

MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE



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THE  
SABONDRIA  
'08

08-188

*Hammer Smith*  
MINNEAPOLIS



**The Sabiduria**

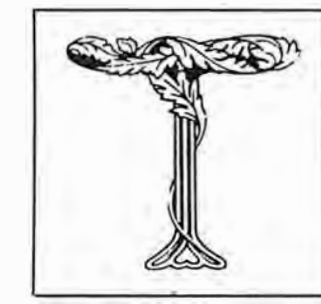
*Volume Two*

*A Portrayer of Student Life*

*Edited by*

*The Class of 1909*

*In Its Junior Year*



MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE

1908



DR. ALBERT MCGINNIS, Litt. D.  
Marshall, Mo.

36903

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## Dedication



To a man whose unceasing devotion  
to duty commands our admiration,

To a teacher to whose profound learn-  
ing and high pedagogic attainments we  
are greatly indebted,

To a friend ever mindful of our best  
interests and sacrificing himself in ord-  
er that they may be furthered,

To Albert McGinnis, Litt. D.  
Professor of Christian Philosophy  
In Missouri Valley College

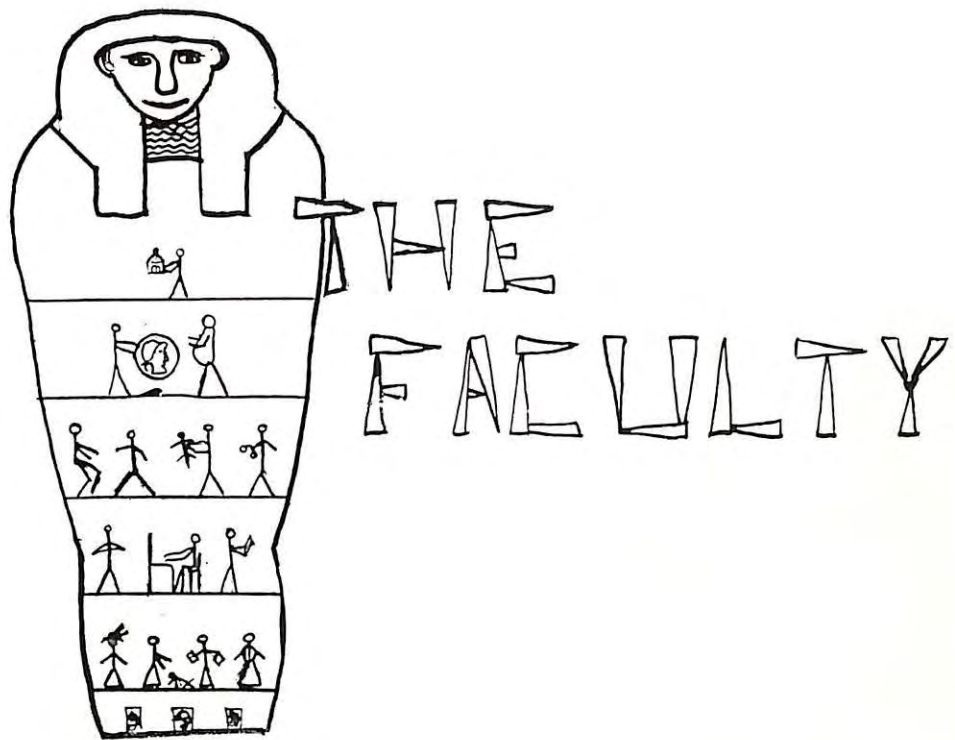
We, the Junior Class, respectfully dedi-  
cate

The Sabiduria '08

# Salutatory



To you, ye Boards of Editors, who set out on the work of making your College Annual with lofty ideals, and worthy aims, who worked faithfully to the end, who awaited with fear and trembling its completion and reception, who realized finally that it was not the child of your dreams, to you wherever you may be, to you we—the Staff of Editors of The Sabiduria '08 send a tear of weeping, a smile of cheer.





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.  
Moderator Cum. Pres. General Assembly, 1888.  
President Missouri Valley College, 1890—  
LL. D. Westminster College, 1903.  
LL. D. Cumberland University, 1906.  
LL. D. Washington University, 1907.

# Faculty



MARY DYSART, Mus. B.  
Mus. B. in piano M. V. C., '03.  
Mus. B. in pipe organ M. V. C., '07.  
Assistant in Music, '07—



ISAAC NEWTON EVRARD, A. B.  
A. B. Ozark College, '92.  
Teacher in Greenfield H. S., 1892-94.  
Principal of Greenfield H. S., '94-'98.  
Principal of Richland Schools, '98-'99.  
Superintendent of Greenfield Schools, '99-'01.  
Member of the original Council of Missouri  
State Teachers Association.  
Professor of English Language, '01—



LAWRENCE EDMONDS GRIFFIN,  
A. B., Ph. D.  
A. B., Ph. B. Hamline University, '95.  
Scholar and Instructor University of Minne-  
sota, '95-'98.  
Graduate Student Johns Hopkins University,  
'98-'00.  
University Fellow Johns Hopkins University,  
'99-'00.  
Bruce Fellow Johns Hopkins University, '99.  
(Time spent in West Indies.)  
Ph. D. Johns Hopkins University, '99.  
Instructor in Biology Western Reserve  
University, '00-'02.  
Research Assistant Carnegie Institute, '04-'05.  
(Time spent in Philippine Islands.)  
Professor of Biology, '02—

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



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.  
Professor 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 Col., '98-'99.  
A. M. Ark. Cumberland Col., '94.  
Prof. of Math., '00—



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



FRANCIS CATHERINE MAGHEE  
Graduate Curry School of Expression, '04.  
Teacher in Curry School of Expression, '04-'07.  
Prof. Vocal Expression, '07—



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



EDCAR 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—

ROBERT L. SHEPHERD, A. B.  
A. B., M. V. C., '97.  
Post-graduate Student Lebanon Theo. Sem. and Chicago University, '97-'99.  
Pastor Cumberland Pres. Ch., Sedalia, Mo., '99-'01.  
Prof. Philosophy, M. V. C., '01-'05.  
Post-graduate Student Union Theo. Sem. and Columbia University, '05-'07.  
Prof. English Bible and Sociology, M. V. C., '07—



GEORGE ARTHUR UNDERWOOD, A. M.

A. B. University Missouri, '05.  
A. M., B. S. in Education, University Missouri, '06.  
Prof. Latin and French, '06—



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.  
Professor Stringed Instruments, '07—



W. FRANK McDANIEL

Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds, '06—





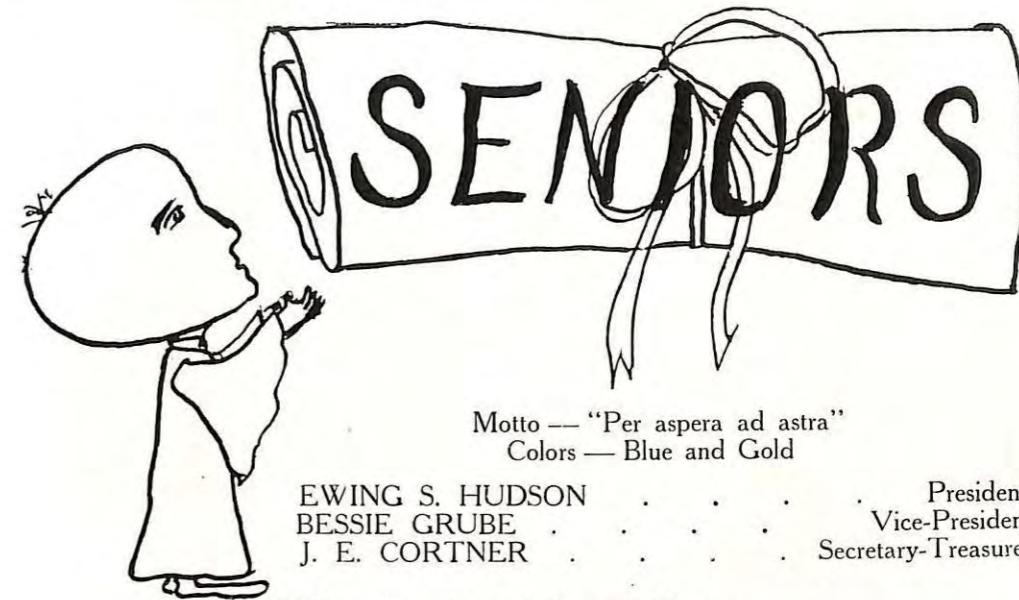
A hitherto unpublished picture of the new Library in Stewart Chapel. Old students will recognize the three middle, lower alcoves as the McClintic Alcoves. The shelves on either side of these and the entire upper floor of alcoves and shelves were made possible by a generous gift from the Rev. Ezra Flavius Baker, '98, of New York City, as a memorial to his parents, John and Mary Ann Baker. They add much to the efficiency and usefulness of the Library.





EWING S. HUDSON  
Marshall, Mo.  
Senior Class  
WINFIELD DOCKERYARMENROUT  
Marshall, Mo.  
Sophomore Class

ARTHUR DOWNS  
Marshall, Mo.  
Junior Class  
A. SETH THORNTON  
Malta Bend, Mo.  
Freshman Class



Motto — "Per aspera ad astra"  
Colors — Blue and Gold

EWING S. HUDSON	President
BESSIE GRUBE	Vice-President
J. E. CORTNER	Secretary-Treasurer

### The Senior Class History

Some people find it necessary to blow, and to manufacture all kinds of hot air yarns about their imaginary charms, powers, et cetera, in order to fill up a page or two in the year-book with a class history.

Concerning the Seniors of '08 only plain facts will be stated. In the first place we have our own hot air reservoir very skillfully manipulated by the right honorable G. M. G., who you will agree is very well versed in the art of dispensing it when necessary.

Well the very first day we set foot on the campus and proceeded to meander up the long walk to the west entrance, four years ago, things at M. V. C. were different and something has been "stirring" ever since. Yea, verily the first year was not according to the old regime. These young Klearchuses, Joans of Arc, Gibsons, Pattis, Darwins, Eliots, Spinozas and Sampsons were not the kind to follow in anybody footsteps, but rather would they explore new regions. The college was ransacked from basement to tower. Indeed three brave maidens in search of knowledge ascended to the roof of the college and made investigations much to the horror and wonder of the staid old Sophs., foolish Juniors, and owlish Seniors, and to their own chagrin, for some jealous Seniors casting their sad reproachful lanterns upon them realized that their Waterloo was fast approaching, if these young wonders continued in their mad career, and carried the ladder away causing these naughty girls to be late to class. From that day forth that old ladder was never left idle. Do you remember how the First Greek class used to make hasty exits out of the south window and down the ladder and hie away to shady green spots, when their Prof. left the room and forgot to come back. Do you remember the spreads we used to have out under the cedar trees where four-leaf clover grows when "Pete" treated? Have you forgotten those tiptop receptions, picnics, and banquets the naughty eights gave? Do you remember the flags J. B. M. used to unfurl on the tower? Well have you forgotten "mama's clothes line"?

When we get old we get reminiscent so have patience if we bore you. But now listen, for this is true, and honors of this kind have never been granted to students before nor since, Dr. Black chose members of this class for his Vice-Presidents — and you all know the result. They immediately took things in their own hands and managed skillfully and things happened that never did before. Why didn't they eat in the practice rooms, do stunts in chapel, and generally make things so uncomfortable that the faculty had to get busy and built a new chapel, library and music rooms?

Why was that Campanile put on top of the new chapel? To hang the '08 flag on

of course, what other purpose could it serve? Dr. Griffin had to go away to the Philippines and spend a year preparing to instruct these knowing lads and lassies. Prof. Shepherd had to go to New York and stay away two on the same errand, and as for the old Librarian — why they just simply proved to the faculty that she was no good at all and so they got a new one. It was also found that more room was needed in the basement and Uncle Dan was moved out and an extra office built. A new power house was built in order to keep things up to the standard this class set. Even the Campus was remodeled on account of some of the members of this class. The trees have all been artistically trimmed and flowers may be seen blooming every spring on the Campus where before the advent of this class all was waste and void.

Wonderful! Wonderful! You say to yourself, but just wait — the most wonderful thing accomplished by this most versatile and daring crowd of stunters was the Sabiduria of '07, produced under great difficulties but reflecting their miraculous genius (why yes I am a senior, I have a right to coin a word) and ability. This noble work shall be left as a monument to their memory. I would tell of the miracles wrought by this class of '08, but as I said in the introduction plain facts alone will be stated.

Now we realize we are granting a great favor, but since the Juniors have shown a propensity for following our example, we will give some valuable advice to those who may follow in our steps.

Boys—take Mr. Hudson's advice and never leave Marshall. Stay with Marshall and you will always be in good company.

Mabel says — "Love everybody."

Ruth says — "Love your teachers and learn your lesson verbatim."

According to Mr. Cortner — "Graft and blow — Graft again."

"Have a jolly good old time while you can, you won't be young but once," says

Bertha.

"Please help the Delta Staff for my sake," says Helen.

Now listen to Ralph, the secret of his success is about to be disclosed, \* "The reason I am great is because I have brains."

"Whatever you do don't monkey with canned goods" — Bourne.

Well a fellow should be engaged a long time before he marries. Take my advice" — Delong.

"Get a megaphone if your lungs are weak, but by all means take out a policy in the Hot-air Blowing Co.," quoteth G. M. G.

"Laugh and grow fat" — Ruth Dickson.

"Be a Bairdean" — Maud England.

"Take your chewing gum out of your mouth, girls, before you propose," says Bessie Catherine.

"Write your thesis early" — Lela.

"Get you a girl and try a course in Campustry the Spring quarter," so saith Sister Barnett.

Now all I have to say is, "Love your teachers and study hard. It's worth trying for, so though —

The way ain't sunny  
Don't you fret,  
Cheer up honey  
You'll get there yet."

BERENICE CLARK.

\* "THE REASON I BECAME GREAT," by R. M. Davis, on sale at T. B. Gill's Book-Store.



IRA W. BARNETT  
A. B. Pearsonian  
Marshall, Mo.

"Bunny." A nice, prissy, squeamish, old-maidish affair, who spends his time skipping school and knocking.

HELEN CAMPBELL  
A. B. Houxonian  
Marshall, Mo.

Tho' he's absent, yet he's near.  
And he has now been gone a year.



College Seniors



BERENICE CLARK  
A. B. Houxonian  
Marshall, Mo.

Solemn, sedate, quiet, gentle, calm, noiseless, pneumatic. The absolute personification of stillness.

RUTH COCHRAN  
A. B. Houxonian  
Marshall, Mo.

She needs no eulogy, she speaks for herself. She also cries in sympathy for J. B.





J. E. CORTNER  
A. B. Pearsonian  
Marshall, Mo.

"Laropin good truck." "I deny the allegation and defy the 'alligator'." "and so on and so forth."

RALPH M. DAVIS  
A. B. Bairdean  
Omaha, Ill.

"I expect to be a great man some day." Oh, how things do change.



College Seniors



E. E. DELONG  
A. B. Bairdean  
Benton, Kas.

O so cute. Eight years of courtship doesn't seem to be enough.

CORA DICKSON  
Ph. B. Pearsonian  
Marshall, Mo.

True as the needle to the pole or as the dial to the sun.



RUTH DICKSON  
Ph. B. Pearsonian  
Marshall, Mo.

If silence is golden she is 24 carat. A "star" in all her classes.

MABEL DYSART  
A. B. Houxonian  
Marshall, Mo.

"I have studied more this year than the last three years together. The prize of the "Trasyd" handicap.



College Seniors



MAUDE ENGLAND  
A. B. Bairdean  
Marshall, Mo.

Few hearts like hers, with virtue warmed, Few hearts with knowledge so informed. She usually knows her lessons but is slow of speech.

G. M. GORDON  
A. B. Bairdean  
King City, Mo.

He that tooteth not his own horn, the same shall not be tooted.





BESSIE GRUBE  
A. B. Houxonian  
Marshall, Mo.

"I can hardly realize that I am a Senior." No one would really suspicion it.

LELA HAYES  
Ph. B. Houxonian  
Marshall, Mo.

Measure your minds height by the shadow it casts about noon.



College Seniors



EWING S. HUDSON  
A. B. Bairdean  
Shackelford, Mo.

A liberal dispenser of roses and as changeable as time. He has one girl today and two tomorrow.

MARGARET KLINGER  
Mus. B.  
Marshall, Mo.

"Thank you, but I have a previous engagement."



BOURNE MITCHELL  
A. B. Houxonian  
Marshall, Mo.

"Slim." "As my writing cools it becomes illegible even to myself."

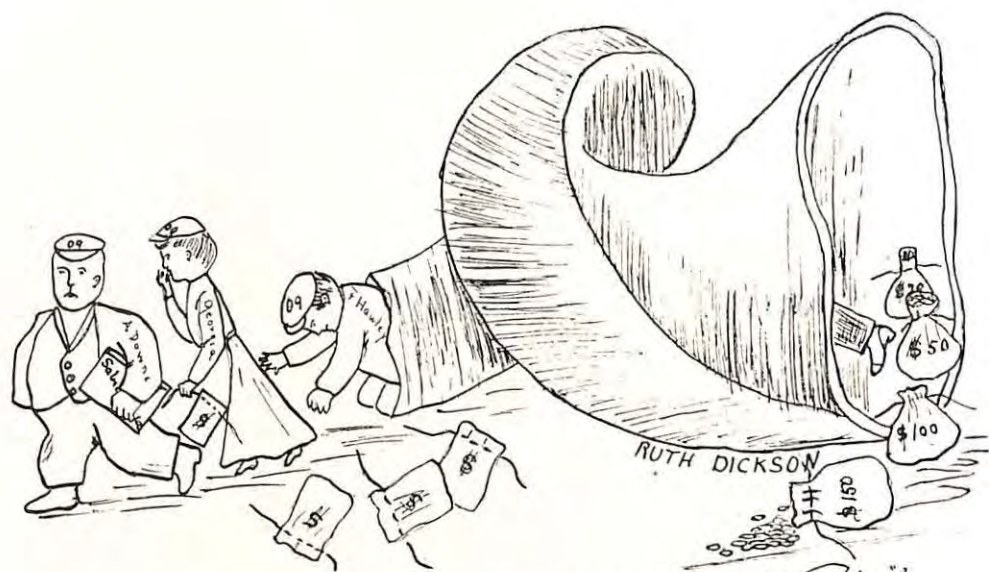
BERTHA SMITH  
A. B. Pearsonian  
Marshall, Mo.

Smile and the world smiles with you.



College Seniors





Inquirer: How will the Juniors come out on the Sabiduria?  
 Oracle: They'll come out of the little end of the horn.

Motto — "Sieh vorwärts und nicht hinter dich"  
 Colors — Crimson and Black

ARTHUR DOWNS  
 FRANCIS F. HAWLEY  
 GEORGIA DYSART

President  
 Vice-President  
 Secretary-Treasurer

### The Junior Class History

A mountain towered before us. Many had traversed its winding paths. Some had ascended even to its summit, receiving as their reward of faithfulness and diligence that coveted prize — the cap and gown. Some were nearing the summit, while others were well on the way. Such was the inspiring scene which we witnessed that splendid September morning in the year 1905 when, we, as a Freshman class of twenty-two members began our journey over the Curriculum Mountain of M. V. C.

Equipped with our Livy books under one arm and our Platos under the other, and such other essentials as these verdant creatures need, we soon found our guide who would lead us through the theory of whether virtue can be taught. It was here that Mr. Hawley ran amiss and our guide was compelled to have him retrace his steps by way of the Valley of "Con." Wandering about as he did in our blindness, Percy, in the heat of his passion, declared that "virtue could not be taught him." It is not in nature to be stagnant, so we soon hurried on to the pleasant scenes where Horace drank his wine and revelled in the company of his gentle friend Maecenas. In our journeying along from ode to ode we were confronted by a pony, the hair of whose tail our guide requested Boone to pull. This he tried but in vain. Then Alice and Mr. McCurry tried and failed; but Mr. Downs being

better acquainted with the animal and not afraid to pull, soon extracted every hair with precision, much to the gratification of our worthy leader.

We were nearing the end of our first years journey when, by chance one day we met a man whom we recognized as a regular guide just returning from over the Mountain whither he had taken a party of explorers. After he had explained to us the wonders of the transit and other surveying apparatus we besought him to take us over. To our surprise he declared firmly that he could take only those who would be willing to go over the hill of "No Spark" and those certifying that hitherto that they had travelled no other way. Four only were eligible, not having bowed the knee to Cupid. Accordingly Agnes, Erdice and Nell, accompanied by Mr. Ryland, the citadel of whose heart had never been besieged, went forth to survey the lonely hill.

It is impossible to recount in full our journey, including every feature of our course, and to mention every guide. So trusting that a partial report will suffice, we will take you with us through our second year.

Being introduced to a very pleasing new guide, and informed by him that he would lead us by way of that new made grave of Lord Kelvin, if we would "pardon him," we soon found ourselves picking a ragged way up the hill of knowledge, stopping here and there to discuss its formation. It was not long till we were put under the care of another who would direct our forward journey. With this particular guide we made our first night march, with the ultimate aim of procuring specimens that are necessary for our ascending of the hill of knowledge. The sun had sunk behind its western horizon when three of our number departed a little while from the multitude to prey, but not after the manner of our Great Example, as you might think, for when they returned each carried under his coat the spoils of his expedition, Mr. McCorkle and Mr. Johnson had fortunately fallen upon some members of the domesticated feline family which they determined to offer up as a sacrifice to science, but when Eddie came he threw himself, prey and all, down to rest, declaring that that was too much like work to suit him. Mr. Peterson had had a similar feeling in the matter and not having put forth his most heroic effort, felt the burden weigh heavily on his rusty-crowned head when our good leader resorted to drastic measures to arouse him from his lethargy.

Many and diverse were the paths we travelled, all only branches of the great path which leads finally to the summit, only branches — yet one of these leads to the little stream "Pedagogy," where Mr. Fray, Mr. Orr, and Miss Hudson, chancing so stroll along the banks were turned aside by the filthy lucer glittering along its course. This stream is only a by-path, however, and, by extreme effort they hope to overtake us. Our second year was drawing to a close and we were feeling that our toil had not been in vain — Sophs generally feel that way. Once, while we were resting from our arduous labors, Mr. Willingham won for himself additional glory by climbing to the very pinnacle of the highest peak, and hazardous though it was, he placed our flag higher than any other class, our flag the symbol of all that is noble and great and illustrious. Our space is so limited that we must eliminate further discussion of our merits. But who could believe that this precocious boy could accomplish such deeds of valor receiving only a few slight wounds, for which Miss Rodgers did so easily prescribe, since she has proclivities toward that profession, and Georgia, much given to tenderness, bound up his wounds in such a way that he was soon as well as ever.

Thus our third year is a glorious one in our history. New paths we tread, new guides we follow, halting occasionally in our search after hidden truths to gaze upon the production which come forth when Miss Whitehead but touches the pen. None can fathom her genius. It must be 'Art for Art's sake', but Mr. Moreland suggests that he delights in it for Ola's sake.

Thus we press on to the close of our third year, looking to beyond to that coveted goal when we all shall be adorned with the paraphernalia of College Seniors, — if we flunk not.

MAUDE PARRETT-McCURRY.

College Juniors



ARTHUR DOWNS  
A. B. Bairdean  
Marshall, Mo.

"I am a thorough-bred conservative. Right or wrong let's do as our fathers did."



JOHN FRAY  
A. B. Houxonian  
Armstrong, Mo.

A quiet, genial chap who's been spanking kids and making money this year.



BOONE S. GREGG  
Ph. B. Houxonian  
Kansas City, Mo.

If he thought as well of everyone as of himself what a philanthropist he would be!



GEORGIA DYSART  
A. B. Houxonian  
Marshall, Mo.

"The sweetest girl in school," according to Willingham, Williams, McAninch, et cetera.



ERDICE GRUBE  
A. B. Houxonian  
Marshall, Mo.

"I am a chipper little thing. Let me not burst in ignorance."

College Juniors



FRANCIS F. HAWLEY  
A. B. Houxonian  
Marshall, Mo.

He talks much but says little. "There is lots of work on this 'Sabiduria'."



HARRY M. JOHNSON  
A. B. Pearsonian  
Nelson, Mo.

Born in the objective case with a hammer in his head.



WILLIAM MORELAND  
A. B. Houxonian  
Marshall, Mo.

"I am a retiring, blushing boy born to bloom unseen — and unplucked."



VIRGINIA HUDSON  
A. B. Bairdean  
Shackelford, Mo.

Rather boisterous. Had a gay time with the boys in summer-school last summer.



ALICE MORRISON  
A. B. Houxonian  
Kansas City, Mo.

"It warms me, it charms me to mention but his name; It heats me, it beats me and sets me all on flame."

College Juniors



EDWARD McKEE  
A. B. Houxonian  
Marshall, Mo.

"Prof." "There is too much work about being President of the United States for me."



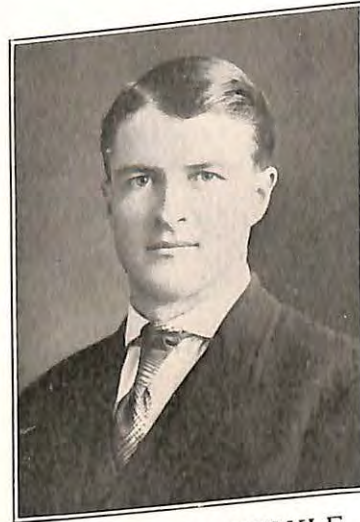
MAUDE PARRETT-McCURREY  
A. B. Bairdean  
Marshall, Mo.

"I think Prof. Grube has such a sweet face." Who says this is not grafting some?



D. ERNEST McCURREY  
A. B. Bairdean  
Marshall, Mo.

"Have you got anything to eat?" "What have you got in your mouth?"



DANIEL S. McCORKLE  
A. B. Bairdean  
Marshall, Mo.

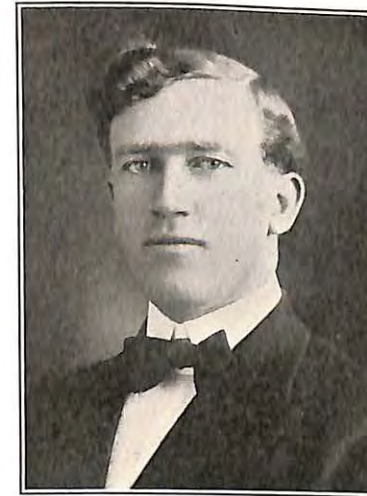
Behold this dreamer!  
Only press the button and  
such a flow of words!



CHARLES ORR  
Ph. B. Pearsonian  
Marshall, Mo.

Was never known to talk.  
Very silent and morose. It  
is generally believed that he  
was disappointed in love.

College Juniors



C. E. PETERSON  
A. B. Pearsonian  
Marshall, Mo.

May you live until you  
grow beautiful! Just in the  
flush of youth now.



CLAUDINE RODGERS  
Ph. B. Pearsonian  
Marshall, Mo.

"Doc." "I'll just give  
you a piece of my mind  
directly."



NELL REA  
A. B. Bairdean  
Marshall, Mo.

She has a smile that seldom  
wears off. Witty and a friend  
to all.



PERCY ROSE  
A. B. Houxonian  
Marshall, Mo.

"Yes'm I studied the  
lesson hard. I always do."



S. C. RYLAND  
A. B. Bairdean  
Odessa, Mo.

"Chesty." "I am growing  
indifferent to the wiles of  
cupid."

College Juniors



AGNES SUTHERLAND  
A. B. Pearsonian  
Marshall, Mo.

A great lover of history, and has taken a special course along the line of the Rudolf (son).



JAMES WILLINGHAM  
A. B. Houxonian  
Hobart, Okla.

He had rather debate than eat or sleep, tho' he is a good hand at the latter two as well.



OLA WHITEHEAD  
A. B. Bairdean  
Macon, Mo.

"Birdie." Exclusive to most people, but beloved by some.

Sophomores



Colors — Black and Orange

- |                     |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| WINFIELD ARMENTROUT | President           |
| HARVEY CLITHERO     | Vice-President      |
| MARGARET CLARKSON   | Secretary-Treasurer |

Sophomore Class Bulletin

This extraordinary body of patients was put under surveillance about two years ago, and though a complete cure has not yet been effected, their friends are still optimistic as to the outcome. Each patient's ability (financial) of course determines the length of his stay in the infirmary.

These unfortunates are by no means neglected, but are allowed to pay tuition, take Biology quizzes, endure concerts, and enjoy other little pleasantries as though in real school life.

Too much cannot be said of the noble physicians, who have done so much for these poor children. Indeed not a patient has been left "undone." Every three months the chief Prylogist pries them loose from a certain amount of money varying according to the condition (not physical) of the patient. At the same time the head alienist for the institution, Dr. McGinnis, asks them certain hypothetical questions which he also kindly answers for them, and, by so doing will probably enable some of these people to remain under these pleasant surroundings longer than they had expected. And thus on through the whole staff, each has his pleasant surprise for the patients.

In consideration of the fact that these people entered the institution together they have been allowed to form an organization just as other people do. They have chosen officers, a class motto, and colors. Mr. Winfield Dockery Armentrout (he inherited that) is President, and Miss Margaret Clarkson "Haynes" (she choose that) is Secretary and Treasurer — the latter being a frost.

These people are allowed entertainment on certain lucid days, one of which the Juniors recently took advantage of and materially the existence of the less fortunate Sophomores.

Notwithstanding their advancement, it is still found necessary to keep a bulletin recording the symptoms of the patients and the following is the most recent one.

1. WINFIELD ARMENTROUT — (Si-Piz-Zip). Speaks heart rending selections at the most inopportune moments. Thinks he is a bear-hunter. (Talks about killing "Cubs.") Don't ask him to sing.

2. CLYDE BLOSSER. Very morose. Grins instead of talking. Tells fish stories — Has been a "bass-fisher."
3. MARGARETTE CLARKSON. Eats an awful lot. Impassionately fond of "Pickle." Likes jewelry — large ruby rings especially.
4. HARVEY CLITHERO. The most unruly patient in the ward. Insists on saying Grace at all times, no matter whether he is at the table or not. A student of Paul.
5. ROBERT CORDRY. An awful noise shop. Says that he is a preacher (mistake). A great ladies man. Too much of a flirt.
6. ROBERT CLEMENS. The ladies man of the institution. Says that he has taught school (Great mystery). A constant sufferer from the tooth-ache — supposedly. But in spite of all his head troubles his pellet mixing arm is your one best bet.
7. JAMES DAVIS. Has a vocabulary especially pleasing to Biology students. Shirks work and is always listening for the bell. A crank on Biology.
8. ELIZABETH DAVIS. Has taught an Agricultural College. Likes "Simmons" better than a 'possum does. Seems to have lost something in the skies, judging from the way she holds her head.
9. CLAUD GUTHERY. Has brain storms, is very violent, and must be confined in the Steel parlor for safety. Needs strenuous training constantly to prevent over-weight. A glance at these pages will show his chief trouble.
10. ETHEL JOHNSTON. Insists that her name should be spelled without a "T". (Has found only one man to agree with her.) Asks too many questions. Usually, "Who said so?"
11. CHAS. LEEPER. Says, that he is married. And daddy too. Prefers the chivari to other kinds of entertainment. Wants to preach.
12. CHARLES J. MOUNT, Jr. (C. J. or Chollie.) Too much name. Thinks that he is an ornithologist, because a "Birdie" answers his very whistle. His singing will make him a victim of capital punishment some day. No he has not been to Yale. Somebody falsified.
13. JESSIE McCORMICK. Chewing gum got her into trouble. Wears that Quaker oats smile. She can talk slowly if she will.
14. LESTER THOMPSON. Married. Called papa. Raw on baby talk. A terrible windjammer. Orator? Don't ask him what he would say if he was down on the farm.
15. LAURA PARKS — (Slim). An awful tease. Romps on everybody. Does what Jenny does. Chemistry star — 23. A promising patient. Though such a record seems rather formidable, it is much more promising that some of the earlier Bulletins.

CLAUD GUTHERY.



WINFIELD DOCKERY  
ARMENTROUT  
Marshall, Mo.



CLYDE HENRY BLOSSER  
Blosser, Mo.

College  
Sophomores



MARGARETTE ANNA  
CLARKSON  
Marshall, Mo.



ROBERT CLEMENS  
Marshall, Mo.



WILLIAM HARVEY  
CLITHERO  
Vandalia, Mo.



ROBERT TALMAGE  
CORDRY  
Bunceton, Mo.

College  
Sophomores



JAMES R. DAVIS  
Marshall, Mo.



ELIZABETH MARGARET  
DAVIS  
Napton, Mo.



CLAUD S. GUTHREY  
Marshall, Mo.



MARY ETHEL JOHNSTON  
Callao, Mo.

College  
Sophomores



CHAS. BYRD LEEPER  
Marshall, Mo.



JESSIE MARGARET Mc-  
CORMICK  
Marshall, Mo.



CHAS. J. MOUNT, Jr.  
Kansas City, Mo.



LAURA PARKS  
Marshall, Mo.

College  
Sophomores



LESTER A. THOMPSON  
Marshall, Mo.



JAMES HUGUELY YEAGLE  
Marshall, Mo.

Freshman



A. SETH THORNTON  
PEARL GOODING  
RALPH BRITTAIN

President  
Vice-President  
Secretary-Treasurer

History of Class of 1911

Boasters! Upstarts! Freshies! Of course this will be said of us, for they always say such things about the Freshman Class. Who, you ask? Why, I mean those who love to call themselves Sturdy Soph's, Jolly Juniors and Stately Seniors.

But never mind the Class of 1911 is a truly remarkable class, nor will the words of highest praise be used amiss in eulogy of its members.

Each brave Freshman firmly placed his foot on the first round of the scholastic ladder last Autumn. Now you watch him climb, and the pride you now feel in him will increase a thousand fold before he reaches the top and looks down on you from his dizzy height. In the words of the poet:

Seniorship is not reached by a single bound  
We build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies  
And mount to its summit round by round.

With pride I enumerate the members of the Freshman Class. First come the musicians, who pride themselves on being able to turn thots of home out of tenderest hearts and make them forget everything except their present situation, they are as follows: Grace Claggett, a charming girl and violinist, May McCutcheon, who has become a skillful accompanist for all the gentlemen solo singers, girl soloist not desired, Ann Rodgers, the dignified pianist with the rosy cheeks and naughty eyes, and Seth Thornton, the far-famed Cornetist and band director. Treading upon the heels of these are the soloists of the class, Ella Robins Black, daughter of the President and Professor Place's pride, and Olive Moore, whose sweet singing makes one wonder how such wonderful tones could come from such a small package.

The class is not without an artist, for Sheila Alexander, the little girl who always makes you think of Queen Elizabeth, is the class artist.

Then there are many others who have talents in various directions. Lucy Maxiner, the most patient little soul on record, who has waited eleven years for someone to graduate from M. V. C. (He is a Senior now.) Emma Marschall, the little maid of sweet six-

THE SABIDURIA

teen, who has a fondness for red roses, — or the dispenser of red roses, — who knows? Georgia Rolofson, the girl with the red hair, who has volunteered to go as a heathen missionary to the foreign land. Eva Maxey, a precious article done up in a small package. Elizabeth Tyson, a stately Freshman, champion candy maker and cook. Pearl Gooding, the wild western girl, who likes Missouri a little bit. Everett Maxey, the class kid and "little brother" to all the girls. Irene Sterner, who has so many lovers, stout and slender, short and tall, and she cannot choose among them, and she cannot love them all. Anna Turner, a good worker in the Y. W. C. A. and will make an ideal preachers wife. Elizabeth Fry, the little girl with the big brown eyes and the golden hair, who loves Ger-man. Froncie Gill, the young lady who has no intentions of "roaming alone in this world's wilderness." Mittie Huff, Eunice Orr, and Metta Hudson, the three most independent girls in Missouri Valley College, and leaders in their classes. Susan Barnum, a sweet girl, a walking wonder; she never talks. Ralph Brittain, a victim of the "uncertain Irene." Mary Rose, whose name describes her beyond the power of the historian. Alice Montague, a fine girl and a good student. George Davis, (Bill), the class comedian and an all around good fellow. George Daugherty, the dashing Knight who desires to worship his queen of beauty alone and does not hesitate to eradicate other worshippers at any cost. Otto Schweer, the lady's man, and a baseball enthusiast. R. E. Stobie (Stubbie), a brave fellow, many years a school teacher, not a bit afraid of Maud, a Missourian born and bred.

Of all the men who haunt the earth  
 And never are taken for what they're worth,  
 Who strive from early morn till night  
 Sometimes for wrong, sometimes for right,  
 The Freshman has the hardest task  
 To do the things the students ask.  
 Among all roles, look where you will,  
 You'll find no roll so hard to fill,  
 So hard to hold and to control  
 As that which is the Freshman's role.

As he enters school his cares begin,  
 And often traps are set for him.  
 When on his weary feet he stands  
 In answer to his Lord's commands,  
 Some idle Soph' with vicious grin  
 Plants on his chair a bended pin.  
 Or from the hall's remotest end,  
 Contrives with careful aim to send  
 A paper ball with cunning wrought,  
 That serves to break his chain of thought.

But soon he'll get above the ground,  
 He'll climb the ladder round by round.  
 Then greater things are thrust on him,  
 And greater cares for him begin.  
 But let the world say what it will,  
 We'r proud the Freshman's place to fill.

PEARL GOODING, Class Historian.

THE SABIDURIA



SHEILA ALEXANDER  
 Kansas City, Mo.



ELLA ROBBINS BLACK  
 Marshall, Mo.



RALPH H. BRITTAIN  
 La Plata, Mo.



GEORGE W. DAUGHERTY  
 La Plata, Mo.



GRACE LILLIAN CLAGGETT  
 Marshall, Mo.



GEORGE WILLIAM DAVIS  
 Marshall, Mo.



FRONCIE GILL  
 Marshall, Mo.



ELIZABETH MAUDE FRYE  
 Perry, Mo.

THE SABIDURIA



PEARL GRACE GOODING  
Shoshone, Idaho



METTA HUDSON  
Shakelford, Mo.



MITTIE STEPHENS HUFF  
Slater, Mo.



LUCY MAIXNER  
Benton, Kas.



EMMA RICKA MARSCHALL  
Marshall, Mo.



EVA PEARL MAXEY  
Marshall, Mo.



EVERETT L. MAXEY  
Marshall, Mo.



FANNY MAY McCUTCHEON  
Holden, Mo.

THE SABIDURIA



ALICE CORDELL MONTAGUE  
Marshall, Mo.



GEORGIA ROLOFSON  
Fairfax, Mo.



OTTO SCHWEER  
Blairstown, Mo.



ROBERT EMMETT STOBIE  
Malta Bend, Mo.



AUBREY SETH THORNTON  
Malta Bend, Mo.



ANNA TURNER  
Stratford, Texas



ELIZABETH TYSON  
Mound City, Mo.



This picture, showing the Chapel platform as arranged for the annual Easter service, gives also a glimpse of some of the equipment of the School of Music and shows the splendid arrangement of the organ and choir loft above the ample stage.



# The School of Music



## A Word From The Director

\* \* \*

The cultured person, the well rounded and broadly educated man, in these days of advanced thinking, is essentially one who looks inward, as it were, to find what latent powers he may have for further development. In such a survey one usually finds a tendency toward some one of the fine arts. To neglect the development of any such tendency is to deliberately dwarf our mental vision and curtail the activities and pleasures of a useful life. In painting, sculpture, poetry, music and other allied arts, the expression of fervent sentiment is sought for. In none is it more strongly set forth than through Music, brought out through the depths of Organ harmonies; the voice, in song; the flights and fancies of a violin solo or the elevated content of a Chopin scherzo or the first part of a Liszt rhapsodie, through the tones of the piano.

In presenting the Music Courses of Missouri Valley College to the student world, a fitting opportunity is offered for development in this the most popular art. The courses for vocal development of both male and female voices, are of the most approved standard. They are complete in every detail that will aid in the unfolding and upbuilding of the artistic voice in song. Many times the progress of a student is such as to justify the study of two or three ballads with words during the first quarter of lessons. This will account in part for the number of young singers at Missouri Valley College. The vocal courses include not only solo singing, but practice in chorus work, part singing and ensemble.

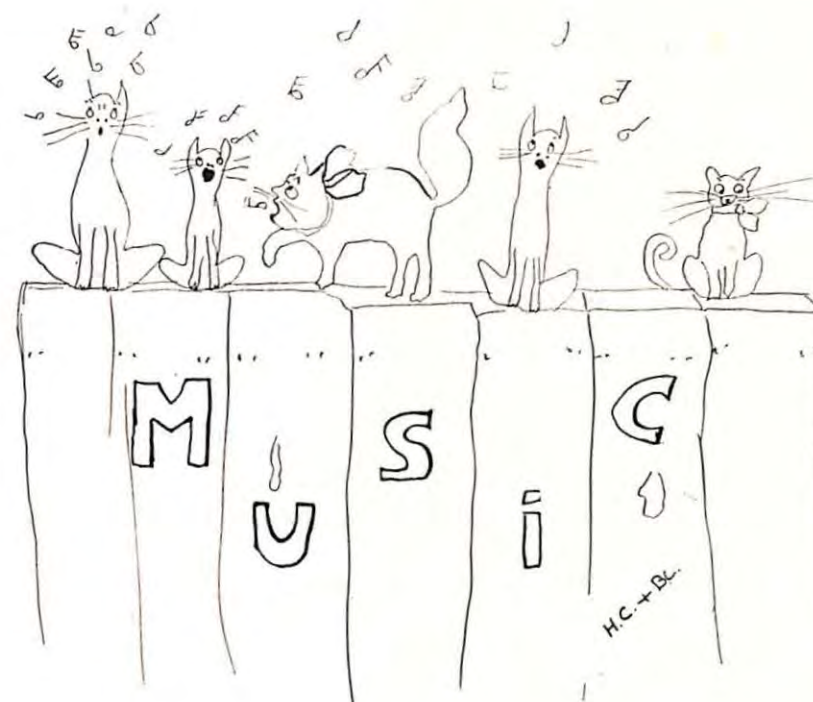
Then too, the acoustics of Steward Chapel add much to the students enthusiasm, as all vocal lessons, both private and in class, are given in this resonating room. In this same room pipe-organists and pianists are made to expand and develop through the years and finally graduate with much honor. All graduating courses demand a fine development and control of the mind through the medium of the voice or fingers and go farther and insist on one years study of the history of music and a four years course in musical composition. To make music is to know music. If one can put down on paper the expression of musical thoughts that originate with himself, he is bound to be a fair exponent, in rendition, of the value of such thoughts and thus ensure a soulful performance. Persons educated in this manner become the best of teachers. They are equipped with the best means known for the study of musical content. Considering the above statement, our graduates become not only excellent performers but strong teachers.

All graduating courses terminate in the degree of Mus. B.

EDGAR SANDS PLACE, Mus. M.



THE CHORAL CLUB



ANOTHER CHORAL CLUB—Perhaps slightly similar to the first.



The Orchestra

- Edward H. McKee, Bass Viol  
 Prof. R. L. Shepherd, Cello  
 Calvin Balthis, Trombone  
 A. S. Thornton, Cornet  
 May McCutchen, Piano  
 Joseph Tope, Violin  
 Grace Claggett, Violin  
 Hubert L. McDaniel, Cornet  
 Lela Hayes, Violin  
 Prof. A. L. Vawter, Leader

Program  
 Freshman Concert  
 Feb. 3rd, 1908

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| Lysberg, op. 34 La Fontain . . . Piano Solo<br>Miss May Cutchen                              | Rodgers, James H., op. 33 No. 1 Valse . . . Piano Solo<br>Miss Katharine Itca  |
| Pontet, The Broken Pitcher . . . Mezzo Soprano Solo<br>Miss Helen Campbell                   | Campana, La Zingarella . . . Soprano Solo<br>Miss Viola Klinger  |
| Kronymann, La Zephgrette . . . Piano Solo<br>Miss Irene Sterner                              | Orth, Etude Impromptu op. 11 No. 2 . . . Piano Solo<br>Miss Madie Lacy   |
| Bacci, The Good Shepard . . . Contralto Solo<br>Miss Ella Claggett                           | Sinding op. No 3, Rustle of Spring . . . Piano Solo<br>Miss Rae Sydors   |
| Thorne, Simple Aven . . . Piano Solo<br>Miss Ruth Cochran                                    | Temple, My Lady's Bower . . . Baritone Solo with Violin and Piano<br>Mr. G. M. Gordon, Voice; Mr. Arthur T. Vawter, Violin; Mr. Edgar S. Place, Piano. |
| Bartlett, A Dream . . . Contralto Solo<br>Miss Ruth Rose                                     | The violin part has been composed especially for this concert, by Mr. Place.   |
| Bohm, Silver Star Mazurka . . . Piano Solo<br>Miss Ella Claggett                             | Batiste op. 23 Offertoire "Faith" . . . Pipe Organ Solo<br>Miss May Cutchen  |
| Lang, Margaret; Irish Love Song . . . Soprano Solo<br>Miss Sheila Alexander                  |  |
| Bartlett, op. 6 Enterpe . . . Piano Solo<br>Miss Alice Morrison                              |  |
| Rubinstein - Watson, Voices of the Woods (Melody in F) . . . Soprano Solo<br>Miss Ella Black |  |

\* \* \*

Program  
 Sophomore Concert  
 Feb. 17th, 1908

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| Chaminade, Air de Ballet in G. Piano Solo<br>Miss Ann Rogers                                     | Sullivan, The Lost Chord . . . Cornet and Pipe Organ<br>Mr. A. S. Thornton, Cornetist.<br>Mr. Edgar S. Place, Organist. |
| Chaminade, Rosamund . . . Mezzo Contralto Solo<br>Miss Katharine Carson                          | Gounod, By Babylon's Wave (By request) . . . Choral Club  |
| Beethoven, Sonate op. 14, No. 2 . . . Piano Solo<br>a) Allegro<br>b) Andante                     | Blanke, The Enchantress, Concert Waltz . . . Orchestra<br>Mr. A. T. Vawter, Leader and Solo Violin.                     |
| Bizet, Chanson du Toreador from "Carmen" . . . Bass Solo   | Gounod, Gallia . . . Choral Club<br>Solo Soprano, Miss Viola Klinger  |
| Wagner, O du mein heeder Abendstern, from "Tannhauser" . . . Bass Solo<br>Mr. R. M. Davis        | Eugene, In Roseland, Intermezzo Petite . . . Orchestra  |
| Musin, Mazurka de Concert . . . Violin Solo<br>Mr. A. T. Vawter<br>Miss Mary Dysart, Accompanist | Gounod, Soldier's Chorus from "Faust" . . . Choral Club and Orchestra<br>Arranged for orchestra by Mr. A. T. Vawter     |

## EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT

MISS FRANCES MAGHEE, Director

### Program

April 7th, 1908

"The Painter of Seville"	Miss Maud England	Susan Wilson
"Julia Gump, Old Maid"	Miss Erdice Grube	Eleanor Peake
Original adaptation from "The Birds' Christmas Carol"	Miss Alice Montague	Kate Douglas Wiggin
"How Cassie Saved the Spoons"	Miss Mary Ferris	Anna Howells
"Thora"—An Idyl of Norway		Hjalmar Boyeson
"The Ragedy Man"	Miss Pearl Gooding	W. R.
"The Mustard Plaster"	Miss Agnes Sutherland	Howard Fielding
"We Are Seven"—Original adaptation from Rebecca	Miss Ethel Johnston	Kate Douglas Wiggin
Sketches from Whitcomb Riley:		
a) "Out to Old Aunt Mary's"		
b) "Dat Mule"		
c) "When de Folks Am Gone"	Mr. Riley Vanbuskirk	
"As You Like it"		Shakespeare
Rosalind	Miss Elizabeth Tyson	
Celia	Miss Elizabeth Frye	
Duke	Mr. William Davis	



# The Academy

# Senior Academics

J. C. HOLLYMAN  
GERTRUDE THOMPSON  
FRED GIBBS

President  
Secretary  
Treasurer

\* \* \*

## Senior Academy History

\* \* \*

All but one of the Senior Academy class have grown up in the broad fields of our dear old state. We were not reared in barren wastes but in cultivated fields, from which we were transplanted to one of the richest gardens of learning in the Middle West.

From the hour of our first matriculation we have been proud of our Alma Mater, of her efficient and magnanimous President, of the faithful and competent faculty, of the high class of work done, of the friendly co-operation of the student body, of the constant growth and improvement of our college as a whole, and of the scarcity of our "flunks." After these years of joy, success and occasional failure, we have reached the proud day when we are looked upon as Academy Seniors, "full of wise saws and modern instances". One striking characteristic has been ours from the beginning, our distinguishing feature, inherent in us, and, so far as we know, in no other class in the history of college life; *We have no undue consciousness of our powers.* We are forgiving, as well, for, although our wise old college friends, the Juniors, have miserably failed to give us any parental or fostering care, in the way of counsel concerning organization, class-pins, and the like, we extend to them full pardon, since they have been so busy mothering our patient Seniors.

We are a talented crop and, no doubt, our Junior College hopefuls will agree: That our alphabet Baker can drive old Grey down the line as straight as a die. That the other Baker evidences the fact that it is always summer in June. That Ward Clemens, even now, can twist out curves almost as well as "Bob." That Jimmy Garrard's silence is more vociferous than the corridor noises of some upper classmen. That Floyd Gauldin reads Ovid in a charming poetical style. That Hollyman has his social nature developed to an alarming degree. That Lewis can argue the question forcibly and logically even if the judges do make a mistake in the decision. That Parks, our Cherokee, has a mind alert and an eye so keen that he can shoot an arrow into the heart of a frog-pond. That Titterington succeeds in mastering the problem of having a jolly good time. That Vanbuskirk is an exponent of his oft repeated assertion, "If there is anything to be done, I'll help — to get some one else to do it." That Gibbs can play basketball when he is there.

And whether the Juniors agree or not, our roll of girls shows variety and talent unexcelled. Among their names are one man, a Coleman not noted for noise; and two sons, one of Rolof which may once have been "Ralph the Rover," and one of Thom who has delved deeply into the life of the Pioneer founder of Kentucky. There is also one "whose name is Maud" who is only Fickl(e)in when she discusses the refraction and defraction of light with an air of indifference. Sue's name and her talent are Reading. Irene is not Sterner than she seems, and will not be so at all when her present hopes are realized. The Downs of Scotland, adorned with a Marguerite, and Stella, the Star of our lady debaters, finish the list.

Such we are, twenty in number, young, tender and hopeful. If in the future you should happen to be in need of an Indian Chief, a lawyer, a preacher, a cook, a wood-sawyer, or a dog-trainer, just apply to our president, J. C. Hollyman, and you will be supplied from our worthy class.

OTIS L. ENGLAND, Class Historian.



ALBERT S. J. BAKER  
Marshall, Mo.



JUNE BAKER  
Napton, Mo.



ANNA BELLE COLEMAN  
Marshall, Mo.



MARGUERITE DOWNS  
Nevada, Mo.



OTIS LYCURGIS ENGLAND  
Sullivan, Mo.



NELLIE MAUDE FICKLIN  
College Mound, Mo.



JONATHAN C. HOLLYMAN  
Atlanta, Mo.



ALEX. BAIRD PARKS  
Chelsea, Okla.



SUE M. REDDING  
Curryville, Mo.



GRACE ALMA ROLOFSON  
Fairfax, Mo.



ALICE IRENE STERNER  
Armstrong, Mo.



GERTRUDE THOMPSON  
Pilot Grove, Mo.



CLYDE A. TITTERINGTON  
Richland, Mo.

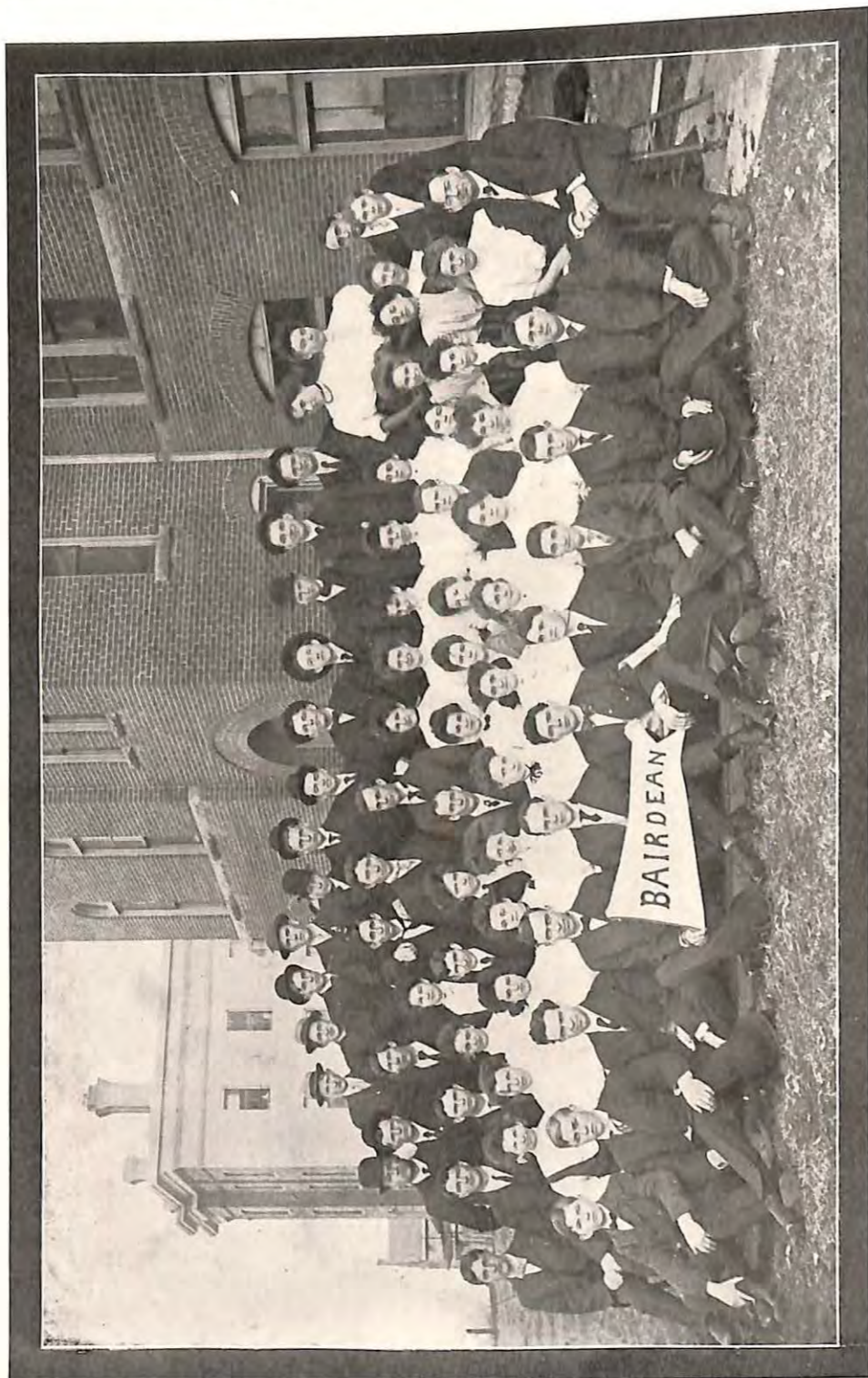


RILEY VAN BUSKIRK  
Halfway, Mo.



MARY STELLA WALSH  
Miami, Mo.





BAIRDEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

# BAIRDEAN

## Bairdean Literary Society History



In the following the writer attempts a description of an afternoon's visit to the Bairdean Society. The program was one given during the winter quarter, but in this description an exhaustive criticism is not attempted, nor should it likely prove to be profitable to the readers of the Sabiduria if it went beyond the common characteristics of the society and its members.

The large door stood wide open as if offering a welcome to all who chanced that way. The merry voices and joyous faces of the young people within bespoke a cordial invitation to enter. Then we stepped within — we — a Bairdean of the Junior class and myself. We passed up the aisle toward the platform; on either side of us were cushioned opera chairs arranged in curved rows. I noticed that the monotony of the rectangular room was broken by having in its north-west corner an alcove with five windows. The platform, octagonal in shape, was constructed in this corner. On it, at one side, a reading desk held a much worn Bible, the president's chair and table occupies the center. Just back of the president's chair a large white pennant with the word "Bairdean" in letters of orange hung from one of the heavy brown figured curtains which decorate the windows of the Hall and below these, white sash curtains softened the bright rays of the afternoon sun. To the right of the platform stood the piano and bench of polished stump walnut, and to the left was a large flat-top oaken desk bestrewn with papers, back of which sat two young ladies, the secretary and critic, who were introduced as Miss Pearl Gooding and Maud England respectively.

Just at this point a young man standing near spoke a few words in a depreciatory manner of "the wild and fuzzy west," at which the secretary's eyes snapped and with a quick jerk of her head she exclaimed, "Aw bah!"

We now turned to find seats for ourselves, thereby giving us a view of the Hall from the platform on which we stood. A few large pictures hung on the olive-tinted walls, one being a large portrait of W. T. Baird of Kirksville, godfather of the Society. The room was being filled with young men and women, most of whom stood laughing and chatting with each other; a few had already taken seats, assuming a more serious attitude. In a far corner sat a young man who wore nose-glasses, near him a young lady named "Eliza" took her seat (that name called to mind a certain colored washerwoman whom I owed for laundry) I caught the names of others as May, Anna, Baird, "Birdie," Van., "Bill," "Lizzie," Finis, and "Pig." One slender young man was nicknamed "Chesty."

As I was enjoying and imbibing the gay spirit of student life, in strode a tall young man who was addressed as DeLong. He walked to the table, and, having glanced about the room, brought down the gavel just as the one-thirty bell rang, saying as he did so "the Society will now come to order." Thereupon all of us took our seats.

Following devotional exercises by the chapline, a few late comers were shown to their seats by Mr. Brittain, the usher, who in physique appeared capable of ushering them out again if occasion should arise. After the opening business of "roll-call" and "reading of the minutes of the previous meeting" the following literary program was given:

THE SABIDURIA

Music . . . . .	Emma Marschall
An order for a picture . . . . .	Lucy Maixner
The value of pictures . . . . .	Ewing Hudson
American Illustrators . . . . .	Marguerite Downs
Rosa Bonheur . . . . .	Elizabeth Frye
Produce and Art . . . . .	Lizzie Cochran
Music . . . . .	Pauline Parcell
Debate . . . . .	Aff.—Thomas Warford, G. W. Davis
	Neg.—Walker McAninch, Thelbert Yowell
Description of a picture . . . . .	Riley Van Buskirk
Vocal Solo . . . . .	Genevieve Gillum
A molder and the clay . . . . .	Anna Turner
The Painter of Seville . . . . .	Maud England

Question for debate: Resolved, that the City of Marshall should establish and maintain a public reading room.

I take the liberty of quoting from the critics report to aid me in criticising the literary performances. "Our Art Program this afternoon is a very good representation of the special programs we have been having this quarter. There were more recitations than usual, but the various papers were well prepared, and on the whole up to our standard. Most of the performers were well at ease on the platform, several showing a marked improvement in this matter. Most of the performances were of a serious nature but of good variety so as to avoid monotony. Two of the recitations are well known and were well given, but more action and attention to the audience would have improved them. The other recitation "Produce and Art" was a short humorous poem of country life."

As might be expected, the papers were more of the ordinary type showing in their preparation the results of reading, of observation, or of originality of thought according to the subject treated. The music was varied, there being a piano duet, a piano solo, and a vocal solo, all of which were encored. But the most pleasing was the last, a little love song, at the close of which — doubtless influenced by the sentiment expressed — Bill, asked to be excused from the Hall and "Joe," who had been hiding his blushing face behind his hat, overcome by the appeal "Could you learn to love a little girl like me?" fell out of his chair.

The question for debate was occasioned by the recent campaign for local option, and the debaters waxed warm as they sought to convince three rather indifferent judges.

Tommie led off for his five minutes with some solid facts for his side. Mac followed with a short rebuttal and sought to lay the burden of proof on his opponents. Bill then took the platform and, with good argument clinched by witty remarks, made good for the affirmative. Thelbert struggled to make a clear road for a decision for the negative. The closing rebuttal was followed by the decision for the affirmative.

Hearty applause was given each of the debators as had been given the other performers, sometimes appreciative of an excellent performance, and sometimes as encouragement for a good effort put forth.

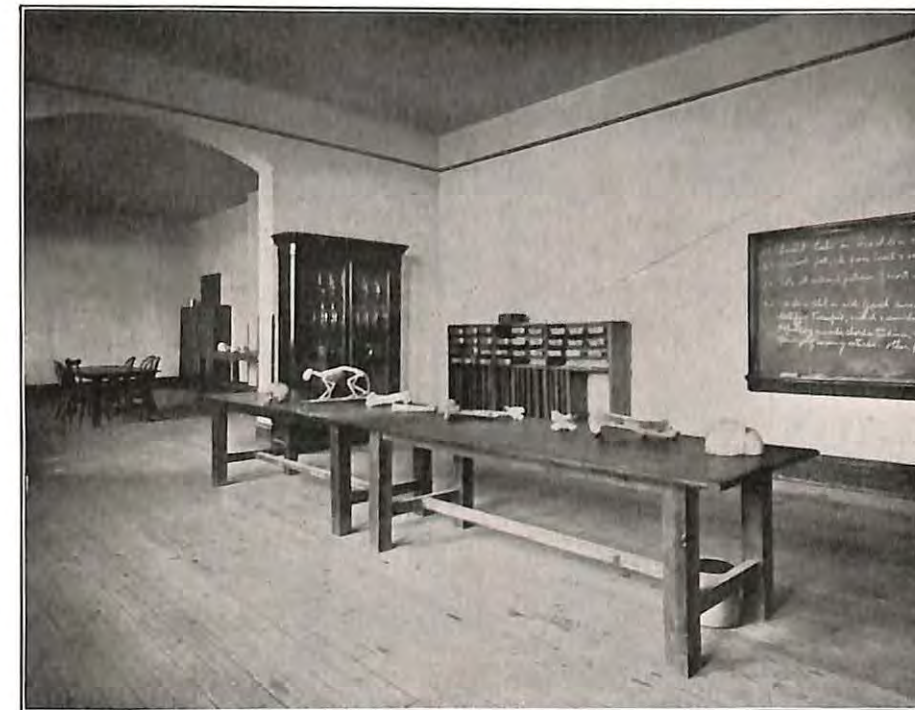
In the business session a rather lengthy report from the Constitutional revision committee was taken from the table and after considerable discussion was for the most part adopted, section by section. A report concerning a new table for the President was accepted and the bill allowed.

The business was carried on chiefly by the old members, however Aregood took pleasures in seconding motions, and some other new one were bold enough to enter into the discussions.

Upon the recommendation for the Attorney, fines were imposed for absence, non-performance of duty and communications by the President. From these a few found a way of escape by means of appeal, but most were unquestioned.

The critic's report being given the motion to adjourn was made and carried. The room was again filled with the noise of the young people glad to get out of doors, as they hastened, laughing and talking leaving only the Program Committee, who remained to arrange a new program.

THE SABIDURIA



This cut shows the south side of the quarters occupied for over eighteen months past by the Biological Department. Old students will recognize these as rooms formerly used for library purposes.



The northern light, together with the suite of three forty foot rooms, gives the Biological Department by far the best quarters it has ever had.



THE HOUXONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



### The Houxonian Roster

MOTTO  
"Qui non proficit, deficit"

COLORS  
Black and Gold

YELL  
Boom-a-lacka, Boom-a-lacka,  
Bow, wow, wow,  
Chick-a-lacka, Chick-a-lacka,  
Chow, chow, chow,  
Boom-a-lacka, Chick-a-lacka,  
Ris, rah, ree,  
Who're Houxonians?  
We, We, We!

PRESIDENTS FOR '07-'08.

Fall Quarter	BOURNE MITCHELL
Winter Quarter	BOURNE MITCHELL
Spring Quarter	HELEN CAMPBELL

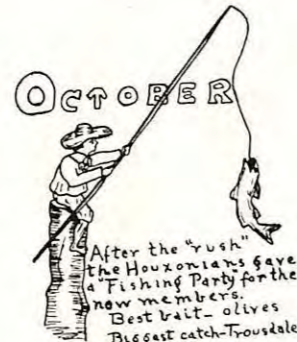
ROLL OF THE SOCIETY FOR '07-'08

Sheila Alexander	Winfield Armentrout	Susan Barnum
Ella Black	Janie Boulware	Helen Campbell
Berenice Clark	Ward Clemens	Ruth Cochran
Anna Belle Coleman	Bessie Davis	Ruth Davis
Karl Duncan	Georgia Dysart	Mabel Dysart
Francis Edmonds	Minnie Franklin	Estill Fray
Floyd Gauldin	Fred Gibbs	Froncie Gill
Boone Gregg	Bessie Grube	Erdice Grube
Lela Hayes	John Harriman	Francis Hawley
Everett Maxey	Bourne Mitchell	Alice Montague
William Moreland	Alice Morrison	Charles Mount
Edward McKee	Laura Parks	Catherine Patterson
Florence Patterson	Anne Rodgers	Mary Rose
Percy Rose	Otto Schweer	Nelle Scott
Corene Sloan	Irene Sterner	R. E. Stobie
Gertrude Thompson	Joseph Vertrees	Arch Wikins
	James Willingham	Huguely Yeagle

# HOUXONIAN CALENDAR '07'08



SEPTEMBER  
Somebody told on the boys who smoked and the President was "canned!"



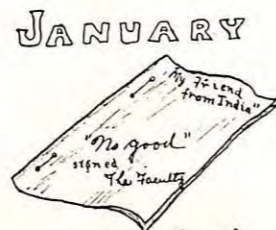
OCTOBER  
After the "rush" the Houxonians gave a Fishing Party for the new members. Best bait - olives. Biggest catch - Trousdale.



NOVEMBER  
First and foremost, we have pins! The committee to design the pin did good work. "Qui non proficit, deficit!"



DECEMBER  
Only one debate this year! Houxonian 3 Pearsonian 0



JANUARY  
The play "My Friend from India" was not classical and the faculty turned it down.



FEBRUARY  
"Mrs Oakley's Telephone"  
Gertrude Shella } Cast of  
Alice Corneil } the play



MARCH

Constitution revised!  
The censor-morum pro-tem!  
Mock Faculty Meeting!  
Delta Representatives:  
Georgia Dysart,  
Otto Schweer

5x7 1/2



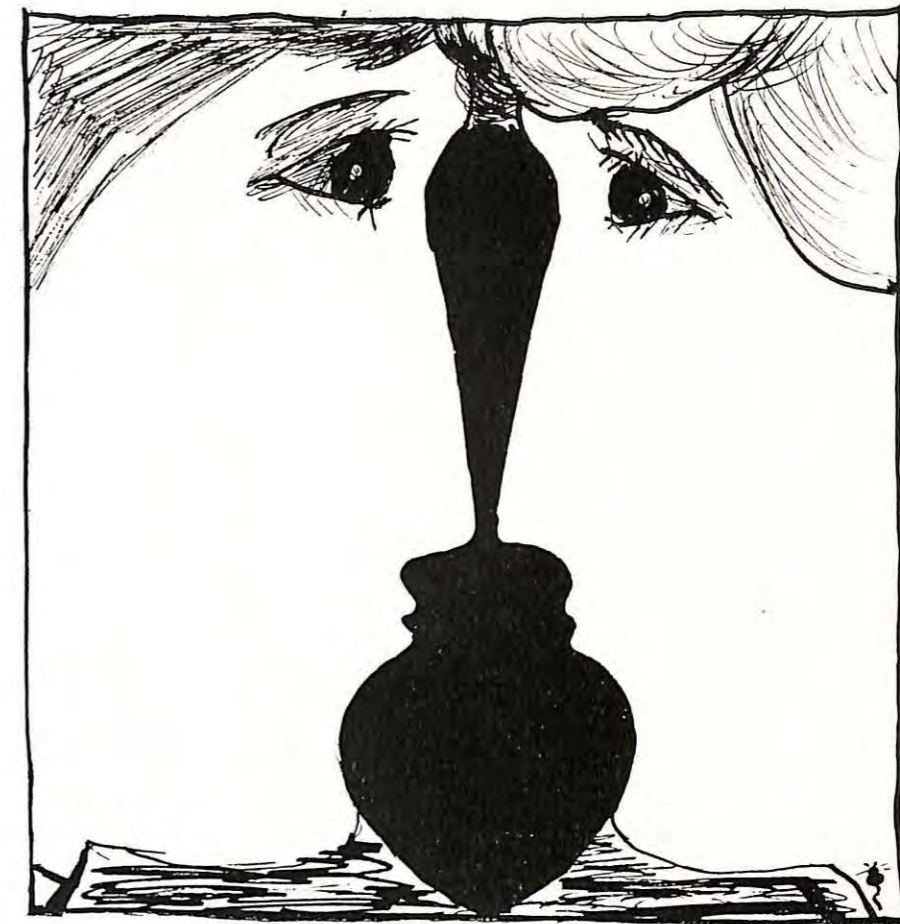
APRIL

"An American Citizen"  
Open Session



MAY

Farewell Seniors!  
Bourne Mitchell  
Lela Hayes Bessie Grube,  
Berenice Clarke Ruth Cochran,  
Mabel Dysart Helen Campbell!



A SOUVENIR SPOON OF M. V. C.

If Hudson, Harriman, Cortner, Stobie, Van Buskirk, Gordon, Gregg, Armentrout, Ward Clemens and Dan McCorkle were choosing coats of arms no doubt some such figure as this would be the central device on them.



THE PEARSONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



## Pearsonian Literary Society

Boundaries of the Pearsonian Society — bounded on the north by cold air; on the south by hot air some times called the Houxes; on the east by divinity hall, bughouse, college store room, or menagerie, frequently dignified by the name of Dormitory; on the west by H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>, MN<sub>3</sub>, HCL, etc, otherwise the Chem laboratory.

### PAST

Perhaps some may remember that glad '89,  
That first of October when first we did shine.  
In Professor Grube's room we first took our stand —  
Perry chose Houxes, and Baity our band.  
In Professor Shaw's room were officers elected;  
Constitution and by-laws adopted —  
And though not always obeyed,  
A treasury we had so were never dismayed.  
Then for a name some suggested Gordonian;  
But that wouldn't do, it didn't suit us quite —  
So we chose the Pearsonian and the purple and white,  
And then began striving, striving for right.  
And then as our motto,  
That sorter made us go,  
"Usus est magister optimus" it reads.  
The guide of Pearsonians when onward it leads.

### PRESENT

In numbers we are now beyond forty —  
In size we are varied, on law we are raw.  
Point of order, appeal, and fine,  
One then another fall in the line.  
Here we are e'en one and all;  
We'er ne'er chagrined when comes a fall.  
And when these pages you shall scan —  
Be first to see us if you can.  
June Baker acts somewhat like a Quaker,  
Talks but little but will always be a Baker.  
Ira Barnett, of deliberate air, has just about reached the top of the stair,  
For he is leaving us soon, perhaps 'tis in June.  
Edna Baskett, a new one this year,  
Gives us good music and brings us good cheer.  
Harvey Clithero who debates here of late —  
Claims he needs Grace to decide future fate.  
O man of one sermon 'tis Cortner J. E.  
Inspiration and guide that sermon will be.  
"A pearl of great price" and then comes the rice.  
Margaret Deckard, a preachers little girl,  
Is good at piano to make us whirl.  
Ruth Dickson quietly does good,  
For truth and right always she has stood.  
Devilla Edmunds mighty in stature and full of nonsense,  
From where you say — echo answers whence.  
Ward Ellis speaks, debates, sings, and plays,  
An all round good fellows in lots of ways.  
O. L. England, long way from home but sure come to stay;  
If ever you're moody here's the way to be gay.  
Balfour H. England — New England indeed —  
'Neath the purple and the white ever loyal he'll lead.

Jay Gould — of the great family Gould,  
 The only Jay Gould that ever was in school.  
 Claude Guthery, once President here,  
 Stands up for the right and exhibits no fear.  
 Claud Hall — best choice of the girls,  
 For the smile on his face and also his curls.  
 Theron C. Holmes — a good round member? I should say so,  
 For never in work is he ever found slow.  
 Another among us is Austin B. Jones,  
 And he is anything else but just skin and bones.  
 Harry M. Johnson, our champion debater,  
 Of all things worthy the good perpetrator.  
 Nicholas Lewis with growth yet to get,  
 Heap big debator — he'll show you so yet.  
 And one of our girls called Jessie McCormick,  
 Good at most anything — at singing a brick.  
 Hubert McDaniel, a member that is fine,  
 In the coming debators the first in the line.  
 Eunice Orr, who's a dignified teacher,  
 Just mention Pearsonian and surely you will reach her.  
 Leonard R. Patton, at guitar pretty spry,  
 By Georgia you'll find him whenever you try.  
 Katherine Sue Penick, from the faculty crowd,  
 Is another among us of whom we are proud.  
 Jenny Lou Piper, a good one for fun,  
 At filling the treasury she's truly a gun.  
 Sue Reading, so lively and gay,  
 Goes at most everything in an excellent way.  
 Norwood Reid of the twinkling eyes,  
 Does pretty good work whatever he tries.  
 Georgia Rolofson, quiet, modest and gentle,  
 But under all this are great powers mental.  
 Grace Alma Rolofson who's up on the law,  
 Such a parliamentarian the world never saw.  
 Robert H. Rolofson, Rolofson the third,  
 Is upright and honest and true to his word.  
 A good one to have is Nettie R. Schantz,  
 For she never is found indulging in "can't's",  
 Bertha A. Smith, of our own Senior band,  
 For all worthy work is always on hand,  
 Roy Suddarth, who looks at life gleefully,  
 Goes at his work here heartily and soulfully.  
 Lester A. Thompson, though not the J. J.  
 As one among us he surely does pay.  
 A. Seth Thornton, ne'er surpassed yet  
 At blowing new spasms through his old coronet.  
 Mary Stella Walsh, a member good and strong,  
 Stands up for the right and loathes what is wrong.  
 There is Edward Williams, good and kind,  
 As staunch and true as we could find.  
 Ralph Williams though never the world may o'erturn,  
 Is always ready to move we adjourn.  
 Ray A. Worthington, of the clerical race,  
 Of all pious virtues his favorite is grace.  
 There's Margarette Clarkson and Peterson C.,  
 And Agnes Sutherland, the last of the three,  
 Like all the Pearsonians they'll ever be loyal,  
 True to the white and the purple royal.

Our creed — We believe in one society, the Pearsonian Society, maker of debators and lawyers, and all things, high and mighty. And in one guide of law, the only Robert's Rules of Order, reliable leader of the people in all things, points of order, appeals from fine, every word of everyone. We love the Parsonian society, the society of societies, the only society that appeals to us. It is a light to our pathway, organized and perpetuated for the purpose of developing character, not being made of one character, but many — all of whom are being trained in the path of right which path should never be deserted by one who enrolled under the royal purple and the pure white, fit emblems of royalty and purity, whose influence it to be felt through all time.

FUTURE

! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !



### The Inter-Society Debates

HELD ON THE 16TH AND 18TH OF DECEMBER, 1907

The Affirmative  
THE HOUXONIANS

Represented by  
James Willingham  
Francis Hawley

The Negative  
THE PEARSONIANS

Represented by  
A. Seth Thornton  
Stella Walsh

Question: — Resolved: "That the registration of foreign built ships under the United State flag should be permitted."  
Decision for the Affirmative — 3-0.

The Affirmative  
THE BAIRDEANS

Represented by  
Riley Van Buskirk  
Jonathan Hollyman

The Negative  
THE PEARSONIANS

Represented by  
Ward Ellis  
Harvey Clithero

Question: — Resolved: "That the execution of Charles the First was murder."  
Decision for the Affirmative — 3-0.

Because of a misunderstanding the third of the usual Mid-Winter debates, that of the Bairdeans-Houxonians, was not held.

### Inter-Collegiate Debate

PARK COLLEGE AGAINST MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE

On April 24th, 1908, at Parkville, Mo.

AFFIRMATIVE—Missouri Valley College.

NEGATIVE—Park College.

QUESTION:—Resolved: That the United States should subsidize its merchant marine."

Decision — Park College 3; Missouri Valley 0.



JAMES C. WILLINGHAM, '09.  
A. B. Houxonian  
Hobart, Okla.



GEORGE M. GORDON, '08.  
A. B. Bairdean  
King City, Mo.



EWING S. HUDSON, '08  
A. B. Bairdean  
Marshall, Mo.

### A Correction

Though in no wise responsible for the same, we take pleasure in correcting a mistake, made through hasty proof reading, in the recording of last year's decision in the Park-M. V. C. debate, whereby it was made to appear that Missouri Valley was the victor.

Whatever credit there is in winning a hotly contested and exceedingly close decision belongs to the Park team and we are glad that the opportunity is offered to some of us who participated in the debate to give that credit by saying that the decision was Park 2 and M. V. C. 1.



# The Christian Associations



Nell Rea      Anna Turner, Treas.      Georgia Dysart      Margaret Clarkson, Sec'y,      Pearl Gooding  
 Ola Whitehead      Alice Morrison, Pres.      Ruth Cochran      Bessie Grube, V. Pres.

## The Y. W. C. A.

Early in the history of M. V. C. the young women, with Miss Joan Orr as advisor, organized the Young Women's Christian Association, and it has been a very potent factor in the religious and social life of the College ever since.

Many a girl has been heard to say after leaving school, that some of the sweetest memories of her college days cluster about the Y. W. C. A. and the friends she grew to love in that work.

The officers of the Association for '07 and '08 are as follows: President, Alice Morrison; Vice-President, Bessie Grube; Secretary, Margaret Clarkson; Treasurer, Anna Turner.

The work of the association is carried on through the following committees: Sick and Relief, Devotional, Missionary, Social, Music, Poster, and Nominating.

It is the duty of the Devotional Committee to provide leaders for the morning meetings. Three mornings during the week students lead the meetings, on Wednesday morning there is a song service, and on Thursday morning some special leader is provided. The Committee tries to vary the meetings and make them as attractive and helpful as possible.

The Missionary Committee must endeavor to promote missionary interest among the students. Once a month it has charge of a meeting of the Association and the leader talks on a missionary subject. It also has the raising of the different missionary funds required by the budget. This year this committee has organized two classes for studying missions, one for foreign and one for home fields. These classes have been well attended and a great benefit to the members.

The Social Committee is a very busy committee as it is its duty to provide amusement for the students. During this year it has furnished us a number of delightful socials. The first was given at the opening of the autumn quarter, 'for girls only'. Such a jolly time, 'only girls'. Everyone must wear their name, not their heart, on their sleeve, and everyone must meet everyone else. Refreshments were served, and many homesick girls went away

with lighter hearts. Following this came the joint social with the Y. M. C. A. According to a custom established years ago, the new boys must accompany the old girls and the old boys the new girls. This was one of the events of the season, and perhaps some new boy rather liked an old girl and perhaps some old boy rather liked a new girl and well — perhaps they still do, who can tell? A number of other socials have been given throughout the year which I am sure can be looked back to as bright spots in our college life.

The Y. W. C. A. is indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCord for their Sick and Relief fund, for they originated the plan and worked hard to establish it. Each student is requested to leave the sum of ten cents with the librarian and these sums constitute the fund. Whenever the Sick and Relief Committee hear of any member being sick they call on them and have cut flowers sent to them. Far from home and a mother's tender care, the cheerful visits of this committee and the beauty of the flowers, have shortened the illness of many a student.

The pianist of the association is chairman of the Music Committee and it is her duty to play for the morning meetings and to arrange special music numbers on various occasions. The association is especially fortunate in having several exceptional vocalists, who gladly do service on special occasions.

It is the duty of the Poster committee to put up attractive posters announcing special meetings. We are surely blessed with artistic girls for some taking poster is almost always drawing a crowd around the bulletin board in the main hall.

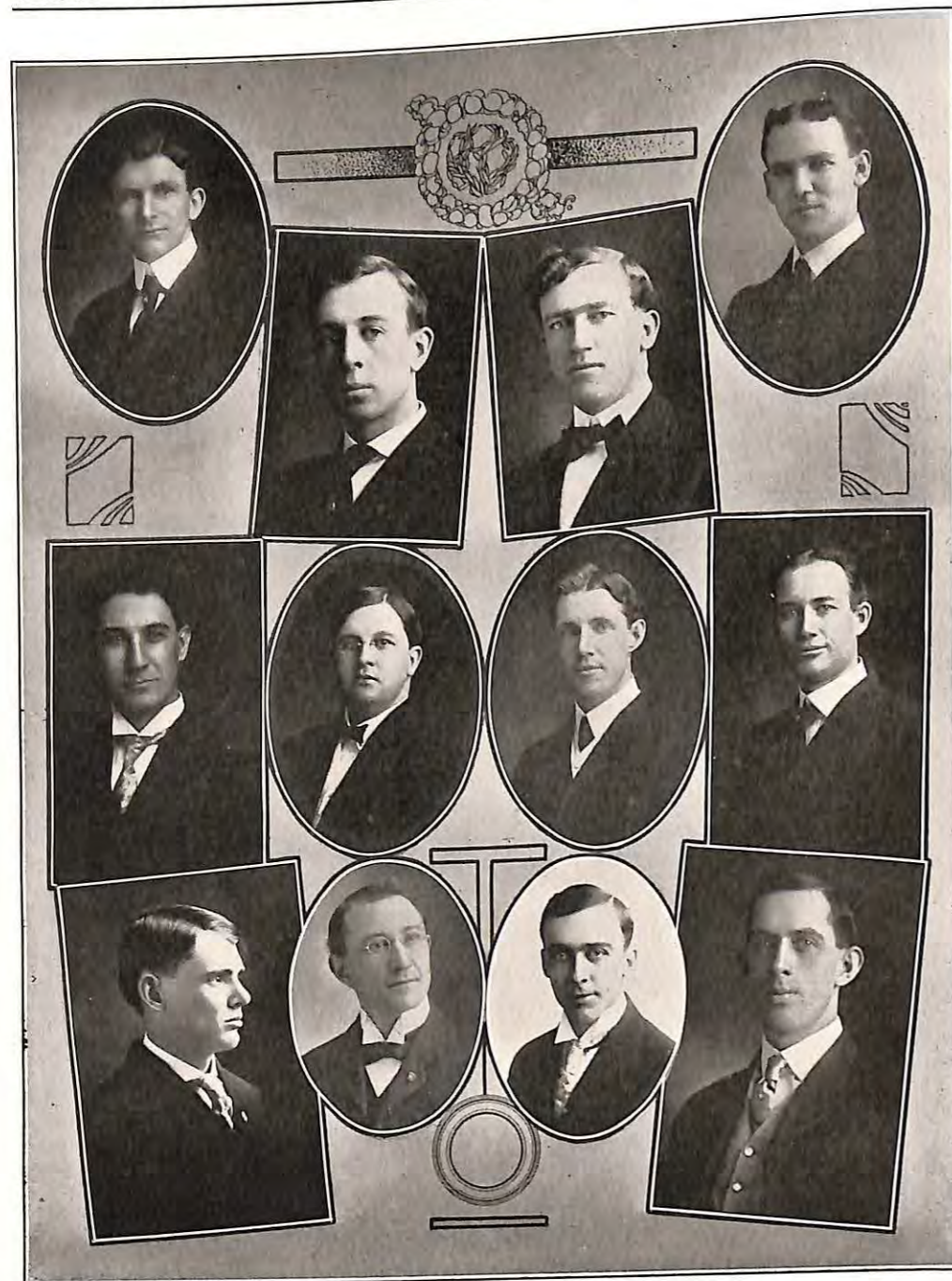
Three young women were nominated by the Nominating Committee and sent to the Cascade conference in Colorado last summer. In the autumn six were sent to St. Joseph to the State convention. These conferences and conventions provide the best speakers in the U. S. to address them and the young ladies who have gone count it as one of the opportunities of their lives.

On the fifth of February the officers for the year '08-'09 were elected as follows: President, Georgia Dysart; Vice-President, Nell Rea; Secretary, Anna Turner, and Treasurer, Alice Morrison. These officers were installed March 8th, Mrs. Huff giving the charge and address of the occasion.

Having read the history here given of the Y. W. C. A. of M. V. C. you have an idea of what this organization stands for among the students, but before closing let me quote the motto of the association: "The aim of this Association is to make Christ real to every girl in school." And the good Christian fellowship that exists among the girls is an evidence that the girls try to accomplish their aim and succeed bravely.

PEARL GOODING.





S. C. RYLAND  
Missionary Com.  
J. E. CORTNER  
Secretary  
H. M. JOHNSON  
Treasurer

BOONE GREGG  
Membership Com.  
ARTHUR DOWNS  
Vice-President  
I. N. EVRARD  
Faculty Member

G. M. GORDON  
Religious Meetings Com.  
E. E. DELONG  
Bible Study Com.  
HARVEY CLITHERO  
Usher

C. E. PETERSON  
Social, Sick and Relief Com.  
IRA W. BARNETT  
Lecture Course  
EWING S. HUDSON  
President

## The Years Work in Y. M. C. A.

\* \* \*

The Y. M. C. A. has been doing a good work the past year. When the school year opens the Y. M. C. A. is the busiest organization in school, for it has for a number of years taken hold of the work of getting the new students into school, helping them to locate boarding houses, get courses of study arranged, and making them feel at home. Many are, no doubt, led to a better life each year because of the kindness shown in these first days of school when one is inclined to be rather lonely anyway and a kind word is especially appropriate and welcome. So it is obvious that the committee should always be made up of the most obliging students to be found, and if any day you should be pressed into service remember you will find it to your advantage to look your best and act your nicest. Many times it is the duty of this committee to usher some newly arrived co-ed and you will be sorry if you haven't got on your best bib and tucker. This duty from all reports and observations has never been neglected in the least but has been performed with great satisfaction to all parties concerned.

After the boys have been here about a week a reception was given to them with the intention of driving out all kinds of microbes which would cause home-sickness or dissatisfaction of any kind. We all gathered in the Y. M. C. A. and listened to speeches from our professors and students who had happened to funny things and could tell them. "Fatty" Jones' impersonation of Prof. Evrard was especially enjoyed. Nearly all the boys like to eat, so the Social committee had scattered watermelons all over the northeast corner of the campus. Some one who was wise yelled out "Come on boys out to Prof. Grube's watermelon patch" and everybody scrambled down the steps with such eagerness for watermelons as would have put to shame a Georgia negro. They found the patch closer than they had anticipated for judging the way some started they had been to Prof. Grube's farm in times not ancient. After several had powder burned in their faces from the guns of the sentinels all the melons were found and eaten in great glee on the bleachers north of the base ball diamond.

This was an occasion for the boys only that they might become better acquainted with each other. A few girls came to the door but they left soon when they learned that there would be another reception given in a few days by the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A.'s jointly when they would have a chance to meet all the good looking new boys. This reception was given at the home of Mr. Hayes. It was arranged primarily to have a general mix-up of the new and old students. The plan proved successful to some extent, but some of the old boys were afraid to allow the new boys to go with their girls, fearing that if they did the new boy might get the advantage. They, so to speak, "took time by the forelock" and their girls by the arm and said by their actions if not by their words, "We defy competition." Alas how small potatoes and how few in a hill! But fortunately there were others and all the new students seemed to enjoy the evening very much. Writing now from

the end of the year and judging from some of the students that are taking Campstry, Cupid must have strung his bow before the reception and got in some of his work that night.

As duties come upon us day after day we are apt to neglect our religious life. It is hard to keep up any unusual interest in Y. M. C. A. attendance. Various plans are resorted to, such as having special meetings once a week, when a leader from outside the membership of the Association is secured. A contest which lasted sixty days was also carried out. Two leaders were chosen who took an equal number of men, who were to come to the Association every morning and get everyone else to whom they could influence. The losing side were to entertain the winning side. Gregg and Peterson were the leaders and it was Peterson's side who had to pay the bill. One evening we all assembled in Patterson's hall where a fine luncheon had been prepared for us. Songs and yells prepared the way for a grand repast, no I mean a great feast, for nothing was left to be re-passed. After the feast Mr. Peterson was elected toastmaster and toasts were given by Dr. McGinnis, Prof. Laughlin, and Prof. Shepherd, and also some of the students, which provoked roars of laughter from the crowd. Notwithstanding the toasts were all witty and a spirit of glee was manifest, there was a tone of seriousness in them and a call to our duty as Y. M. C. A. men. All the members of the faculty expressed great appreciation of the work of the Y. M. C. A. and of the ideals which it has.

During the year a need for a more religious atmosphere was felt and arrangements were made for a series of special meetings in order that some might be led to know Christ as a personal Saviour and that we all might be led closer to him. Each day pastors of various churches of the town delivered short messages at the chapel hour. Each morning Mr. Trousdale of the Odell Avenue Presbyterian Church addressed a meeting of the student body and each evening Dr. Black spoke to the boys in that good fatherly way in which he is so greatly gifted. The meetings were characterized by prayerfulness and earnestness and although no confessions were made, much good was done.

The Y. M. C. A. furnished the people of Marshall with a splendid lecture course of five numbers as another part of its work this year. The Association is closely connected with the work of the College and has a live part in all its affairs. This year has been an exceptionally good one for the Association and we feel proud of the work done, as it has far surpassed all previous records, but we hope that the following will leave it just as far behind, and the next also till in every generation of students the men shall learn the life of Christ and choose it for their own.

HARVEY CLITHERO.



ATHLETICS

## What The Bulletin Says

"A room on the first floor of the main building is fitted up with apparatus for general physical exercise. Dumb bells, Indian clubs, wands, wall machines, trapezes, travelling rings, horizontal bars, rowing machines, Swedish horse, quarter circle, mats, etc., constitute the equipment. A second room on the same floor is devoted to hand ball, furnishing an indoor sport. Both rooms are comfortably heated and well lighted. The gymnasium is used chiefly during the winter quarter."

## What The Bulletin Means



## Review of the '07 Baseball Season

During the season of '07 Missouri Valley played only seven games of baseball, but was successful in six of them. This was the smallest number of games and the largest percentage of victories for several years past.

KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL was our season opener and, though they were naturally below our class, we cleaned them up even more decisively than we had expected. Bob held them to three hits, a bass on balls, and struck out eleven, himself making four hits out of five times up. It was a day of fat batting averages. Ward got five hits out of six times up, giving him a lead in batting honors for the team that was never overtaken. Bradley got two out of three times up, also working the pitcher for four passes. Mitchell fanned three times and didn't get a hit in four times up. My! Murder! Mama's clothes-line! General sulphurousness! Dents in the ground made with the end of the bat!! Score: M. V. C.—23; K. M. A.—1.

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE was our next opponent, the game being at Fulton, April 11th. This was the closest fight, perhaps, that we had, the score being 2 to 1 in our favor. Westminster getting seven hits and striking out nine of our men, and we getting six hits and striking out ten of the "Blue Jays."

THE DEAF AND DUMB SCHOOL is supported by the State, but if they do everything like they did our boys April 12th they don't need state support. After whipping the stuffing out of a team from the College Union, to go across town and be whipped by a lot of "dummies." It was unspeakable. Please don't ask us what the score was, we are trying to forget it.

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE came for a return game April 19th and we took our vengeance out on them in great shape. They had trained a day or two "since last we met" and were looking for some easy money. The score was 9 to 1 in our favor. Bob held them to three hits, two bases on balls, and struck out eight, while Cave and Yates were hit freely. Milt got three hits out of five times up. Gregg got two out of four, and Job did likewise, one being a home-run.

WILLIAM JEWELL COLLEGE came down on the 27th of April, and we tried to atone for the three defeats they had heaped on us the year before. Bob only struck out sixteen of them, this being his record in that respect, gave two passes and six hits. It was an exceedingly interesting game, seven errors by W. J. C. and five by us only adding to the excitement.

WARRENSBURG STATE NORMAL visited us May 10th and left sore and grouchy. We had made four runs at the close of the fifth inning and Warrensburg three. There was no scoring then until the eighth, when W. S. N. tied up the score. No scoring in the ninth. W. S. N. made one in their half of the extra inning and were going strong. Things were exciting? Jes'm, they were. Bradley waited, noble boy, and was walked. Milt was safe on an error. Ward came up with determination written on every feature — and made three big slashes in the atmosphere. Groans, and low spirits. And then Bob lined a beauty two bagger down the right field line and won his own game.

CENTRAL COLLEGE came over for the Commencement game and we just simply cleaned them for keeps. The score was only 24 to 1, but then our boys ran the bases so much they were tired toward the last. Our boys hit safe fourteen times, four times for extra bases. Bob struck out nine, passed none, and was hit four times. In five times up he got two three baggers and one two bagger. This closed the season of 1907.

### The Correct Records for '07

#### INDIVIDUAL BATTING

	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	SB	SH	P. C.
W. Clemens . . .	6	24	10	11	1	0	0	9	1	.458
R. Clemens . . .	7	30	8	13	2	2	0	8	2	.433
Gregg . . . . .	7	25	9	8	2	0	0	12	1	.320
M. Clemens . . .	7	32	8	9	1	0	0	6	0	.281
Lansing . . . . .	6	19	8	5	0	0	0	9	2	.263
Bradley . . . . .	5	17	16	4	0	0	0	11	1	.235
Schweer . . . . .	7	30	6	7	1	0	0	9	0	.233
De Long . . . . .	7	27	6	6	2	2	0	4	4	.222
Mitchell . . . . .	7	28	5	6	1	0	1	9	1	.214
Kirkpatrick . . .	4	17	7	3	1	0	0	3	0	.182
Team Batting . .	249	83	72	11	4	1	80	12		.289

#### INDIVIDUAL FIELDING.

	PO	A	E	P. C.
M. Clemens, c. . . . .	74	15	0	1.000
Mitchell, lf . . . . .	12	0	0	1.000
Kirkpatrick, sub. . . . .	2	0	0	1.000
Lansing, 1b . . . . .	64	1	1	.985
R. Clemens, p . . . . .	6	29	3	.921
W. Clemens, ss. . . . .	11	7	3	.857
Bradley, 2b . . . . .	5	9	3	.888
Schweer, 3b . . . . .	17	10	5	.773
De Long, rf . . . . .	4	4	3	.727
Gregg, cf. . . . .	4	6	6	.625
Team Fielding . . . . .	199	81	24	.918

Double Plays: By M. V. C. 1; By Opponents 4.  
 Runs: By M. V. C. 82; By Opponents 27.  
 Hits: By M. V. C. 72; By Opponents 43.  
 Hit by Pitcher: M. V. C. 6; Opponents 3.  
 Struck Out: By M. V. C. Pitchers 63; By Opponent's Pitchers 40.  
 Base on Balls: Off M. V. C. Pitchers 10; Off Opponent's Pitchers 33.  
 Stolen Bases: M. V. C. 80; Opponents 35.  
 Left on Bases: M. V. C. 43; Opponents 38.  
 Earned Runs: M. V. C. 8; Opponents 3.



Whatever measure of victory — and it is represented by a percentage of .562 up to April 15, '08 — our base-ball team has gained has been due to the two professional coaches who have served during this period. The first of these, Richard Rohn, first baseman and manager of the Joplin team of the Western Association, was with us during the training period of '06 and '07, and accomplished much in the way of improving the inside play of the team and show them what base-ball really meant.

It certainly gives a great deal of pleasure to present here the picture of the second of these trainers, Mr. Collis M. Spencer, third baseman of the Cedar Rapids club of the Three Eye League for the past three years. He came to us a stranger and taking the place of a man who had proved to be a great favorite with the team. To say that he succeeded is putting it mildly. He proved himself a perfect gentleman as well as a great ball player and thoroughly good trainer, and we are glad of an opportunity to give this public appreciation of him and his services.

The '08 Baseball Team



"JOB" MITCHELL  
First Baseman and Captain



HARRY LANSING  
Second Baseman



"GINGER" SCHWEER  
Third Baseman

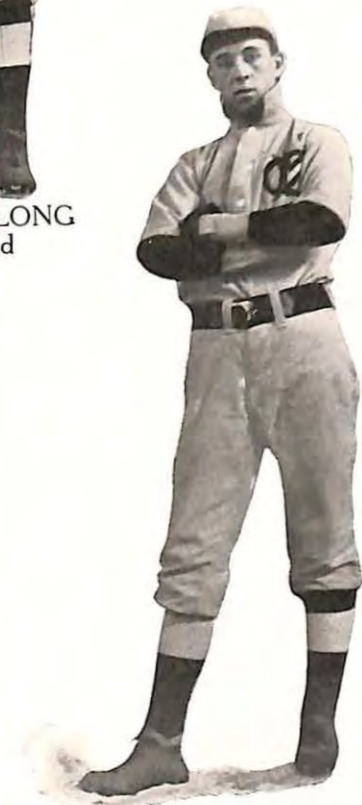
The '08 Baseball Team



EDDIE DELONG  
Left Field



ALFRED BARNETT  
Right Field



BOONE GREGG  
Center Field and Manager



WARD CLEMENS  
Shortstop

"JITSU" CLEMENS  
Pitcher

"RUNT" CLEMENS  
Catcher



GIRLS' BASKET BALL GROUP



BOYS' FIRST BASKET BALL TEAM

Upper Row From Left to Right—Devilla Edmunds, Center; Ryan January, Substitute; Dr. L. E. Griffin; J. E. Tope, Right Forward  
Lower Row—Balfour England, Left Forward; C. J. Mount, Left Guard; L. Farrabee, Right Guard



EDITORIALS

## Editorials

### As to The Name of The Annual

In comparing with the names commonly used to designate Yearbooks the annual of Missouri Valley is found to have an altogether different kind of name. So striking is this fact that the Business Manager of the '07 Sabiduria received a number of letters inquiring as to the significance of the name.

As perhaps others are likewise interested, we will give the information here that every reader may know whence the name came. *Sābidūria* (pronounced in five syllables and with the first a as in bad) is the Anglicised form of the Spanish word meaning wisdom. In the Spanish it would be pronounced *Sābiduriá*. We think it a good choice for the name of a college annual, and our most rabid critics would admit the appropriateness of calling such a book a bunch of wisdom, at least using the term ironically.

\* \* \*

### As to The Gymnasium Picture

In calling attention as we do in rather a forcible way on page 76, to the discrepancy between the statement of the April '08 Bulletin and the actual conditions as shown by a picture taken in February '08, we have no desire whatever to cast any aspersion on the makers of the Bulletin.

We thus set in juxtaposition two accounts of the same thing in order that thereby we may point the statements we are about to make.

In the first place we take it to be the axiomatic that a certain amount of healthy, vigorous exercise is necessary to the maintenance of the proper sort of equilibrium between the natural forces of the student's body. "All work and no play" may be thread bare from much handling, still it expresses a truth that every mature person and every sober thinking student realizes. It is not enough that the student be not compelled to study all the time, he must have an opportunity to feel the exhilaration that comes from a good stiff round of exercise. Nervousness from overwork or close confinement will yield more quickly to healthy exercise than to the goods furnished by an apothecary shop. There is no need to defend a position of this sort in this annual, for Missouri Valley is pledged to the principle of healthy exercise, even to the extent of making athletics required two quarters of the year. In the fall and spring quarters there is no escape unless you are physically unable to taken even the lightest of the athletic course offered, or can give unimpeachable evidence that you get exercise enough outside of school. To stand on the campus in these two quarters in the afternoon hours is to observe a scene that pleases you and causes glad feelings in the cockles of your heart. On the first and second team diamonds, perhaps thirty men will be working. An equal number will be on the tennis courts and twenty more, equally divided between the sexes, will be on their respective basket ball courts. And from three thirty to five thirty this pleasant sight continues. It is a joy to the participants, a joy to the onlookers, and an evidence of wisdom on the part of those who have ordained such a condition.

Now let's state our anomaly. In Missouri Valley there is absolutely no provision for

any kind of exercise, however beneficial and desirable it may be deemed, for the winter or shutin months. There is not only no compulsory athletics this quarter, but so little advantage is offered that even the most zealous apostle of physical culture, if turned loose in Missouri Valley, could do nothing more exhilarating than slide down the banisters or fall over the rubbish shown in the accompanying picture. The result is that everybody proceeds to take on fat and get completely out of condition. It is a state of affairs that does produce dissatisfaction among those who would gladly participate, and which should produce it among the observers of this condition, and those responsible for it.

Now let us turn to our collegiate neighbors and we will find them with some more or less efficient provision for those who desire physical exercise during the shutin period of the year. At William Jewell it takes the form of a building devoted to that one purpose. At Park, Westminster, Central, and others space is given to physical equipment, in some building used for more than one purpose. Why should we — not compare — but contrast so shamefully with these and other like institutions? Let us face the truth. We haven't as good gymnastic equipment as the Marshall High School. We believe that if there is good reason for other schools to build Gymnasiums and put thousands of dollars into equipment, there are the same reasons why Missouri Valley should do it, and greater reasons, because she thinks so well of them as to make them compulsory for two quarters of the school year. We want to close this paragraph by reiterating that we cannot compare in room or in equipment with a first class high school, much less with our sister colleges.

Come, let us think the matter over for ourselves and see if the conclusion is not with you as with us, that a new Gymnasium, or adequate equipment within existing buildings is the most imperative need and duty of Missouri Valley College, because of the acknowledged benefit of regular physical exercises, because she is irrevocably bound to compulsory athletics, and because of her poor showing in comparison with other institutions. If it is right to exercise, it is the duty of the College to furnish equipment therefor; if it is right for every one to be required to take athletics two quarters in the year, it is the duty of the College to provide for and require them in the remaining quarter of the year; if it is right for other schools to make a canvass of their friends for funds to build, equip, and maintain suitable structures for this purpose, it is the duty of our College to do the same.

The upshot of the whole matter is that no friend of Missouri Valley could be doing, in our humble judgment, a wiser or more philanthropic thing than to provide for the necessary quarters and apparatus. We wish that the annual had such a wide circulation that every friend of the College might see this plea of ours made from the student body, on behalf of the student body, and expressing student body sentiments.

\* \* \*

### As to Our Ideal For The Sabiduria '08

Perhaps some one else may have thought as some members of the Staff did that the new Sabiduria should be utterly unlike that of last year in every particular. We have had, however, after the first newness wore off, no such iconoclastic aims, rather desiring to sacredly preserve the best features of the Sabiduria '07 and add thereto such features as had like merit. We believe that in any given year the Annual should represent the entire life of the School, both as regards the

particular events of that school year, and as regards the principles for which the College stands in all years, its hopes, its fears, its ambitions, and its material equipment. We believe that last year's book, this year's book, and next year's book should each give such a complete picture of the College that a stranger reading anyone of them, would form an intelligent conception of Faculty, students, equipment, and characteristic features of the College life. This is the reason for the retention on our part of some of the general as well as the particular features of last year's Sabiduria, such as the programs on page 47 and the picture on page 96. Remember, however, that we are offering no apology for such retention, for we believe it, as much as the creation of new departments, and the changed treatment given others, is an evidence of a proper conception of our duty, and of originality as well.

### As to Our Literary Department

\* \* \*

Something in the preceding paragraph reminds us that our ideals have been changed somewhat, and kept from attainment in some instances, since the actual work of making the Annual begun. Perhaps this is nowhere more apparent to us than in connection with the Literary Department. In our original draft we allowed thirty pages to this Department and really wanted to give more. Gradually, however, other Departments ate up more pages than we had allotted them, until, cut as we might in other directions, but two thirds of the original number remained. So our ambition for what would be a representative literary department had to be sacrificed to what were uncontrollable circumstances. One advantage that was partly compensatory was the principle of exclusion on which we had to act. We believe that we have no culls in that Department. We bequeath to our successors the worthy ambition of making a literary department of sufficient scope to furnish a field for all the various kinds of composition and of talent.



EDWARD McKEE  
Home Advertising  
ALICE MORRISON  
Art Editor  
BOONE GREGG  
Foreign Advertising

NELL REA  
Humorist  
FRANCIS F. HAWLEY  
Business Manager  
ARTHUR DOWNS  
Editor-in-Chief

DAN S. McCORKLE  
Poet  
GEORGIA DYSART  
Literary Editor  
C. E. PETERSON  
Home Advertising



This room, the Y. M. C. A. Committee room, and kindly loaned to us by that organization, was the place of our regular staff meetings and all special meetings and to the members of the staff will always have a Sabiduria atmosphere.



## Our Apology

\* \* \*

To hope, to plan, to do, — to see a gleam  
 Far off, and to follow after till the dream  
 Becomes a struggle. Such in our own weak way  
 Has been the shaping of the book we lay  
 Before you, half in pride, and half in fear.  
 It is not all we hoped, but it *is* dear.  
 It's defects, harsh to you, to us remain  
 As tokens of that yearning and tense pain  
 In which it came to be. Man's heart, well-styled  
 The seat of pity, holds the fragile child  
 But dearer for its frailty. We who love  
 Are wont to humor foibles, and above  
 All trophies prize grim war's rude scars,  
 That glorify the face their presence mars —  
 So pardon, pray, the faults you find.  
 Our dream was humble, and perchance we bind  
 Thoughts immature, and odd, incongruous things  
 Within our work. Youth soars on feeble wings.  
 It is not that we have achieved success  
 In all we planned, but in the 'moil and press  
 Of opposition to have won so much —  
 With powers unmatched to have escaped the clutch  
 Of base defeat.  
 The book that we have made  
 Means little. 'Tis the making that has paid.

For this is but the figure of the world  
 We enter, where, in fierce attrition whirled,  
 Soul upon soul in turmoil infinite,  
 We shall yet see, time after time, despite  
 The warring elements, a far-off gleam,  
 And follow after, summoning the phlegm  
 Of a stout heart, undaunted by duress,  
 And unafraid. And in the surge and press  
 There will be scars. Nor need we to believe  
 That our frail hands, attempting, can achieve  
 Life's perfect dream, the vision ultimate,  
 With one swift stroke. No, tears must alternate  
 With hope, and we shall usher in each plan  
 With heartaches and tense pain until we span  
 Life's meagre day, and pass beyond the veil.  
 Enough. To live and love is not to fail.  
 A gentle slumber steals across the sad,  
 Worn faces, strangely old. And then a glad  
 Smile lets the quivering lips grow still.  
 Our wounded spirits rest. The college sill  
 Gives place to other souls, who seek the true,  
 Learning, as we, to hope, to plan, to do.

DANIEL SPENCER McCORKLE.



# THE DELTA

*A Monthly Magazine,*  
 Published by *J. SAM RODGERS*

Edited by The LITERARY SOCIETIES of M. V. C.

The Delta is just completing a marvelously successful and prosperous year — not un-  
 mixed with excitement. It has grown like a weed (and like nothing else about Missouri  
 Valley except the weeds) as the following remarkable percentage gains will indicate:

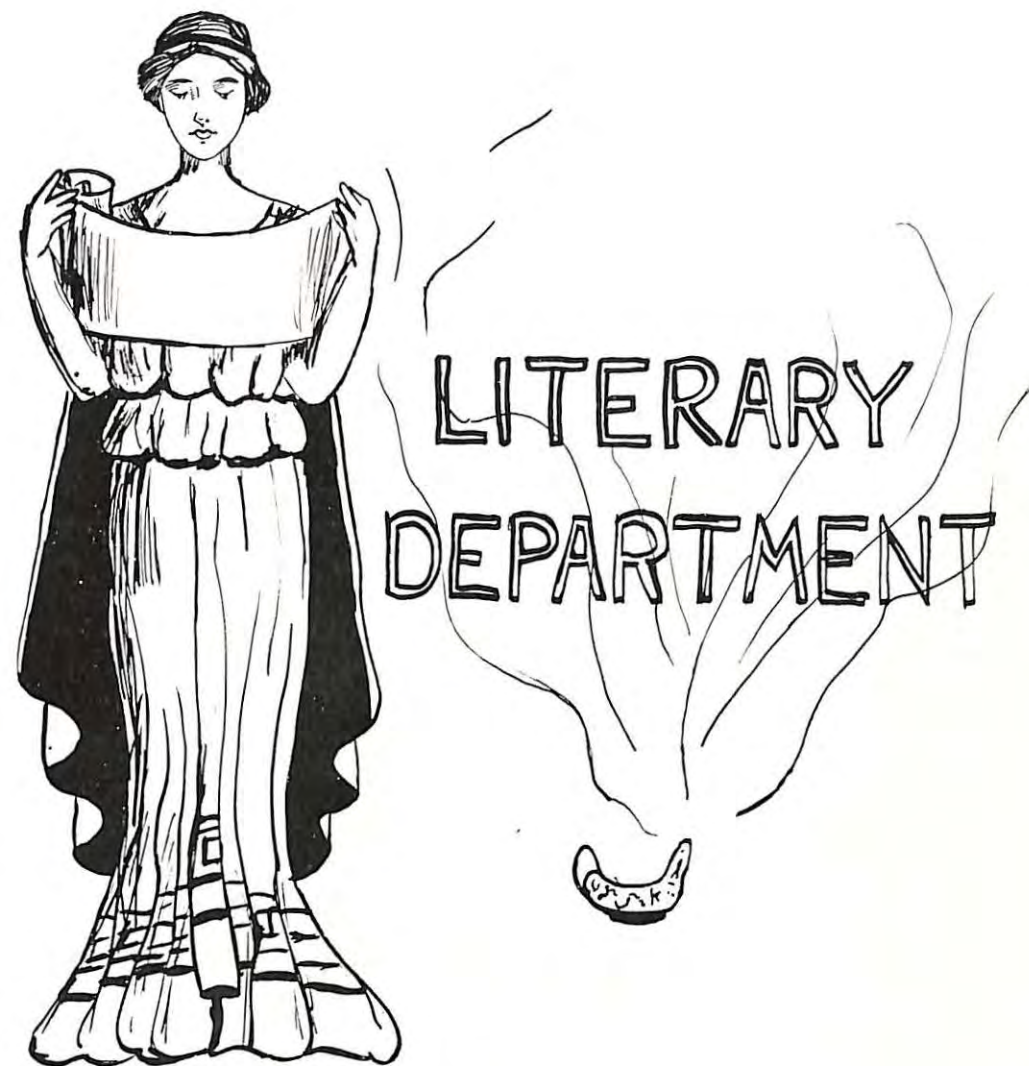
Size of Copies—50%; Illustrations—115%; Circulation—925%; Literary merit  
 (estimated)—300%; Advertising patronage—76%; Student-body support—1,000%;  
 Faculty interest and support—1%.



THE EDITORIAL STAFF FOR THE YEAR 1908-1909.

Editor-in-chief . . . . .	Claud S. Guthrey, '10
Literary . . . . .	Georgia Dysart, '09
Religious . . . . .	Agnes Sutherland, '09
Alumni . . . . .	Mittie Huff, '11
Athletic . . . . .	Otto Schweer, '11
Exchange . . . . .	Harvey Clithero, '10
Local and Social . . . . .	D. Ernest McCurry, '09
Alumni, Old Students and all Friends of M. V. C.	

SHOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR THE DELTA



## The Awakening

J. SAM RODGERS

First Prize Story in Sabiduria Contest

The beautiful crimson and gold of sunset was slowly fading into grey as the soft twilight of late May fell — seeming to soften, by its own soothing touch, the incessant roar and rattle of the great city. Strong, Ford, and Jackson, were ensconced in their favorite nook in the Sigma Gamm House, lounging over their after-dinner cigars. They had dined early that day — as they had often done before — at the Cris-Cros Club, each passing up invitations to dine in town, in order that they might have this one more evening together — the last, it would be, of a long series of such evenings extending over the past three years. They had been for a week in the whirl of the class meetings, entertainments, and social functions with which the great University celebrates the Commencement season. At ten-thirty they would go up the hill to attend the formal, somewhat pompous, Alumni banquet and be received, with considerable ceremony and condescension, into that august body and tomorrow morning at the Auditorium, before the gaze of thousands of spectators, the four years fight would end — but just now they had a few hours all to themselves in which to bid farewell to a friendship, more properly “chumship,” which had lasted since Sophomore days.

They were all dreamy. That was unusual because a real college man seldom has much time to spend that way — and they were all true college men.

“How natural and matter of course it seems after you get there,” said Ford, “I used, in my Freshman days, to regard the Seniors reverently and think what a constant state of exaltation they must live in.”

“How short the time seems — now,” commented Strong, dreamily, “when I entered here the four years seemed as long as four centuries. Now they seem, in retrospect, shorter than as many months.”

“I suppose,” said Jackson, “that that is because on the back track the days and months are all pleasantly connected by associations and friendships instead of being a bleak drear waste you dread to enter. Friendships and associations with the people you meet is a wonderfully important and pleasant part of a college course.”

“Old Jack seems to have the courage of his convictions,” laughed Strong, “but really I have often marvelled at the unusual weight of his list of friends.”

Ford frowned a little in perplexity while Jackson looked interestedly non-committal and Strong went on, “I never saw a fellow who was on good, even, intimate terms with as many of the very cultured, intellectual, refined people, who are sought in the best society — and know Shakespeare by heart, — but who has fewer friends among the light weight easy-goers. Now who would ever accuse Jack of a flirtation with a Soph Co-ed, and yet he is in as great demand at a Junior hop as he is at Prexy’s mother-in-law’s exclusive receptions. How do you work it, old chap, and why?”

While Strong was speaking, Jackson’s eyes became very soft and he seemed to be looking far, far away. A quiet smile played on his lips that seemed to belong to other times and people. After a valiant struggle with neglect, his cigar gave up the fight and went out. When Strong had ceased they watched him curiously and waited for him to begin. “It seems many years ago in time and events, yet clear and distinct as though it were only yesterday, that August morning four years ago when we stood before the old Doctor and listened to the kind firm words that settled the course of our lives. I must go to College, he declared. Only thus could I grow and develop as I ought, and no man had a right to starve his soul and dwarf his character when the price of the richest development was within easy reach — and least of all, he said, drawing himself up proudly, the man who would take his little girl for his wife. We had known it of course, but our hearts clamored for the sweeter way and we had yielded to them without much scruple. But when her father spoke thus she came to me and taking my hand very gently, almost protectingly, she said, “I felt that he would say so, Will, and I am sure it will be for the best. You must go and be brave and good and I will wait for you.” And her soft grey eyes looked unutterable love and trust and confidence and made me fairly hate myself because I was not big and brave and good enough to half deserve her.

“That is how it all came about that I am here. And in all the four years I have been here I have never forgotten, that I might the more surely grow big souled, and big hearted, and more worthy of a place in a home with her. I have tried to learn to see the good and the beauty in the world and the people. I have associated with people of all kinds and classes. I have given them the best I had and have asked and received in return the best from them. I have delved deep into the treasures of their minds — yes into their very souls — and through it all I have felt my own soul grow and unfold and reach out until the world has become new and more beautiful world to me. But through it all I have kept my heart from prying eyes and careless hands. It belongs to her and me only. Tomorrow the struggle will end and I will go back to her — go back unashamed, nay triumphant, for I will take her my heart as pure and clean, as sacred to her love, as I took it away.”

It was another case where Jackson seemed to have the courage of his convictions, and as his companions noted how his joy softened his strong, almost stern face, with its clearcut angular jaw and broad forehead, making it so wonderfully gentle and tender, they felt a bit envious.

It was Strong who spoke first — Strong the cynic, the analyst, the student of human nature. “Have you seen her since you came here old man?” he asked.

Jackson shook his head. “Haven’t been back for nearly four years. Hard work summer and winter, coupled with some what less than the average resources, is not favorable to little thousand mile vacation trips. That is why tomorrow means so much more to me than to most of the others.”

Strong sat buried in thought for some minutes, a slow cynical smile playing over his lips. “I am sorry, friend of mine,” he said finally, “but I am afraid that there is an awakening before you. Don’t you think that in all these years that your mind and soul have been growing, that your heart has been growing too? The whole world and its people have changed for you. What once gave you the keenest delight is insipid and dis-

tasteful — true of the heart as well as of the mind. The little girl has been waiting for you, true as the stars, but always just the same little village girl, while you have been growing, growing away from her as fast as time flies, till you will find it like an eagle mating a sparrow and your heart will rebel. These years that you have kept that heart of yours shut up to take care of itself you will find that it has been taking care of itself and that it will cry out against the old world and call for the new and that you will be helpless to refuse it. That is only Life and Life is what we all, perforce, must live."

As Strong spoke a vision of the life that had been seemed to come up out of the past and stand before Jackson for him to compare its shabby uncouthness with the brilliant beauty of the life of the present and a strange nameless fear clutched at his heart. Then those steady soft grey eyes seemed to look into his with their look of unutterable love and trust, and confidence returned to his heart and the smile to his lips — a rather pitying, superior smile it was now.

"We won't argue it, old pal," he said, "but one day before many weeks the little girl and I are going to be married and you shall be our best man and then I will show you, with the goods in hand that you read life wrong. And Ford shall be there to witness my triumph."

They shook hands all around on it and then fell silent, each pursuing the phantom of his own thoughts.

\* \* \*

There was a soft light in the old parlor as he walked quietly up the grass-grown path, hoping to take her by surprise. But at the sound of his steps on the porch there was a swish of skirts within. He opened the door and quickly stepped inside and the next instant his arms were around her, her head nestled on his shoulder, his cheek against hers and his lips murmuring sweet caresses. How unutterably, "restfully" sweet it was to be back and so natural that the past four years of struggle seemed only a kind of trying yet half pleasant dream and only the happy present seemed real. How sweet and gentle and beautiful she was, just as she had always been, so subdued and shy before him, yet boldly happy with him so near. And somehow, in the very midst of this first ecstasy of his newly regained happiness Strong's words came to him and he laughed gleefully and kissed her again and again in the sheer joy of his triumph.

And so, in the foolish bliss that only lovers know, the hours and days passed. They found much to occupy them — they must revisit all their childhood haunts beginning with the great old-fashioned kitchen where Mammy Chloe reigned supreme and whither she had led him, on that sad, sad day so long ago, away from his mother's newly made grave where his childish despair and sense of loneliness seemed about to crush him, striving in her innocent half-motherly way to comfort him — and ending in their favorite retreat by the brook in the little wood just outside the village, where they had successively made mud pies, fished for minnows, and read love stories. Then he must see all his host of friends in the village — friends, who, most of them, had been his mother's friends. Then there were long drives over the country, in the wide-seated phaeton behind old Dobbin, faithful relic of by gone decades, as the Doctor made his calls, and best of all there were the long hours they

spent alone, revelling in the joy of each others presence — living, it seemed, in an Eden of bliss, unconscious and unheeding any world save their own.

Late one afternoon, nearly a week after his arrival, they were lounging idly beneath the big elm east of the house where a clump of rose bushes screened a hammock from the passers-by. They were unusually silent. He had been dreamy, almost moody, all day, and she, who needed only his presence to make her happy, was silent because he was.

For sometime something, an intangible, silent, indefinite something had been stirring within him demanding something, he could not tell what, but filling him with a vague unrest. It had been very slight and indefinite indeed at first — he had been scarcely conscious of it, but hour by hour, day by day, it had persisted, silent and relentless, and he could not put it away. Today it seemed to oppress him especially and he was silent and restless as well as exasperated with the vagueness of it all. Strong's words again came to him, this time with a persistent sinister meaning. He tried to put them away, but they came back again and again, and forced him half-unconsciously, and wholly unwillingly, to turn keenly critical eyes on the girl who half reclined in the hammock facing him.

Her face had all the beauty and gentle sweetness he had loved so well, but he was most unwillingly forced to admit that it did not have that indefinable air of intellectuality and refinement, that poise and fulness of character that come only with higher education and culture. Her eyes looked at him with that same love and trust and confidence that cheered him through his years of struggle, but they showed no intelligent and sympathetic response to his appreciation of the beauties of nature and of the world, to his interest in the struggles and achievements of men, to the voice of his soul.

Then his thoughts went back to his Varsity and the people of the city and of them all two stood out boldly. One was an elderly woman with snowy hair, a face of surpassing beauty — the inner beauty of a rich, full soul, a noble character, and a keen, intelligent brain whose interest was in life — and a winning manner of grace and dignity, Prexy's Mother-in-law. It was in her home, that he had come to know life at its best — to her and to her friends he owed more of his real breadth and culture than to all the rest. And he might be pardoned a little pride as he remembered that he had found favor also in their sight. Only two days before Commencement she had told him in a week or two she would keep open house quite informally for a small party of her very especial friends, and that she would count on him. He had been aware of the double nature of this invitation, for each year a number of Varsity men found entrance into the various departments of her husband's immense commercial and manufacturing business and the favored ones are always at this after-commencement reception. Yet he had lightly assured her that it was quite impossible, he could not possibly be even in the city. Now he felt a sudden longing to be back in it all, and that other faces rose before him, the face of a girl, bewitching in its dark beauty, a face that told a story of intellectuality and refinement, depth of soul and zest of life, happiness and pleasure, love and passion, such a face as commands the service and homage of men. He had seen much of her during the four years they had been in Varsity together, but never had he thought of her and longed for a sight of her as now, when they seemed separated forever.

He awoke from his reverie with a start. The little girl opposite him was watching

him with a doubtful, troubled look in her eyes. The old Doctor was coming toward them with two letters in his hand. There were only two, both for Jackson, and having delivered them the old gentleman, with a fond smile for the pair, turned back into the house. Both letters had been forwarded from his Varsity address. One was a small square envelope with a well known maroon seal. It contained, as he expected, the announcement of Prexy's Mother-in-law's after commencement reception. His keen pleasure showed itself in his face when he saw that in the corner was written the name of Marion Harland.

Tossing the card and envelope across to her without looking up, he broke the seal on the other and read this:

My Dear Mr. Jackson,

Do you remember the story, "The Triumph o' The Heart," the psychological problem in which we were discussing? You will recall that you insisted that I should let you know if I could find the story again, as you wished to see it. Well I have found it.

Prexy's Mother-in-law tells me that I am to have the pleasure of seeing you the 14th. If so I will give you the story then, if not, I don't think you will be any longer interested in it anyway.

Trusting your vacation is being pleasantly begun, I am,

Sincerely,

MARION HARLAND.

How like her it was. A challenge, a dare, a plea, all in one conventional sentence — how keen to read people and quick to understand, was it any wonder she could command men? And better men than he perhaps, would serve long to secure the favor she was showing him while he —

He stopped aghast. What was he thinking? What was he intending? Could he — Looking up quickly he surprised her looking at him with an expression of fear, of keen, uncertain, yet apprehensive pain, as though she felt an impending, inevitable woe of which she could know nothing.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, forgive me," he cried passionately, as he sprang toward her, but even as he was about to press her closely in his arms, as his tongue would form sweet words of endearment, a still awful something, silent as death and cruel as a whiplash, seemed to come between them and drive them apart. His embrace was cold and passionless, his tongue was silent.

#### IT WAS THE AWAKENING.

The battle was fierce and bitter but short and the outcome inevitable. When a man's heart calls he is helpless to disobey. He was fighting for the matured plan of years, the hope of a lifetime. The power of the will, the dictates of conscience, the call of duty — even love itself — were all martialled together and together they met defeat. It was in very truth, "The Triumph o' The Heart." Four years before he had cherished in his heart an Ideal and it had been this little village girl who loved and trusted him. For four years he had been training and developing his mind, character and body, and he had developed, up and ever up, until he was no more the village boy of yesterday than the babe in the cradle is the man. And during this time his heart, that he had tried to shut out of the new

life, had been busy feeding and nourishing its Ideal and it had grown and developed, up and ever up, until from the little village girl, who had waited for him unchanged, it had grown into a woman of the world, the new world he had learned to live in — yes in very truth until it had grown into —

The 2:16 train the next day, the 13th, would get him into the city with a couple of hours in which to dress. Now, he could only go. She was a brave little thing and bore her sorrow silently, only half comprehending what it all meant, yet realizing, with a true woman's intuition, that the sorrow of parting was far preferable to a mismated life. He explained the commercial nature of this trip to the old Doctor but when he turned to her he knew that she understood. She kissed him goodbye and bade him Godspeed without a murmur and turned back to her narrow little life of love and service in the village.

With so high a sense of honor and so refined and sensitive a nature, his suffering was far keener than hers, but his heart sang joyously, to the rhythm of the car wheels, "Going home, going home," and he must follow it. And home he was going, indeed — home to the world the great moving world, the beautiful world, with its bounding life and throbbing heart — the world of fair women and brave men, from which Marion Harland seemed to look out and smile and beckon to him — calling him to his own.

\* \* \*

When Strong heard of it — Strong the cynic, the analyst, the student of human nature, who sought always after the truth of things — he smiled a cold little cynical smile and swore softly under his breath.

"Poor little girl," he murmured, "poor little girl!" It seems terrible that she must go down under the wheel. But then that is only Life and Life is what we all, perforce, must live."



## The Day Before Commencement

The Other Side of Student Life  
WILLIAM RILEY VANBUSKIRK  
First Prize Poem in The Sabiduria Contest

'Twas twilight hour when first we met.  
Shall I forget?  
The moon up in the depths of blue  
Was painting all a silver hue.  
The sun so lately gone to rest  
Had glorified the dying west.  
Your voice and laugh, with richness filled,  
My soul with mute enchantment thrilled.  
Shall I forget? Shall I forget?

The true love I can ne'er regret.  
Must I forget?  
The glimpse of heaven in that first kiss;  
The engulfing flow of rhythmic bliss;  
And after that the cruel night  
You bade my fancies all take flight;  
That dream of happiness through life  
When you should be my own, my wife.  
Must I forget? Must I forget?

Those simple words: "I'll wait for you,"  
Can I forget?  
Can I forget the promise true;  
Eternal loyalty to you?  
Can I forget the depths of love  
Sanctioned from the throne above?  
That covenant I formed with you  
Solemn as death, as heaven true  
Shall I forget? Must I forget?  
Can I forget?

## Monologue

Dedicated to The Senior Class '08

What wealth of ecstasy and wild delight  
Within these college walls has charmed my soul,  
Or silent beauty of the moonlit night  
Has touched me as across its grounds I stroll.  
O, priceless treasure of her wooded groves!  
Sweet, subtle fragrance of her verdant lawns!  
And cushioned velvet of soft, grassy coves  
Hard at the feet of lofty evergreens!  
Her place in memory's realm is fixed secure;  
And, while her precepts fill with conscious power,  
I know her secrets in my soul endure.  
'Twere scarce in mortal tongue to give them name,  
Or half their passion's fullness here proclaim.  
Yet, welcome links, they bind me by their grace!  
Sweet fantasies of youth's ephemeral hour,  
Strange, magic castles that to skyward tower,  
Soft, thrilling raptures in Acadian bower,  
I paint their gladness in but meagre words.  
— Alas, a stealing sadness bears me change, —  
Life's dearest joys are always tinged with pain,  
And we, tomorrow eve, must meet to say goodbye  
To Seniors whom no more this sapphire sky,  
These sacred walls and dreamy, whispering halls  
Shall know as constant dwellers like of old.  
Life's battles are before them. Some to die  
Upon bleak deserts in far distant lands;  
Some to bear aloft their nation's banner;  
Some to teach, to hold the jurist's chair,  
Or by strange gift of alchemy transform  
To fertile fields earth's waste and arid sands.  
They go. We cannot bid them stay.  
A common thing. — Yes, 'tis but common.  
Only a longing in our hearts. Another wound.  
Another tearing of our souls apart  
From friends whose very life has strengthened ours.  
Another drooping of our spirits, till, in tears,  
The lonely vigils of our weary years  
Draw near their close, and, in the dark,  
Our bosoms desolate, we sleep,  
And wake to brighter worlds.

DANIEL S. McCORKLE, '09.

## A Co-Educational Dream

SUSAN BARNUM, '11.

## I.

"Dear Sis: — I have been here a week now, and the place is the real goods. Was afraid I wouldn't take to it much — a co-ed-school, because you know girls never were my long suit. At home they seemed always in the way, but here — well they are about five feet high, with hair just the color of ripe hay, the kind that winds around your finger, if you put your finger in it, and dark blue eyes, and lips so nearly the color of ripe cherries they make you want to taste them. She had me going right from the start. I was standing out in the hall yesterday talking to another fellow and his girl, and she told me she saw just the girl she wanted me to meet coming up the walk. I couldn't think of any excuse to get away then, couldn't very well tell her I didn't care for girls, thank you, and after I turned around and saw the girl, I didn't want to tell her that because is wasn't so any more. I'd like to tell you about meeting her and what she said, but somehow I don't seem to remember much about it, so I guess I'll shut off now, with lots of love to all the people.

Yours,

BOB.

## II.

"Dear Kid: — There's nothing like it only more of it. She's in my last afternoon class, said she was there before I met her, but I don't see how she could have been. I guess I didn't notice her because she sits in the back of the room, and doesn't often say anything. She's a game little sport and all that, but she doesn't care much for studying. She says she likes to read, but I don't know what kind of books. I saw a book by the Duchess on her porch the other day, but I don't think she was reading that. I walk home from school with her in the afternoons and see a good deal of her at school, and the other night I took her to some kind of a blow-out for the new students. It was a moonlight night. I'm getting along fairly well at school, but it seems like something is the matter with me lately, I don't seem to have much time to study. One of the professors told me that I wasn't living up to the promise of my first weeks work. I told him it was a mistake to make conclusions too soon, and that made him a little sore. I'm going to see her to-night, for the first time. Wish you would hunt up my High School pin and send it down right away.

We're having some great tennis weather now. She is a dandy tennis player, but she seems to get tired pretty often during a set. Gee — its six-thirty now, and I told her I'd be there at half past seven. Did I tell you her name was Judith Markham?

Your old pal,

BOB.

## III.

"Dear Sis: — Thought I would write down and tell you never mind about the class pin. I guess you might as well keep on wearing it. I have a vacant hour now. Guess

when I finish this I'll go read a little, seems like I haven't had time to read lately. I used to read in the afternoon after school a good deal, but I've been getting home pretty late. I expect to have more time hereafter.

By the way, Sis, I guess I might as well 'fess up about that call last night, for its all off now, and she gazes at the stars and clouds when I pass by. I got there at 7:25 and she came down about 7:30. As soon as she came in her mother came too and stuck for about half an hour. When Judith came in she had closed the door, but that didn't suit the mother's plan and when she slid she left it open and sat down in the next room. Judith knew how to get ahead of that play though — I guess she had been there before — for she went to the piano and commenced to play just loud enough to drown what we were saying. Mother read till about half past nine o'clock. Then she got up and we heard her lumbering up the steps — she weighs about two hundred pounds. When we heard her get to the upstairs regions, she leaned back and grinned at me, with her hair brushing my coat and with upturned face, Sis, the mouth was just too tempting, it just had to happen. My lips were close to hers when all at once I jumped back like I had been shot.

She looked surprised — it was funny I'll admit, when suddenly I saw by the flame in her cheek that she understood. I don't remember how I got to the door, but the next thing I do remember, I was out in the cool night air, still conscious of the smell of onions. Nuff said.

Yours ever,

BOB.



## A Lily Beaten by a Hailstorm

Suggested by a hailstorm on March 27, '08

DANIEL S. McCORCKLE, '09.

O little flower, a dreadful hour  
Has left you sadly grieving.  
Some awful power has made you cower —  
Your hopes beyond retrieving.

I would no' thought, when last I sought  
Your smile with love's soft languish,  
The day was fraught wi' powers that brought  
You pain and woeful anguish.

Farewell, sweet face — farewell, fond grace  
Of little Blossom-Token.  
Life's dearest strands, Love's closest bands,  
Howe'er we bleed are broken.

Your tender form and manner warm,  
Your soul's rich fragrance streaming,  
A closer part within my heart  
Had won than I was dreaming.

The morning breeze that stirred the trees  
To gentle, joyous laughter,  
Will mournful blow, all sad and slow,  
Tomorrow morn —and after.

\* \* \* \*

Ye storms of life, your grievous strife  
Full many a soul has riven.  
Ye strike deep woes — your burly blows  
Are all too truly driven.

## At Missouri Valley

WINFIELD ARMENTROUT, '10.

The sunshine nowhere is so bright,  
As at M. V. C.  
The atmosphere nowhere is so light,  
As at M. V. C.  
The girls nowhere are so sweet,  
Nor maiden beauty so complete —  
And everyone doth seem to meet  
At M. V. C.

True manhood nowhere can be found,  
As at M. V. C.  
And noble deeds nowhere abound,  
As at M. V. C.  
The boys, well they far surpass  
That of any other class,  
They represent Missouri's highest caste,  
At M. V. C.

Nowhere is found such a ball team,  
As at M. V. C.  
No other campus so like a dream,  
As at M. V. C.  
Nowhere has life quite so much Spring,  
Nowhere doth Hope so sweetly sing —  
For we lead in almost everything,  
At M. V. C.

There is no better place to go,  
Than at M. V. C.  
You cannot find a single foe,  
At M. V. C.  
The grandest place in this old state,  
A dandy place to try your fate  
You're almost sure to find a mate,  
At M. V. C.



### Hats at Missouri Valley

Where, oh where did you get that hat.

HELEN CAMPBELL, '08

First Prize Cartoon in Sabiduria Contest.



# CALENDAR

## MAY

1907

- May 2 — Bairdeans presented "The College Widow" and Estelle made quite a hit.
- May 6 — Girls of M. V. C. played basket-ball vs. Lexington College. Rain broke it up with our girls in the lead. Did they guy Keith?
- May 7 — Freshmen entertained Sophs at Buckner's. Dr. Black requested that there be no dancing.
- May 9 — Y. W. C. A. Pennant display in Rest Room. Punch and wafers on the side.
- May 10 — M. V. C. played Warrensburg here. Ten inning game — 6 to 5 for M. V. C.
- May 11 — John Fray and Irl Haynes came back from debating Westminster — Lost.
- May 14 — Surveying class planned an all-day picnic, but it rained, of course. Pearsonians gave "A Poor Relation."
- May 17 — James Millikin debated M. V. C. and we won. Celebration at Bourne's for debaters and others.
- May 18 — Tried for a holiday, but there was nothing doing.
- May 22 — Gypsies visited us and told fortunes. Some one hid their wagons.
- May 26 — Baccalaureate Service at the chapel. Cold enough for a fire.
- May 27 — Basket-ball of girls between the "has-beens" and the "ares." Mary Dysart gave graduating organ recital.
- May 28 — Juniors took Sophs to game between M. V. C. and Central and then gave them a luncheon. Reserved seats on the grand-stand.
- May 29 — Sophs put up an '07 and '09 flag on college tower in broad day-light. Poor little Bourne couldn't get any Juniors to help him put them down. "Pinafore" by Alumni Association. Best thing ever given out here.
- May 30 — Commencement Day. Twenty-three noble Seniors in caps and gowns were kicked out.
- May 31 — Everybody has gone home and things are quiet for a few days, until the old school teachers come to summer school.

JUNE

June 6—"Sabiduria" came out at last, after an unavoidable delay.

SEPTEMBER

1907

- September 4—Students roll in on every train. Chapel exercises at eleven o'clock.
- September 5—Band Concert down town. The sisters bring their big brother to school.
- September 7—Y. W. C. A. Social at Grube's. Watermelons from his own patch were good, but rather hot.
- September 8—Homesick student's day—as well as Sunday.

September 9—C. J., Jr., had a friend from C. C. here on a visit. Does he keep late hours when he goes to see new girls?

September 10—Campus course begun.

September 12—"Cyclone" arrived and was given a knock-down to the Bairdean Society.

September 13—Who visited Grube's watermelon patch? Who ate some about 10 P. M.? Y. M. C. A. Stag watermelon party on campus.

September 14—Gregg, Mitchell, Armentrout, Clemens, and McKee fired for smoking on campus. We wonder who told on the boys.

September 15—"M. V. C. Reform School" instituted for the "canned."

September 16—Jessie Evans played basket-ball.

September 17—Jessie was ill.

September 19—Bourne and Grube had a nice little row.

September 20—Faculty meeting all afternoon and Bourne was "canned" for rest of Quarter. Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. Social at Hayes'.

September 21—Circus day. No parade but everybody paraded to the grounds.

September 24—C. E. Social at Ewell's. Hayride.

September 25—Alice M. forgot to come to cabinet meeting.

September 27—Juniors met and elected officers.

OCTOBER

October 1—"Sabiduria" mentioned in Junior class meeting.

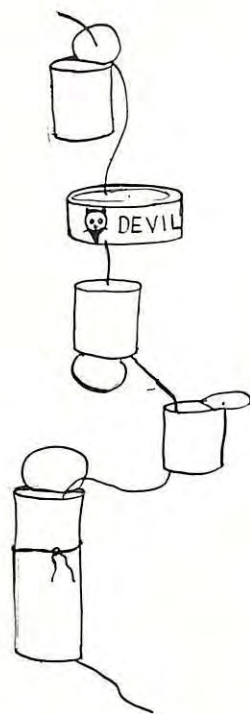
October 3—Society Rush Day. Bairdeans rushed in 29, Pearsonians 13 and Houxonians got 8.

October 4—Masquerade skating party at Rink.

October 7—Downs heard the German Class recite.

October 8—Gordon conducted Psychology class. Dr. Black left for the hospital in K. C.

October 10—Select crowd had picnic at Wilton.



October 11—M. H. S. basket-ball girls cleaned up on M. V. C. girls.

October 15—Carnival week begins and also confetti.

October 17—Bairdeans took a hayride and had a picnic.

October 18—Mr. Robert Speer talked at Chapel.

October 20—Koblitz, of Moberly, visited Willingham. "Gertrude, I'll be around about 7."

October 21—Euphonium Glee Club at Stewart Chapel. Rev. Tronsdale surprised many and brought Alice.

October 22—Cortner "flim-flammed" some-one on the tennis-court.

October 24—Houxonian Reception at Dr. Black's. What about Frances E.?

October 25—Rainy day and some wanted to see mama and papa.

October 29—College Orchestra played at Chapel. Wouldn't you love to hear a duet by Maxey and Tope?

October 30—Miss Maghee read "Saul" at Chapel.

October 31—Hallowe'en Social at College. Everybody got a lemon.

NOVEMBER

November 1—"The College Union" here. Half-holiday. M. V. C. played foot-ball vs. M. H. S.

November 2—Mabel and Zip seen together. Also Sheila and Claud.

November 4—McGinnis got "raw" in German.

November 5—Who blacked Willingham's eye?

November 9—Grif Olson sang at Chapel. Football boys drove to Slater and beat them 12 to 0. Yes, John likes to take long walks at night. Bourne was not supposed to play.

November 11—Doke was seen with Ella. What next? Prichett cancelled game with M. V. C.

November 13—Exam. in Browning class. Let's all go to the "Scenic!" "Passion Play."

November 14—Eight girls went to Y. W. C. A. Convention at St. Joseph.

November 15—Rumors of Houxonians getting pins.

November 18—Buddie came and Ella rejoiced.

November 21—Teacher's Association met here. Bess Davis got to see Simmons again.

November 22—Installation service of Rev. Otis Murphy Trousdale. Irish, did you say? Alice didn't care if his name was Irish.

November 26—Psychology exam. Mittie seen with Ralph.

November 28—Exams. over, but everybody was cramming on something good to eat.

November 29—New Quarter begins and everybody feels bum.

## DECEMBER

- December 1—Everybody glad to see the prodigal son back in school.
- December 5—Bank of Commerce busted and everybody looked slim.
- December 11—Grades given out. Many sad courtenances, but cheer up, the worst is yet to come!
- December 12—Get your girl a Xmas present at the Y. W. C. A. Bazaar.
- December 13—Y. W. C. A. gave Y. M. C. A. Social. Boys, you will get this one without having to pay out for grabs, etc.
- December 15—Hubert seen with Frances E.
- December 16—Houxonian-Pearsonian debate. Houxonian band and whistles. Former won and had a celebration.
- December 17—Alton Packard gave an entertainment at night. There was no Houxonian and Bairdean debate this time.
- December 18—New Xmas Deltas out. Attractive cover for some people. Bairdeans won debate from Pearsonians.
- December 19—Gordon sang solo at Chapel and Place played and the Quartette sang. Everybody leaves to see Santa Claus.
- December 20—The aunties' nephew, Val, came and Ella Bob was the only one who made a hit.
- December 25—Santa was good to everyone.
- December 28—The aunties entertained for Val at Black's. Did they learn to dance the "Virginia Reel" at night?

## JANUARY

1908

- January 2—Students begin coming back to school. Robert Turner made quite a hit among some of the girls.
- January 8—"The Clansman" played here.
- January 9—Lela played a violin solo in Society—Oh, my!
- January 10—Everybody getting the grippe and missing school.
- January 12—Anna Mae went out to Joe King's Saturday and John H. had to go to see her Sunday. Couldn't stay away two days. Too bad!
- January 13—Doke and Harriman moved. Who next?
- January 14—Snow-ball fights between some Seniors and Juniors. Of course the Juniors came out on top!
- January 15—Joke on Ryland about the "kiss" in Tennyson class. Boon has the grippe.
- January 16—C. E. Social at Dr. Manning's. Your girl is worth so many beans!
- January 17—Senior day at Chapel. Oh, so cute! The march, oh my! The grand trio and Callie Mitchell and eleven more went to Shakelford and an entertainment was given.
- January 18—Gordon flunked out in Epistemology. The Seniors were ahead of time with their caps and gowns. Cute Juniors had seats on the platform too. Mrs. Place gave a concert and sister Maghee forgot her piece.

- January 19—"Val" went to see all the girls (with his aunties).
- January 20—Grube all on pins over the local option question. Short recitations and all kinds of meetings.
- January 21—Grube didn't come to classes all day. Election day—for or against the saloons. Went "dry."
- January 22—Eddie begins singing at the "Scenic."
- January 23—Juniors entertained Sophs at "42" in old chapel.
- January 25—Kitty came back. Which was more glad—J. Sam or G. 2 M.
- January 27—Musical at Presbyterian Church—Boon, Ralph and Sheila made a hit.
- January 29—Sweeney's lecture. New couples on all sides. Bessie and Ryland. Irene and Duncan.
- January 30—Lafoon and Gibbs were "canned" or thought they were.

## FEBRUARY

- February 1—Sheila's folks came. Mr. Trousdale still laid up. Alice sad.
- February 3—Fusses are common. Too bad! Musical at night. "Sheila looked like a little doll."
- February 4—Peterson's side gave a banquet to Boon's side in the Y. M. C. A. contest. I tell you it was slick.
- February 5—Did you flunk in Logic exam? Almost all the girls went to town to flirt with the University Glee Club boys.
- February 6—Another exam. in Logic—Oh, my!
- February 7—Leap Year party, given by the girls to the boys at Mabel's.
- February 8—Wilmer and John visited. Hudson entertained.
- February 9—Mr. Trousdale was run off at Steele's.
- February 13—Debate in Tennyson class—boys vs. girls. Girls won. Seniors entertained at Grube's. Where were the umbrellas, when they left in the rain?
- February 14—The "old sticks" went to hear Ott, but the others went to "The District Leader." "That was an awful thing to say."
- February 17—Musical—Ralph and Seth appeared in evening dress and several smiled.
- February 18—Take note—Gordon had no outline in Epistemology. Slippery and snowy. Freshmen entertained Juniors royally.
- February 19—Y. W. C. A. Election day. Prof. Place got off the track in Chapel. Several sled-riding crowds.
- February 20—Sophs-Seniors at Shepherd's. "Thank you, Mr. Gordon, but I have a previous engagement."
- February 21—Orr boarders turned out—14 in all. Yes, he had a speech prepared.
- February 22—No holiday. We are not patriotic at all.
- February 23—Dutch Schweer seen talking to a girl.
- February 24—Dutch looked pale. Talked to another girl. Where did the pigeons come from, for the supper?
- February 25—Series of meetings began. "Some one dropped blood on my floor."
- February 26—Windy? Oh, no!
- February 27—Alice lost out at breakfast. Hunting a boarding-place. Eddie had his hair cut real short.
- February 28—Miss Dabb is here. Cabinet ate dinner with her. Prof. McG. got raw, having called on four to read German and all refused.
- February 29—Is this Leap Year? Well, one might think so rightly. Boon has a big lip. How did she do it?

## MARCH

- March 1—Y. M. C. A. Installation service. Wilmer here again.
- March 2—Nell Scott came to school. Some one asked if she was a flirt.
- March 3—Exams. everywhere you go—and even theses in Anglo-Saxon.
- March 4—Biology feast. Finished up their cats this time.
- March 5—Juniors took dressed cats to chapel. We all recognized the Seniors without brains.
- March 6—Wilkins with Nell Scott. Froncie sore. Laughlin organized Chaucer class. Poster on Emma and Hudson, as Romeo and Juliet.
- March 7—Alice gone. Mr. Trousdale, cheer up!
- March 8—Spenser, the coach, came and Corinne thought she made a hit. Arch with Nell again.
- March 10—Zip fired from tennis for playing without tennis shoes on.
- March 11—It seems that Mabel has cut Corinne out and Zip seems to be out too.
- March 12—Bessie swallowed her gum, when she made a date with Gordon. It didn't bother some.
- March 13—Junior-Senior Leap Year blow-out. Johnson got scalded and couldn't go.
- March 14—Girls wore spring hats to chapel, which the boys trimmed the night before.
- March 15—Y. W. C. A. Installation Service. Polly and Corinne took themselves driving.
- March 16—Oriole Concert Co. at Chapel. "My Genevieve!"
- March 17—Notice the green, when the wind blew! Hollyman and Hudson got game and took the Concert girls driving.
- March 18—Delta Staff at last elected after hard times and misunderstandings. Baker and Duncan arrested for trying to pass as girls.
- March 19—Boys fined \$8.50 apiece. Quite a joke on them.
- March 20—Dress Rehearsal for Athletic Play. All doors locked, but we don't blame them at all.
- March 21—Zip and Mabel seen together for a change.
- March 23—"Charley's Aunt" troupe went to Slater and made a little money.
- March 24—Old Y. W. C. A. Cabinet gave dinner to the new Cabinet. Everybody got a hand-out. Mabel ate 4 eggs. "Charley's Aunt" played here. Didn't Claud make a fine girl? "Nigger-chasers" bad!
- March 25—Troop went to Malta Bend to give their play. Windy, windy!
- March 27—April showers. Hail storm and some of the hail was as big as a dollar and as thick as marbles. Did nice work to windows (100 to the bad at M. V. C.).
- March 29—Mrs. Marschall's boarder left. Only one more boarding-house left to break up.



## APRIL

- April 1—April fool! Boys did a cute trick and took down the storm-door. Prof. Anderson talked at Chapel.
- April 2—Grades for last quarter out at last. M. V. C. beat Wentworth in base-ball—14 to 1.

- April 3—Dr. Forsythe talked at Chapel. Helen Weber of K. C. visited and a picnic was given at Wilton.
- April 4—Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. addressed by Dr. Forsythe.
- April 5—Mr. Trousdale went to Odessa and Mrs. Gildersleeve occupied the pulpit here. Boys went to Fulton.
- April 6—Game with Westminster. Joke—have you heard the returns from the game?"
- April 7—Dr. McClure at Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. and also at Chapel. Rain called off game with the Dummies. Miss Maghee's recital at night.
- April 8—Boys came home and reported their loss—9 to 1. Boone was sore at the boys. Spenser came back for a few days.
- April 10—Spenser left and Mabel and Mr. Trousdale consoled each other. But Zip came back.
- April 11—Dr. Hail talked to Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. and at Chapel. Moonlight strolls.
- April 14—"Don't stroll through the campus at night!"
- April 16—Game between boys of Kirkpatrick house and McDaniel house.
- April 17—Seniors entertained the Sophs at Bourne's.
- April 19—Easter services in the Chapel at 4 P. M. Sermon by Dr. Black
- April 20—M. V. C.-Central game here. Score 4—1.
- April 23—Rev. Hicks' lecture on "From Bull Run to Appomatox." Laugh, laugh, laugh!
- April 28—Miss Dabb came back. Pearsonians presented "The Old Homestead."





Some rooms in the Dormitory. Since the Dormitory has been supplied with steam heat, electric lights, and freshly decorated throughout it is a very nice place both for work and play as the rooms above will show. The forming of a Tribunal for the maintenance of order and discipline has greatly improved conditions there this year.



Friend, if in these pages you are stung a time or two, be admonished to abstain from wrath. Lemons are an abundant fruit and we are not to blame if, as we wandered in the groves beneath the trees, a few nice ripe ones have fallen into our laps. If a sore spot is touched, go, borrow from him who has not been goosebitten and replenish the light of your cheerfulness and complacency.

Remember, "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." Sit on the safety-valve! you've either had, or will have, your chance at us.

### Champion Race Records, 1907-8

The most exciting and interesting races ever witnessed in this part of the country, and especially within the domains of M. V. C. Some candidates were not eligible to enter, so a full account of the entries is not given below.

PROF. GEORGE UNDERWOOD — UMPIRE.

The Stake	Entries First Heat	Second Heat	Third Heat	Winner
Emma M.	Hubert Daugherty Hudson }	Daugherty Hudson }	Daugherty Hudson }	Resulted in a tie.
Anna May	John H. Joe King Cousin Finis }	John Joe Cousin Finis }	Joe My Cousin }	Joe
Jennie Lou P.	Van Meter Gould Wentworth Boys }	Broke down		Nobody
McNeely	Lela Pearl Theresa Maud Matron }	Lela T. Maud Mrs. S. }	Mrs. Siler T. Maud }	Theresa Maud
Mabel	John Zip Spenser Wilmer }	John Zip Spenser Wilmer }	John Zip Spenser }	Disagreement with the umpire
Ethel J.	Harry Johnson	Rev. Harry J.	Harry	Mr. Johnson
Ralph Davis	Mittie Elisabeth Anne St. Louis Friend }	Same	Same	"My gal"
Ruth Cochran Boon	Gertrude Helen Mabel }	Gertrude Mabel }	Gertrude	No one Gertie
Nellie Scott	Arch Chas. John H. Everett Ward }	Everett Ward }	Everett Ward }	Unsettled
Gracie R.	Van Buskirk Worthington Brother }	Worthington Brother Bob }	Ray Brother }	Ray
Hubert Mc.	Emma M. Frances E. Dedie }	Frances Dedie }	Deda	Deda
Elsie T.	Brittain Warford Ellis }	Surrendered to Ellis		Ward Ellis
Kitty Sue	"Mudie and Fadie" and all the boys }	Same	"Mudie and Fadie" }	"Mudie and Fadie"

THE SABIDURIA

The Stake	Entries First Heat	Second Heat	Third Heat	Winner
Maud F.	Lockridge Stobie	Lockridge Stobie	Stobie	Stobie
Irene	Brittain Duncan Peterson Gordon	Duncan Peterson Gordon	Duncan Gordon	Duncan
Ella Bob	Brittain Doak Crawford Vertrese	Brit Doak		
Bertha	"Bunny" "Chesty"	"Chesty"	"Chesty"	"Chesty"
Dedie	Tope Finis Alfred Barnett Hubert	Finis Hubert		
Baird	Laura Laura	Laura	Laura	Laura
Schweer	All the girls	Few girls	Several girls	No girl
G. Rolofson	Patton Barnett	Patton	Patton	Patton— easy money
Mary Rose	Fred	Freddie	Gibbs	Fred
Eva	Patton My Cousin	My Cousin		
Polly Purcell	Hawley Johnston "Bunny" Hubert C.	Johnston Hubert C.	"Hub"	Corder
Corinne	McAninch Harry Eddie	Harry Eddie	Eddie Harry	Eddie
Alice	John V. Bourne Trousdale	Bourne Trousdale—fired	Trousdale Bourne	Bourne
Sheila	Claud	Claude	Clawed	Clawd
Mittie	Hollyman Davis McAninch	Hollyman Mc	Hollyman	No prize awarded
May McC.	Hudson Doak Cousin John	Cousin John		
Metta H.	Daugherty Crawford Barnett	Alfred Barnett	Same	Same
Frances E.	Hubert Everett Estill	Everett Estill	Everett Estill	Estill

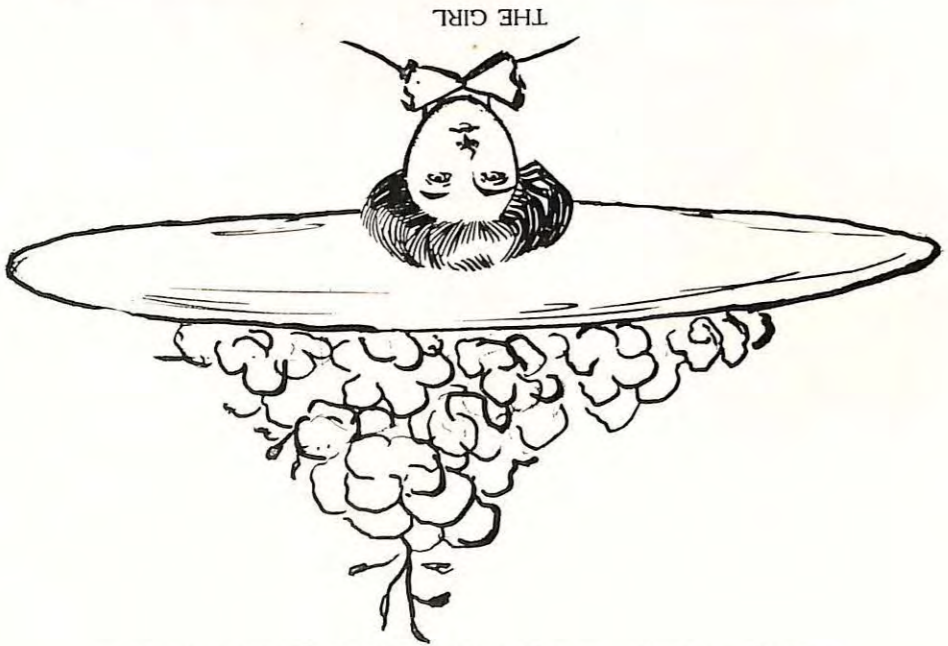
THE SABIDURIA

The Stake	Entries First Heat	Second Heat	Third Heat	Winner
Pearl Gooding	Daugherty Cortner	James E.	Jim	J. E.
Bessie	Ryland Gordon	Failure		Nothing doing
Ryland	Bessie Erdice Bertha	Erdice Bertha	Berthie	Miss Bertha
De Long	Lucy Lucie Bess D.	Lucy Bess	Lucie	Lucy
Cordry	No entries			
Lizzie G.	Crawford Suddarth Will J. Sam	J. Sam Bill	Bill George G W.	Bill or George
Van Buskirk	Margueritte	Prize awarded here		
Mary Farris	Warford Reed	Warford withdrew to Reed		Reed
Hudson	May Emma	Emma May	Emma	Emma
Lizzie C.	Dr. Harry Green	Harry Green	Harry	Harry



Another side of student life, incidentally showing why Dr. Black's cows failed in milk during the fall quarter.

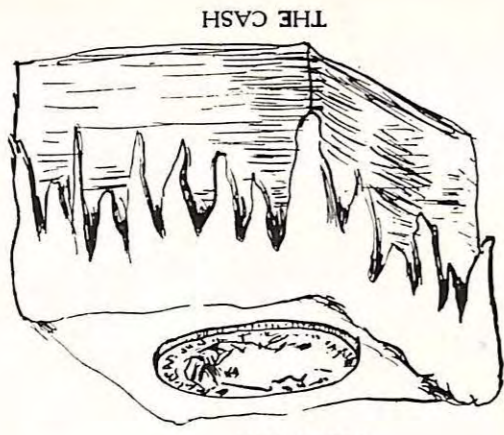
Only Three Things are Necessary for a Drive



THE GIRL



THE DRIVE



THE CASH



This Annual was made possible by the generous support given our enterprise by the business men of Marshall and elsewhere. We could not have gotten out a book anything like so complete had it not been for their support, if we would have even attempted one at all.

We therefore are greatly indebted to them and are glad to render to them a generous measure of credit for our success.

We desire to call their attention and our students to the following facts at this time:

First — Missouri Valley College spends through her corporation, faculty, student body and families living here solely because of the College, not less than \$100,000 annually. This is equal to the annual payroll of a factory employing 150 men at an average wage of \$2.50 per day throughout the year. It is a sum of such importance that its withdrawal would seriously affect every regular line of trade.

Second — In our town, and in 90% of the other Colleges towns of the country, College year books and monthly magazines are made possible through the fairmindedness of certain of the business men enjoying the benefits coming from the establishment of such an institution in their community. On the other hand they are hindered by a lack of a spirit of reciprocity on the part of some likewise enjoying the same benefit.

Conclusion — The duty of the student to help those who help him, by helping the various activities of his College, seems to us to be the only deduction possible from the above statements.

THE STAFF OF EDITORS.

# Murphy-Mills Clothing Co.

## THE NEW STORE

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Good dressers always keep an eye on this store. They have learned to expect the best from us, because they always get it.

Ask any of the town's best dressers, where to get the smartest suit, the swellest top-coat, the handsomest pair of trousers, the correct hat, the choicest shirts and ties, or anything in the toggery line and they will tell you,



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The Seniors try to imagine what the Juniors will do when their Sabiduria bills are settled. You see theirs have never been settled, so they can't imagine just how it would be.

In the spring women's minds turn to thoughts of freckles.

The man who is really worth while in the world is usually filled with surprise when he discovers a good woman is in love with him.

New Student: "This is an educational institution, isn't it?"

Armentrout: "No - co - educational."

**You'll Like**

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A little nonsense now and then has cost many an otherwise thoroughly good man his job.

How is charity to begin at home when those most in need of it have no home?

About the first thing that a girl does after becoming engaged is to wonder why.

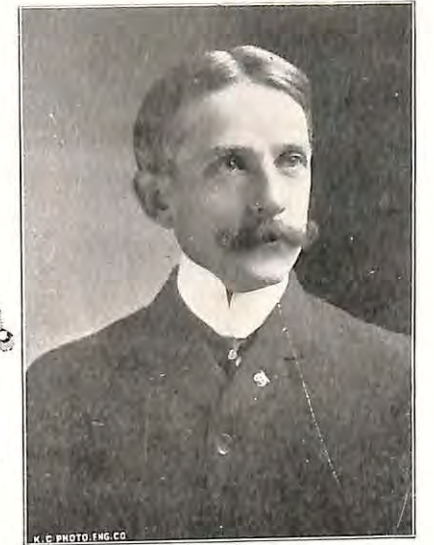
In January John Harriman was heard to say: "Well, if that musical is free, I guess I'll go and take a girl."

Wanted—"Some luck. I can't work people as well as I used to."

—Finis Crawford.



**College Boys**  
 WEAR  
*Ewell Bros.*  
**Shoes AND Hats**



Dr. Griffin says he must pass Erdice Grube in Biology, since all the profs pass her and it is too late to begin to flunk her now.

The best cure for the broken heart of a woman is a mixture of time and another man.

Men may die when the night raven sings or cries,  
 But when Lizzie sings even the night raven dies.

Lost: Ryland in History.



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**FARMERS SAVINGS BANK BUILDING**

Prof. McGinnis: "What animal is stupid?"

Miss Sutherland: "Man."

Prof. McGinnis: "In that case, would man embrace woman?"

Goose bit.

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

—Harry Green.

Perhaps he was not the original author of these lines, but he believed heartily in practicing them. If you don't think so, ask Lizzie Cochran.

Found: Mary and Fred—  
 In the shade of the old cedar tree.

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MARSHALL, MO

EAST SIDE SQUARE

If we knew all some people think we ought to know, would'nt some of us be wonders?

Information for the History Class: "The Diet of Worms" is the grub black-birds and thrushes feed on.

Though they "never cross a bridge" until they are set astride it, eye-glasses are not always a proof of great wisdom.

Wise is the man who witholds advice until he is asked for it at least twice.



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130

McCorckle was going around on crutches one morning.

Peterson gazed at him a long time with pitying glance and finally said: "Which is it that's weak, Dan, your head or your foot."

"Men who converse only with women are frivolous, effeminate puppies, and those who never converse with them are bears."

Mr. Thornton: "Mrs Huff, has "Wycliffe" too long eyes?"

Mrs. Huff: "I suppose Wucliffe had two eyes. I really could not say whether they were long or not."

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Prof. Laughlin was questioning Jim Davis as to a measurement he had taken in the Surveying class. He had given it as two feet.

"Are you sure it was not two feet, one inch," he asked.

"Yes sir."

"Are you sure that it was not one foot, eleven inches?"

"Yes sir."

"Well now, will you please tell the class how you know it was just two feet?"

"Well, I thought some durned fool would ask me that, so I measured it."

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Excessive speech is hot air.  
excessive silence is vacuum.

All the world loves a lover,  
especially florists and confec-  
tioners.

If you want to know any-  
thing, don't ask the Seniors  
or Dr. McGinnis.

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For a number of years, ill feeling had existed between Prof. Grube and Mc Ginnis. The trouble had arisen thru the deperadations of the McGinnis cat, and had grown to be so fixed an affair that neither party dreamed of making up. One day, however, McGinnis sent his servant over with a peace-making note which read;—

"Prof. Mc Ginnis sends his compliments to Prof. Grube and begs to say that his old cat died this morning."

Grube's written reply was bitter:—

"Prof. Grube is sorry to hear of Prof. Mc Ginnis' trouble, but he had not heard that Mrs. Mc Ginnis was ill."

The following was handed in, in an analysis to Prof. Shepherd;—"We have "Knot" because we ask a miss." To interpret it, Prof. Shepherd would write—"We have a knot, because we ask a miss. But perhaps a more revised version is—"We have a lemon, because we ask a miss."

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Yours to please. . . . .  
B. F. NAYLOR*

Mr. McLaurey: "I got a terrible bad coldt in mine headt."

Mrs. Olson: "Why don't you take something for it."

Mr. McLaurey (absent mindedly): "How much will you gif me?"

I've changed my mind and joined the Junior class. They are'nt rough necks, but the Sophomores are."

—Johnson.

John Harriman:  
Constant attention wears the active mind,

Blots out our powers, and leaves a blank behind.

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Downs: "I hear that Mc-Curry and his wife are not getting along very well."

Mrs. Downs: "Mr. Mc-Curry should never have married when he did, he was too young to realize the step he was taking."

Downs: "Yes, I know, but I like the boy, we have many things in common."

"I do wish I knew who made that date with me. Miss Gooding says she didn't."

—McNeely.

Wise men change their minds often, but Cortner never.

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"The trouble with Mr. De Long," said a member of the faculty, "is that he jumps to conclusions."

"No," said Prof. McGinnis, "you are wrong about that. He jumps to premises, he doesn't see the conclusions."

Prof. Grube to Mr. McDaniel: "Why, Mc, we have forgotten all about that leak in the pipe upstairs."

Mr. McDaniel: "Oh! Well, you could'nt expect more from two such blooming idiots."

Pauline: "Don't butt in. Nobody's talking to you."

Wilkins: "That's so."

Some have greatness thrust upon them. (This does not apply to McCurry.)

**C** is for *Candy*  
**I** is for *Ice Cream*  
**N** is for *Nuts*  
**C** is for *Cold Soda*  
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Oriole Concert Company. Next season Messrs. Hudson and Hollyman will go with this troupe as scene-shifters.

A hint to the wise is sufficient. So Fred came back.

Why did Laffoon stay in school?

To get out of work.

What's the matter with Willingham?

He's broke.

Beauty and the Beast — Emma and Daugherty.

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"Laugh and Grow Fat."  
—Austin Jones.

"WHEN THE CLOCK  
STRIKES HALF PAST  
TEN."

Words by Ola Whitehead.  
Music—C. J. Mount, Jr.

Synonyms

Wisdom—Gordon.  
Ignorance—De Long.  
Profundity—McGinnis.  
Wrath—Bourne.  
Work—McCorkle.  
Good-Time—Gertrude T.  
Play—Arch Wilkins.  
Orator—Willingham.  
Hot Air—Mount.  
Boy Struck—Pauline Parcell.  
Bluffers—The Seniors.  
Sunshine—Uncle Dan.



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NORTH SIDE SQUARE Marshall, Missouri



## WE WONDER WHY

Frances Edmonds looks so lonesome this spring.

Everyone has the spring fever.

The boys didn't get a married coach again.

Some-one don't sell a sure cure for corns.

Gertrude, Alice and Sheila left Steele's.

Fred Gibbs came back.

We can't have a gymnasium.

Boon and Gertrude quarrelled.

The Surveying Class works so hard.

The Sophomores don't wake up.

Onions came up in the flower-beds.

The Bairdeans don't start a bank.

Charles Mount smokes so much.

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## WE WONDER WHY

Money don't stay with us.

The Shakesperian Reading Class has so many members.

Charles Mount has such a good opinion of himself.

Percy Rose don't study.

Mabel smiled when Dr. McGinnis asked what Mr. Spencer said about that particular point.

Claud quit Alice.

Mechanical drawing is so popular.

Emma Marshall got so many post-cards.

We had to write so many theses.

Metaphysics is'nt easier.

Boon eats so much.

Year books are not paying propositions.

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## FAVORITE SONGS

Grube: "Every little bit added to what you got makes just a little bit more."

Hudson: "When the red roses bloom again."

Ralph D.: "How many have you told that to?"

Chas. J.: "Because I love you, dear."

Gertrude: "The moon has his eyes on you."

Gordon: "Every cloud has a silver lining."

Willingham: "Marching to Georgia."

Bourne: "Sweet Alice Ben Bolt."

Downs: "Sleep, baby, sleep."

Mabel: "The last one is best of all."

Fred: "There's a rose (Rose) that's blooming for me."

Ella P.: "How can I bear to leave thee."

Lela: "Dreaming."

McCurry: "Home, Sweet Home."

Boon: "So, so, Mr. So and So."

Crawford: "My Genevieve."

Claud: "Alexander."

Ward: "Oh, my darling Nellie — Scott."

Van Buskirk: "When the whip-poor-will sings Marguerite."

Estell: "Good-bye, little girl, good-bye."

Marguerite: "Are there any more at home like you."

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Miss Anne Rodgers has submitted the following puzzle. For particulars as to the reward offered for it's solution, consult her. "If it takes one million ants to make a camel, how many Grubes would it take to make a Hades."

Charles Orr: If you can't say anything better about me than was in the Sabiduria last year, I'd rather not be roasted.

Prof. McGinnis (to his class in Ethics): "If a man's wife and child were in danger, which would he save, in case he could not save both?"

Bourne: "I'd draw straws."

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Who said: "Pass the rest of the gravy." Was it Van Buskirk?

Mrs. Huff: "Mrs. McCurry, I do wish you would listen to me instead of Mr. Cortner."

Mrs. McCurry: "He asked me first."

Alice Morrison: "Oh, didn't Mr. McCurry ask you first?"

Prof. Place: That recital given by Miss Maghee was one of the rottenest things ever given in the chapel.

If you were in this recital, don't feel bad, just consider that you were goose-bitten.

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Bourne Mitchell (in the Bible class): "Well, I never knew until I came in here that Paul and Peter ever had a scrap. I've never taken any Bible except what I had to."

Prof. Shepherd: "I believe that's the case now."

If I were a Prof, a real life Prof,  
 Do you know what I would do?  
 I'd flunk all the other classes out,  
 But I'd let the Juniors thru.

Prof. McGinnis (to his Epistemology class): "How many would just as soon marry on Friday as on any other day? Those who had, stand."

All the class stood with the exception of two.

Prof. McGinnis: "Well—I see that most of you are very anxious to marry!!"



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**EXPERT**  
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Can you imagine a Sabiduria without a slam.

Did you ever hear Berenice Carke say: "Oh! I'm just foolish about that." If not, the only reason is that you haven't heard her very much.

Wanted — A permanent position as spy and general trouble-maker.  
 —Ira W. Barnett.

One of the things that we still remember distinctly is how funny Eddie McKee looked the first time that he appeared in the College Quartette after he had a haircut.

A lemon in time saves another.



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Lost — My wife's whereabouts.  
—D. Ernest McCurry.

To let — A heart.  
—Berenice Clarke.

For rent — My place at the board in Ethics.  
—Ola Whitehead.

Did you ever look at Theron Holmes right hard and see him blush? If not, try it.

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Fail to  
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Dr. Griffin's tenor voice.

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The exams Mrs. Huff gives.

Uncle Dan.

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broken  
I've no girl to send it to.  
—"Chesty."

Agnes: "If his sister objects and the gentleman is not related to you in any way I would advise that you stop calling him 'brother'."

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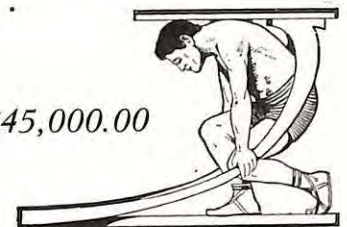
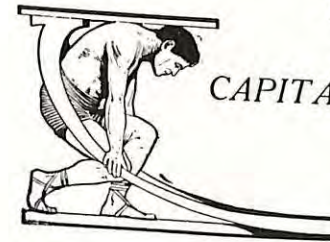
Percy Rose: "The best way to translate Greek is to ask the meaning of the verb and then go through it without delay."

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"Mr. Blosser and I got dinner and let Mrs. Claggett go." (?) —Genevieve Gillium.

"We slept so we could go at night."—John Doak and Joe King.

"I didn't go because Ward wasn't there."—Nellie Scott.

"Too much Scenic on Saturday night."—Anna Turner.

"I never go."—Finis Crawford.

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 Chew, Chew, Chew,  
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 And disregard the laws.  
 Chew, Chew, Chew.

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There was a young man named Paul

Whose actions were what you'd call silly.

He went to a ball dressed in nothing at all,

Pretending to represent "Chili."

—Contributed.

Wanted—"A trigonometry because Prof. Laughlin squelched me the other day when I told him in the surveying class that I had never had it."

—Erdice Grube.

JAKE H. FISHER

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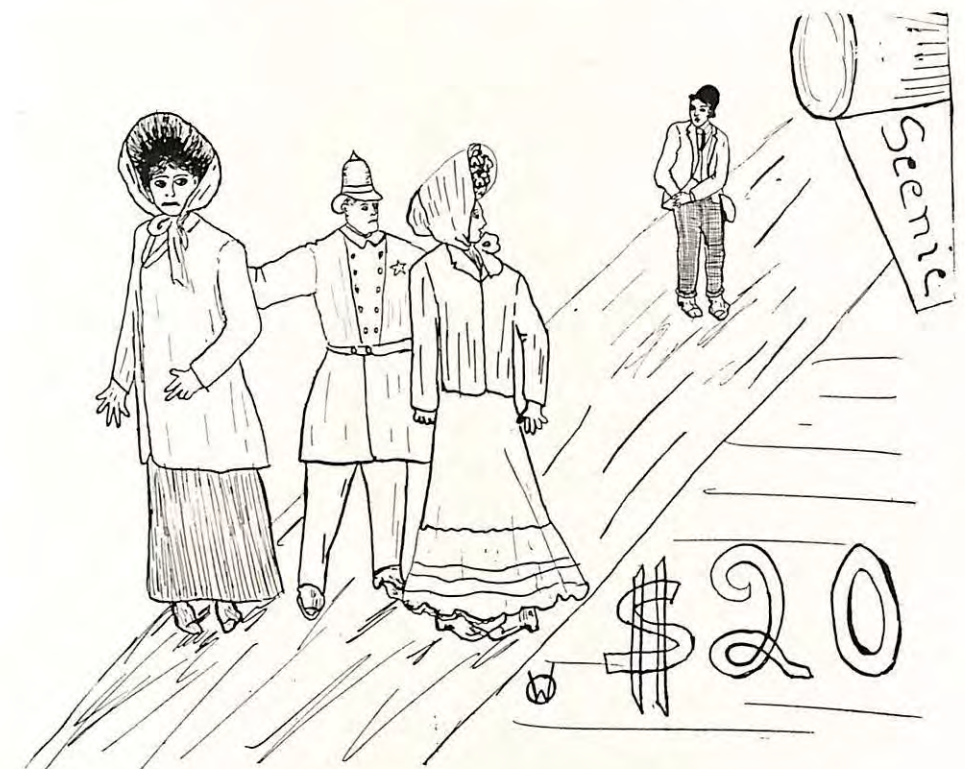
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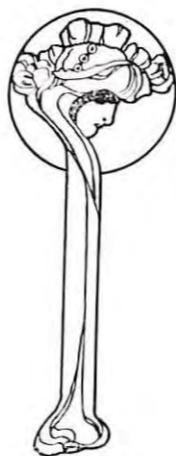
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"How I Fell in Love With My Wife"—Bound in black and white—D. Ernest McCurry.  
"A Rose of Yesterday." A bargain—red with gold clasps. Somewhat faded. — E. S. Hudson.  
"My Professor." Illustrated. Somewhat worn. Only one copy left. — Edna Baskett.  
"Lemons We All Receive." Something new and original. — Harry Green, D. D.  
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"After College, What?" Something that will interest every student.—Ralph Davis.

The following bit of poetry was found in one of the philosophy books of a Junior —

"And had the walrus ever been  
A student in a college,  
He would have known it were a sin  
To leave out thoughts of knowledge."

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That you can bluff pretty  
well if you have not in a  
previous year established a re-  
putation for that business.

From Prof. Grube—That  
most any kind of excuse will  
be O. K. if you put on a wise  
look.

From Prof. Laughlin —  
That you have'nt any sense.

From Prof. Place — All  
about "the children."

From Miss Maghee —  
How things are conducted in  
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From Prof. Underwoor—  
How to blush.

From Miss Dysart —  
Ditto.

From Mr. De Long —  
Nothing new.

From Mr. Thornton —  
"I'm little, but I'm sometimes  
heard."

From "Chowles" Orr —  
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How to drop your glasses and  
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WHO?

Ma Belle with the laughing  
eyes,  
Ma Belle with the sparkling  
eyes,  
Ma Belle with the charming  
eyes,  
Alas! Ma Belle with the  
many I's.

2.

If 'tis not I alone,  
Then 'tis I and thee,  
Or, maybe I and thou and  
thee,  
Or I and thou and thee and  
he.

3.

She always has one I  
Along with her other two,  
And I and thee and thou and  
he  
Make, Oh, Who? Oh,  
Who?



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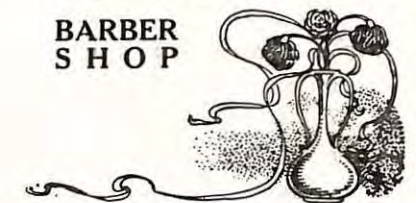
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Yowell; Miss Edna Baskett, Mr. Harold Gould; Mr.  
Robert Cordry, Miss Minnie Culbertson; Miss Lizzie  
Cochran, Mr. Willie Lockridge; Miss Irene Steiner, Mr.  
Charles Peterson; Mr. Arch Wilkins, Miss Nellie Scott;  
Miss Bessie Grube, Mr. S. C. Ryland; Mr. Finis Craw-  
ford, Miss Metta Hudson; Mr. Baird Parks, Miss Laura  
Castor; Mr. Hubert McDaniel, Miss Dedie McCutcheon;  
Miss Agnes Sutherland, Mr. Robert Rolofson; Mr. Eddie  
De Long, Miss Lucy Maximer; Miss Gracie Alma Ruthie  
McGee Smith Brown Jones Rolofson, Austin Jones; Miss  
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are new in this line of work, but some of the more ex-  
perienced have generously offered to aid them. Messrs. De  
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work only. It was at first feared that the class in campuistry  
would not be so large as usual, but it was only because of  
the extreme bashfulness of some about entering the class. A  
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### PROFESSOR UNDER- STANDS.

Within his dim, deserted hall  
The poor professor stands,  
A trace of sadness in his eye,  
A problem on his hands.

—  
All day he's faced the empty  
chairs  
Where erstwhile students  
hungry,  
Were won't to heed his every  
word,  
They're gone:—He isn't  
angry!

—  
They're strolling on the  
campus now,  
Forgetful of commands,  
As buds in spring-time—Yes,  
I think,  
Professor understands.



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### DID HE SEE THE POINT ?

During one of the usual weighty and heated discussions at the Claggett breakfast table, Miss Ola Whitehead displayed some ignorance as to the making of corn-bread. Mr. Ewing Stanton Hudson—Sophocles, the Wise—was heard to remark: "The oncoming generation seems only able to prepare fudge and cocoa and after-dinner beverages!" And the answer came in silvery tones from one Miss May McCutcheon: "I can baste turkey and make corn-bread." And the silence was painful!

Georgia: "Is'n't it about time for Sweet Williams to bloom?"

Mabel: "I guess he'll bloom out about Easter; or may be not until Commencement. You know we have been having some rather cool weather."

### VERY STRANGE.

The zest of strife in college life

Yields more or less of pleasure. But prospects bleak are those that seek

To find no other treasure. So leaving books for shady nooks,

The students wisely scatter. It's strange to me the Faculty Should wonder "What's the matter."

—  
Who made a hit with the coach? Did Gertrude? No, but did'n't some-one say she expected to?



# Frank Mitchell

## THE JEWELER

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### SPRING FEVER.

1. A youth and maid together strolled  
Upon a bright spring day,  
The laddie's name was Archibald,  
The lassie's name was May.

2. Never a thought of love had they  
Until Dan Cupid sent his dart,  
And watching for them that bright  
spring day,  
Pierced each innocent little heart.

3. Spring is such a dangerous season  
With chattering bird and sighing wind,  
'Tis enough to steal a sage's reason,  
It does it's work on all man-kind.

4. Alas, the bashful Archibald,  
Alas, the blushing May,  
The little story soon is told,  
Just hear what people say.

5. Dan Cupid tells it far and wide,  
He never tries to keep it,  
Into each ear he will confide  
This foolish couple's secret.

6. Arch sits and gazes on her face,  
He never saw a face so fair,  
The light of life is in her eyes,  
He finds his sunshine in her hair.

7. He sends her postals by the score,  
And flowers twice a week,  
He stands each evening at her door  
And looks the love he cannot speak.

8. Teachers scold them in every class,  
They only blush and soon forget,  
Cupid just laughs at this lad and lass,  
'Tis not the first couple he's beset.

9. Alas, the days too swiftly pass,  
Commencement day is drawing nigh,  
And sadder grow this lad and lass,  
For soon this twain must say "Good-bye."

10. Commencement comes in all it's glory,  
Many a heart heaves forth a sigh,  
It tells again the old, old story,  
Friends and Freshies must say "Good-bye."

11. The last evening 'neath a great elm tree  
He drew her close unto his side,  
Then he asked her modestly  
To be his fair young bride.

12. And all too willingly she gave  
The promise that he sought,  
And let him kiss her only once,  
Tho' she knew she ought to not.

13. And 'tis just the same old tune,  
The bard is always loath to sing,  
Each forget the other soon,  
'Twas just a love-affair of spring.

14. But let me just explain a bit,  
Before I close this foolish lay,  
Professor Place's music does more harm,  
Than any bright spring-day.

15. Allowing to me this one confession,  
I know you want an explanation,  
His music with it's grand expression  
Gave me this awful inspiration.

**W**E ALWAYS try to please the most exacting and we always do. That's one reason why our business has grown so during the many years that we have been in business here.

*Q We thank you for your purchases and trust you will be so well satisfied that you will come here for all your*

DRUG STORE WANTS

RED CROSS PHARMACY, Edmund L. Brown, Prop.

Marshall,

Missouri.



**C**OME IN and see our New Up-to-date, Elegant, Sanitary Counter - Dispensing Soda Fountain, just installed. We know what you will do when you see it.

Charles Mount entering the Dean's office, inquired: "Is this Prof. Grube?"  
"Oh! no, no, no!" said the learned one, "you are not Prof. Grube. That is my name. What do you want?"  
"Is there any way I can escape taking this Freshmen Greek?"  
"Tut, tut," said Grube, "there is no such thing as Freshmen Greek."  
"I mean," faltered Charles, "Greek that the Freshmen study."  
The Dean brandished his spectacles in the air. "That's just it," he thundered, there is not one in a hundred that ever studies it."  
Having asked for bread and receiving a brick, Charles bowed his head and walked out.

*We will appreciate your Lumber Business*

BALLEW & WHITMAN

D. I. G. L.

Phone 142



Marshall, Missouri.

*This book was engraved and printed by us.  
Among our other Annuals  
this year are the*

MICHIGANENSIAN of the University of Michigan  
CODEX - - - - of Beloit College  
ILLIO - - - - of University of Illinois  
MILLIDEK - - of James Milliken University  
CHINOOK - - - of Washington State College  
FORESTER - - - of Lake Forest College  
DAISY - - - - of Bethany College  
CUMTUX - - - of Milwaukee Downer College  
RUDDER - - - - of Buena Vista College  
TIGERS LAIR - - of Platteville Normal School  
TYCHOBARAN - - of Madison High School  
CRESCENT - - of Gamma Delta Psi Fraternity  
SCROLL - - - - of Milwaukee Academy



Let us figure on your next Annual

**Hammersmith Engraving Co.**  
Milwaukee, Wis.

Call for BLUE JAY Canned Coods  
They are the Best Goods packed

**“NONESUCH”  
COFFEE**

Is a most perfect blend of  
**High Grade Coffee**  
and price in reach of all, at better values  
can not be had. Call for it at all retail  
stores in Marshall and Saline County.

**BAGNELL-MONTAGUE GROCERY CO.**  
MARSHALL, MISSOURI

WHAT'S THE POINT? — In abbreviating names on the board the other day, Prof. McGinnis wrote the following “D — n.” The result was much laughter from the class. They were, however, soon squelched by the following remark from the Professor who is always ready for emergencies: “Evil to him who evil thinks.” The professor, however, was not long in erasing the abbreviation and writing the name in full.

Mr. Gregg entered the History class-room and slammed the door very fiercely. In response there was a fiercer look from Mrs. Huff.  
Mr. Gregg: “Oh, excuse me, shall I go back and do it over again.”  
Mrs. Huff: “Oh, please don't.”

“The Scenic — Oh, I had rather go to the Scenic than to Endeavor.” — Alfred Barnett.

There was quite a heated discussion in the Ethics class as to whether it would be right under some circumstances to steal or not. The discussion after class was much more interesting, however.  
Miss Whitehead: “No, it isn't wrong to steal. Don't you girls remember the night I stole half-a-pound of butter. No one knows that to this day.”

“Yes, and I stole a quart of milk once and that was not wrong,” said Elizabeth Frye.  
Even Pearl Gooding was forced to admit that that kind of stealing was not wrong.

A source of trouble — Ryland's corns.

AT COLLEGE: TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS

**A. T. VAWTER**  
Instructor

**VIOLIN - MANDOLIN - GUITAR**

**STUDIO: EAST SIDE SQUARE**

# The New York Racket

MARSHALL'S Great Department Store

Cash Sales for 1907  
**\$182,521.27**

We solicit your patronage, and offer you the largest stock at lowest prices,  
 MISSOURI VALLEY MERC. CO., Props.

Phones: { Grocery Dept. 230  
 { Office 194

### THEY PROBABLY WILL.

If by fate you should be hurled  
 Out to struggle in the world  
 Rather rough.  
 Don't tell folks you've been to  
 school,  
 They'll find out you are a fool  
 Soon enough.

Prof. McGinnis had several  
 dinner-guests one day, and  
 among them was Mr. Will  
 Davis.

Prof. McGinnis: "Will  
 you have some more of this  
 meat Mr. Will or rather Mr.  
 George. I believe you go by  
 George now, don't you."

Mr. Davis: "Yes, I go —  
 by George."

Notice to all Roasters — I  
 hereby state that in the role of  
 first-class sport, I am now  
 rushing Miss Hollyman, not  
 Miss Gillium.

—Joseph M. King.

(Ad placed here by mistake.)

## Miss Mabel Smith

STYLISH and  
 DISTINCTIVE  
**Millinery**



You will do yourself an  
 injustice if you overlook us

I'll appreciate your patronage  
**Miss MABEL SMITH**  
 East Side MARSHALL, MO.

Sad to Contemplate—The  
 Sophomores tackling the  
 Sabiduria next year.

Loudly he raps at the door,  
 No response comes from  
 within,  
 He raps more loudly than be-  
 fore,  
 "Oh let me, let me in."

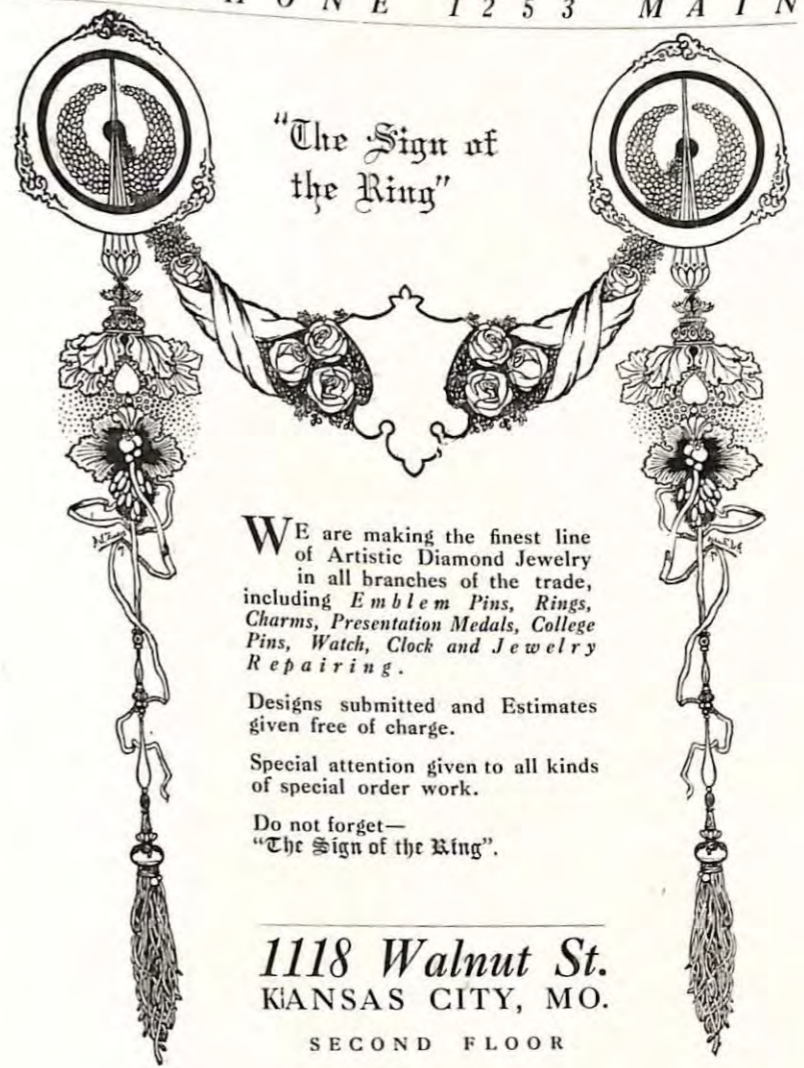
Would no one hear his tap-  
 ping,  
 As waiting he stands outside.  
 In vain he continues his rap-  
 ping,  
 His entrance is denied.

Persistence brings him reward,  
 An entrance gains he thru a  
 hole,  
 The knocker — only a wood-  
 pecker bird,  
 The house — a telephone  
 pole.

Lives of great men oft remind  
 us  
 That when we are safely  
 dead,  
 Liars, large, immense, enorm-  
 ous  
 Will write things we never  
 said.

# GREEN JEWELRY CO.

TELEPHONE 1253 MAIN



"The Sign of  
 the Ring"

WE are making the finest line  
 of Artistic Diamond Jewelry  
 in all branches of the trade,  
 including Emblem Pins, Rings,  
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*Peters*

The above brand on any article in the Athletic Goods line, insures the user of the best obtainable in either quality or workmanship.

We want to supply you---and---carry in stock at all times a fine and complete assortment of **Guns, Rifles Revolvers, Sporting Goods, Fishing Tackle, and Cutlery**

PETERS' ARMS AND SPORTING GOODS CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Torchlight and evening star  
A whistle soft and clear —  
The moon sees from afar,  
What I will not tell — you here.

If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.  
—J. P. Rose.

Honesty is the best policy — sometimes.  
—Arch Wilkins.

'Tis better to have tried and failed than never to have tried at all.  
—Carl Duncan.

"When I was little —"  
—Austin Jones.

Not the only way,—but the up-to-date way!

. . . for . . .

*Good Things to eat,  
Staple and Fancy Groceries,  
Queensware, etc.,  
Squirrel Brand Canned Goods*

. . . and . . .

*Schotten's 8-hour Twenty Cent Coffee*  
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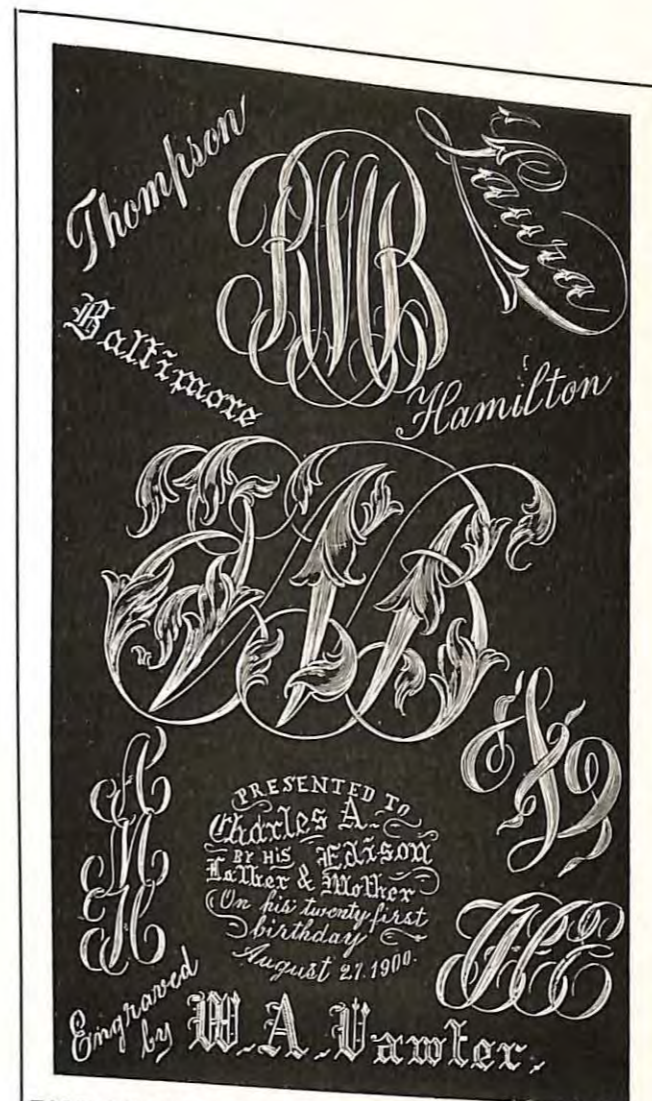
*Up-to-date Grocers*  
South Side Square 'Phone 64  
MARSHALL, MO.

Guess He's Been Disappointed.

Have you seen our social queens?  
Oh, it's awful, awful funny,  
How some folks with daddy's  
Think they're pumpkin-pie or money fritters,  
When they're nothing but "pertaters,"  
Or just plain old common beans.

Please excuse me from chapel. I did not want to go.  
—Jim Davis.  
Ditto. —Bill.

Patronize Sabiduria advertisers.



**THE KELLEY-VAWTER JEWELRY CO.,**  
West Side Square, Marshall Mo.

**SECRET ENGRAVING CO.,**  
KANSAS CITY, U. S. A.

We engrave

*Commencement Invitations  
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Calling Cards*

Prices the lowest Quality the best

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**The KELLEY-VAWTER JEWELRY CO.,**  
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**The Corridor Club.**

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Meets daily at M. V. C.

Colors — Black and White.

Motto — All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

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IN THE LINGO OF THE STREETS.

Take a peep behind the scenes.  
Fuss and feathers don't make women;  
And a man ain't fit for Heaven  
'Cause he's got a rakish swagger  
Or puts up a mug of copper  
Long and sober as a dean's.

## YOU'VE GOT AN OLD HAT

or two; but you want a new one, one that's up-to-date.

Probably you don't know that your OLD HAT can be made over into a NEW one. We will take it and make it over into a NEW STYLE, with NEW Band, Binding and Sweat Leather, in fact a brand NEW HAT at a cost of \$1.50.

**WM. J. BROWN HAT CO.**

ESTABLISHED 1885

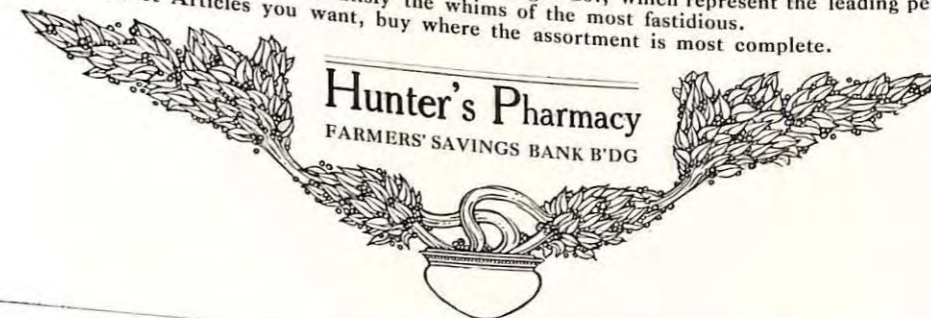
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**Rose & Buckner**

AGENTS

## OUR TOILET WATERS

reflect the best efforts of the leading perfumers of the two continents. If you prefer an imported toilet-water, we can furnish you with the best, Roger & Gallet.  
 ¶ We are special agents for the Richard Hudnut line of American Toilet Waters as well as Palmer's, Murray & Lahman, and the Alfred Wright Co., which represent the leading perfumers, and who are sure to satisfy the whims of the most fastidious.  
 ¶ If its Toilet Articles you want, buy where the assortment is most complete.



### A HINT TO THE WISE.

- J. H. V. — You are not supposed to ask more than six girls for a date for the same lecture.  
 Irene — If Mr. B. is tired of you, don't chase him.  
 Edna — No, I would not mention it to the professor. It is always the gentleman's place to speak first on a subject of that nature.  
 G. A. R. R. — It is hardly proper, much less lady-like for a girl to allow a young man to kiss her good-night when he has called.  
 Kitty — Of course if your parents object to your having company, that is alright. I can, however, see no reason why you should not talk to them in the halls when the opportunity presents itself.  
 Mittie — You shouldn't continue to chase the young man if you think many people are watching you.  
 Ira — If you are still unpopular and in your Senior year, I fear it is too late to remedy the evil now.  
 H. McD. — Drink a glass of hot lemon in the morning before breakfast and that will in time reduce your flesh, I think.  
 T. M. E. — If he is as nice a young man as you describe, I see no reason why you should not encourage him.  
 Bertha — Never think of marrying a man who drinks.  
 B. G. — If you absolutely cannot live alone and no-one offers to live and love with you, perhaps by answering some of the advertisements you could get some-one to live with you.

YOU are not well dressed unless your shoes are right. When wrong get

**RICHTER**  
*Shoe Repairer*

Over Terrell & DeGarmo's

Prompt Service  
Best of Workmanship

to set them right

**Dr. W. E. Petry**

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North Side  
MARSHALL, MO.

Whether it's  
 STAPLE GROCERIES  
 for daily food or  
 DAINTY SWEETMEATS  
 for a College spread,

YOU'LL FIND IT AT  
**PEECHER AND SON'S**

*Everything fresh, pure and wholesome.*

South Side Square,

MARSHALL, MO.

THE SOPH.

He sits writing at his table,  
 The hands of the clock near 2;  
 His subject is so stable  
 That he's not half thru.

Books and papers lie around  
 in confusion,  
 He scribbles fast without any  
 care,  
 Pages yet remain in profusion,  
 He must abstract these, else  
 Griffin will rare.

And so he writes the long  
 hours thru,  
 Even till the light of day,  
 The Soph has plenty of work  
 to do  
 When to Biology he falls a  
 prey.

TO PAULINE.

Don't be so extravagant in  
 estimating the price of your  
 clothes. Tell something the  
 girls can believe.

It is said that money talks  
 and it's favorite expression is  
 "good-bye."

Do you like candy

?

If so, get a box of Lowney's at

*Patterson's*  
**Confectionery**

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¶ The most up-to-date Soda Water,  
 Soft Drink and Ice Cream place in  
 Marshall. Everything that is good can  
 be found at

**Patterson's Confectionery**

*Catering a specialty*

On the South Side

At an evening dinner dur-  
 ing the winter, Mabel Dysart  
 among other young ladies was  
 waiting on the table.

Prof. Evrard: "Oh, Mabel,  
 I wish that I had you to wait  
 on me all the time."

Mabel: "You should have  
 thought of that several years  
 ago."

"Better out than in."

This remark applies alike to  
 all three of the literary societies  
 on these beautiful warm days.

Business firms whose ad-  
 vertisements you have been  
 reading have in a large  
 measure made this book  
 possible. The Business Man-  
 ager here desires to express his  
 sincere thanks to them and to  
 urge college students and  
 friends not to forget their  
 generosity.

Francis F. Hawley,  
 Business Manager.



# Young Men's Styles

The time you'll most appreciate the suit you buy here is after you've worn it long enough to learn all of its good qualities.

You will find here exclusive styles for young men who are particular.

Our clothes keep their original shape and retain the style that makes you like them at first, sets off your figure by lasting good fit.

We have lots of good patterns; it's simply a question of which best suits you personally and this you can decide when you try them on.

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