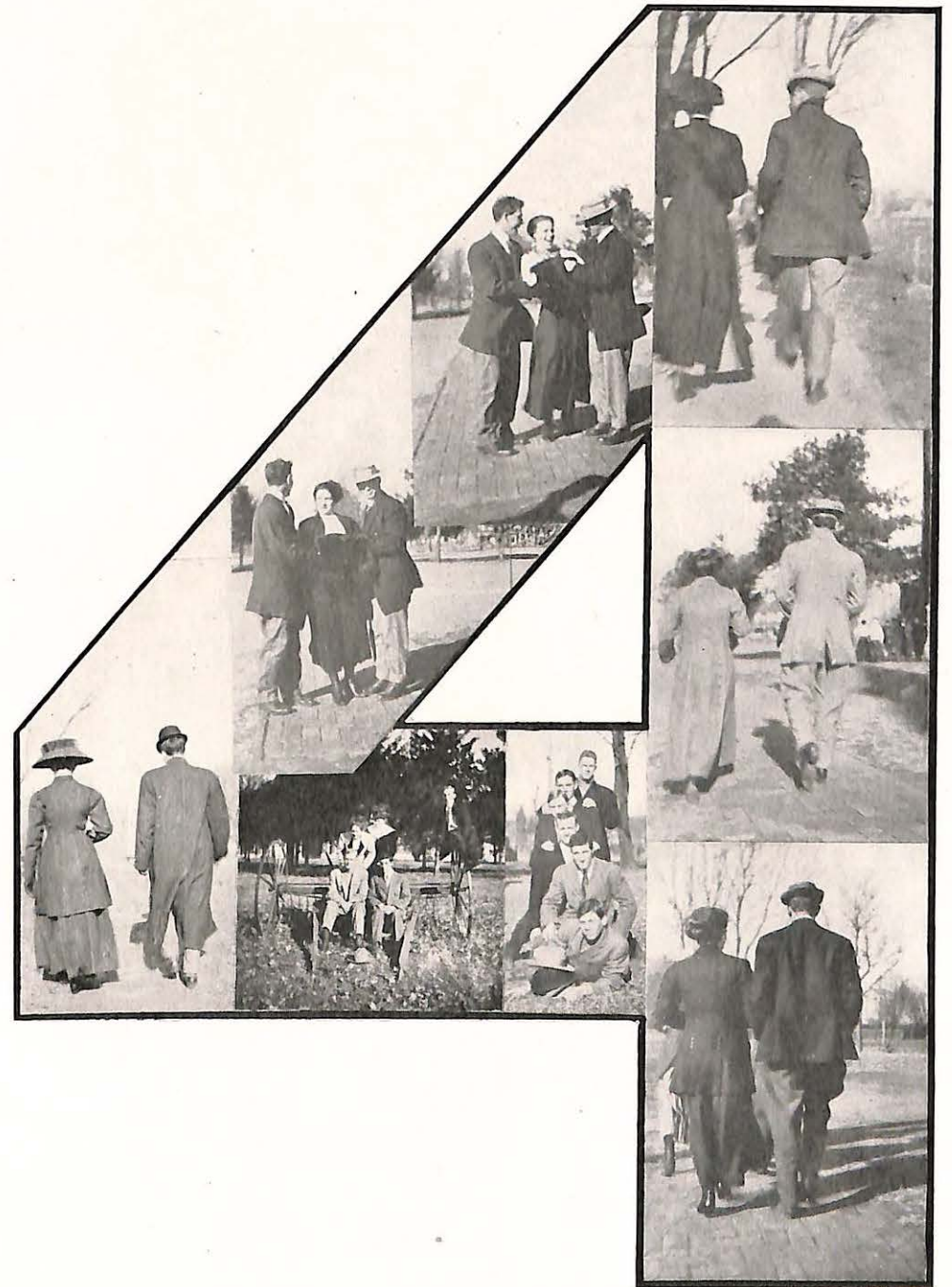
The next thing I knew I was sitting on the bank with my head on Philip Harding's shoulder, crying quarts of brine down his neck, like a silly baby. And he—Oh, he was very self-possessed and in the sweetest voice talked to me and soothed me until I had become calm enough to realize that if I remained in his arms much longer, I'd be in a fair way to forgetting how much I hated him. He didn't seem any more anxious to remain in that position than I, however, for as soon as I began to show signs of recovery, he jerked me to my feet, saying briskly, "Off to the house now—we have no time to waste." Waste! Well, I like that! "Because we are both like drowned rats. Come on, Miss Lathrop! Run!" So I was "Miss Lathrop" again, was I? I perceived that he only shouted "Jane" because that was short and more easily pronounced. Oh, dear! I wondered why I felt so blue all of a sudden.

"You don't seem to want me to thank you," I gasped plaintively. "I"—
 "Not in the least," he interrupted jocularly. "The pleasure was all mine."
 "Oh, well, if you're going to joke about it,—I fail to see the funny side," highly offended.

"Joke! Good heavens!" he ejaculated so fervently that I nearly laughed. "Why, Miss Lathrop, you misunderstand—I meant no jest; you are right, it was a terribly serious matter and I shudder to think of your narrow escape."

If I had known his voice was going to tremble and his hand grip mine so convulsively I don't think I would have been such a goose as to start that subject. "You are a plucky young woman, Miss Lathrop, and it's a grand thing that you are, or I'm afraid you wouldn't be walking along here with me now. You sure have a lot of grit, and 'it's meself that's a-takin' off me hat to yez, Miss!" I liked that kind of a compliment, but I didn't know what to say to such a sweeping assertion so pretended to be too tired and breathless to reply, and only smiled my appreciation.

It is hardly surprising that my heart was warming somewhat to Mr. Harding and I was prepared to enjoy a nice friendly talk with him, on the next after-



Freshman Class

COLORS—Maroon and Navy Blue
FLOWER—American Beauty Rose



Class Officers

WILLIAM Y. LOCKRIDGE, President
JOSEPH H. VERTREES, Vice President
ANNA MAE EVANS, Secretary
CARL I. DUNCAN, Treasurer



LEO GRIFFITH BROWN

Bairdean Pike College, '10.
Curryville, Mo.

"Gee, whiz, I'm glad I'm free. No wedding bells for me."
The Gold-Medal Man.



CHARLOTTE BOHN

Houxonian Ph. B.
Marshall High School, '10.
Marshall, Mo.

And still the wonder grew. That one small head could hold all she knew.
"Quite Shockable."

College Freshmen



JAMES HARROLD CRANK

Houxonian A. B.
Western Military Academy, '08.
Springfield, Mo.

Captured alive eighty-five miles from nowhere. Tells every girl the same story. Natural-born yell leader.

Photo by McChesney.



MARY ELIZABETH DEAN

Houxonian Ph. B.
Marshall High School, '10.
Marshall, Mo.

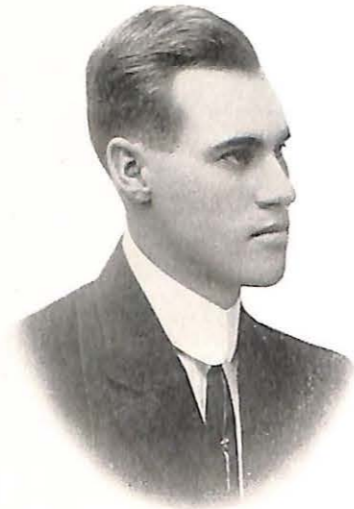
"Do you think so?" Thank you. I'd like to let you have my buggy, but Bob is so tired." Awfully afraid of hurting someone's feelings.



MARGUERITE DOWNS
Bairdean Ph. B.
M. V. C. Academy, '08.
Marshall, Mo.
"Bright eyes." Noted for her independence. One of Dr. McGinnis' favorites.

CARL IRWIN DUNCAN
Philomathean Ph. B.
M. V. C. Academy, '10.
Higbee, Mo.
Stepping right along with "Torchie" and the Sabiduria. Favorite Song. "Land of Beulah. "You must have those pictures in by tomorrow."

College Freshmen



ANNA MAE EVANS
Pearsonian Ph. B.
Macon High School, '08.
Macon, Mo.
Just like a picture. "Come on, kids, let's have some fun." Little Dutcher boy.

CARL OSWALD HAMLIN
Bairdean Ph. B.
M. V. C. Academy, '10.
Springfield, Mo.
Commander-in-chief of the Springfield bunch. Ego, I, the impersonal editorial we. Heap much big Delta. "Cousin Lucile."

Photo by McChesney.



RUTH HARRISON
Houxonian Ph. B.
Marshall High School, '10.
Marshall, Mo.
A perfect little wax doll. "Oh, Harold and I—" Baby sister.

THERON CLARK HOLMES
Pearsonian Ph. B.
M. V. C. Academy, '10.
Marshall, Mo.
"Fatty"—Oh, those beautiful rosy cheeks.
A debating kid.

College Freshmen



AUSTIN B. JONES
Pearsonian A. B.
M. V. C. Academy, '10.
Shackelford, Mo.
"Tubby"—Dear 'ittle tootsie, wootsie, dumpkin. "Lawd, white child."

JOSEPH M. KING
Bairdean Ph. B.
M. V. C. Academy, '10.
Marshall, Mo.
Fond of racing horses. Good-natured chap and a friend to all, if he does love the girls.

Photo by McChesney.



SPEED S. LEONARD
Houxonian
Marshall High School, '10.
Marshall, Mo.

Looks are deceiving: He's really harmless. Tickle the ivories into fits.



WILLIAM YEWELL LOCK-
RIDGE

Bairdean
M. V. C. Academy, '10.
Marshall, Mo.

"Billy." A thorough college man. Bairdean debater. "Neath the Old Cherry Tree, Sweet Marie."

College Freshmen



ARCH G. McNEELY
Bairdean
M. V. C. Academy, '10.
Columbia, Mo.

Transatlantic journeys to "England" a specialty. Faithful, yea even to the last Algebra problem.

Photo by McChesney.



ERWIN A. MINER
Bairdean
Ridgeway High School, '08.
Ridgeway, Mo.

"Honey Boy." Oh, that adorable dimple. Ethel's special charge. Little but loud.



MYRTLE ROBINSON MOORE
Houxonian
Watson Seminary, '10.
Ashley, Mo.

"Gypsy Queen." Steady worker at Livy. Swearing a side issue.



NELLE NEWTON
Bairdean
Marshall High School, '10.
Marshall, Mo.

"Toby Sandidge." "Wouldn't it be great to be the wife of a statesman?" "I'll cut if you will. This is only my seventeenth skip this quarter."

College Freshmen



FLORENCE PATTERSON
Houxonian
M. V. C. Academy, '10.
Marshall, Mo.

"My little cousin, Alice Goodwin." Facts speak for themselves and in this connection it is perhaps unnecessary to state that Florence is an incontrovertible fact.



KATHARINE SUE PENICK
Pearsonian
M. V. C. Academy, '10.
Marshall, Mo.

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" In for everything that looks like fun.

Photo by McChesney.



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Marshall, Mo.
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ROBERTA HELEN RASSE
Houxonian Ph. B.
Marshall High School, '10.
Marshall, Mo.

Fitted for the footlights. Rouge, enamel, puffs, curls, switches, etc. A master-hand at translating Latin. "And she wrote on her slate, 'I love you, Joe.'"



JAMES NEWTON REDMAN
Houxonian A. B.
Marshall High School, '10.
Marshall, Mo.

Unspeakably eloquent, indulges in flowery language. No, he isn't a drunkard; his nose is just naturally of that hue.

College Freshmen



MILDRED RUTH ROSE
Houxonian A. B.
Marshall High School, '10.
Marshall, Mo.

"Fliffy Riffles." Devoted to Ike unless a good looking cadet shows up. "I just can't make my eyes behave." "Stage life appeals to muh."



ANNA STRINGFIELD
Bairdean Ph. B.
Springfield High School, '10.
Springfield, Mo.

"Oh, he's just a cousin of mine, you know."
Yesum, we know it.

Photo by McChesney.



MILDRED TAYLOR
Houxonian A. B.
Marshall High School, '10.
Marshall, Mo.

"Mig." A student of Bryant. Absence makes the heart grow fonder.



PAUL S. VANDYKE
Houxonian A. B.
Marshall High School, '10.
Marshall, Mo.

A disciple of Livy, and Horace. Handsome eyes. Shuns girls except on special occasions. A wee bit bashful.

College Freshmen



JOSEPH H. VERTREES
Houxonian A. B.
M. V. C. Academy, '10.
Curryville, Mo.

An expert debater. Romantic-looking brunette. "Nancy—Lee." He loves her in the same old way.

Photo by McChesney.

College Freshmen

GARLAND LAMONT NEAL

Facultonian A. B.
Shelbyville High School, '09.
Shelbyville, Mo.

Amateur artist. Half-Irish. "Mary is a grand old name."

JOHN W. POAGE

Bairdean Ph. B.
Marshall High School, '10.
Marshall, Mo.

Wears goggles presumably to improve his looks. "Grandfather."
Studious, smart fellow.

EARL J. VANSTONE

Houxonian A. B.
Malta Bend High School, '08.
Malta Bend, Mo.

Used to be a lover of Douglas Chocolates, but prefers another kind now.

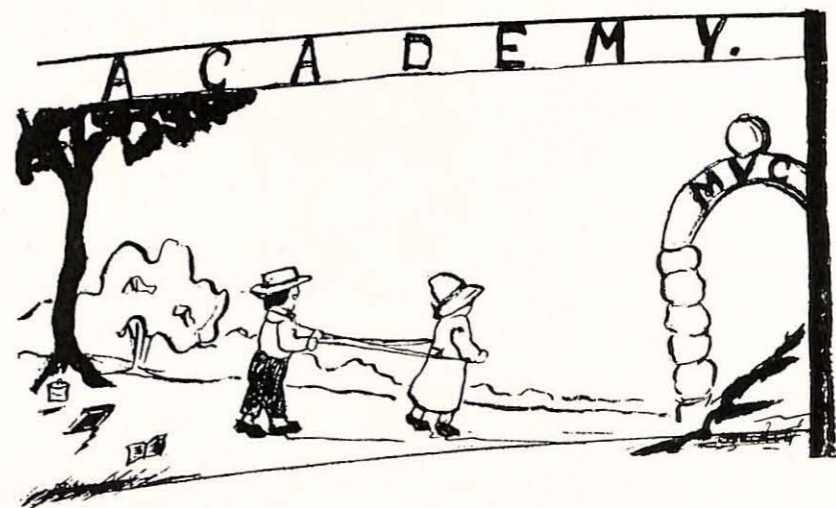
ARCH C. THORPE

Houxonian A. B.
Watson Seminary, '10.
Ashley, Mo.

"Piker" Green suit and red hair. A happy combination that you don't find everywhere. Arrives at class exactly fifty-nine minutes late.

CLASS ROLL.

Name.	Past.	Present.	Future.
CHARLOTTE BOHN	A modest little girl	Jolly fun	A great musician
LEO BROWN	Pike Co. Historian	Busy reporting	Prof. Grube's
J. H. CRANK	A rough rider	Dormitory troubles	Detective
MARY DEAN	Country belle	Sport of M. V. C.	A dude
MARGUERITE DOWNS	Head over a book	Working on Horace	A success
CARL I. DUNCAN	Great	Living in a book	A book
ANNA EVANS	Bright as a dollar	A shark at everything but books	A lady's man
CARL HAMLIN	A dear	Admiring a brunette	An artist
RUTH HARRISON	A number 1	A lemon	A bigger lemon
THERON HOLMES	A blushing youth	Belle of the class	A charming wife
AUSTIN JONES	A joke	Mamma's Little boy	A clod hopper
JOE KING	Rushing new girls	A bigger joke	A great physician
SPEED LEONARD	A rah, rah	Rushing all girls	Just what he is now
WILL LOCKRIDGE	Pretty good boy	A time killer	Anything but an angel
ARCH G. MCNEELY	Unknown	Candidate for matrimony	Will settle soon
ERWIN MINER	A sweet 'ittle boy	Crazy about the school teacher	An evangelist
MYRTLE MOORE	A book friend	Interested in campus	A flirt
NELLE NEWTON	Disturbing Prof.	On the Sabiduria staff	A great poetess
GARLAND NIEL	Laughlin	Working the Profs.	A campus teacher
FLORENCE PATTERSON	Dreaming of the future	Contemplating the future	World's champion tennis player
KITTY SUE PENICK	A chatter box	A bigger chatter box	The biggest chatter box in school
JOHN POAGE	A noisy 'ittle bunch	Plodding along in M. V. C.	A heart breaker
ROBERTA RASSE	Changeable	Admiring girls	A bachelor
NEWTON REDMAN	Awfully noisy	Talking to boys	A great musician
RUTH ROSE	College Algebra star	Hard worker	Famous
ANNA STRINGFIELD	A flirt	Making goo-goo eyes to "a man"	A celebrated actress
MILDRED TAYLOR	A pretty girl	A medium pretty girl	An old maid with curls
ALICE TYLER	Never shirking	Literary Editor on the Sabiduria Staff	A good housekeeper
EARL VANSTONE	Modest and sweet	M. V. C. student	Promising
PAUL VANDYKE	Untold	A Freshman	A lover of no girl
JOE VERTREES	Mother's darling	Shunning exertion	Doing nothing
	A minister	A blow	Cub pitcher





ETHEL CORDRY
Bunceton, Mo.

Senior
Academics



MINNIE BELLE CULBERTSON
Blue Lick, Mo.



MARGARET DECHERD
Pilot Grove, Mo.



JOHN ATKINS DOAK
President,
Chilhowee, Mo.

Photo by McChesney.



EARL P. GAITHER
Spruce, Mo.



MARIE GRIFFITH
Marshall, Mo.

Senior
Academics



EDNA HOLLISTER
Marshall, Mo.



ISABEL McCUTCHEON
Pilot Grove, Mo.



LEONARD R. PATTON
Marshall, Mo.

Photo by McChesney.



CATHERINE PATTERSON
Marshall, Mo.



FINIS NORWOOD
READ
Pilot Grove, Mo.



JOSEPH TOPE
Clinton, Mo.

Senior Academics



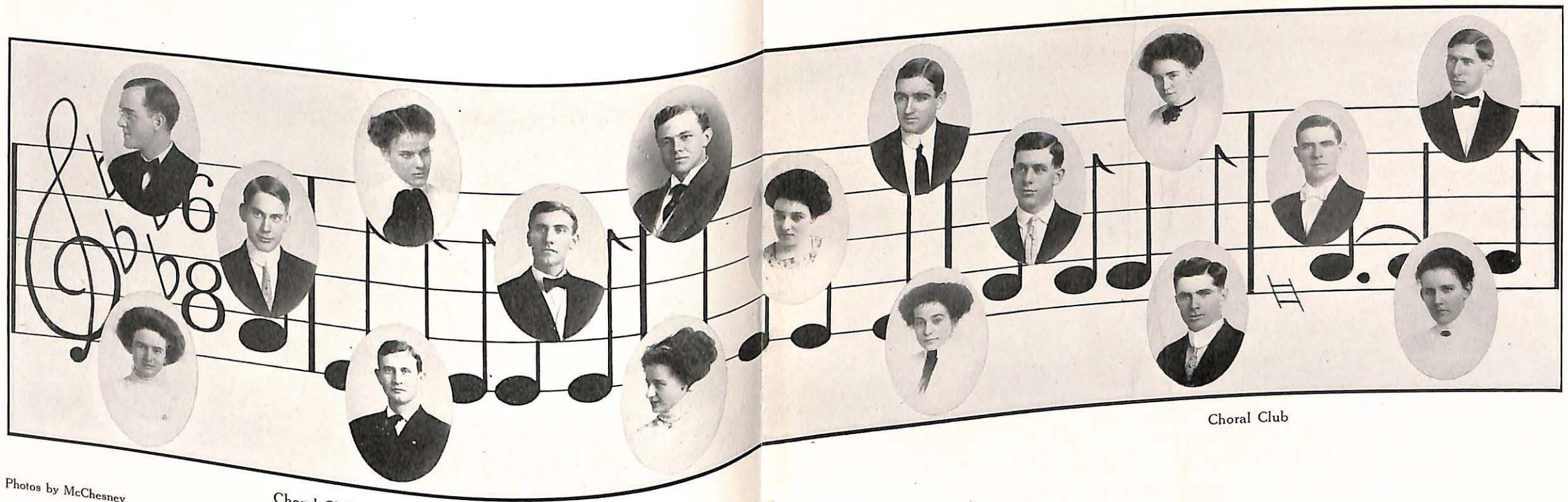
HUGH EDWARD WIL-
LIAMS
Marshall, Mo.

Photo by McChesney.



OLIVER OTTO
MARKSBURY
Marshall, Mo.





Photos by McChesney

Choral Club

Choral Club

THE SABIDURIA



COLLEGE ORCHESTRA.

- Ira McClymonds—Trombone.
- Ross Campbell—Cornet.
- Hubert McDaniel—Cornet.
- A. T. Vawter—Director.
- V. R. Stephens—Clarinet.
- G. W. Davis—Flute.
- May McCutcheon—Piano.
- James McAninch—First Violin.
- Joseph Tope—Second Violin.
- Speed Leonard—First Violin.





The Bairdean Literary Society.

Photo by McChesney.

noon, but the creature didn't come near until nearly supper time, a fact that made me so irascible that I wouldn't see him at all and then got "irascibler" than ever because of my own obstinacy. He took the hint, that wasn't a hint at all, and didn't come back for a week.

One morning a few days later, I started across the fields to a neighbor's on an errand for Aunt Lizzie. I had completely recovered from the shock of my narrow escape and was squawling lustily, "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way." As I joyfully skipped over the cool fresh grass, suddenly I heard a dull roaring sound which puzzled me immensely. On wheeling around to discover the cause, horror of horrors! I beheld an immense red bull plunging towards me, lurching forward in ungainly leaps, tossing his lowering head from side to side and emitting frightful bellows that seemed to me to be tolling my death knell. For an instant I was paralyzed with fear, then I tore over the field like a hunted deer, not pausing for breath, stumbling over roots and stubble, and leaping hollows, all the while seeming to hear the dull thud of the hoofs and to feel the hot breath from the maddened creature's nostrils. I dared not glance behind, for not one second could I afford to lose, but I aimed my course for the nearest fence and, with the swiftness born of panic, fairly shot through the air. I could no longer hear any distinct sound; my ears were resounding with muffled noises, the blood gushed to and from my head to the time of a clock's ticking, my heart pounded my breast like a sledge and at length I was unable to proceed a step farther; as I sank to earth I breathed the words, "Phil! Protect! Save! Oh, God be merciful," and in a prostrate heap I awaited Death. One minute! Two! Three! At last the sound of hoofs! I uttered one last prayer and—

"Jane! Little Girl! Look up at me. Oh, you're not dead, are you? Don't, don't die! Jane! Beloved!"

I thought for a minute I was going to faint, but not being a stage heroine, I merely sat up, grabbed Phil's free hand—the other arm had by some strange maneuver, stolen around my waist—began laughing and crying over it, hysterical goose that I was, and wound up by asking tearfully, "Where is that awful animal, Phil? Did you shoot it? And will you have to pay for it? It was a very valuable steer, wasn't it?" That comical set of incoherent sentences set us both laughing, but when Phil gave my hand a squeeze that spoke volumes and whispered tenderly, "Not one millionth so valuable as you, Jane dear," I felt the happy tears springing to my eyes again.

"Look here, Jane," he began as if a notion had struck him, "Seems to me that since you have had such a decided propensity for getting into scrapes, you need a protector, a guardian, er—a—"

"A nurse," I suggested demurely.

"Hang it all, Jane, how can you be so flippant in the very face of Death? I mean a husband; that's what you need, and I'm sending in my application right now; aren't you going to accept me?" in wheedling tones.

"Have you any references?" I inquired in a business-like manner, but the expression of his face made me go straight on without waiting for an answer, "Well, I believe I'll try you; you seem reliable, but oh, Philip! You'll have to pay for Mr. Finley's steer and I'm afraid we won't have enough money to start housekeeping on."

"Jane! You dear!"

TABLEAU!

Not Alone

By Myrtle Moore, '14.

Alone I stood at midnight,
On a boundless spreading plain,
Without one ray of starlight,
In the slowly falling rain;
And its ceaseless echoes rung
Through the bleak and chilling air,
But the wind so softly sung,
"Not alone—the Lord is there."

Alone, 'mid firs and sages,
Where the white capped mountains rose,
And the suns of a hundred ages
Coldly glittered o'er their snows,
Climbed I where an eagle screamed,
And a beast once built its lair,
But the rocks soon cried, it seemed,
"Not alone—the Lord is there."

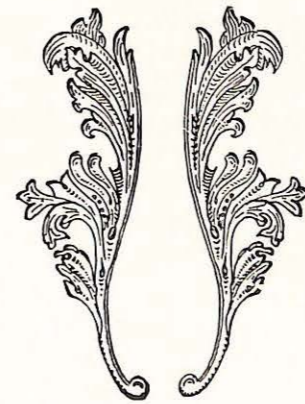
Alone, in frozen Norway
Where the icebergs left their spires,
And in the native's doorway
Off' reflect the sun's bright fires,
Awe I stood while I wondered
At the beauteous scene so fair,
When a crashing voice thundered:
"Not alone—the Lord is there."

Alone, I sailed on the sea,
Where the screaming halcyons flew,
With flying foam around me,
While I gazed into the depths so blue;
Then these words with a passing wave,
From a place I knew not where,
But perchance some coral cave,
"Not alone—the Lord is there."

Alone, was I in a forest
Where the giant oak tree grew,
By grief and sorrow opprest
Till I gazed into the blue;
Then my eyes I lifted higher
As I read the message rare,
For these words seemed stamped, in fire,
"Not alone—the Lord is there."

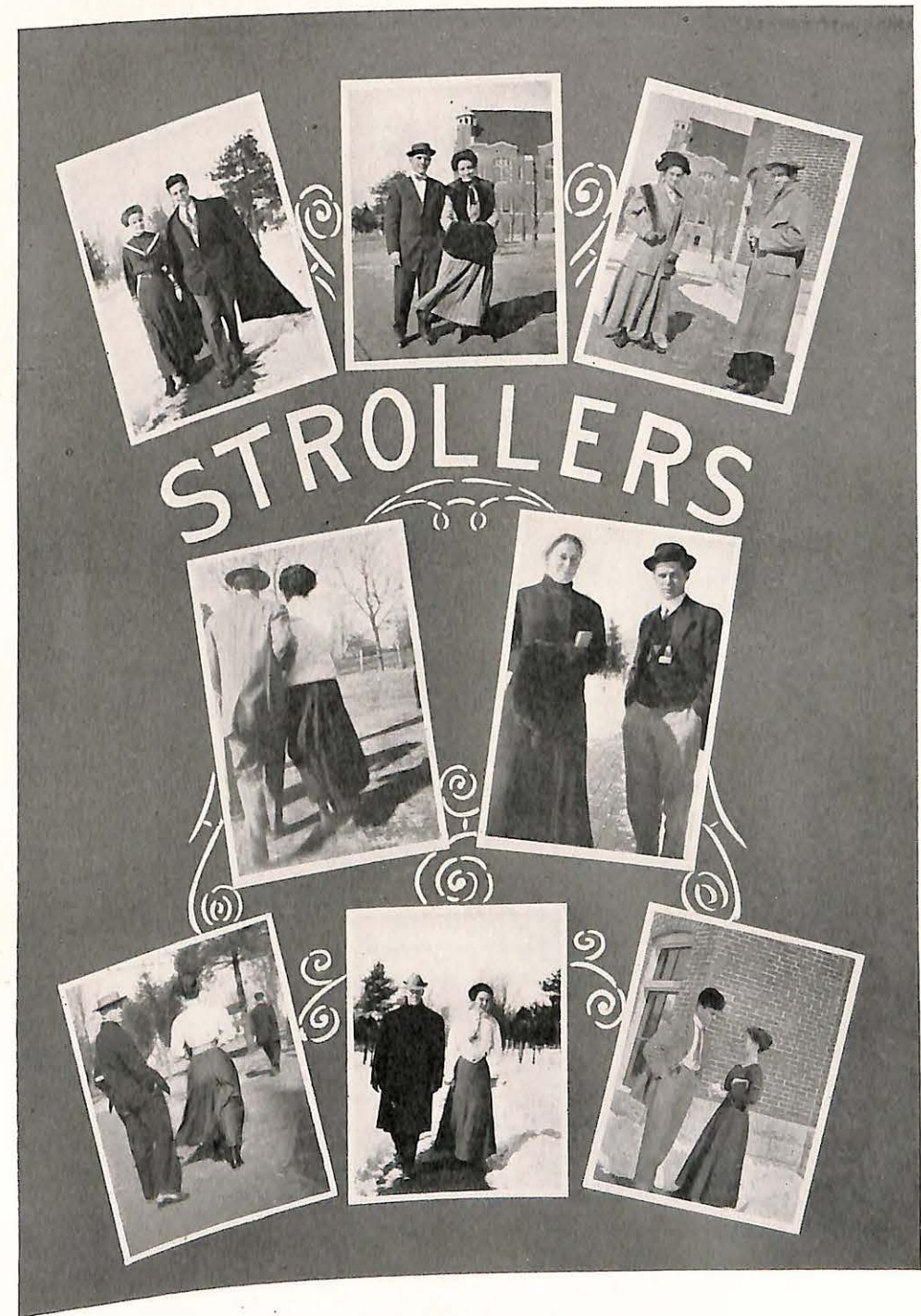
And when in death's dark river,
Or the shady silent tomb,
Alone shall I there shiver?
Shall I lie fore'er in gloom?
Will my soul no more arise
And will none that dwelling share?
An eternal echo cries,
"Not alone—the Lord is there."

This poem was not entered in the Sabiduria contest.



A Horace Recitation

"I believe in the lesson to-day,"
Said our Prof. in his cold quiet way,
"For a man who's departing this life
A slight mention is made of his wife.
So now first let us hear from the boys,
Just the same as if leaving earth's joys,
What they deem the best term to apply,
To the grieving one standing close by."
"I believe," said our Speed, "the word sweet
Will be one that is sure hard to beat."
"Well, for me, I think loving 'twould be."
Quoth the lover of little Marie,
"O affectionate!" said little Paul,
"Is the word to express feelings all."
"I should say," added Hubert so wise,
"The word sweet would most brighten her eyes."
Then the next to be asked was Vertrees,
And with Billie at once he agrees.
"Amiable," soon replied our Van B.,
"I should choose as most pleasing to me."
"Well," said Holmes, "Since I haven't read the lesson
What all this means I'm still a guessin'."
"Now, girls, speak and select soon a word
Far surpassing each one you have heard."
"Oh, beloved," said Mary so mild,
Then came "Sweet" from the parson's small child.
"Well, I like the word dear," said Miss Rasse,
"And I think it by far the most classy."
"The same will suit me," said Miss Harrison.
"No, 'tis darling, I think," said Miss Pattison.
"The word dear is good," said Marguerite D.
"If 'twere made the superlative degree."
"Ah adorable most would please me,"
Quickly added Miss Mildred T.
"Twas then our stage-struck beauty smiled
"Charming I should like to be styled."





Main Building, Looking Southeast.

DEBATES

The Inter-Society Debates.

ON DECEMBER 19th, 1910.

The Affirmative
THE BAIRDEANS
Represented by
Carl O. Hamlin
William Y. Lockridge

The Negative
THE HOUXONIANS
Represented by
Joseph H. Vertrees
Earl P. Gaither

Question:—Resolved: "That the United States Government should have exclusive control over transportation companies doing an interstate business (constitutionality waived).

Decision for the Affirmative 2-1.

ON DECEMBER 20, 1910.

The Affirmative
THE PEARSONIANS
Represented by
Aubrey C. Ross
Leonard R. Patton

The Negative
THE HOUXONIANS
Represented by
Richard C. Horne
Newton Redman

Question:—Resolved: "That the United States should establish a Central bank."

Decision for the Negative 3-0.

ON DECEMBER 21st, 1910.

The Affirmative
THE BAIRDEANS
Represented by
A. B. Lansing
G. W. Daugherty

The Negative
THE PEARSONIANS
Represented by
Thos. H. Gilmore
Theron C. Holmes.

Question:—Resolved: "That the municipalities of the United States should own and operate their public utilities as street railways, electric, gas and water supplies."

No decision rendered.

CENTRAL COLLEGE VS. MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE AT FAYETTE.

April 25th, 1911.

Affirmative—Central College.

Negative—Missouri Valley College.

Question:—Resolved: That the United States Senators should be elected by direct popular vote.



ABRAM B. LANSING



JONATHAN C. HOLLYMAN



RICHARD C. HORNE

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE VS. MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE AT MARSHALL.

April 25th, 1911.

Affirmative—Missouri Valley College.

Negative—Westminster College.

Question:—Resolved: That the United States Senators should be elected by direct popular vote.



WILLIAM RILY VAN-BUSKIRK



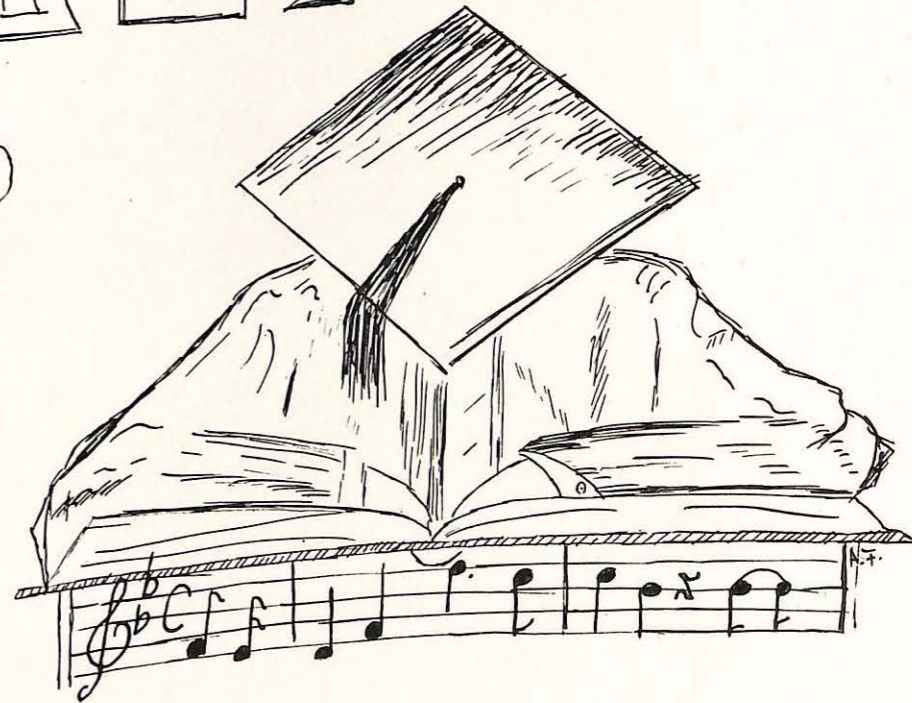
WILLIAM Y. LOCK-RIDGE



JOSEPH H. VERTREES

The debating teams were picked too late to have the cuts made alike so we were forced to use the class cuts.

ALUMNI



Alumni Notes

The Alumni Association has engaged Rev. A. F. Zeigel, class of '00, of Danville, Illinois, to make the annual Alumni address May 31st, 1911. The older Alumni will remember Mr. Zeigel as one of the best orators and most successful debaters in college. The Association feels that a treat is in store for the Alumni and their friends.

The Y. M. C. A. was very fortunate in securing Mr. Conrad, '97, of Kansas City, to act as toastmaster at the Y. M. C. A. banquet Feb. 24th. Mr. Conrad makes an ideal toastmaster, besides being a general favorite among both Alumni and students.

Mr. Bourne Mitchell, '08, is traveling for Smith, McCord and Townsend Wholesale Drygoods Company this year.

Mr. Irl P. Haynes, '07, is teaching English in Greenbrier Military Academy, Lewisburg, West Virginia.

Mr. Boone Gregg, '09, has been traveling for the Morrison Grain Company this past winter.

The class of '07 is letting the contract for the erection of several sections of a stone wall to be built between the two arches now upon the college campus. The classes of '10 and '11 are also considering the erection of other sections. We hope that other classes which so far have no memorial will fall in line.

The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. were fortunate in securing Rev. Walter Bradley, '07, of Lock Springs, Mo., to conduct the devotional services in February during the week of prayer. The meeting was one of the most successful in the history of the college, and Mr. Bradley's influence will long be felt by the entire student body.

Mr. Lawrence Wharton, '07, is teaching science in the Manila High School, Philippine Islands. Mr. Wharton has organized a baseball team among the High School boys, and under his able management they have won four out of the first five games of the season. Doubtless they have caught some of the spirit of M. V. C. from "Deacon," for Missouri Valley has always excelled in baseball.

Mr. Ewing Hudson, '08, who will be graduated from McCormick Theological Seminary this spring, was unanimously elected president of his class at the last class election.

Prof. I. N. Evrard, A. M., '09, late of Springfield Normal, has been recently appointed assistant to Mr. Evans, the State Superintendent, and will be located in Jefferson City hereafter. Mr. Evrard's many friends are greatly pleased because of his appointment and wish him much success in his new work.

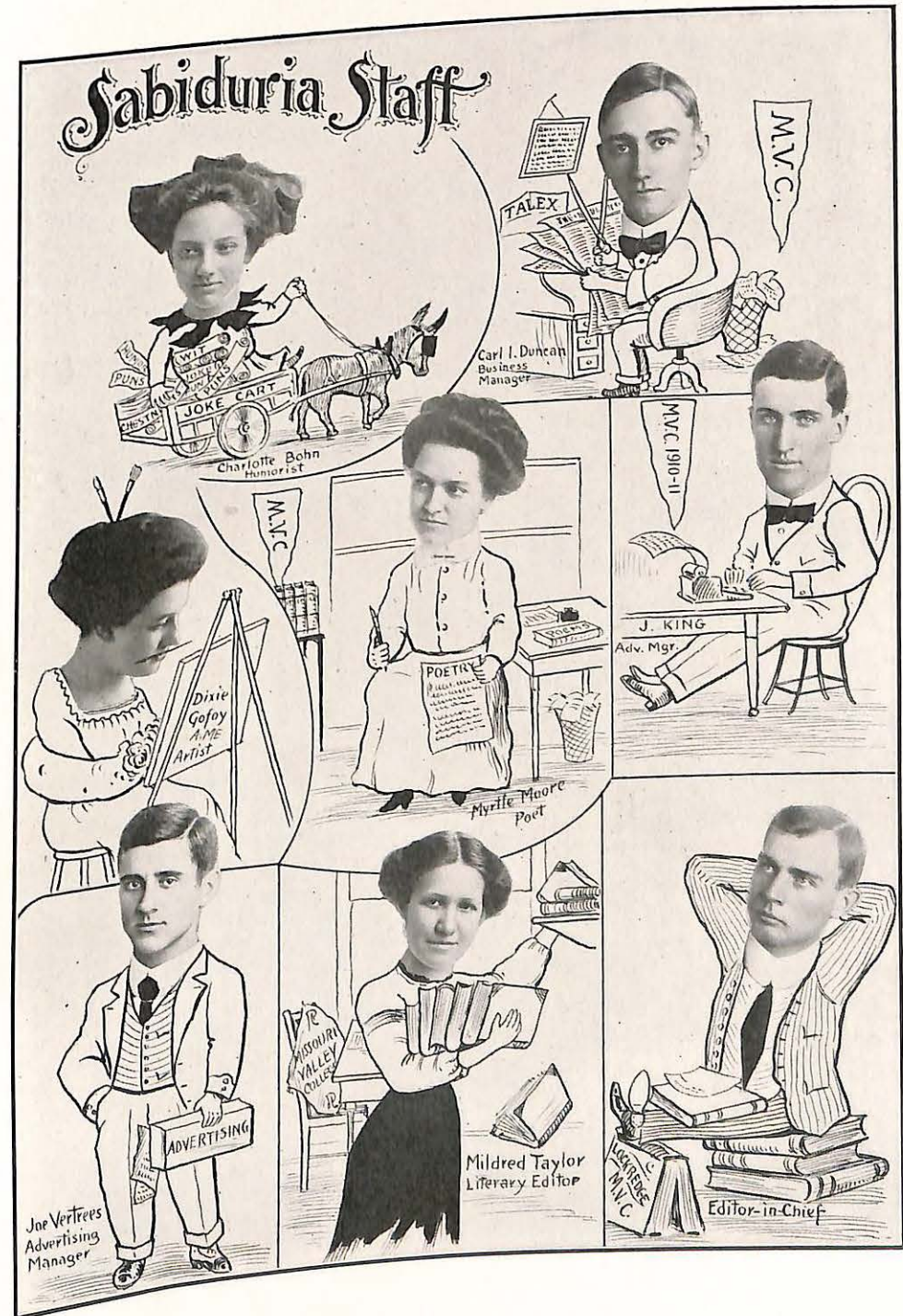
Mr. W. B. Cowgill, who it will be remembered won the fifteen hundred dollar scholarship for Greek at McCormick Seminary last year, is pursuing his studies in Vienna this year.

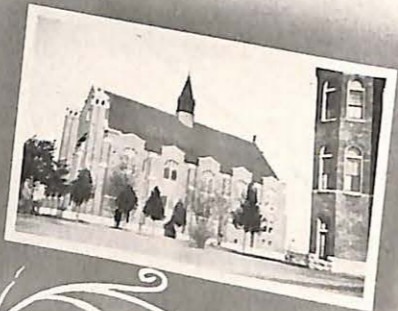
Mr. Francis Hawley, '09, who was located at Dwight, Illinois, last year, is making an excellent Superintendent for the Public Schools of Sweet Springs, Missouri.

Miss Pauline McElvain, '07, and Miss Mabel Dysart, '08, are teaching together in the High School at Liberty, Mo.

Mrs. Charles Mount, formerly Miss Whitehead, '09, of Macon, Mo., has been visiting friends in Kansas City this winter.

ANNETTE FRANCISCO, '07.







A. B. LANSING,
Manager '10 Football Team.



GEORGE W. DAUGHERTY,
Manager, '11 Baseball Team.



CARL I. DUNCAN,
Manager '11 Football Team.
Photo by McChesney.



W. R. VAN BUSKIRK,
Captain '10 Football Team.



NORWOOD READ,
Captain '11 Baseball Team.



THOS. H. GILMORE,
Captain '11 Football Team.

- November 20 — Misty, musty, melancholy day.
 November 21 — Oh, for some excitement.
 November 22 — Very unexpected Logic exam.
 November 23 — Wailing and gnashing of teeth. In other words, exams. hold the center of the stage. Football team leaves for Warrensburg.
 November 24 — Thanksgiving Day. Why are the Sophs. so big-headed? Can it be because their noble banner flops around the weathervane? Girls beat Slater in a basket-ball game, 24-5.
 November 25 — Score with Warrensburg mentioned only in stage-whispers. Don't ask anyone and don't tell if you know it. Team pretty sore.
 November 26 — Brown's married! Ah me! Alas! It cannot be!
 November 27 — Cheer up, girls, there's hope again. He isn't married after all.
 November 28 — Several bets up on the Soph. banner.
 November 29 — Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: Exams. again.
 November 30 — Three brave Freshmen prove their mettle. "What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep, as it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses? And where is that band who so valiantly swore their banner would stay up a week?" They stand below and throw stones or burn sulphur in the old chapel.

DECEMBER

- December 1 — Bets on the banner won and lost. Pieces of gray and red float around in the hands of the Freshmen and Juniors. Half a Senior banner serves wonderfully as a muffler.
 December 2 — Freshman chorus gives a rare treat in chapel, "They have guarded—oh, so long, for their colors up above."
 December 3 — A certain Soph. has figured out that one Soph. is equal to four Freshies. Perhaps that is correct in his estimation.
 December 5 — Kitty Sue entertains. "Please do not flirt with the waiters." Athletic Association has charge of the Lyric.
 December 6 — "All who went to Sunday school and church, Sunday, please stand on their heads (?)."
 December 7 — Romantic episode in the corridors. Collegiate fondly embraces fair damsel and rudely steals a kiss from beneath her very nose.
 December 9 — Prof. Place interrupts a Freshman "committee meeting."
 December 10 — Parade on the campus. The dorm. boasts a number of very accomplished musicians.
 December 11 — Well, I guess it isn't the Humorist's fault that nothing ever happens on Sunday.
 December 12 — Choral Club stunt. Nothing exciting. Boys help Cox leave the dorm.
 December 13 — Snow is alright if it isn't down one's neck.
 December 14 — General smash-up of window panes in Prof. Myers' room.

- December 15 — Prof. Biddle's concert. Several exciting new couples. All the girls are jealous of Margaret D.
- December 16 — Seniors give scripture verses in chapel.
- December 17 — Dorm. boys give a very foxy blow-out. Miss Lucile Evans makes an awful hit with Gerald.
- December 18 — Dorm. boys absent from Church and Sunday school.
- December 19 — Houxonian-Bairdean debate. Decision 2-1 for the Bairdeans. Bairdeans frantic.
- December 20 — Houxonian-Pearsonian debate. Decision unanimous for Houxies. "Old Johnson" made a sensation.
- December 21 — Rare fight, but no decision; not Bairdean-Pearsonian debate.
- December 22 — When you've got no other place to go, then "Home, Sweet Home."

1911

JANUARY

- January 4 — All wish they had slept more and eaten less. Glad to get back, anyway.
- January 5 — Prof. Place interrupts a dancing lesson and frightens the girls. Bunch goes skating on the ice pond.
- January 6 — Wallace murders three with mercury and Kitty Sue sits on a pin.
- January 7 — Prof. Bixler sports a new coat.
- January 8 — Alas, alas, it is warm and the ice is gone, gone, gone.
- January 10 — "Duckey" is sick and the dishes are waiting.
- January 11 — Horace class swept off the face of the earth. Boys canned from the Rest Room.
- January 12 — Success Magazine Agent baptised at the dorm. Officiating ministers being—hush!
- January 13 — G. throws a kiss at the girls. Naughty boy!
- January 14 — Dr. B. handed "someone" an awful lemon in chapel.
- January 15 — Everyone down with the grippe.
- January 16 — Very select crowd goes skating in the rain.
- January 17 — Crowd goes to ice pond. King and Thorpe run into each other.
- January 18 — Dr. McGinnis gives Horace up-to-date. "No, thank you—I am going skating with Telephus."
- January 19 — The dear old Ensign Weatherford tells us about "dear old ash-barrel Jimmy," and rakes in the money.
- January 20 — Soph.'s have a selfish party at McDaniels.
- January 21 — Prof. Bixler's history class excused. Don't know enough to recite.
- January 22 — D. Fitzgerald very blue. Disappointed in love.
- January 23 — Boys put feathers in the Rest Room. Dr. B. rares around and locks it up.
- January 24 — Houxonian reception at Prof. Grube's.
- January 25 — The exciting story of "Little Joe," the remarkable football player, was so long we had to gulp down our dinners.

- January 26 — Harrison and Schweer kicked out of Houxonian Society. Freshman reception at Prof. Penicks. Kitty Sue has to grind off the college song twice before they catch on.
- January 27 — Someone pulls down the Rest Room door. Dr. B. is pretty hot again, but no "expulsion."
- January 28 — Some kind angels, afflicted with enlargement of the heart, land a cozy rest room on the campus for Missouri Valley hens. "Rowdy Hall" makes a hit with Dr. Black.
- January 29 — King of kodaks around the newly erected buildings all day long.
- January 31 — Woman's suffrage meeting on "Rowdy Hall." Boys give a reception in the Rest Room. Eighteen girls locked in. No refreshments, except the jam that "Tubby" made.

FEBRUARY

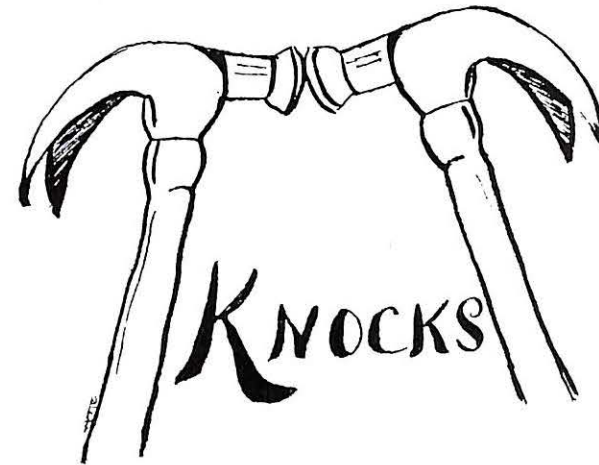
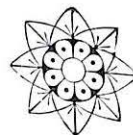
- February 1 — All late to chapel. Dr. Black asks some questions and instructs us how to walk.
- February 2 — Mrs. Black entertains the Seniors and the Senior Academy classes.
- February 3 — The above classes all in.
- February 4 — Kiernman gives "The Music Master." Will Davis took Mae D.
- February 5 — Rainy day. Young people's meeting at the Presbyterian church.
- February 6 — Athletic Association has charge of the Lyric. Same old couples seen. Bradley begins his series of meetings.
- February 7 — Feast in Mrs. Place's music room. Grease on the floor and pickles in the gallery make the Prof. pretty raw.
- February 8 — Dr. Black pursues the culprits, but finds no clue. Tragic burial of Mr. and Mrs. Pickle.
- February 9 — Bradley talks in chapel about prayer and Joe Johnston sings "My Mother's Prayer." All the girls have a good time crying.
- February 10 — Senior Acts' pins come.
- February 11 — Bradley's night service very successful.
- February 12 — Men's meeting at the Christian church. Bradley speaks. Women's meeting in the Y. M. C. A. Hall.
- February 14 — Dr. McG. enters into the spirit of St. Valentine's Day.
- February 15 — Election of Y. W. C. A. officers after chapel.
- February 16 — Margaret and Jim get bawled out in society.
- February 17 — "Dick" apologizes. Quartette sings in chapel, "I'll Take a Pill."
- February 18 — Prof. Bixler learns to speak French very successfully. Joke.
- February 19 — Big snow storm.
- February 20 — "Ruth and Naomi" at the opera house. Hollyman and Ruth R. star.
- February 21 — Dr. McG. (in Horace), "What words does Vergil use to express this same sentiment." (Silence.) "Oh, pardon me, I thought this class had studied Vergil."

THE SABIDURIA

- February 22 — Of course, we didn't get a holiday. What had Washington to do with the Presbyterian church?
- February 23 — Tommy invents the fad of collecting buttons from the girls.
- February 24 — Y. M. C. A. banquet at the Ruff. Banquet—a 50c dinner you pay a \$1.50 for. Girls go to Gross's.
- February 25 — Boys get home from the banquet. No school in the morning—nor breakfast for the boys.
- February 26 — Installation of the Y. W. C. A. officers.
- February 27 — Mildred T. entertains a big college bunch. They have a good time.
- February 28 — John and Ella were seen talking. Wonder what's going to happen.

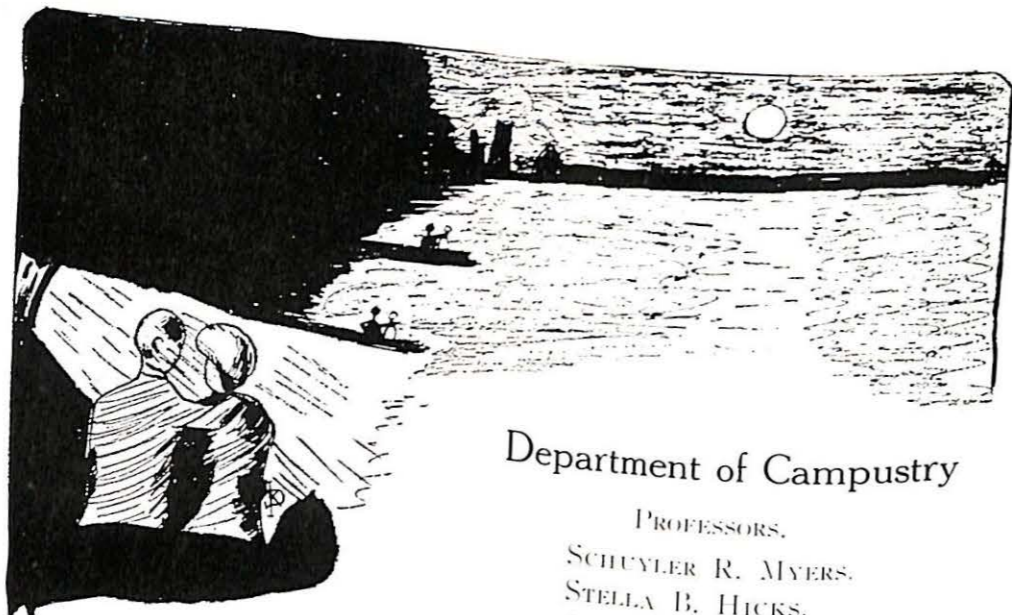
MARCH

- March 1 — Came in like a lion.
- March 2 — Dr. and Mrs. Stephens entertain the student body.
- March 3 — Athletic Association has the Gayety.
- March 5 — Installation of Y. M. C. A. officers.
- March 6 — Cecil cuts some bangs. Everyone has seven purple fits. Dr. Hall speaks to the boys and girls.
- March 7 — A new couple formed. Joe Johnston and Elizabeth C.
- March 8 — VanBuskirk is seen with a young lady on Vest Street real often. Something is in the wind.
- March 9 — Boys' basket ball team plays the High School.
- March 10 — Athletic Association has the Gayety again.
- March 11 — Percy H. seen with the girl from Waverly. Ann, where are you?
- March 12 — Ann has fainting spells.
- March 13 — Several students go to K. C. to see Ben Hur.
- March 14 — Baseball coach comes. Puts the boys through a hard practice.
- March 15 — Bro. Cox is very much excited. His lady love hits town. The Rev. even loses his appetite.
- March 16 — Coach makes a smash with Minnie R. at the dance. Sophomores entertain the Seniors at Dr. Mannings.



Death Report of M. V. C., 1910-1911

Name.	Age.	Died.	Where	Cause of Death.
Gilmore	10 years older than he acts	Feb. 17, '11	At Ellis's table	Eating too much
Daugherty	Not over 15	On a cold day in January	On the way home	Froze while taking Mary home
Cecil "Bangs" Francisco	Old enough to have some sense	Dec. 14, '10	In history class	Murdered by Mrs. Huff
Hollyman	Thinks he's 40	Nov., 1910	In Psychology class	Choked by a big word
"Tubby" Jones	23	Feb. 30, '11	Under a clover leaf	Broke six ribs laughing
Mr. and Mrs. Pickle	Perfectly fresh	Feb. 10, '11	Stewart Chapel	Murdered by Prof. Place
Margaret M. Grube	Young ladies won't tell	On Thursday afternoon	Houxonian Hall	Insulted by "Dick" and died of rage
"Dick"	Who can tell or wants to?	Nov. 5, '10	Dormitory	Drowned
Nelle	About 15	Society rush day	On the campus	Neck rung by some Bairlean
Duncan	Sweet seventeen?	When Carl left	In misery	Broken hearted
Neal	Five years older than last fall	Jan. 10, '11	Bradfords	Algebra
Book Agent	Acts about 14	Nov. 30, '10	On the tower	Hit by an evil-hearted Soph
Charlotte	We didn't take time to see "Just 14"	March 6, '11	Dormitory	Drowned
Berta	Says it's none of our business	March, 1911	On a snowflake	Smothered with "Garlands"
Mildred T.	Unlucky 13	One evening	In front of her mirror	Rouge-face Suicide
Student body	From 6-60	March 10, '11	At the telephone	Brown asked for a date
			In chapel	Unexpected half-holiday



Department of Campstry

PROFESSORS.

SCHUYLER R. MYERS.

STELLA B. HICKS.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR.

WILLIAM SHELTON BIXLER.

Course A—General Fussing. Elementary.

This course is designed for those who are just beginning. The student is expected to have a pretty fair knowledge of the work at the close of the course.

Text—Beatrice Fairfax's "Advice to Lovelorn."

Course B—This course leads to engagement. Includes moonlight strolls, talks on boarding house porches, corridor conversations, explorations of unknown and uninhabited districts, etc.

Text—Mrs. Browning's Love Sonnets.

Course C—Seminary. This course is open to those who expect to make it their life work.

Text—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

STUDENTS REGISTERED.

- Course A — Otto Schweer-Nelle Newton,
James Crank-Mazee Bridges,
Leo Brown-Florence Patterson,
Gerald Fitzgerald-Lucy Evans,
Otto Marksbury, Walter Ficklin-Vera Cabbage.
- Course B — Erwin Miner-Ethel Cordry,
Percy Houston-Anna Evans,
Leonard Harrison-Isabel McCutcheon,
Clyde Blosser-Emma Marschall,
Hubert McDaniel-Eunice Hunter,
Norwood Read—Margaret Decherd,
Ross Campbell-Anybody,
John Doak-Kitty Sue Penick,
Joe Johnston-Elizabeth Crawford.
- Course C — John Kirkpatrick-Ella Black,
George Daugherty-Mary McIlroy,
Will Lockridge-Marie Griffith,
Will Davis-Mae Davidson,
Jonathan Hollyman-Margaret Stephens,
Leonard Patton-Georgia Rolofson,
Paul McAninch-Maurine Gorrell,
James McAninch-Margaret Manning,
Richard Horne-Cecil Francisco.
- Graduate — A. Baird Parks.



The poor tired girls
That went in whirls
Seeking their place of rest,
Returned again
From searching vain,
Wailing a fruitless quest.

That place of rest
By stern request
Forever more was closed;
So on the stairs
In mournful pairs
The girls that day reposed.

And each one had
A face so sad
That soon they roused the boys
Who from the door
The hinges tore
And gave them back their joys.

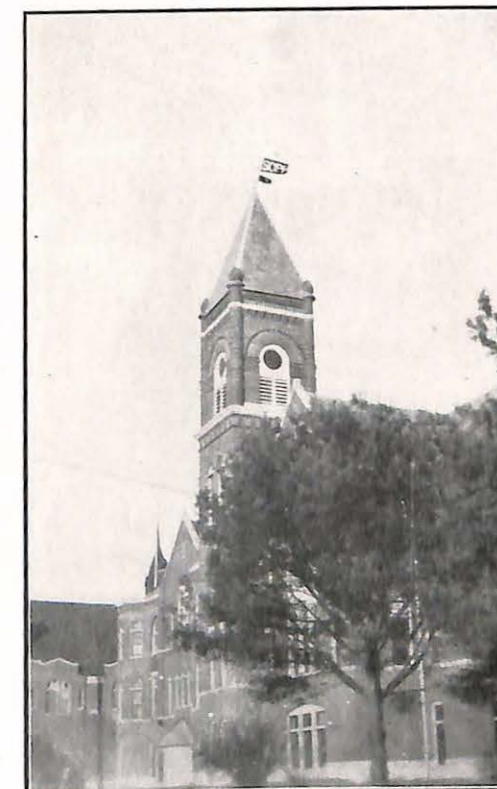
But joy so pure
Could not endure
Or many moments last,
For harsh command
Was near at hand
And locked the door more fast.

Then night so deep
All rapt in sleep
Its inky curtains spun,
And who can tell
If bad or well
The deeds behind them done.

But morn's pure light
With sun so bright
Each kind of work reveals,
In so short a while
Causing to smile
The face whose frown it steals.

But, ah, behold
Those rays of gold
With all their splendor fall
At morning hour
Upon a bower
A newly builded hall.

For in the night
Some kindly sprite
Its magic wand had waved
And built the hall
With rest for all
By which the girls were saved.



FIFTEEN DECISIVE BATTLES.

Date.	Cause.	Opponents.	Battle Field	Result.
1—Fall quarter	Anna E.	Percy Hubert	Chapel Steps	Hubert foiled again!
2—Fall quarter	Anna S.	Crank Leonard H.	On the bleachers	Battle interrupted and won by another party. Ethel thinks she has won, but we are not so sure. Of course Miss Margaret likes Jim best.
3—Fall quarter	Miner	Ethel Eunice	Nobody knows	
4—Fall quarter	Margaret	Ralph W. Jim Mc.	Behind the scenes	
5—Fall quarter	Leonard H.	Isabel Anna S.	In lilac grove	Isabel's forces outmatched Anna's 5 to 1 at the beginning of the battle. Anna quickly overpowered and beaten. Blosser re-enforced by A. B.'s troops, but Carl wins a glorious victory. Leonard didn't really try anyhow.
6—Fall quarter	Rivalry	Carl H. Blosser	Bairdean Hall	
7—Fall quarter	Mildred	Leonard H. Joe K.	Black's parlor and L. H.'s imagination	
8—Fall and Winter quarters	Unknown	Grube Tommie	Behind a peanut	Battle continued into Spring quarter, although not so hot. (The battle, not the weather.)
9—Winter quarter	Taxation without representation	"Rev." and "Dutch" Houxonians	Houxonian Hall	Graceful defeat of offensive forces with A. B.'s assistance.
10—Winter quarter	"Dutch"	Nelle Isabel	At the stone arch	Nelle knocked out early, but is still keeping up her nerve. Battle still going on somewhat.
11—Winter quarter	Bixler	Bixler Boys	Everywhere	Bixler slowly retreating, but is still fighting.
12—Fall quarter	"Billy"	Mildred T. Marie	In the light of the silvery moon	Marie wins a glorious victory.
13—Winter quarter	Isabel	Leonard Dutch	Orr's Sofa	Dutch wins a close victory.
14—Winter quarter	Mazee	A. B. Crank	Second window south of Dean's lair	A. B. just about ready to surrender.
15—Spring quarter	Dr. B.	Students Hon. Albert James	College campus	Students surrender after several weeks of fun.





ADVERTISEMENTS



The Young Men's Store

YOUNG GENTLEMEN

Who like to assert your identity by wearing clothes a little different than those the average man wears, will find here clothes that



are styled and tailored with you especially in mind—clothes which succeed in individualizing—which add gracefulness to the proportions—refinement to the lines of the body—in a degree never before attained.

Ederheimer-Stein Young Men's Clothes

We are Sole Agents in Marshall for the Celebrated

Hart, Schaffner & Marx
Kirschbium and Society Brand Clothes

For Young Men and Men who stay young

LEYHE DOWNING CLOTHING CO.
MARSHALL, MO.



College Students

WEAR

Howe Bros.

Shoes and Hats



The following sentence from Bacon's German Grammar exactly expresses the complaint of the first year German class:

"Gestern habe ich studiert; heute studiere ich; morgen werde ich studieren."

* * *

Mildred Mc.—"They say your brother Joe plays football."

K. King—Yes indeed."

M. Mc.—"Do you know what position he plays?"

K. K.—"Ain't sure but I think he's one of the draw-backs."

* * *

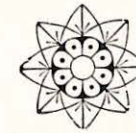
Johnston — "Have you seen my new clock?"

Patton — "No. What about it?"

Johnston—"Well, I left it in my room while I went to supper and when I came back I found it _____."

Patton—"Gone?"

Johnston—"No, not exactly, but it was going."



WHEN YOU WANT

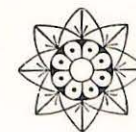
CLEAN GROCERIES
CANDY
DRIED FRUITS

Or Anything Good
to Eat

Call up No. 29

We Sell the Best

Will M. Tyler
MARSHALL, MO.



Jim McAninch driving home along Odell avenue one day overtook Helen Thompson, also homeward bound, and offered her a lift. They chatted pleasantly all the way. "Thank you," she said, as he helped her out.

"Don't mention it," he told her politely.

"No, I won't," said she.

* * *

Garland Neal works somewhat spasmodically at the Bank of Saline. He says the bank simply couldn't run without him because he is both draughtsman and teller. His duties, very likely, consist in opening and shutting the windows and doors and telling the people where to wipe their feet.

Are you sick?
 Anyone in your family sick?
 Don't bother about a name for the trouble.
 What you want is a cure.
 Have you tried Nyal's family remedies?
 They will surely do you good.
 They have cured others and will cure you.
 Nyal's family remedies are for sale at

TILLERY'S PHARMACY

NORTHWEST CORNER SQUARE

MARSHALL, MO.

There is a young girl named Nelle
 Whose cuts no professor can tell
 And her feet are too big to be measured by "Trig"
 So that's why she skips so well.

* * *

Dr. B.—What happened to Babylon?
 Daugherty—It fell.
 Dr. B.—And what became of Ninevah?
 Daugherty—It was destroyed.
 Dr. B.—And what became of Tyre?
 Daugherty—Punctured!

* * *

HAD BEEN THERE HIMSELF.

K. S. P.—"Fadie, John and I have had an awful fuss and we aren't either of us ever going to look at the other again."

Fadie—"Not ever? Well, perhaps it is just as well not to see each too much for a day or two."



Schnurmacher & Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Cigars and Smokers' Articles

Marshall, Mo.



When the dormitory boys were decorating for their "blow out" last winter, it was suggested that they decorate the walls with photos of the boys. At this suggestion a gentle voice, thought by many to be owned by Mr. Carl Hamlin, was heard from above. "No, sir—, you bet you don't; the girls would swipe every one." Poor, conceited wretch!

* * *

NEW RULES.

Mae D.—"Why was Gauldin put out of the game yesterday?"

Bill D.—"He hadn't shaved and was disqualified for unnecessary roughness."

* * *

The latest—"I am afraid you will very soon forget me."

Anna S.—"How can I—see I have tied two knots in my handkerchief."

WHITE'S

THIS IS THE STORE THAT'S BUILT ON QUALITY

We sell goods of quality to people of quality—people who realize the importance of quality above that of cheapness. We hope to be favored with *your* business this spring. If we are, rest assured we'll try to serve you so well that your future patronage will be given to this store.

EAST SIDE SQUARE

MARSHALL, MO.

AT THE BALL GAME.

Ethel C.—"Who is that man they're all quarreling with?"

Miner—"Why, he's keeping the score."

Ethel C.—"Oh, and won't he give it up?"

* * *

There is some kind of a mystery floating around school about Prof. Place running over a girl on Thanksgiving day. "Dick" Horne seems to know as much about it as anyone, in fact Prof. P. thinks he knows a little too much. What we want to know is, how much does "Dick" know?

* * *

Will L.—"I'll bet you can't tell me the difference between a mule and a Sophomore."

Hubert Mc.—"No, what is it?"

Will L.—"Isn't any."

* * *

Paul O.—"What does Nelle Newton take out here?"

Richard H.—"Her lunch."

WE LEAD—OTHERS FOLLOW

J. W. ROBERTSON & SON

PROPRIETORS OF



Marshall Livery, Feed and Sale Stable

THE OLD RELIABLE BUS, BAGGAGE AND MAIL LINE

ESTABLISHED 1881

Everything in our line first-class, from a wheel barrow to an omnibus. Place your orders with us for prompt, reliable and reasonable service.

TELEPHONE No. 24

Jim, Jim, the farmer's son
 Put on his fob and away he run,
 But he was checked
 With name correct,
 And thought that he was highly decked.

* * *

Prof. P.—"Did I ever tell you about the awful fright I got on my wedding day?"

Prof. S.—"Hush! No man should speak about his wife that way."

* * *

If a dorm boy asks you the difference between a goat and a lemon or a sidewalk and a street car, murder him on the spot.

* * *

If it takes three hours for a mosquito to bore a hole through a window pane, how long would it take Carl H. to get 2000 acres?

Choice Roses, Fancy
Carnations and all
other Cut Flowers
in season.

We pack and ship fresh
flowers successfully
the distance of one
thousand miles.



REGULAR
ORDERS
SOLICITED

Oh Paul and Maurine
May always be seen
Just strolling through cam-
pus or hall
They have the worst case
Around the whole place
To have only commenced it
last fall.

But school will soon end,
Pierced hearts will soon
mend
And free from all thoughts
of a row,
By some running stream,
Paul will idly dream,
"I wonder who's kissing her
now."

* * *

Dormitory boys' com-
plaint—We simply can't
make Evans stop that awful
noise that sounds like tear-
ing rags. He says he's
paying \$20.00 a quarter to
have Prof. Place show him
how to do it and he has to
practice. What would you
do in a case like that?

* * *

Mr. Holmes, please trans-
late and leave your commen-
taries until later.—Dr. Mc-
Ginnis.

Myers &
Corder

Dealers in

Groceries

AND

Queensware

We will appreciate a share
of your business

Call In and See Us

West Side Square

'Phone 42

MARSHALL, MO.

KNOCKERS' CLUB
MOTTO:

Knock when you can.
Colors—Black and blue.
Emblem—Hammer.
Frater in Facultate—Dr.
McGinnis.

CHARTER MEMBERS.

Clyde Blosser,
Otto Schweer,
Floyd Gauldin,
A. B. Lansing,
Margaret Manning,
Richard Horne,
Carl Hamlin,
Clinton Cox,
Harrold Crank,
Mazee Bridges,
Joe Vertrees,
Georgia Rolofson.

* * *

FOR SALE.

One purple sweater, in
perfect condition, in use
about four years. Will
sell, washed 75c, unwash-
ed 50c. Come early and
avoid the rush.—Norwood
Read.

To the Trade:

We both lose money if
you do not handle our

CHOCOLATES and NADJA CAMELS

DELICIOUSLY MADE FOR A CRITICAL TRADE

Blanke-Wenneker Candy Co. St. Louis

THE LAZY LOAFERS.

Motto: "What's de use?"
Emblem — Spearmint
Gum.

Officers.

President—Percy Hous-
ton.

Vice President—Wallace
Grube.

Secretary—Anna Evans.

Censor Morem — Prof.
Grube.

Chaplain—"Tubby" Jones.

Roll of Members.

Thos. Gilmore,
George Daugherty,
Mazee Bridges,
Mary Hurt,
Eunice Hunter,
Kitty Sue Penick,
Carl Duncan,
Hubert McDaniel,
Richard Horne,
Garland Neal,
*Ivy Evans,
John Hall,
Speed Leonard,
Marie Griffith.
Honorary Member—Ward
Clemens.

*President at the first of
the year, but was fired for
neglect of duty.

SCOTT BROS.

BOOK STORE

School Books and
Supplies

BOOKS

ART GOODS

STATIONERY

PICTURES

Sporting Goods

WALL PAPER

EAST SIDE SQUARE

MARSHALL, MO.

A. B.—"I have written 2000
words on 'Politicians in hot
water.'"

Dutch.—"Can you boil it
down?"

* * *

Paul M.—"Oh, come on
Maurine, Let's elope."

Maurine.—"Oh, I don't be-
lieve I will. I don't think
papa would let me."

* * *

Driven to desperation by
the very constant appear-
ance of vigilant teachers in
the corridors, one student
in an hour of misery com-
posed the following:

"Silently one by one in the
infinite halls of the
college,

Blossom those lovely teach-
ers—the forget-me-
nots of the pupils."

* * *

Mrs. Huff, addressing
class—"Now, I want each
of you to ask a question
and call on whatever per-
son you like."

McClymonds—"She isn't
here."



Peabody Farm

Short Horns and Berkshires

YOUNG STOCK FOR SALE AT ALL TIMES
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

ADDRESS

JUNE K. KING & SONS

Marshall, Missouri.

VIII

The Western Theological Seminary

NORTH SIDE, PITTSBURGH, PA.

FOUNDED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, 1825

The faculty consists of six professors and four instructors.

A complete modern theological curriculum, with elective courses leading to the degree of B.D. Graduate courses of the University of Pittsburgh, leading to degrees of A.M. and Ph.D., are open to properly qualified students of the Seminary.

A special course is offered in Practical Christian Ethics, in which students investigate the problems of city missions, settlement work, and other forms of Christian activity. The city of Pittsburgh affords unusual opportunities for the study of social problems.

The students have exceptional library facilities. The Seminary library of 34,000 volumes contains valuable collections of works in all departments of Theology, but is especially rich in Exegesis and Church History; the students also have access to the Carnegie Library, which is situated within five minutes' walk of the Seminary buildings.

A post-graduate scholarship of \$500 is annually awarded to the member of the graduating class who has the highest rank and who has spent three years in the institution. A gymnasium and grounds afford ample opportunity for recreation.

All the buildings of the Seminary are located on the West Park, one of the most beautiful residence districts of Greater Pittsburgh. A new dormitory, equipped with the latest modern conveniences will be ready for occupancy in October, 1911.

For further information, address

REV. JAMES A. KELSO, Ph. D., D. D.
N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A LITTLE ADVICE TO BOYS.

Why don't you ever spend anything but the evening?—Isabel.

Learn to appreciate a good joke, to make one once in a while, and to pray. And above all, love the girls.—Anna Evans.

Don't think that just because a girl lets you translate her Greek lesson for her, she is crazy about you.—Margaret Decherd.

Extravagance isn't as bad as it's cracked up to be. Don't be tight, anyway.
—Ruth Rose.

Be good and comb your hair pompadour.—Maurine Garrell.

Don't know enough about boys to give any advice.—Eunice Hunter.

Some boys should cultivate a more flirtatious disposition and create some excitement.—Mary Dean.

Boys, as I know them, need no advice.—Anna Stringfield.

Don't flirt with a girl at the picture show if you are more than twelve rows away from her.—Mildred McAninch.

If you can't get your ties to match your socks, try to get your socks to match your ties.—Cecil Francisco.

Don't stir me up; I could give you too much advice.—Marguerite Downs.

It isn't polite to talk about how far a girl lives.—Mary Hurt.

Be original and shave before school on Thursday mornings.—Vera Cabbage.

IX

MEXICO MUSIC COMPANY

PUBLISHERS, DEALERS AND IMPORTERS

The success of our business the past year has been such that we have cause to be grateful. We are glad to express our gratitude to our customers and we trust the service rendered will merit a continuance of their trade, and it will be our hope to attract many new ones.

SPECIAL RATES TO MUSIC TEACHERS.

W. H. UPHAM, Manager
MEXICO, MISSOURI

ADVICE TO BOYS. (Continued).

Matching pennies is great sport but, like dancing and card-playing, leads to greater vices. Wouldn't checkers do just as well?—Ruth H.
Your jokes are all stale. Did you ever read the "Spice of Life" in The Literary Digest? Try a dose or two.—Alice M.
Be good, but don't try to get caught at it.—Mae D.
Grow up, be a man. Kids do not appeal to me.—Marguerite Pile.
Be like George.—Mary McIlroy.
Always take off your hats to the ladies when you meet them.—Helen T.
Attend Y. M. C. A. regularly.—Emma M.
Try taking the girls to the Palms if your conscience excludes the picture shows.—Edna Harrison.
I have no advice for John, and don't know the other boys well enough.—Ella B.
If you are dark, use Hydrogen Peroxide. This might make you good looking.—Marie Griffith.
When a girl remarks that her hands are cold, don't advise her to sit on them. Be game.—Nelle Newton.
Don't limit your attentions to Sunday night calling or to taking a girl home from a lecture.—Roberta Rasse.
If a girl has more than the average amount of avoirdupois, courteously refrain from alluding to the fact.—Mildred T.

N. N. NOOE

W. M. NOOE

NOOE BROS.

OPERA HOUSE MEAT MARKET

DEALERS IN

All Kinds of Fresh Meats,
Lard, Fish and Oysters

117 W. North St.

MARSHALL, MO.

Phone 183

Carl H.—For a person so naturally attractive as you a zebra suit is entirely too loud. Plain dark blue would give that dignity you so much desire.

* * *

Paul V.—If you wouldn't flirt so awfully, the girls would like you better. Try to develop a seeming indifference to girls and you might succeed in making a hit.

* * *

Brown—If you will insist on making a sensation, try it in a more modest way. Brass medals are out of fashion. What's more, they aren't becoming to your style of beauty. It is also not good taste to tell you are married when you are not.

* * *

Norwood R.—Your purple sweater is very attractive, but not entirely suitable for evening wear.

S. T. HUNTER

Druggist

EAST SIDE SQUARE

Everything in Drugs

Call, we will please you.

MARSHALL, MO.

Ruth H.—Why is it that your front walk needs to be swept off every Monday about 9 o'clock?

* * *

Richard H.—Your hat is too small since the debates. We would advise you to get a new one, rather large, to prepare for future enlargements and also to match the size of your gloves.

* * *

Floyd G.—It is too bad you have such a poor memory for names. If you ever again hold the presidency of a society, a memorandum might help.

* * *

Will L.—Pink eyes have gone out of style. New ones of fashionable shades—greens, burnt orange and yellows, may be obtained at any drug store.

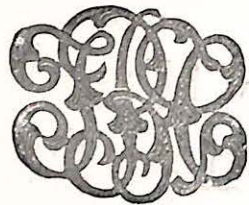
Lowest Priced House in America for Fine Goods

AMERICA'S GREAT DIAMOND HOUSE

JACCARD'S FINE SOLID GOLD JEWELRY IS DURABLY MADE—MOST PLEASING DESIGNS AND IS THE BEST VALUE.



No. J7003
SCARF PIN, \$2.00
Solid Silver, with Real Cameo.



ARTISTIC HAND PIERCED MONOGRAMS FOR FOBs, PURSES, ETC.

Monogram for Watch Fob

Sterling Silver	- - - -	\$7.50
Solid 10k Gold	- - - -	19.50
Solid 14k Gold	- - - -	25.00



CLASS AND "FRAT" PINS \$2, \$3 and up to \$150 each

SPECIAL SIGNET RINGS AND CLASS PINS MADE TO ORDER. SEND FOR SAMPLE.

"Frat" or Sorority Stationery 50c and up to \$1.50 per quire. Name die furnished free with order for twenty quires or more.

Extra Fine Writing Papers and Envelopes in fancy boxes. We have an elegant assortment of styles ranging from \$1.00 to \$12.00 per box, with a two-letter monogram or a single initial stamped free of charge.

New Styles in Imported Writing Papers and Correspondence Cards, ranging from 80 cents to \$1.25 per box.



Your Initial or Two-Letter Monogram Stamped Free on Paper in Fancy Boxes

which you purchase at Jaccard's stationery department; either a single letter or two letters in dainty colors.



Calling Cards

- 100 fine cards from your own plate - \$1.00
- 100 fine cards and script engraved plate \$1.50
- 100 fine cards and Solid Old English engraved plate - \$2.75
- 100 fine cards and shaded Old English engraved plate - \$3.50

Paper and correspondence cards having a lined envelope are much in demand. You can make a satisfactory selection from the varied styles that we are showing. 80c to \$1.00 per box.

Wedding and Ball Invitations

Correct in every detail. This season's styles are engraved in script and Old English; prices from \$8.00 to \$35.00 for the first 100; \$2.00 to \$6.00 for extra 100—complete with two envelopes.

MERMOD, JACCARD & KING JEWELRY CO. BROADWAY, COR. LOCUST ST. ST. LOUIS, MO.

Write for our Catalogue. Mailed free. Over 5000 illustrations of the most beautiful things in Diamond Jewelry and Art Goods.

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AN institution that prepares men to preach effectively to their own generation. Full Faculty of able and experienced Professors. Three years' course, combining well the scholarly and the practical, and leading to the degree of B. D. Buildings unsurpassed in beauty, comfort and convenience. Excellent library facilities. Expenses very moderate.

For catalogue, conditions of scholarships, and other information, write the President, the Rev. Charles R. Hemphill.

PROMINENT SURGEONS OF M. V. C.



DR. WALLACE M. GRUBE, N. G., Junior.



DR. AUSTIN B. JONES, O. K., Freshman.

We make a specialty of vociferating the memory, polluting the voice, enlarging the larynx and dum-founding the nervous system. Our office is fitted with the latest apparatus, among which we show the modern methods of cleaning the teeth with a vacuum cleaner. We aim to please. We solicit the patronage of those who have the cash.
Office Missouri Valley College, at the "Sign of the Clock." Hours 10-12 A. M.

GATES STUDIO

ROOMS 219-220 MARSHALL BLDG.

MARSHALL, MO.

We cater only to the best grade of photographic work.
Latest styles, up-to-date posing and lighting.

We use the famous Aristo 10,000 candle power electric light, which insures perfect results day or night regardless of weather conditions. Prices reasonable and all work positively guaranteed. Kodak finishing and developing. Pay us a visit and get acquainted.

Very respectfully,

C. S. GATES, Photographer

SUFFRAGETTE CLUB.

Place of meeting—Rowdy Hall.

Motto: "Give us liberty or give us death."

Colors—Purple and white.

Emblem—Blue stocking.

Soror in Faculate—Belle Huff.

Charter Members.

Ruth Rose,
Nelle Newton,
Katharine Sue Penick,
Florence Patterson,
Robertta Rasse,
Helen Thompson,
Cecil Francisco,
Charlotte Bohn,
Anna Evans.
Candidates for Election.
Ruth Harrison,
Mildred McAninch.

* * *

Students, do not fail to patronize the Sabiduria advertisers. They are the people who have made this volume of the Sabiduria a success.—Carl I. Duncan, Business Manager.

For Good Things to Eat

CALL ON

**EWELL
BROS.**

**Groceries and
Queensware**

SOUTH SIDE SQUARE

Phone 64

MARSHALL, MO.

One day Gerald Fitzgerald met Carl Hamlin coming up the walk in a very business like manner with a few copies of the Delta in his hand. "What's that you've got?" asked Gerald. "Only a couple of Trans-Atlantic steamers" was the reply. "Well, why have you got those gunboats on your feet?"

Strangely enough, Carl did not reply.

* * *

"Come, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,

There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake;

It's time you should think, boy, of taking a wife."

"Why, so it is father. Who's wife shall I take?"

Established 1874

Incorporated 1882

Wood & Huston Bank

MARSHALL, MO.

CAPITAL, \$100,000

SURPLUS, \$120,000



G. A. MURRELL, President.

C. G. PAGE, Vice President.

J. P. HUSTON, Cashier.

J. C. LAMKIN, Assistant Cashier.

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Safety Deposit Boxes for rent. Ample Capital, Modern Equipment. We offer the best of service in all banking matters.

Nuckles & Nuckles

OSTEOPATHIC
PHYSICIANS

Graduates of "Old Dr. Still" the founder of Osteopathy

TREAT ALL CLASSES OF INJURIES AND DISEASES

Phones---Residence 566 Office 351

Office---Suite 214-15-16 Marshall Bldg., MARSHALL, MO.

SEVEN WOES.

Dr. McGinnis.
Exams.
Tuesday Chapel service.
Rest room.
Tuition.
Phylsophy.
D. D. D.'s.
Seven Original Jokes.
Heating apparatus.
Chapel clock.
Society.
Annual play.
What's the difference between a goat and a lemon?
The Delta.
Girls' Dorm.
Seven Wonders of the World.
Mrs. Huff's sarcasm.
Freshmen.
The way Prof. Place improves.
Stone arch.
Choral Club.
Hollyman's vocabulary.
Grand piano.

GAYETY THEATRE



The Home of Refined
Pictures

PRESENTING
3000 feet of Choice Film

Giving
an hour's wholesome entertainment for a

DIME

Southern Hotel

Adjoining

Clean Beds and Good
Meals at Popular
Prices

XVI

SMOKING CLUB.

Motto: "'Tis better to
smoke here than to smoke
hereafter."

Color—Tobacco brown.
Flower—Nicotiana.
Emblem—Pipe.

Charter Members.

Speed Leonard,
Percy Houston,
John Kirkpatrick,
James Crank,
Leonard Harrison,
Goodwin Smith,
Floyd Gaudin,
John Hall,
Joe Vertrees,
Ivy Evans,
Farrell Quigg.

* * *

This question was asked
in a Physics exam:

"What steps would you
take in determining the
height of a building using
an aneroid barometer? The
answer on the paper was,
"I would lower the baro-
meter by a string and meas-
ure the string."

New York Racket

The biggest thing that ever happened in the commercial and business world was the consolidation of "The New York Racket" and "Taylor's Department Store."

J. W. and F. W. Taylor are partners and are actively associated in the former management of the Racket and together they are making it a bigger and better store all the time.

Remember, we keep **Everything** for **Everybody**, and our mottos are "Cash Sales and Small Profits" and "No Trouble to Show Goods." Come in and be shown.

— YOURS FOR BUSINESS —

THE NEW YORK RACKET

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

Be good, innocent, little girls. Believe anything the boys tell you. They will not deceive you.—Daugherty.

It does not matter which one of the girls you are, nor who is around, you should do anything I tell you.—John Hall.

Look at Miss Margaret as the one faultless girl and try to be like her.—Jimmie.

It is quite an accomplishment for a gentleman to be able to talk incessantly with defalcation for an entire evening. Listen to me then as you will undoubtedly hear something valuable to you.—A. B.

Be very modest, as I am easily shocked.—Van Buskirk.

Admire me as I should be and think of the great man I will be some day. I have cultivated what was originally an assumed independence and the blunders I make are all intentionally made for the purpose of acquiring more assumed independence.—Hubert Mc.

Get busy, girls, you can have a good time if you will wake up a few more of the boys as you have me.—"Dutch."

Please refrain from wearing those so-called "Hobble Skirts." If you could see yourself as we see you, we are sure you would not parade the streets in the day time at least.

XVII

ABIEL LEONARD

MARSHALL, MO.

REAL ESTATE

Farm loans made at lowest rates of interest, and on liberal terms.
Insurance written on farm and city property in the best companies.
Abstracts furnished and titles perfected to all farm lands and town lots
in Saline County.

ABIEL LEONARD

ADVICE TO GIRLS. (Continued.)

Bangs, as they are called, are not at all becoming to you. You do not have "to be in style" just simply because one of the 400 has introduced this uncivilized custom. If Ringling Bros.' circus would hit town, we are sure they would cage you.

If you desire to better your complexion in order to make yourself more beautiful just use a small quantity of the best face powder and rub evenly over the face. Apply cold cream at night. Avoid paints and such dopes as will make you appear ridiculous. Girls who apply such dope form a sideshow for the observers.

Refrain from wearing large hats when with a young man. Should he desire to become a thief for a moment, it would greatly interfere and probably cause a little embarrassment.

Do not approach a young man and ask him for chewing gum. If you want gum, you will find it in abundance up town.

There is a limit to all things, so when next you dress your hair, please avoid wearing so many puffs, rats, switches, etc. It is not at all becoming to your style of beauty.

Trig. class is not the place to hold your daily conversation. If you don't want to learn, get out and let those who do have the advantage of Prof. Laughlin's training.

JESSE MARR, President
G. E. C. SHARP, Vice President

R. E. HOLLOWAY, Cashier
H. C. FRANCISCO, Ass't Cashier

Bank of Saline

CAPITAL \$50,000.00

Surplus and Undivided Profits \$24,500.00

Marshall, Missouri

ADVICE TO GIRLS. (Continued.)

Screaming and loud talking in the corridors is not at all becoming to a refined young lady. The campus is the place for such carrying on.

When there is an inter-collegiate game at the college, go and cheer for your team. Don't go poking off home or elsewhere just because you haven't a man.

Don't throw out hints to the effect that you would like to go to a theatre with a certain young man. If he desires to take you, he will most assuredly ask you. It isn't every time he desires to be in your company when you act in this manner.

Do not chew or pop your gum in the class room. It shows the lack of home training.

To the Horace Class: Don't assemble in the corridors just before class time and discuss the difficult parts of your lesson. You should have your lesson thoroughly prepared before you come to school. This is approved by Dr. McGinnis.

When you have a feast at the college, always invite the boys to share the delightful spread. Don't be so selfish.

When at an inter-collegiate game, do not bother the one you are with by asking them about certain plays that are made. If you are not familiar with the rules, get "Spalding's Official Guide" and learn them. That's how we got our start.

Girls, do not get "sore" because of these few remarks. "If the shoe fits you, wear it." Be like the best of US and you will get along.

(Signed)

BOYS.

The Bank of Marshall

MARSHALL, MO.

OFFICERS

ALEX. DENNY, President
GEO. H. ALTHOUSE, Cashier
JAMES A. WALKER, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS

ALEX. DENNY
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The Bank of Marshall

Is liberal in policy, conservative in management and has excellent facilities for handling all branches of banking business. Separate vault for safety deposit boxes. A safe place to keep deeds, insurance policies and other valuable papers. A key to get at them. A private room in which to examine them.

IF YOU ARE NOT A CUSTOMER OF THIS BANK,
LET THIS BE YOUR INVITATION TO BECOME ONE.

NAYLOR'S HARDWARE STORE

Is the place to buy Quality Goods. Everything is kept to make a complete Hardware Stock. We also do Heating of all kinds, Plumbing and Metal Works. Visit our model store on the West Side Square. Will be glad to see you. Yours,

B. F. NAYLOR HARDWARE AND PLUMBING CO.

BOOKS THEY MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN.

The following late books by popular authors will be placed on sale May 1st, 1911, at all book stores:

"A Successful Husband," A. Baird Parks.
"New Unabridged Dictionary," 1910 revision, J. C. Hollyman.
"Foolish Dictionary," T. H. Gilmore.
"The Why and the Wherefore," A. B. Lansing.
"How I Fell in Love with my Wife," C. B. Leeper.
"Poetical Translation of Horace's Odes," Theron Holmes.
"Manual of Campuistry," Duncan and Garrard.

The following are short extracts from a diary. Being confidentially written we think best not to mention any names:

"She's all the world to me."
"No, she doesn't seem to care for me. If it were anyone else I wouldn't give a whoop."
"I wonder if she ever could learn to love me as she does ——?"

THE PRESBYTERIAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

This seminary offers a very attractive opportunity to young men desiring training for the ministry. It is well located. Near the center of the Middle-west, it is surrounded with openings for service. It is well equipped both with ample buildings and an able faculty. Instruction is available in every science necessary to the education of a minister, and recognizing the changing conditions of the times, the curriculum has been carefully adapted to meet the needs of the minister of today. Its expenses are moderate. A student can enter the school with meagre funds, and receive due remuneration for ministerial services rendered from time to time, and complete the course without debt. At graduation he will find inviting fields awaiting him. Sixty per cent are now at work in Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota. Others occupy more distant fields east and west, some are abroad as missionaries.

Beautiful rooms may be ordered in advance by students who plan to enter this institution. The next term will begin September 19th and with two weeks at Christmas vacation continue until May 2nd, 1912. Catalogs may be secured by addressing the President, Rev. A. B. Marshall, D. D.

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Largest
of
Stock



Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,
SILVERWARE and CLOCKS

In Central Missouri
at the

North Side Jewelry Store

AT THE RIGHT PRICES

Everybody invited to call and inspect the same

CHAS. A. MAUCH

Brass Rule—Do the other
fellow and do him good,
for he would do you as
good as he could.

* * *

Dare to do anybody.—
Prof. Grube.

* * *

Knowledge is power—if
you know it about the
right person.—Eunice H.

* * *

The greatest possession is
self possession.—Mary Mc-
Ilroy.

* * *

He laughs best whose
laugh lasts.—Austin Jones.

* * *

He who fights and runs
away will live to tell about
the fray.—Sophs and Sen-
iors.

* * *

Many hands want light
work.—Goodwin Smith.

* * *

All is not bold that titters.
—Myrtle Moore.

* * *

When you want some-
body done, do him yourself.
—Joe Johnston.

O. W. Johnston

Hardware
and Home Furnishing
Store

EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME

Furniture, Lace
Curtains, Rugs, Etc.

Razors, Knives, Shav-
ing Soaps, Baking
and Chafing
Dishes

We would be glad to have
you go through the big store.

O. W. JOHNSTON

East Side Square
MARSHALL, MO.

XXII

SOPHOMORE GENER-
AL STATISTICS.

Laziest—Richard Horne.
Best Student — Lizzie
Cochran.

Prettiest—Mary Hurt.
Most religious — R. C.
Hutchison.

Biggest Dude — Hubert
McDaniel.

Wittiest—Paul Oliver.
Lady's man—Joe John-
ston.

Tallest—Ira McClymond.
Most prissy—Jim McAn-
inch.

Best acrobat — Gerald
Fitzgerald.

Most clumsy — David
Fitzgerald.

Most promising — Cecil
Francisco.

Thinks she is—Margaret
Manning.

Most amiable—Marguerite
Pile.

Most ambitious—Aubrey
Ross.

Flunkey—Sloan Whitsett

Patronize—Sabiduria Ad-
vertiser.

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SERVICEABLE

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Marshall, Mo.

Capital and Surplus, : : : \$150,000.00



FARMERS SAVINGS BANK

Jas. A. Gordon, : : President
P. C. Armentrout, : : Vice President
W. C. Gordon, : : Cashier

Oldest Bank in Saline County. Established in 1870

Progressive in spirit, liberal in its policy toward its customers,
yet always conservative in management, THE FARMERS
SAVINGS BANK affords an ideal place for the conduct of
your banking business. Our facilities for the care of your
business are unexcelled and we endeavor to render efficient
and courteous service at all times.

Your business is cordially invited.

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Old Maids' Club

PLACE OF MEETING—Rest Room.

MOTTO—When ringlessness is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

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School of

Thorough work by
22 practising law-
yers. All work at
night. Write for
information

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Registrar

718 Commerce Bldg.

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Anna Evans
Ella Black
Beulah Garrard
Mary Mellroy
Marie Griffith
Anna Margaret Stephens
Mazee Bridges
Maurine Gorrell
Georgia Rolofson
Mildred Taylor
Mae Davidson

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Makers of the highest quality Engraved Invitations, Programs, Class Pins, and Class Rings. Samples sent upon request. Write for our Pin Catalogue.

JACCARD JEWELRY CO.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE EXPRESSION.

- "Heavens Maud"—Cecil Francisco.
 "Gee Whack"—Ruth Harrison.
 "I must repeat that you read your lessons without putting any thought on them"—Prof. McGinnis.
 "Pass on, please"—Prof. Grube.
 "Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you"—Prof. Penick.
 "My soul"—Berta Rasse.
 "Hello, Sport"—Isabel.
 "Concerning the topic under discussion"—J. C. Hollyman.
 "Honor bright." "Ye-yes"—Ruth Rose.
 "I don't give a whoop"—G. Fitzgerald.
 "It's unpecunerary to me"—Iva Evans.
 "You're crazy, girl"—"Mystic," "Wonderful"—Garland Neal.
 "That's alright"—James Crank.
 "As a matter of fact"—Prof. Stephens.
 "How?"—Myrtle M.
 "The immortal gods, preserve us"—Charlotte B.
 "Shoe factory"—Prof. Bixler.
 "Let me carry your books"—K. King.
 "Oh, is that so"—Mary Dean.
 "George—oh he's my brother"—Mildred T.
 "That's got my goat"—Leonard H.
 "Alright, old top"—Percy H.
 "For pity sakes, shut up."—Prof. Laughlin.
 "How come?"—Brown.
 "Such a thus-ness"—Mary Hurt.
 "Every vestige of power"—Vertrees.

A NECESSITY TO EFFECTIVE SCHOOL WORK WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY



AN ABSOLUTELY NEW CREATION.

A NEW WORD IS FOUND—*igloo, monoplane, helium*. What does it mean? How pronounced? Origin? Spelling? The new work gives the correct final answers. Over 400,000 Words and Phrases defined.
 A SYNONYM IS NEEDED. The New International suggests just the word you seek. The fullest and most careful treatment of synonyms in English.
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 CONVENIENCE MEANS TIME GAINED. The new page arrangement will save many hours each term. A "Stroke of Genius." No other work has it.
 EDITOR IN CHIEF, Dr. WM. T. HARRIS, 6000 Illustrations that define. 2700 Pages.
 SUCCESSFUL TEACHERS should procure at once "This most remarkable single volume ever published." It cost nearly half a million dollars.
 WRITE for Specimen Pages. If you are a teacher ask for booklet "Use of the Dictionary." FREE.
G. & C. MERRIAM CO., PUBLISHERS, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS. (Continued.)

- "Say, girl"—Speed.
 "I nearly passed away," Edna Harrison.
 "Believe me"—Will Davis.
 "Say, kid"—Anna E.
 "Oh, you don't say so"—Beulah.
 "It's no place for a nervous lady like me"—Margaret M.
 "Sure 'nough"—Florence P.
 "Drat it"—Kitty Sue.
 "It sho am a duby"—Carl D.
 "She's all the world to me"—"Skimpy."
 "I once had a little dog named August"—Earl Gaither.
 "Believe me, kid"—Edna Hollister.
 "Hello, girlie"—Alice Montague.
 "You don't say"—Marguerite Downs.

* * *

Said little Jimmie Mack,
 A drive I'd like to take,
 And Maggie I am sure,
 Will a nice companion make.

With hind wheels on before,
 Dear Jim and Maggie went,
 Nor knew about the change
 Until the drive was spent.

Some naughty little boys,
 It is a shame to say,
 Just tampered with the rig,
 While Jimmie was away.

Optimist—A man who sees a silver lining to every cloud.
 Pessimist—One who bites it to see if it is real silver.

REFINED FOOTBALL.

College football needs reforming. I hope to see it a more gentlemanly game next season.—Prof. Penick.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I fear my elbow struck you on the nose."
"Don't mention it, I beg of you; I hope I have not mashed your toes."
"Dear me, I must apologize. Pray, let me help you to your feet."
"I thank you, sir; let me commend your tackling, 'twas extremely neat."
"I've bruised your jaw—believe me, sir; I do regret such sad mischance."
"A trifle—prithce, take my arm; I'll lead you to the ambulance."
"Your ear, I think, sir—I am grieved, I am rather rough, I fear."

Will courtesies like these be heard when we play ball again next year?

Bill—"I realize I am not good enough for you, but won't you have me anyway?"

Marie—"Yes, Billy, you're good enough to begin on."

Daugherty—"How can I keep my toes from going to sleep?"

Johnston—"Don't let them turn in."

She—"After all, Prof. Gurlie is —"

He—"Yes; he is."

She—"Is what?"

He—"After all."

For Clever

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Don't merely ask for Chocolates—insist on VASSAR CHOCOLATES. You are entitled to the best value your money will purchase. It is not necessary to accept other kinds when you can get VASSAR CHOCOLATES for the same price.

Various styles to suit the taste, all in attractive packages. Prices 60c to \$1.00 the pound.
According to style.

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Name	Address
Anna Evans	On inside chapel steps.
Percy Houston	Ditto.
Wallace Grube	Laboratory.
Katharine Sue Penick	By radiator in south hall.
Ella Black	In the office.
John Kirkpatrick	With Ella.
John Doak	See K. S. P.'s address.
"Easy" McCutcheon	Obtainable anywhere.
Emma Marschall	Y. W. C. A. hall.
J. C. Hollyman	At dictionary in the library.
Maze Bridges	Before a mirror.
A. B. Lansing	Up in the air.
Beulah Garrard	On the campus.
Floyd Gauldin	Down in the mouth.
Margaret Manning	Out riding.
Mildred Mc.	By the radiator in the cloak-
Joe King	room.
Mary McIlroy	With George.
Will Davis	Ask Mae.
Leonard Harrison	Impossible to say.
James Crank	11 A. M.—Mission Study 1 room.
Garland Neal	4 P. M.—Up town.
	Where angels fear to tread.

We may not be the nearest to you, but will always come the nearest to pleasing you with our

**Ice Cream, Frozen
Ices, Sodas,
Sundaes, Etc.**

Douglas Chocolates

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BALTIMORE, MD.

M. V. C. DIRECTORY—Continued.

Name.	Address.
Otto Schweer	At some girl's house.
Clara Smith	In her Trig Book.
George Daugherty	With Mary.
Baird Parks	Home, Sweet Home.
Thos. Gilmore	Slater.
G. Fitzgerald	Five feet behind Nelle N.

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\$1.00 the Year

All the news at the
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Superior equipment for
Job Work of every
description.



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Emery, Bird, Thayer Co.

extend to you the courtesies of their store devoted to wearing apparel and dress accessories complete for men, for women, for children and to the outfitting of the home—in every case presenting merchandise of the highest order of merit characteristic of this store.

Especial attention is directed to the store accommodations—to the Tea Room, to the Parlor Floor with its Writing Room, Women's Lavatory, Rest and Reception Rooms, Telephone Room with free service, to the free Parcel Checking Booth, to the United States Postal Sub-Station and many other conveniences which make shopping here pleasant as well as profitable. This is "The Store Accommodating."

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*"Owl is the bird of birds.
 Owl is the word of all words.
 Owl's the bird.
 Owl's the word."*

After many years of study of this wonderful bird, I have decided to put my knowledge in book form. Three hundred pages of interesting reading matter bound in a beautiful cloth cover for \$2.50. Any person desiring a copy of this book, may get one by sending the above sum to

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Hot and Cold Running
 Water in Every Room.
 Twelve With Private
 Bath.

J. G. LINEGAR
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We have a professor named Place,
 And if ever turned loose in space
 His antics galore
 Would cause him to soar
 Forever with increasing pace.

There is a professor named Myers.
 And to teach us pure French aspires.
 But his pupils turned loose
 Could not equal a goose
 In the use of smart Frenchifiers.

Wallace Grube wanted a kodak for
 Christmas. Where did he get it?



John Kirkpatrick wanted a Conk-
 lin's self filling pen. Where did he
 get it?

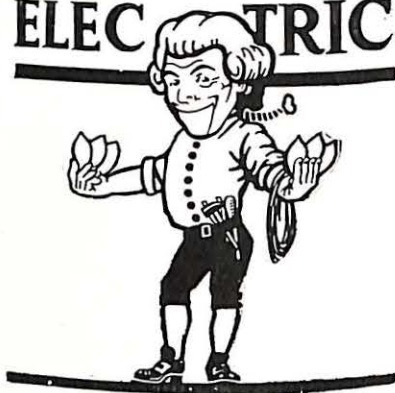


A. B., "Dutch," Joe, "Chink," "Nig,"
 "Hickey," "Honey Boy," "Big Bear,"
 "Rev.," "Socrates," "Pat," "Pea-
 body," "Golde," "Gilly," "Tubby" and
 all the bunch love real Chocolate
 Soda, but where do they get it? Why
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Should be busy about your
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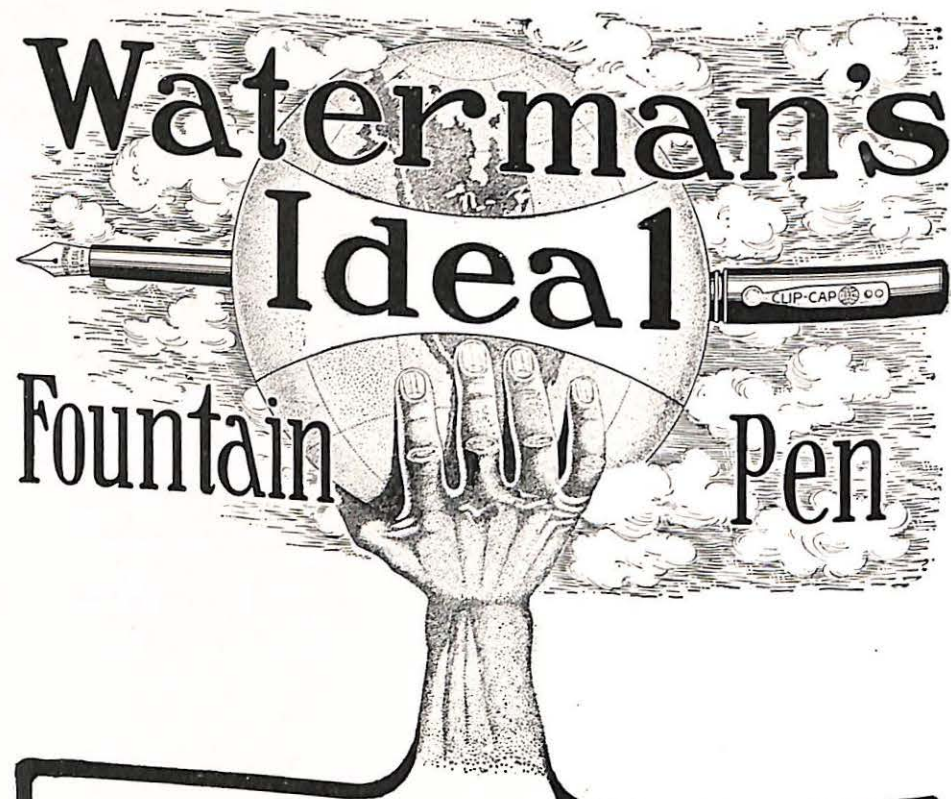
LYRIC



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Arm-action in writing is latterly simplified to just one reach for Waterman's Ideal. The possession of this pen is the cause for the saving of about one-half of a writer's time, as well as the satisfaction which comes only from the superior qualities, which must be found in every much-used article. Waterman's Ideals are adapted to the owner's hand from the start—there is no "breaking in." With the pen thus suited and the quality and patented parts prevailing in success, there is provided the permanent pen for constant usage. In Standard, Safety and Self-Filling Types.

Booklet on Request. **ALL DEALERS.** Avoid Substitutes.

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Carpets
Rugs
Curtains
Draperies**

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If you need anything in our line, we will prepay the freight and guarantee safe arrival of goods at your depot.

WRITE US ROBERT KEITH FURNITURE AND CARPET CO.

DONT'S FOR THE PREPS.

- Don't use a pony—a horse is stronger and larger.
- Don't walk thru exams—get a pass.
- Don't flirt with the Freshmen—unless you are forced to.
- Don't whisper in class—Yell.
- Don't tell stories—the profs. have that privilege.
- Don't draw pictures on the blackboard—you are big enough babies already.
- Don't study—let the other fellow do it.

Paul Mc.—Have you seen Maurine this afternoon?
Joe K.—Maurine who?

W. H. COLVERT

W. S. COLVERT

COLVERT BROS.

DEALERS IN

COAL AND ICE

CITY TRANSFER

Office in rear of Bank of Salem Building and at Sale Yards.
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CHILLI, CIGARS and FRUIT

F. P. WILLIAMS
South Side Square Marshall, Mo.

SOLILOQUY OF A HORACE STUDENT.

After Wordsworth (with no hopes of catching him.)

Horace is too much with us, soon and late;
Defining and construing, we use up our hours;
Little do we see of friends that are ours.
We have worn our nerves away, unhappy fate!

The Prof. that keeps us digging until June,
Unmindful of our howling at all hours,
Gives grades that do not justify our powers.
For odes, for epodes, we are out of tune.

It moves him not—Great guns! I'd rather get
A pony, by some Sophomore outworn,
So might I without such fume and fret
Ride thru exams that make me so forlorn.
Then might I my troubles sore forget
And slumber till eight-thirty in the morn.

C. B., '14



Send Me One Dollar

and I will explain
the secret of

Connubial Felicity

Every man and woman
should know it.

Address,
A. BAIRD PARKS,
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5c--10c--25c

The
L. H. Jackson Co.

**Almost Anything
and Everything**

**NOTHING OVER A
QUARTER**

XXXVIII

TIPPING BROS.

MARBLE and GRANITE WORKS

We erected Memorial at main
entrance for Class of 1909

MARSHALL

MISSOURI

BIG HEADS CLUB.

Motto: Self conceit makes
the world go 'round.

Colors—Brown and black.

Emblem—The big "I."

Frater in Facultate—Prof.
Bixler.

Charter Members.

Richard Horne, Jr.

J. C. Hollyman,

Floyd Gauldin,

Carl O. Hamlin,

Abram Bloodgood Lan-
sing.

Paul Oliver,

Leonard Harrison,

Otto Schweer,

Isabel McCutcheon,

Anna Stringfield,

Margaret Manning,

Mazee Bridges,

Nelle Newton.

* * *

Business firms whose ad-
vertisements appear on these
pages made the Sabiduria
possible. When trading re-
member this.—Business
Manager.

Thos. H. Fisher

DRUGGIST

Get it at Fisher's

WEST SIDE SQUARE

MARSHALL, MO.

The boys are lipping "The
duth,"

There is a young girl nam-
ed Ruth,

With wonderous brown
eyes,

Who'd be such a prize

But to love her there ain't
no uth.

* * *

We have a young girl nam-
ed Anna,

Who sings in a loud so-
prano,

And to each college boy
In granted the joy

Of spooring with this dear
Anna.

* * *

Harrison talking over the
'phone:

H.—"Hello. Is this Mrs.
Orr?"

Mrs. Orr—"Yes, sir."

H.—"Like to speak to
Isabel, please."

Mrs. O.—returning to the
'phone:

"Hello."

H.—"What's the dope?"

Mrs. O.—"I didn't under-
stand."

H.—A little louder.
"What's the dope?"

Mrs. O.—"Miss Mc-
Cutcheon will be down in a
few minutes."

XXXIX

Here are a few of the men for whom we did work during the spring of 1911. Our high standard of quality and service proven to them insures success to managers who sign with us.

THE NORTHERN ENGRAVING CO.
COLLEGE ANNUAL ENGRAVERS
CANTON, OHIO.

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Marshall, Mo.

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Ella Black	Anna Evans
Will Davis	Carl Duncan
Mae Davidson	Beulah Garrard
Will Lockridge	Richard Horne
Marie Griffith	Cecil Francisco
George Daugherty	Leonard Harrison
Mary McIlroy	Isabel McCutcheon
Walter Ficklin	Hubert McDaniel
Vera Cabbage	Eunice Hunter
Paul McAninch	Ira McClymonds
Maurine Gorrell	Margaret Pile
Leonard Patton	A. B. Lansing
Georgia Rolofson	Mazee Bridges
Joe King	Carl Hamlin
Mildred McAninch	Nelle Newton
James McAninch	Norwood Reed
Margaret Manning	Margaret Dechard
	J. C. Hollyman
	Margaret Stephens

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AT YOUR HOME. WRITE TODAY FOR CATALOG.
LEARN HOW TO PLAY THE PIANO OR ORGAN.
BEGINNERS OR ADVANCED PUPILS.

Roberta Helen Rasse
6439 Runout Street, : : MARSHALL, MO.
XLIII

Whether it's

STAPLE GROCERIES

for daily food or

DAINTY SWEET MEATS

for College spread,

YOU'LL FIND IT AT

PEECHER & SON'S

EVERYTHING FRESH,
PURE AND WHOLESOME

SOUTH SIDE SQUARE

MARSHALL, MO.

The Ananias Club

Motto—A gentle lie turneth away inquiry.

Colors—Blue and White.

Frater in Facultate—Prof. Myers.

Members.

Arch McNeely	David Fitzgerald
Joseph Tope	John Poage
Aubrey Ross	James McAninch
Leo Brown	Marjorie White
Gerald Fitzgerald	Janet Buck
Frank Price	Wylie LaRue
Willianna Holmes	Bessie Williams
Elizabeth Crawford	Edgar Carrol

Prof. Grub

He was the rube

On whom the water fell.

It came with a splash

Quick as a flash

Down from the mouth of hell.

And oh the great revels

'Mong the Dormitory Devils

As he uttered his ee-ee-ees.

But the fun soon turned,

And I'll be durned

'Twas a pinch for the D. D. 's.

Up-to-Date

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MAGAZINES,

STATIONERY,

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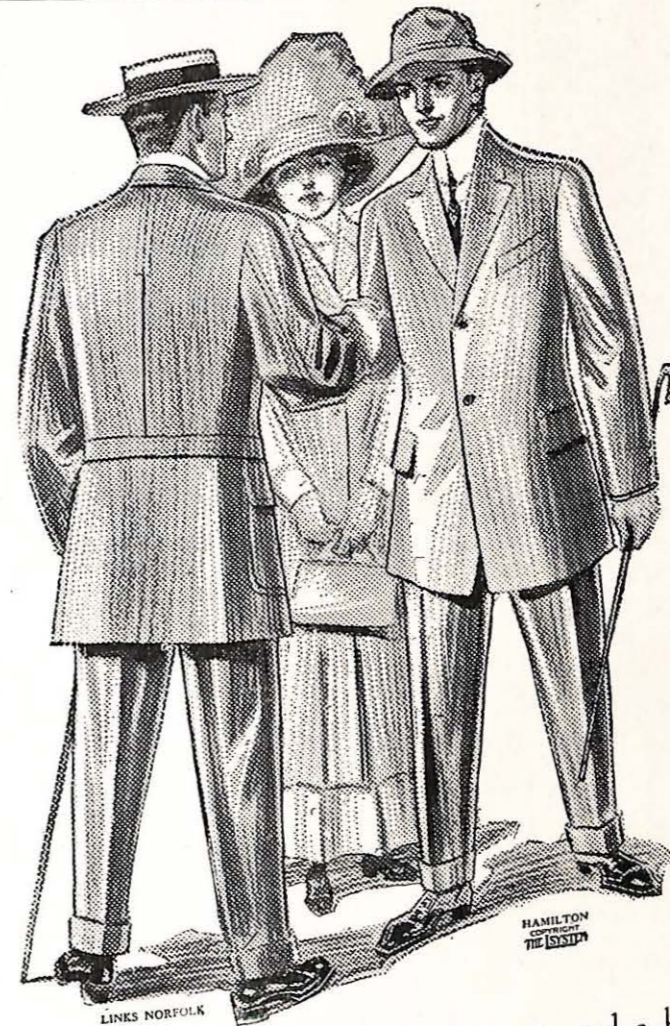
AT

**VAWTER'S
NEWS STAND**

First Door South of
Post Office

The Business Manager takes this opportunity to express his sincere thanks to the business firms who have so willingly taken advertising space in the *Sabiduria*. It is they who have made this volume a success, and we hope the students and friends of the college will not forget their generosity.
CARL I. DUNCAN, Business Manager.

For All College Men



Who take special pride in their personal appearance, and for all men who wish to keep with the ever changing styles, we recommend standard makes of clothing.

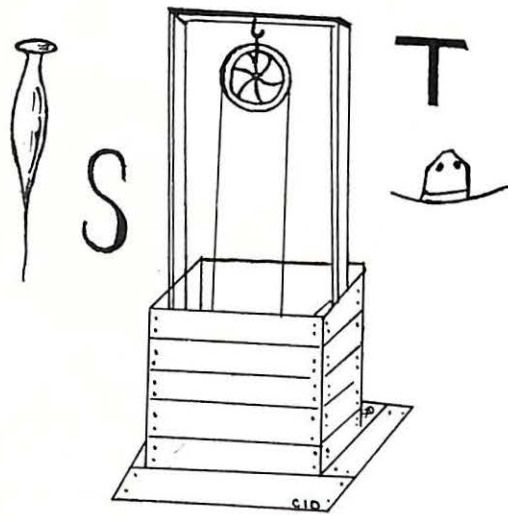
Schloss Bros.
Stein-Block
L. System

With the same courteous treatment and a big assortment of the above best makes, we continue to invite your patronage.
Edwin Clapp and Wright Shoes for Men, D. Armstrong & Co. Shoes for Women.

Rose & Buckner
BIGGEST SHOE and CLOTHING STORE IN MARSHALL

Finis

This mighty volume we close,
And to the critics give.
We hope 'twill bring some good to those
Who said 'twould never live;
That if ever seen
'Twould bound on green.
What else could Freshmen show?
What could such greenies know?
We trust 'twill better be;
That on this verdant tree
Some good fruit there may be,
And may it uphold
The purple and the gold
And honor M. V. C.



W. Well

