

MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE



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THE
SABIDURIA

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of

MISSOURI VALLEY COLLEGE

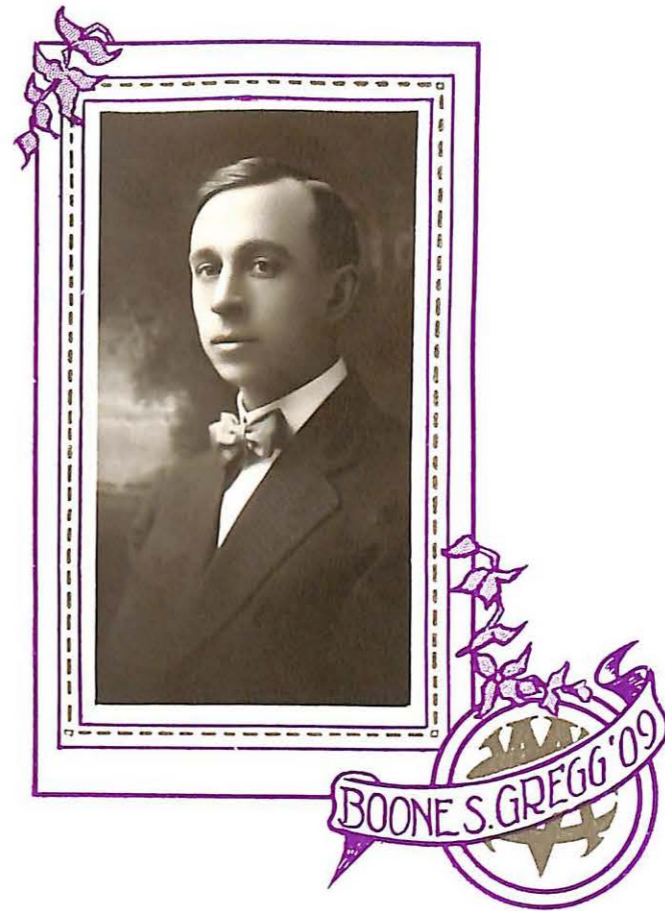
MARSHALL, MISSOURI



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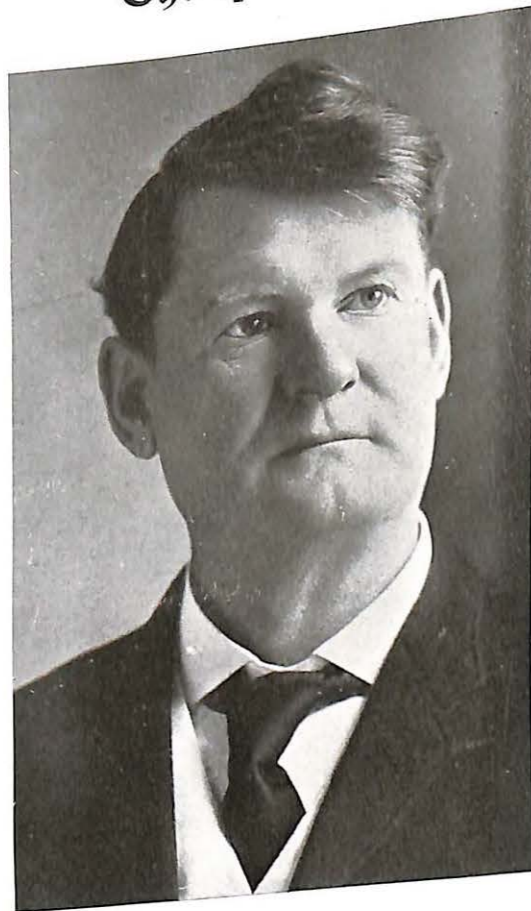


Boon Gregg, Ph. B., '09, whose record at Missouri Valley College as student, athlete, singer and general mixer; whose leadership has been vindicated by his usefulness in the Westport Avenue Presbyterian Church in Kansas City; teacher in the Sunday School; business man on the Board of Trade; member of the Board of Trustees of Missouri Valley College, representing the alumni; the most generous benefactor of athletics in his ALMA MATER; with the esteem, appreciation and good will of all the students of 1917.

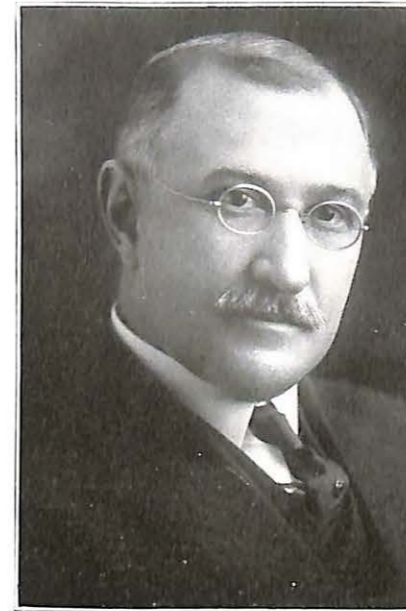


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The President



WILLIAM HENRY BLACK, D. D., LL. D.
 President Missouri Valley College
 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.
 President Missouri Valley College, 1890—
 LL. D., Westminster College, 1903.
 LL. D., Cumberland University, 1906.
 LL. D., Washington University, 1907.
 Litt. D., Waynesburg College, 1915.



ISAAC NEWTON EVRARD, A. M.
 A. B., Ozark College, 1892.
 A. M., Missouri Valley College, 1909.
 Prin. Greenfield H. S., 1892-98.
 Prin. Richland H. S., 1898-99.
 Supt. Greenfield Schools, 1899-1901.
 Prof. English Language, M. V. C., 1901-10.
 Teacher, Springfield Normal School, 1910.
 Asst. State Supt. of School, 1911.
 Dean of Missouri Valley College, 1911—



JOHN MOORE PENICK, A. M.
 A. B., Princeton University, 1885.
 Prof. Natural Sciences, Baird College, 1885-1890.
 A. M., Princeton University, 1900.
 Prof. of Physics and Chemistry, 1890—



ALBERT MCGINNIS, A. M., Litt. D.
 A. B., Waynesburg College, 1878.
 Instructor in Latin and Greek, Waynesburg College, 1878-82, 1883-1887.
 A. M., Waynesburg College, 1881.
 Student University of Leipsic, 1882-83, 1901-02.
 Lincoln University, 1887-88.
 Indiana State Normal, Indiana, Pa., 1889.
 Prof. of Latin and German, Missouri Valley College, 1890-1905.
 Litt. D., Missouri Valley College, 1906.
 Prof. of Philosophy and German, Missouri Valley College, 1906—



JAMES ALVIS LAUGHLIN, A. M.
 A. B., Cumberland University, 1881.
 Prof. Math. Ark. Cumberland Co., 1891-98.
 Acting Pres. Ark. Cumberland Co., 1892-98.
 Prof. Math. Bethel College, 1898-99.
 A. M., Arkansas Cumberland College, 1894.
 Prof. of Mathematics, 1900—

J. EMORY HOLLINGSWORTH, Ph. D.
 B. A., Penn. College, 1902.
 Haverford College, 1903.
 Instructor in German, University of Texas,
 1909-11.
 Student, Univ. of Chicago, 1906-09, 1911-12,
 Ph. D.
 Instructor in German, DePauw Univ., March-
 June, 1914.
 Professor of German and Latin, Whitworth Col-
 lege, 1914-16.
 Professor of Latin and Greek, 1917.



B. L. SEAWELL, B. Sc.
 B. Pd., Warrensburg State Normal, 1887.
 B. Sc., University of Edinburg, 1892.
 Student, Harvard University, Summers of 1888
 and 1889.
 Student, British Museum, 1890.
 Research Student, Neb. U., Summers, 02-06.
 Student in Laboratory of Clinical Pathology,
 Kansas City, Summers, 1914-15. Member of
 American Association for Advancement of
 Science and American Microscopical Society.
 Prin. Moberly H. S., 1887-90.
 Prof. Science and History, M. V. C., 1889-90.
 Teacher of Sciences, Lincoln and Fremont, Ne-
 braska, 1892-96.
 Hastings College, 1892-96.
 Teacher of Biology, Warrensburg State Normal,
 1897-09.
 Prof. of Biology, 1911—



JOHN JOSEPH DYNES, A. M.
 Graduate Student, Highland Park Normal Col-
 lege, 1912.
 Asst. in Highland Park Normal Col., 1912.
 Asst. Department of Education, University of
 Iowa, 1912-13.
 A. B., University of Iowa, 1912.
 A. M., University of Iowa, 1913.
 Prof. of Education and Psychology, 1914—



GENEVIEVE ALICE NOWLIN, B. S.
 B. S., Home Economics, Kansas State Agricul-
 tural College, 1914.
 Teacher's College, Columbia University, Sum-
 mer of 1916.
 Teacher of Domestic Science and Art, 1917.



WILLIAM Y. LOCKRIDGE, A. B.
 A. B., Missouri Valley College, 1914.
 Student, Chicago Univ., Summer of 1914.
 Instructor in Academy Physics, Mathematics
 and Latin, 1914—
 Field Representative, 1916—



CLAUDE L. FICHTHORN.

Choirboy and Asst. Organist, Christ Church Cathedral, Reading, Pa., 1894-1904.
 Choirmaster and Organist, Zion's Reformed Church, Reading, Pa., 1904-1907; First Presbyterian, Reading, Pa., 1907-12; Calvary Church, Philadelphia, Pa., 1912.
 Teacher, Ursinus College, 1911-12.
 Teacher, Missouri Valley College, 1912—
 Pupil of Berg, Green, Phillip in Piano.
 Pupil of Heaton in Organ.
 Pupil of Perley, Dunn, Aldrich, D'Aubigne in Voice.
 Pupil of Heaton Gilchrist in Harmony and Composition.
 Associate, American Guild of Organists, 1908.
 Dean of School of Music, 1913—

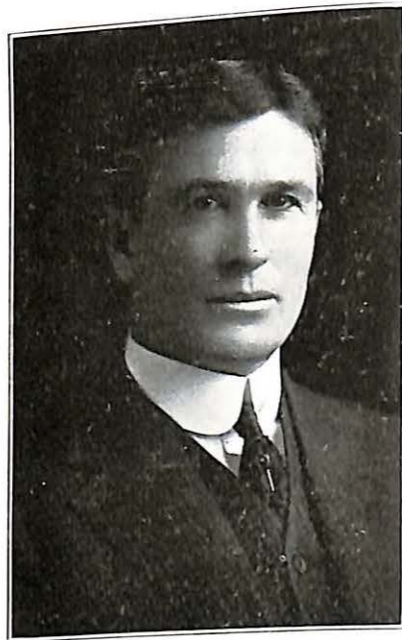


ESTHER SAWYER BATES, A. B.
 A. B., Minnesota University, 1915.
 Instructor of French and Expression, 1917.



ARTHUR T. VAWTER, Mus. B.

Pupil of Von Rolla Mackalenski of Warsaw.
 Conservatory of Music, 1898-99.
 Private Studio in Marshall, Mo., 1899.
 Pupil of Francois Boucher of Paris.
 Conservatory of Music, 1907-08.
 Mus. B., Missouri Valley College, 1915.
 Prof. of Stringed Instruments, 1907—



STELLA B. HICKS, M. Litt.

Mary Institute, 1888.
 Mary Institute, 1892.
 M. Litt., Missouri Valley College, 1915.
 Librarian, 1906—



W. FRANK McDANIELS.

Supt. of Buildings and Grounds, 1906—

Class Presidents



JOHN H. MARSHALL
SENIOR



JAMES P. ASHURST
JUNIOR



DEAN MONEYMAKER
SOPHOMORE



CHARLES DURLLETT
FRESHMAN



SABIDURIA

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BYRON BRIDGES, B. S.
Marshall, Missouri *Houxonian*
 Librarian H. L. S. '15; Usher H. L. S. '15; Vice-President H. L. S. '16; President H. L. S. '16; Intersociety Committeeman '17; Orchestra '13-'17.

Billy is our tall senior boy. A constant companion of one and thus has no time for others. Only form of athletics ever interested in was horseshoe. Has a good disposition.



VIRGINIA CARPENTER, A. B.
Bunceton, Missouri *Pearsonian*
 Basket Ball '12, '13, '15; Manager Basket Ball '13; Secretary Sophomore Class '15; Senior '17; Secretary P. L. S. '12, '16; Treasurer P. L. S. '13; Critic P. L. S. '16; Vice President P. L. S. '16; Treasurer Y. W. C. A. '12; Secretary Y. W. C. A. '13; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '15; President Y. W. C. A. '17; May Queen '15.

Has made her college course count for something. A Y. W. C. A. president that every girl is proud of. A friend to all, but a close friend to few. Dignified and attractive.



LEONORA BOHN, A. B.
Marshall, Missouri *Houxonian*
 Girls' Glee Club '14, '16, '17; Quartet '14-'17; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '17; Censor Morem H. L. S. '16.

A willing and faithful worker. Distinguished herself in Y. W. C. A. work. Has a wonderful voice. Unselfish in her service toward others. Dr. McGinnis' favorite "Bony."



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PAULINE RICE, A. B.
Marshall, Missouri *Pearsonian*
 Secretary P. L. S. '13, '14; Secretary Y. W. C. A. '15; Delta Staff '16; Vice-President Y. W. C. A. '17; Pearsonian Play '16; Sabiduria Staff '17; President P. L. S. '17.

Has learned the luxury of doing good. Willingness is her most striking characteristic. Loves Plato and Dr. McGinnis. Quotes Locke's "Essay on Human Understanding."



JOHN H. MARSCHALL, A. B.
Marshall, Missouri *Bairdean*
 Class President '17; Business Manager Sabiduria '17; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '14, '16; Vice-President Y. M. C. A. '15; Treasurer Y. M. C. A. '17; Vice-President B. L. S. '14; Treasurer B. L. S. '14; President B. L. S. '15; "Green Stockings," '17; "Esmeralda," '14; Treasurer Athletic Association '16; Football '15; Glee Club '13-17.

An all around college man. Has been interested in all college activities. Has remarkable business sense. Always on hand for class fights.



N. FRANCES FARIS, A. B.
Marshall, Missouri *Houxonian*
 Glee Club '13, '14, '16; Secretary of Sophomore Class '15; Secretary of H. L. S. '15; Censor Morem H. L. S. '15; Quartet '15; Critic H. L. S. '13.

An Anti-Y. W. C. A. girl. Fan is not a student but original and bright. Loves to quote Dr. James. Has her own individual opinion on all subjects. "There is no good in arguing with the inevitable." "Tutti-frutti."



1917



MILDRED MARTYR, A. B.
Houxonian
 Slater, Missouri
 Glee Club '13-'17; Secretary H. L. S. '14, '15; Secretary of Freshman Class '14; Treasurer Y. W. C. A. '16; Cabinet Y. W. C. A. '17; May Queen '16; Unit Club Council '17; Treasurer Glee Club '17.

"Mil" has many charms making her a popular senior. Favorite study is History of Ed(win). "Life without laughing is a dreary blank."

NORWOOD READ, A. B.
Pearsonian
 Pilot Grove, Missouri
 Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '12; Baseball '09, '10, '11, '12, '15, '16, '17; Captain Baseball '11, '16; Football '15; President P. L. S. '15; President Sophomore Class '15; President Athletic Association '17; Sabiduria Staff '16; Gymnasium Instructor '16, '17.

Of course third-base will be lonesome without me, but good-night, I don't mind for I am going to South America. Yes, I can give you a mathematical formula in black and white for anything except my love-making—that's Gray.

CLAUDE PEIRCE DICKSON, A. B.
Pearsonian
 Marshall, Missouri
 Delta Staff '16; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '14, '15; Intercollegiate Orator '14; Inter-society Debater '13, '14, '15; Intercollegiate Debater '16.

He says he is a woman hater but his affection for his mother contradicts this. A conscientious worker. A student of history. Missed half the fun of college life.



CECIL GRAY, A. B.
Houxonian
 Marshall, Missouri
 Secretary H. L. S. '15; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '16; Treasurer Y. W. C. A. '17; Editor-in-Chief of the Sabiduria '17.

A quiet demure little girl who accomplishes all her tasks with honor. Had a long and anxious battle with Cupid. Results—Well, just look on the fourth finger of her left hand.

HOWARD D. TALBOTT, A. B.
Pearsonian
 Kansas City, Missouri
 Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '15; President Y. M. C. A. '16; Glee Club '14, '15; Baseball '14-'17; Football '15; President Athletic Association '16; Unit Club Council '16; President Unit Club '17; Society Debater '16; Intercollegiate Debater '17; President P. L. S. '17.

A recognized leader among the student-body. Shows his ability to debate as well as to preach. Noted for his common sense and good judgment. A great admirer of Y. W. C. A. presidents.

LUTIE ROBERTSON, A. B.
Houxonian
 Marshall, Missouri

California University. University of Southern California.

A welcome addition to our class. Interesting and attractive. Can see the funny side to everything.

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CATHERINE THORP, A. B.
 Marshall, Missouri *Houxonian*
 Basket Ball Manager '17; Unit Club Council '17; Secretary H. L. S. '17.

Worries about her lessons (?) Jolly and good-natured. Has absorbed the college course in three years. "Blessings light on him who first invented sleep!"



DAVID G. DURRETT, A. B.
 Marshall, Missouri *Houxonian*

Unit Club Council '14; Baseball '14-'17; Manager Basket Ball '14; Football, '15, '16; Executive Committee Athletic Association '15; President of Junior Class '16; Manager Baseball '16; President H. L. S. '17; Vice-President Athletic Association '17.

Campustry '13, '14, '15, '16, '17. Goes in for all kinds of athletics. Handsome and attractive to new girls. Favorite haunt, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Room. Is glad M. V. C is a Co-ed.

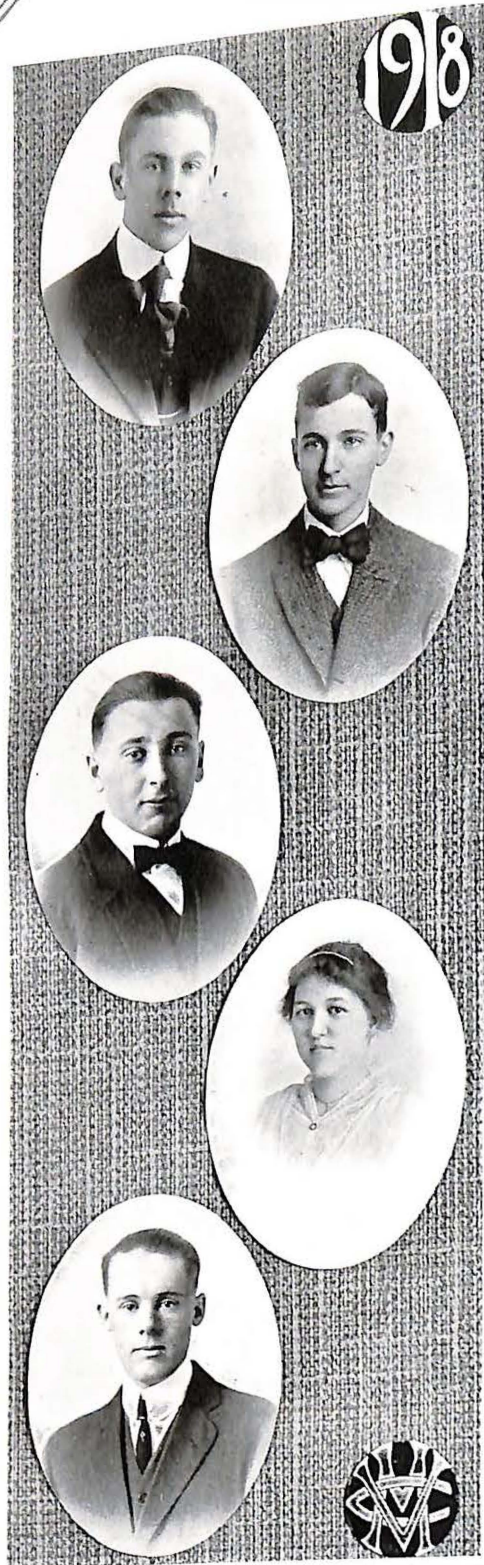


ANNA DYSART, A. B.
 Marshall, Missouri

A successful teacher in our Marshall Public Schools. Admired by all who come in contact with her.



SABIDURIA



JAMES PRICE ASHURST, A. B.
Marshall, Missouri Houxonian
"The Judge"—a man of moods. Being in love has brought the hermit from his cell.

JUNE K. KING, A. B.
Marshall, Missouri Houxonian
The girls all work June for a ride. "Oh, The-o-do-cia!"

VIRGIL RAGAN, A. B.
Chillicothe, Missouri Pearsonian
A ladyfusser—prefers "Cooks." "Punie" one of the trio.

ELIZABETH ADAMS, A. B.
St. Joseph, Missouri Bairdean
"Gosh Bill, it's from one of my beaux." Pulls B in Latin at sight. Never worries. "O shoot, kids!"

ASA THOMAS, A. B.
Nebraska City, Nebraska Pearsonian
President of Y. M. C. A. (also of L. B.) "Stolen sweets are best."

VIOLA HARRISON, A. B.
Marshall, Missouri Houxonian
Has a mind of her own. Specializes in poetry. Quiet and neat.

THADDEUS McFADDEN, A. B.
Marshall, Missouri Pearsonian
Evolution + Retta—Mexico—Thaddeus.

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ELIZABETH COULSON, A. B.
Lathrop, Missouri Bairdean
Her voice is ever gentle, soft, and low. Made Glee Club this year. A hit in "Green Stockings"

GEORGE H. TALBOTT, A. B.
Kansas City, Missouri Pearsonian
George is a self-made man and justly fond of his maker. Can preach, debate, and manage baseball teams with equal skill.

ANNA McCORMICK, A. B.
Marshall, Missouri
A worker along educational and religious lines. Very friendly.

MABEL A. KING, A. B.
Marshall, Missouri
Has a brilliant mind. A successful teacher in primary work.

ELRA BELOTE, A. B.
Charleston, Missouri Houxonian
Best looking girl in the dormitory. Acts as tho she were before an audience all the time. Takes vocal this year.

BINA COOPER, A. B.
Marshall, Missouri Houxonian
We are glad she didn't leave us Spring quarter, but how about next year is the question. Has time to make grades.

CLARA FRANCES BROWN
Marshall, Missouri
A clear mind, a forecf;d personality, and a lovable character.

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FRANK MANNING, A. B.
 Marshall, Missouri *Houxonian*
Mrs. Coulson's "bad boy"—also Prof. Seawell's "Papa will know, I'll ask him."

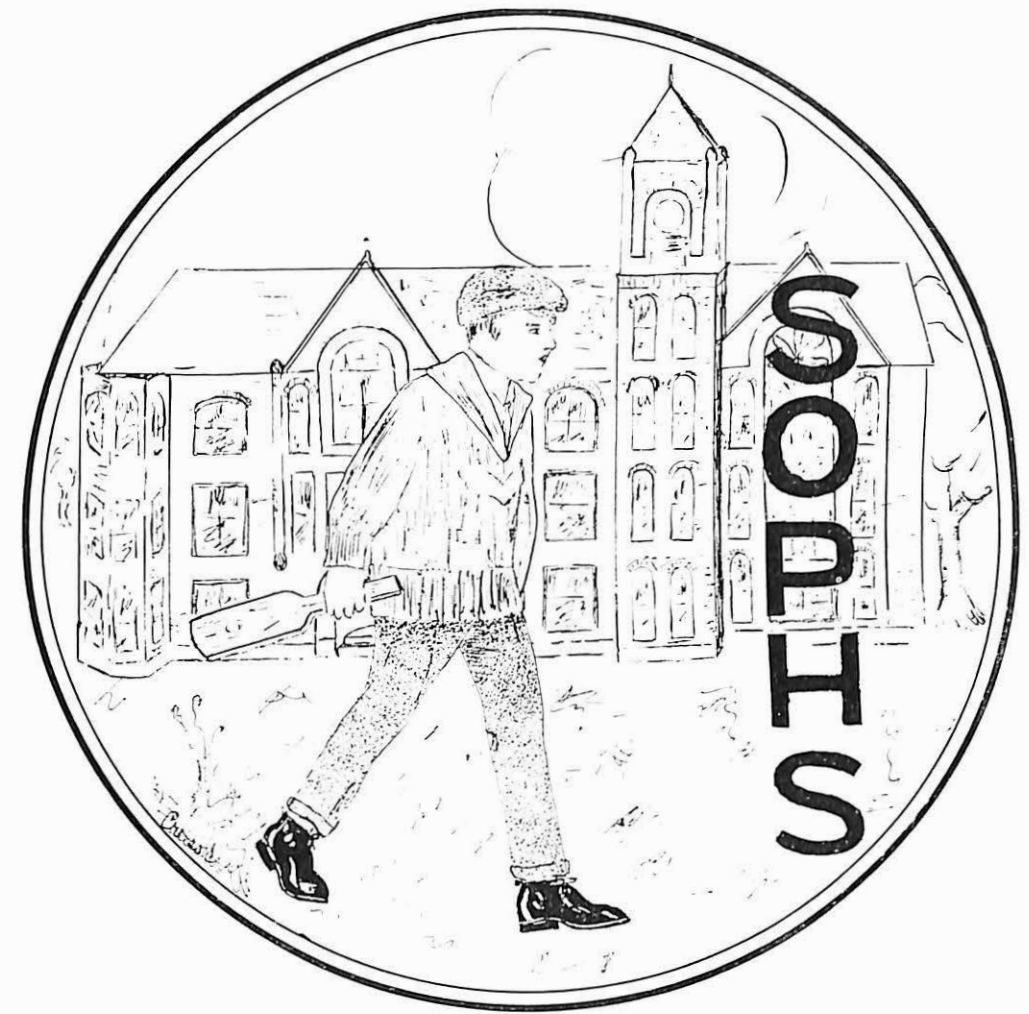
WYLIE F. STEEN, A. B.
 Bentonville, Arkansas *Pearsonian*
Affects loud colors. "Let's have a little pep." "A regular fire-cracker." "Dad-burn-it."

LUCILLE MINOR, A. B.
 Marshall, Missouri
You would never guess that she is already a school ma'am. Accomplishes everything she undertakes.

FRED B. BRADSHAW, A. B.
 Marshall, Missouri *Houxonian*
A member of the quartet. When writing overlooks his "dots." "Jack and Lill."

BELLE B. CHAFFEE, A. B.
 Marshall, Missouri *Houxonian*
The most popular girl in school. Never known to give up. Sweet and friendly.

THEODOCIA HUFF, A. B.
 Marshall, Missouri *Houxonian*
"Independence now, and Independence forever." Adores French.





VEVA MARSHALL
Marshall, Missouri *Bairdean*
Entered late but is keeping up with the times. "Lady Trenchard."

DEAN MONEYMAKER
Raymore, Missouri *Bairdean*
A good ball player. Strong for Arizona.

HELEN TOLSON
St. Louis, Missouri *Pearsonian*
Very original. Her French translation is as ready as her smile. A charming hostess.

GEORGIA ALLA TANNER
San Francisco, Cal. *Pearsonian*
If California has any more like her we wish she would send them to us. A literary genius. "What can I do to get fat?"

LYSLE EDWARD CUBBAGE
Higbee, Missouri *Pearsonian*
"Cookie." The pet of the Ellis house. Knows all about Biology. Deserves his good grades.

ETHEL MARGARET BOATRIGHT
Marshall, Missouri *Houxonian*
Takes her responsibilities seriously. Makes good grades. We were sorry to lose her Spring quarter.



MAYME CELIA ROLOFSON
Fairfax, Missouri *Pearsonian*
Our Missouri Valley Poppey. If silence were golden she would be a millionaire.

JOHN D. McCUTCHEON
Pilot Grove, Missouri *Bairdean*
He has many talents. Will be a wonderful addition to the ministry.

FRANCES ELIZABETH BROWN
Marshall, Missouri *Houxonian*
"Frances the Free." She learns a little trick from each and every one, her individuality is only just begun.

M. IRENE McELVAINE
Marshall, Missouri *Bairdean*
Musical to the tips of her fingers. Does not force her talents on exhibition. Bright and clever. Is there anything she cannot do?

RUTH MAUREAN JOHNSTON
Callao, Missouri *Bairdean*
"She watches him as a cat does a mouse." Very artistic.

VIRGINIA HARRIMAN
Pilot Grove, Missouri *Bairdean*
Our future Prima Donna. She always livens things up.



CHARLES ROBERT MARTIN
St. Louis, Missouri Pearsonian
Charley Bob is always hopeful of the future. Full of college spirit and good works.

LAURA SUE FRAY
Yates, Missouri Pearsonian
"Those dark eyes—so dark and so deep."
Noted for her knack of organizing clubs.

EUNICE BLANCHE JOHNSTON
Houston, Missouri Bairdean
A general favorite. "One tongue is sufficient for a woman."

EDWIN W. BERRY
Sweet Springs, Missouri Bairdean
"Oppie." The man with the soulful eyes. Distinguished himself in dramatics. A REGULAR this year.

LOIS TAYLOR
Odessa, Missouri Bairdean
"Which of them shall I take? Both? One? Or neither?"

KATHERINE REA OTT
Marshall, Missouri Houxonian
Charming and entertaining. Has the ability to plan unique entertainments.

OWENS G. BAXTER
Marshall, Missouri

The benedict of the Sophomore class. Thinks worms, as well as oysters, could be used for food.

MARY BLAYNEY
Marshall, Missouri Pearsonian

You can depend on Mary. Decided she wanted an A. B. after her Mus. B.

JOHN EDWARD EVANS
Bates City, Missouri Pearsonian

They say nobody loves a fat man, but he's certainly an exception to the rule. "A college joke to cure the dumps."

W. FREDERICK HIGHTSHOE
Marshall, Missouri Houxonian

Still enjoys high school associates. A good debater.



CECIL FRANCES ISABELL
Marshall, Missouri Bairdean

Spends her time chasing wildly around the halls. "You know, girl, Fred is just my cousin—but Tommie isn't."

WILLARD McDERMOTT
Marshall, Missouri

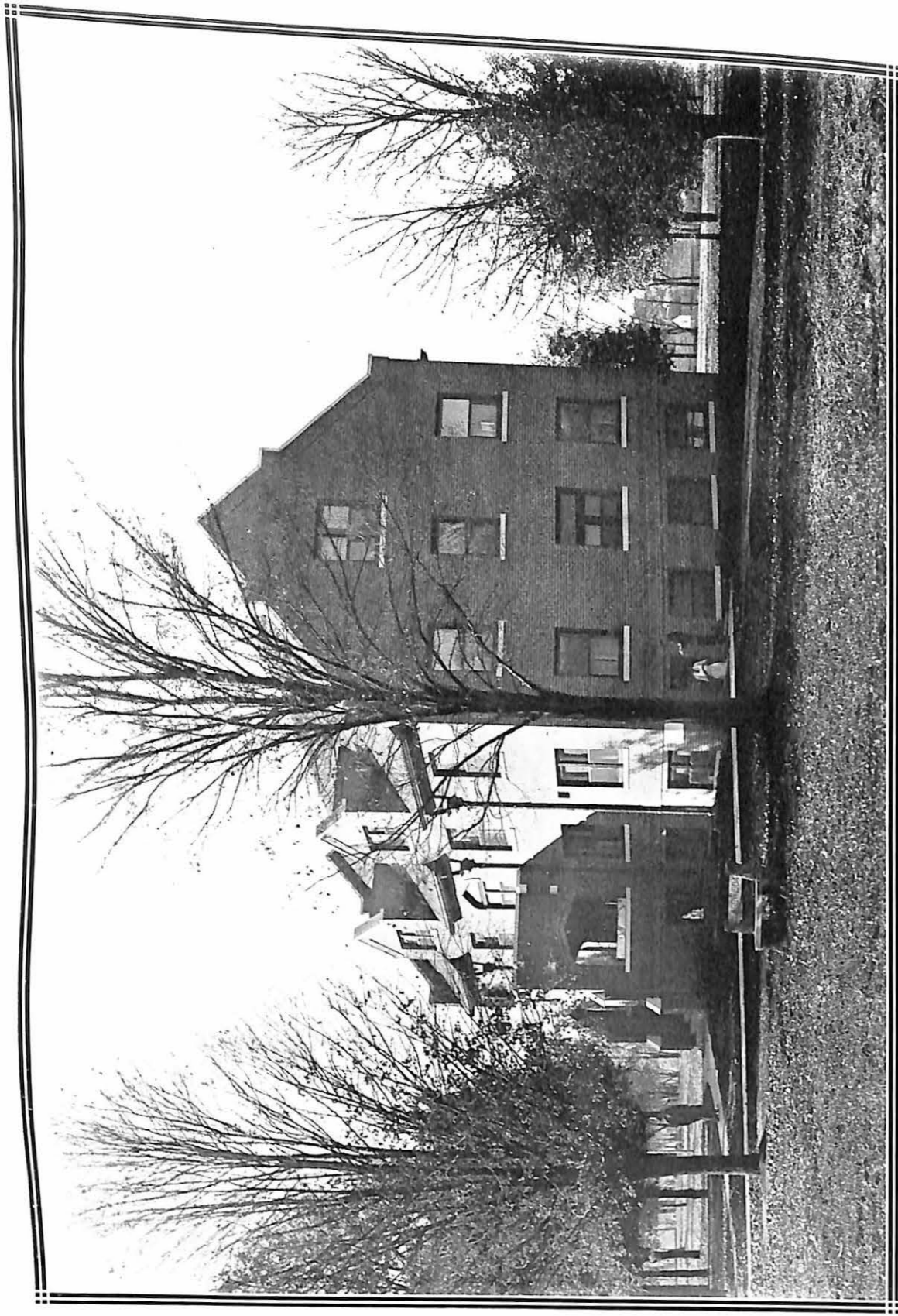
"Irish," but few people know it. Needs a self starter.

DEWEY McFADDEN
Marshall, Missouri Bairdean
"Is that not so?" "Ha, ha, ha, is that not so?"

RUTH McGINLEY
Independence, Missouri Houxonian

"Mac." She has a huge capacity, rapacity, voracity for food.

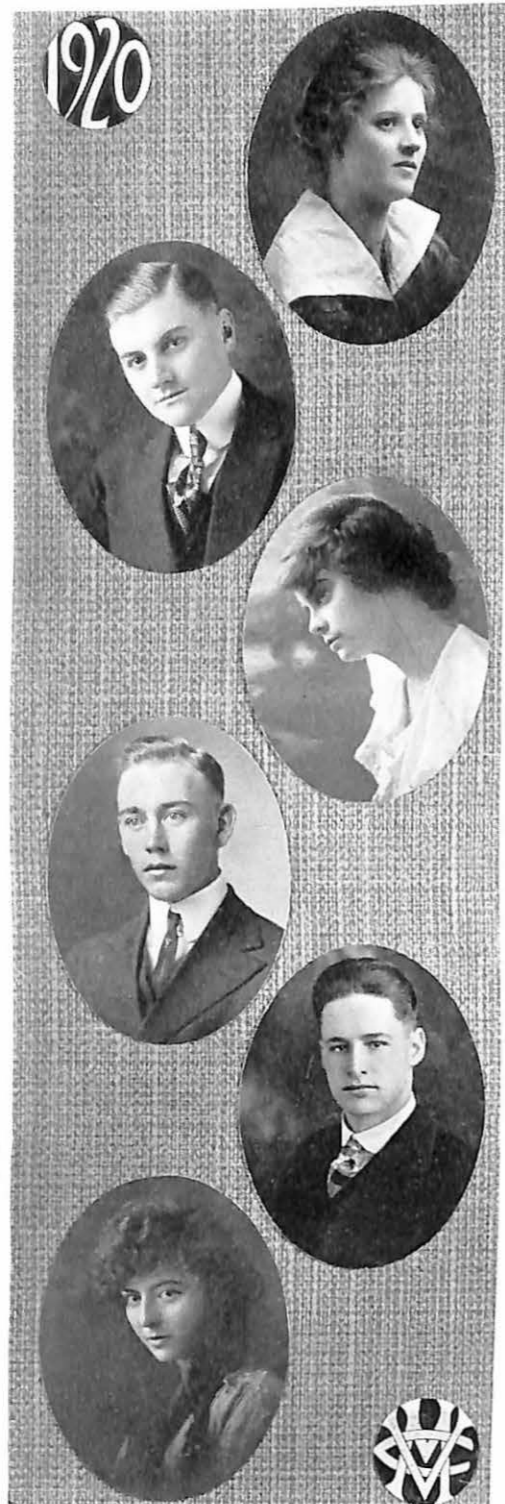




LOUISA CAMPBELL GIRL'S DORMITORY.

SABIDURIA





CHRISTINE NELSON
Nelson, Missouri Pearsonian

"The perfect Rose." A freshman who has become a necessity. The happiest girl in school. "To know her is to love her."

CHARLEY G. DURRETT
Marshall, Missouri Houxonian

A society worker. Could write a whole Sabiduria without help.

IDA SCHWEER
Blairtown, Missouri Pearsonian

A lover of music and good times, especially the latter.

ROY NOLTE
Alma, Missouri Pearsonian

Our Football hero. An unusual combination of student and athlete. "Men of few words are the best men."

ORLANDO BLYHOLDER
Raymore, Missouri Pearsonian

The boy you can't make angry. Unlike Orlando of Shakespearean fame, for he doesn't like the ladies.

MARTHA COOKE
Paris, Texas Pearsonian

Interested in Virgil—tho not the Aeneid. Very sentimental.

WILBUR TOPE
Marshall, Missouri Bairdean

The pride of the French Class: A tennis champion.



JOSEPHINE HENNASY
Marshall, Missouri Houxonian

Some talker. Very independent.

MARTIN FARMER
Marshall, Missouri Houxonian

A steady at Red Cross Pharmacy, but takes time to come out to his classes.

JOSEPHINE HAYDEN
Marshall, Missouri Pearsonian

"Lots of knowledge in that head, that's what makes her hair so red." See couple page.

ELIZABETH ANDERSON
Marshall, Missouri Pearsonian

She proves that red hair covers more knowledge than black. Has high school attachments.

BIRDIE LEE JONES
Corder, Missouri Bairdean

Greets everyone with a smile. "Did my letter come?"

MIRIAM BOOTH
Independence, Missouri Bairdean

Favorite refreshment—quinine. Our Bobby Shafto.

CLARA BRYAN YOWELL
Waverly, Missouri Bairdean

"Well, I don't see why everybody doesn't know me, I'm Clara Yowell 365 days in the year."



NELLE HALL
 Carthage, Missouri Pearsonian
A girl with ideas. Loves to make fudge and clean house. Why did she stop singing?

LAWRENCE ASHLEY
 Marshall, Missouri Pearsonian
A leader along many lines. A good debater. An earnest worker.

TOM HALL
 Marshall, Missouri Houxonian
Would make a good looking movie hero. Admired by all of the girls.

MARY MARGARET BRAMBLE
 Napton, Missouri Pearsonian
Ambitious. Great on German dialect. Eager to be busy.

MADALYNE ELLINGSON
 Marshall, Missouri Pearsonian
A pretty Swedish girl with an ever-ready laugh. Easily shocked.

MILO BAIL
 Marshall, Missouri Houxonian
"From her eyes I did receive fair speechless messages." Not only good looking, but makes good grades.

WILLIAM CROOK
 Calhoun, Missouri Bairdean
A willing worker who gets what he works for.



NORMA CHAFFEE
 Marshall, Missouri Houxonian
Attractive and neat in appearance. Can do many things.

SAMUEL LEE LOCKRIDGE
 Roanoke, Missouri Pearsonian
The fat boy with the broad smile. A member of the orchestra.

GLADYS GOODMAN
 Slater, Missouri Pearsonian
The companion of Byrdie Lee. Lessons come first with Gladys.

NELL M. COWAN
 Marshall, Missouri Pearsonian
Original but quiet. Assumes dignity.

WALKER HIGDON
 Roanoke, Missouri Pearsonian
Likes O. P. (other people's) smoking tobacco.

EMILY WRIGHT
 Marshall, Missouri Pearsonian
Some people think she is quiet—what a mistake.

EVA LIVESAY
 Oak Grove, Missouri Pearsonian
Has the honor of being the first girl to captivate the "Judge." Oh! those eyes.

SABIDURIA

BRADDIE DOUGLAS
Malta Bend, Missouri *Houxonian*
Little and dainty, but has many talents.

J. W. KEYS
Marshall, Missouri *Houxonian*
"Sheriff." A coming debater.

ISAAC C. ORR
St. Louis, Missouri *Houxonian*
"Ikey the Irresolute." "Which shall it be: come on Braddie or good-bye Frances?"

HAROLD NORRIS
Armstrong, Missouri *Pearsonian*
"Uncle Mun." One of our good students.

RICHARD L. CRAVENS
Marshall, Missouri *Houxonian*
Our city sport. Call at Houx Bros. to see him.

MARY HOPE
Marshall, Missouri *Pearsonian*
Good humored, amiable, musical—excellent qualities for a minister's wife.

LILLIAN CURRY
Kansas City, Missouri *Houxonian*
Believes in using the boys as meal tickets. Good-looking "big un."

LOUISE NEWTON
Marshall, Missouri *Houxonian*
"Come on let's skip and go surveying."

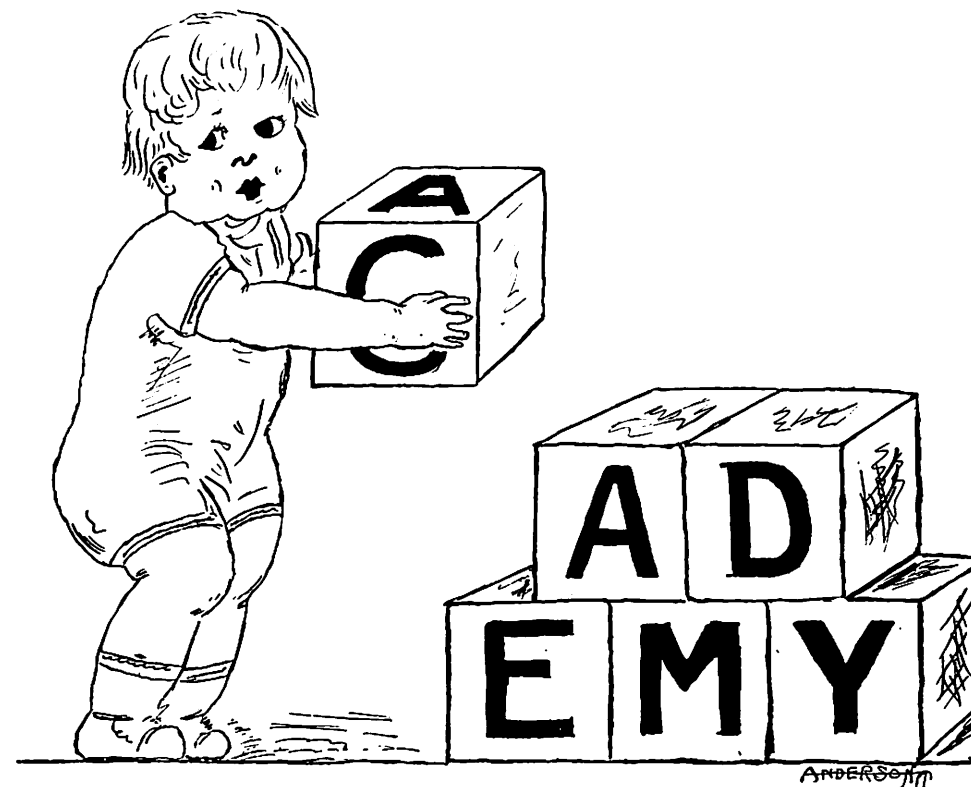
PAULINE TEMPLETON
Marshall, Missouri *Bairdean*
A good schemer who blows her own horn. Visits her classes occasionally.

MARGARET BOLTON
Marshall, Missouri *Pearsonian*
"Yes, I think so too." Is a good story teller.

JAMES MORRIS
Pine Bluffs, Ark. *Houxonian*
A Parkville product. A good artist. Watch for his contributions.



SABIDURIA



ANDERSON



WHITFIELD T. QUIETT
Kansas City, Missouri
 BAIRDEAN

MARGARET WITT
Granger, Missouri
 PEARSONIAN

MARIE HOLMES
Marshall, Missouri
 PEARSONIAN

RUBY AKERS
Marshall, Missouri
 BAIRDEAN

RETTA TEMPLETON
Marshall, Missouri
 PEARSONIAN

BESSIE NAOMI SMITH
St. Joseph, Missouri
 BAIRDEAN

VALLONA MILDRED KEIRN
Marshall, Missouri
 PEARSONIAN





BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Top Row—Quiett, McKee, Bail, Martin, Railey.
 Middle Row—Bradshaw, Poague, Crook, Nolte, Steen (Mgr.)
 Bottom Row—Thomas, Fichthorn (Director), Marschall (Treasurer).



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Top Row—McElvain, Chaffee.
 Second Row—Poague, Bohn, Johnson.
 Third Row—Holmes, Chaffee, Faris, Fray.
 Fourth Row—Coulson, Brown, Harriman, Nelson.
 Bottom Row—Hayden, Fichthorn (Director), Martyr.

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GIRLS' QUARTET
McElvain, Johnson, Bohn, Brown



BOYS' QUARTET
Bradshaw, Poague, Thomas, Steen

1917

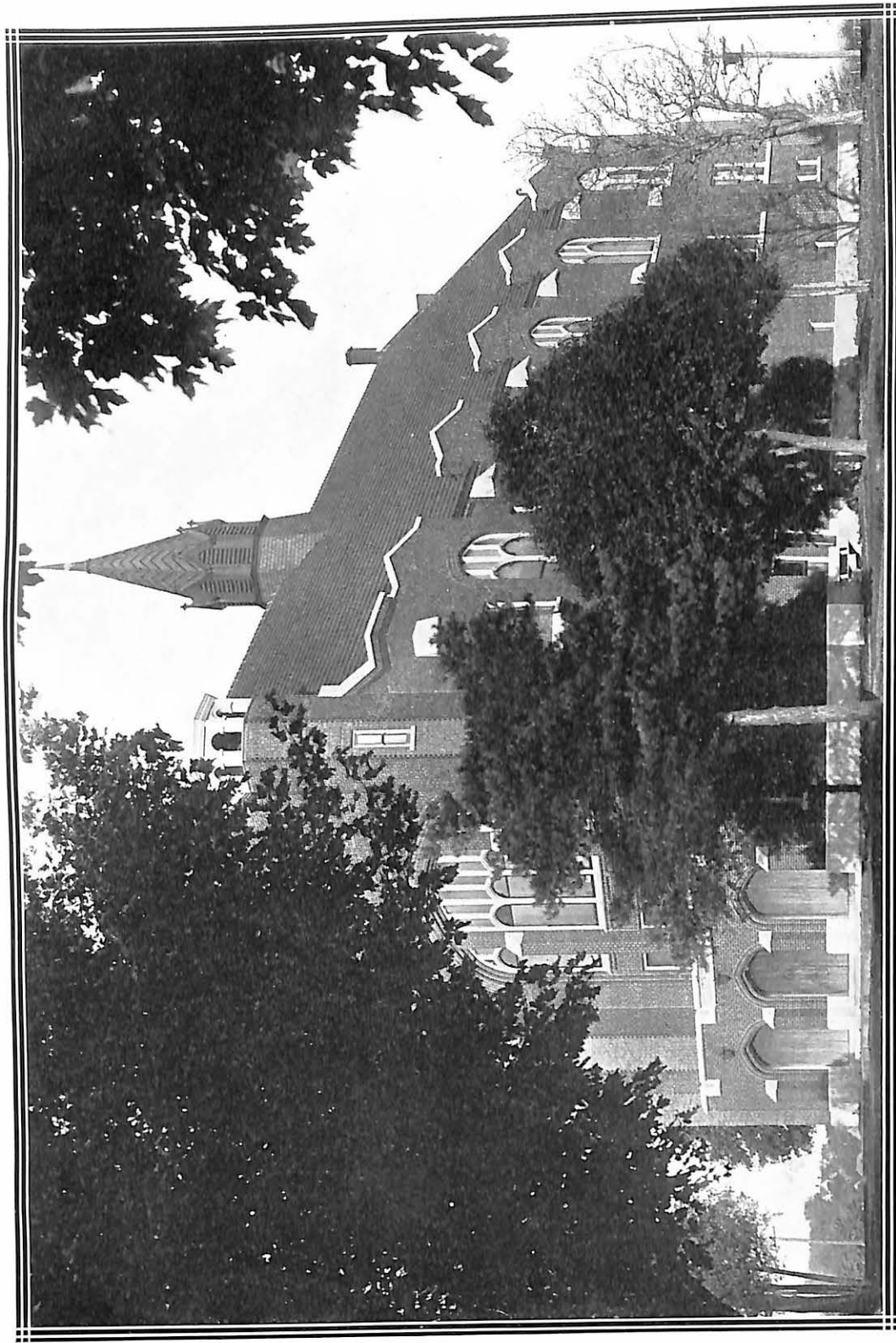
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COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

Top Row—Barrett, Bail.
Second Row—Steen, Vawter (Director), Lockridge.
Third Row—Templeton, Nelson, Cook.
Bottom Row—Bridges, Peague.

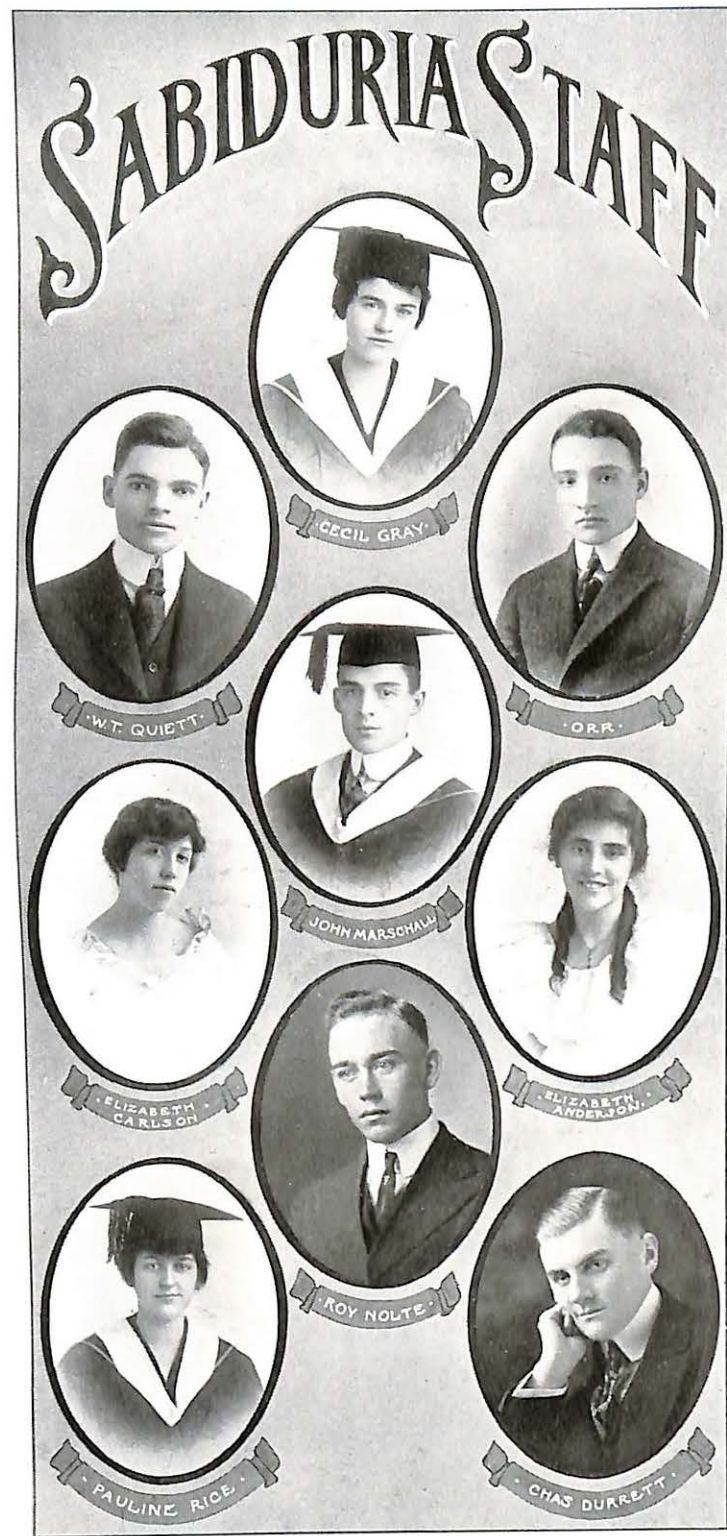
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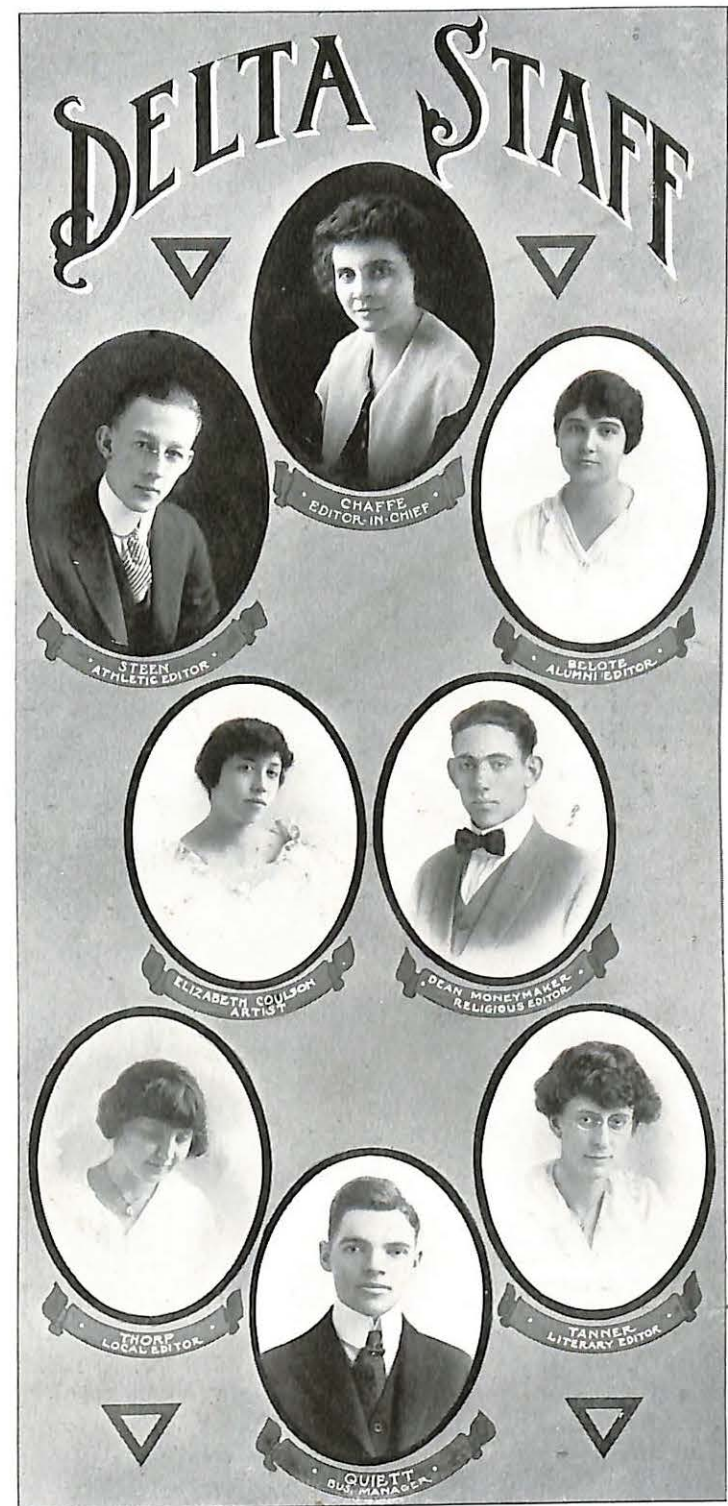
STEWART CHAPEL

SABIDURIA





1917



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EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
Top Row—Read (Pres.), Talbott (Baseball Mgr.)
Second Row—Durrett (Vice-Pres.), Ragan (Treas.)
Third Row—Johnson (Sec'y.), Thorp (Basket Ball Mgr.)
Bottom Row—Prof. Penick (Faculty Adviser), Steen (Football Mgr.)

1917

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UNIT CLUB COUNCIL
Top Row—McElvain, Nolte, Martyr.
Middle Row—Johnson (Sec'y), Chaffee, Thorp.
Bottom Row—Talbott (Pres.), Steen.

1917



BAIRDEAN

McUTCHEON	R. JOHNSTON	ADAMS	TAYLOR
MARSHALL	POAGUE	BERRY	
CONLSON	HARRIMAN	ISBELL	POAGUE
AKERS	E. JOHNSTON	QUIETT	BOOTH
JONES	MONGUM	M'ELVAIN	MARSHALL

HOUXONIAN

OTT	CHAFFEE	BAIL	B. CHAFFEE
ASHURST	MARTYR	FARMER	GRAY
FARIS	BRIDGES	DURRETT	THORP
BROWN	HENNASY	ROBERTSON	GRAVENS
HALL	KING	BELOTE	ORR
MANNING	MORRIS	BOHN	C. DURRETT

1889 - PEARS

ELLINGSON	NELSON	ANDERSON	ASHLEY	NOLTE	TALBOTT
HOLMES	READ	ROLOFSON	MCFADDEN	WITT	TALBOTT
FRAY	HAYDON	STEEN	BLYHOLDER	HIGDON	HALL

ONIAN'S - 1917

TANNER	TEMPLETON	LOCKRIDGE	CARPENTER	LIVESAY	GOODMAN
RICE	RAGAN	MARTIN	SCHWEL	THOMAS	COOK
CUBBAGE	TOULSON	COWAN	DICKSON	WRIGHT	BRAMBLE

SABIDURIA



HOUXONIAN-BAIRDEAN

December 19, 1916.

Bairdeans affirm,
Represented by
William Crook,
Dean Moneymaker.

Houxonians deny,
Represented by
Byron Bridges,
Eddie McKee.

QUESTION—Resolved: "That thru appropriate legislation a minimum wage system should be put into operation in the United States."
Decision for the Negative, 3—0.

PEARSONIAN-HOUXONIAN

December 20, 1916.

Houxonians affirm,
Represented by
Belle Chaffee,
Frederick Hightshoe.

Pearsonians deny,
Represented by
Asa Thomas,
George H. Talbot.

QUESTION—Resolved: "That a compulsory arbitration law should be enacted to the settlement of all labor disputes on railroads and common carriers."
Decision for the Negative, 2—1.

BAIRDEAN-PEARSONIAN

December 21, 1916.

Pearsonians affirm,
Represented by
Howard Talbot,
John Evans.

Bairdeans deny,
Represented by
W. T. Quiett,
John McCutcheon.

QUESTION—Resolved: "That the United States should adopt a system of universal military training similar to the Swiss System."
Decision for the affirmative, 3—0.

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Inter-Collegiate Debaters



G. Talbott

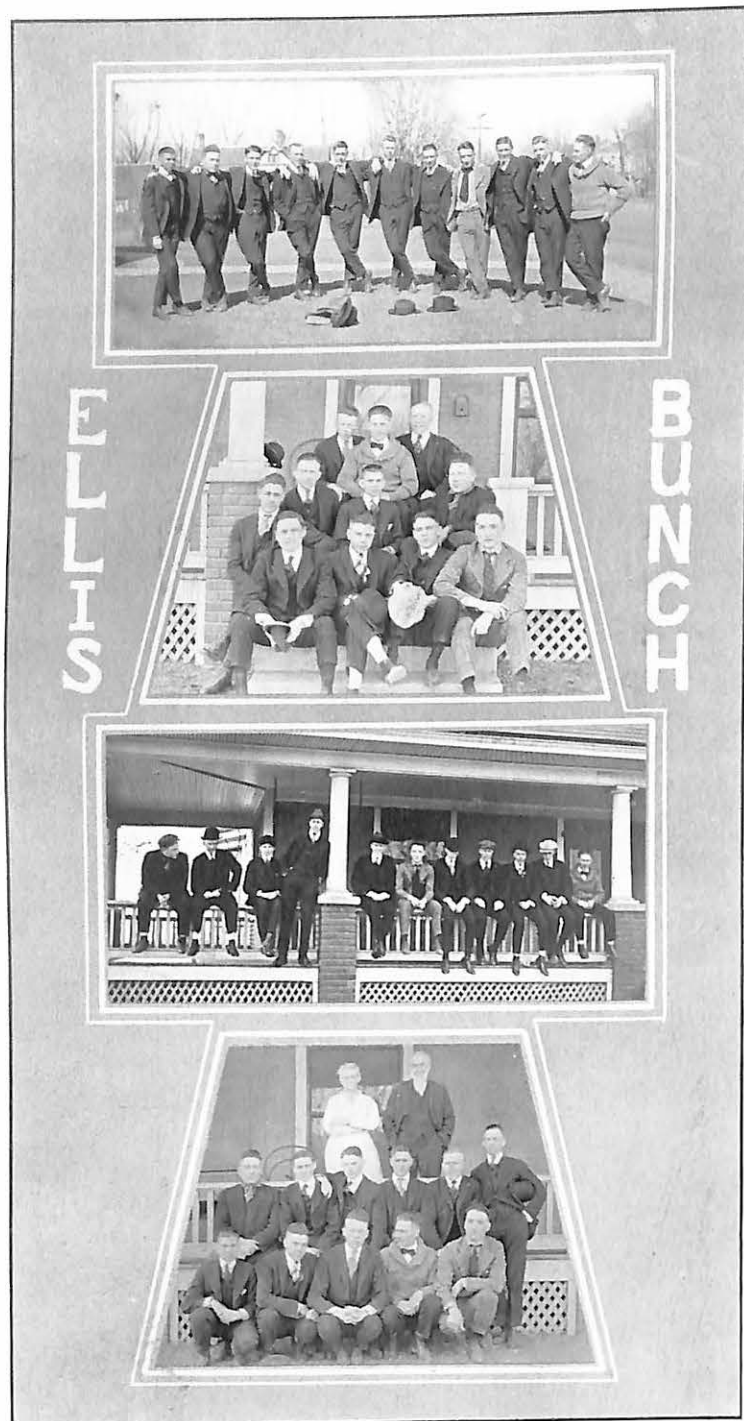
Russell



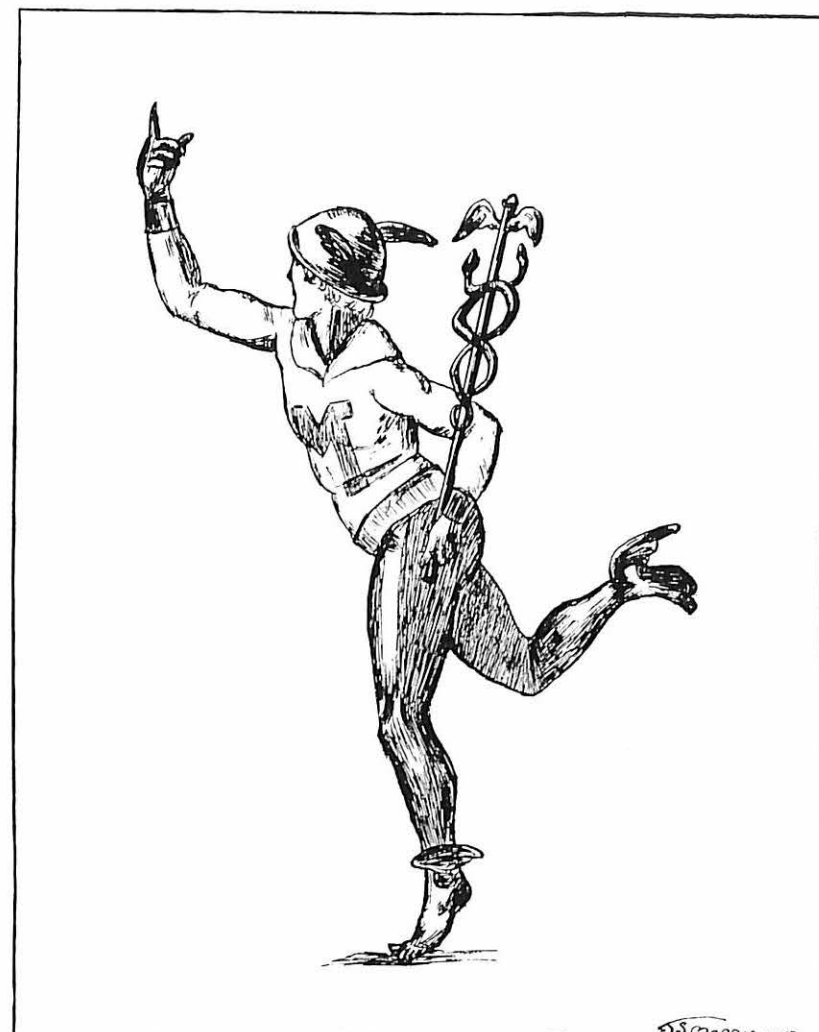
McCutcheon

H. Talbott

1917



1917



ATHLETICS

1917

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Football



HARRY GREEN, "Irish," Coach
Marshall, Missouri



WYLIE STEEN, Manager
Bentonville, Arkansas



RINARD POAGUE, "Chief"
Lincoln, Missouri
Weight, 195; Height, 6-4; Position, Right Tackle.

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EDWIN BERRY, "Bud"
Sweet Springs, Missouri
Weight, 150; Height, 5-9½; Position, Quarter Back



JOHN D. McCUTCHEON, "Noisy"
Pilot Grove, Missouri
Weight, 165; Height, 5-11; Position, Right Tackle.



DEWEY McFADDEN, "Mack"
Marshall, Missouri
Weight, 165; Height, 5-10½; Position, Left Guard.



DAVID DURRET, "Dub"
Marshall, Missouri
Weight, 175; Height, 5-11; Position, Right Tackle.



NORWOOD READ, "Dick"
Pilot Grove, Missouri
Weight, 150; Height, 5-8; Position, Right Guard.

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HOWARD TALBOT, "Tal"
Kansas City, Missouri
 Weight, 160; Height, 5-10½; Position,
 Right Half.



DEAN MONEYMAKER, "Money"
Raymore, Missouri
 Weight, 160; Height, 5-11; Position, Left
 End.



FRANK MANNING, "Doc"
Marshall, Missouri
 Weight, 140; Height, 5-11; Position, Right
 Half.



ASA THOMAS, "Tommie"
 Weight, 175; Height, 6; Position, Full
 Back.



SAMUEL LOCKRIDGE, "Sambo"
 Weight, 185; Height, 5-7½; Position, Left
 Half.

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ISAAC ORR, "Ikey"
St. Louis, Missouri
 Weight, 165; Height, 5-9½; Position,
 Right End.

ORLANDO BLYHOLDER, "Bly"
Raymore, Missouri
 Weight, 180; Height, 5-11; Position,
 Center.

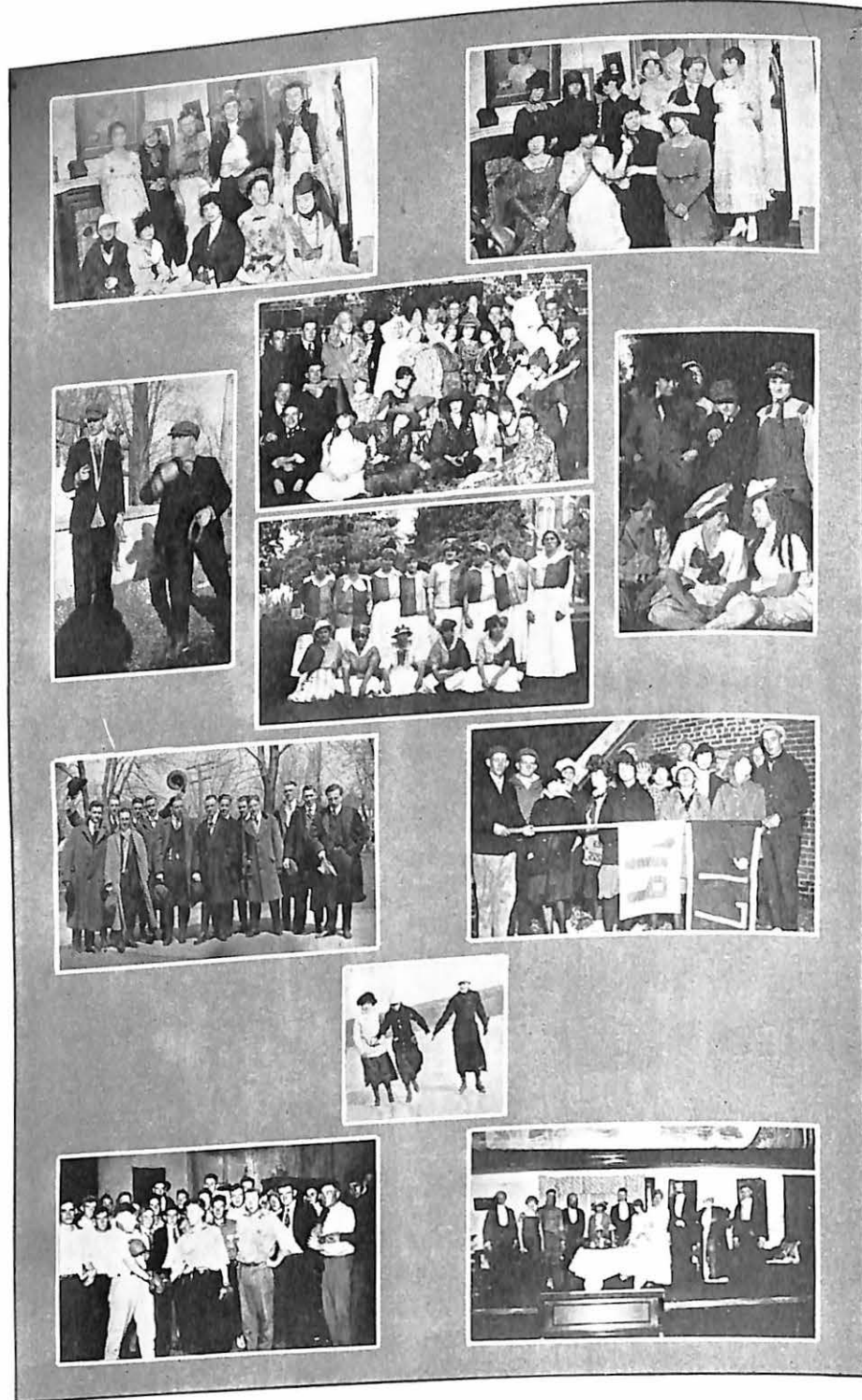
ROY NOLTE
Alma, Missouri
 Weight, 165; Height, 5-11½; Position,
 Right Half.



SCHEDULE

October 6—Missouri Valley College, 0; Kirksville, 14, at Marshall.
 October 19, Missouri Valley College, 0; Central, 26, at Fayette.
 November 10, Missouri Valley College, 0; Kemper, 0, at Boonville.
 November 17, Missouri Valley College, 0; Chillicothe, 0, at Marshall.

1917



1916 Baseball Team

The baseball season of 1916 was a very successful one viewed from any angle. It has been some years since we have had as well-rounded team as that one, and barring the one that we hope to have this year it will be some time before a better one appears. We do not say this because we do not believe that the future will have many baseball teams that will command respect in any circle, but we believe that the team was far above the average college team. The Missouri Conference played faster baseball last year than it is playing this year, due to the fact that a great number of experienced men were graduated and it will take a year or two to gather together the same amount of experienced material and because of the influence the war is having on athletics in general. Regardless of the standard set by the other teams, Mo. Valley ranked a close second, winning $11\frac{1}{2}$ games and losing $1\frac{1}{2}$, the half game being the result of a twelve inning tie with Westminster. The tie rule barred us from the actual championship, as Kirksville only won 10 and lost 1. The tie rule is an absolute stranger to professional baseball and a tie game is properly called no game, but as it was a conference rule it had to be abided by.

So much for the general conditions. The team was well balanced, but, like most college teams, did not have an abundance of pitching material and we were forced to do our duty with one mainstay. Our infield was strong on defense and strong on hitting, while those who did not have the success that could be desired in hitting were very fortunate in getting on bases and made up the deficiency in base-running. The field, too, was strong, stronger in fielding than in hitting, taken as a whole, but it did its work in good shape, and altho the score book is not at hand it is the general impression that our field last year had an exceptionally good fielding average.

The team was composed of gentlemen and on all occasions showed the influence of the fighting spirit of Nichols. That is a high standard to keep, that of fighting hard and bitterly to the end, but of always remembering that gentlemen should play a gentleman's game. We are proud of our last year's team and we are glad that the team gave the present one a great task in eclipsing its glory.

SCHEDULE FOR 1917

- April 10—William Jewell at Marshall.
- April 17-18—Tarkio at Marshall.
- April 24-25—Kirksville at Kirksville.
- April 26—Westminster at Fulton.
- May 3—Central at Fayette.
- May 10—William Jewell at Liberty.
- May 16—Westminster at Marshall.
- May 20—Central at Marshall.

Two games to be played on Marshall grounds were canceled on account of war conditions, but two others will be secured if possible.

SABIDURIA



CECIL BANKHEAD, *Coach*
Kansas City, Mo.

1902—Nevada, Mo.—Rock Island.
1903—Manager, Nevada, Mo.
1903—Manager, Iola, Kansas.
1904—Manager, Iola, Kansas.
1905—Oklahoma City—Wichita.
1906—Wichita, Kansas.
1907—Joplin, Mo.
1908—Natchez, Tenn.
1909—Manager, Lyons, Kansas.
1911-14—Manager, Junction City.

GEORGE TALBOTT, *Manager*

"Cooly" is the best manager we have ever found at Missouri Valley. He manages as well as he preaches. Never was known to come out in the hole. Can play when needed.



ROBERT STURGEON, *Captain*

Sturgeon is our star boxman and his 1916 record of ten victories and no defeats speaks for itself. He is showing his accustomed skill in the box this year. He is always a hard hitter.



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EDWIN BERRY

This is Ed's first year as a regular, although he was with the team last year. He has filled Harry Greene's shoes in a surprisingly agreeable manner. He also shows a disposition to hit the ball on the nose.



NORWOOD READ

Dick holds down third base. He has played his position as only a high class player could play it. Could always be counted on to deliver the goods in the pinches. He fielded 1000 last year. He not only shows his colors on 3rd base but is a good hitter.

HOWARD TALBOTT

The hard and timely hitting of Talbott in the last three years has brought home many a close game for M. V. C. Tal is also a finished performer at short stop which difficult position he has always successfully filled.



DAVID DURRETT

Dave has held down left field in fine style for three years, but this year he is stationed at 1st base. He has quickly adapted himself to the change and is showing his usual strength at the bat.



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DEAN MONEYMAKER

It is generally conceded that Dean is about the classiest middle gardener in the college conference. His stick work, too, is of high order and has shown general improvement in his three years of service.



ISAAC ORR

"Ikey" is a recruit from Soldan High School of St. Louis. He bids fair to be a good outfielder and a dangerous man at the plate. He is always wide-awake, and on his toes.

ROY NOLTE

Nolte, our rangy right fielder, is another first year man. To watch him cavort about the outfield one would never guess he is not a seasoned player. He also handles himself well at the plate.



WYLIE STEEN

You can always count on Steen getting to first. That little "bunt" is an art. Second base has been his home for three years. His speed and nimbleness are remarkable. Knows how to run the bases in the proper style.



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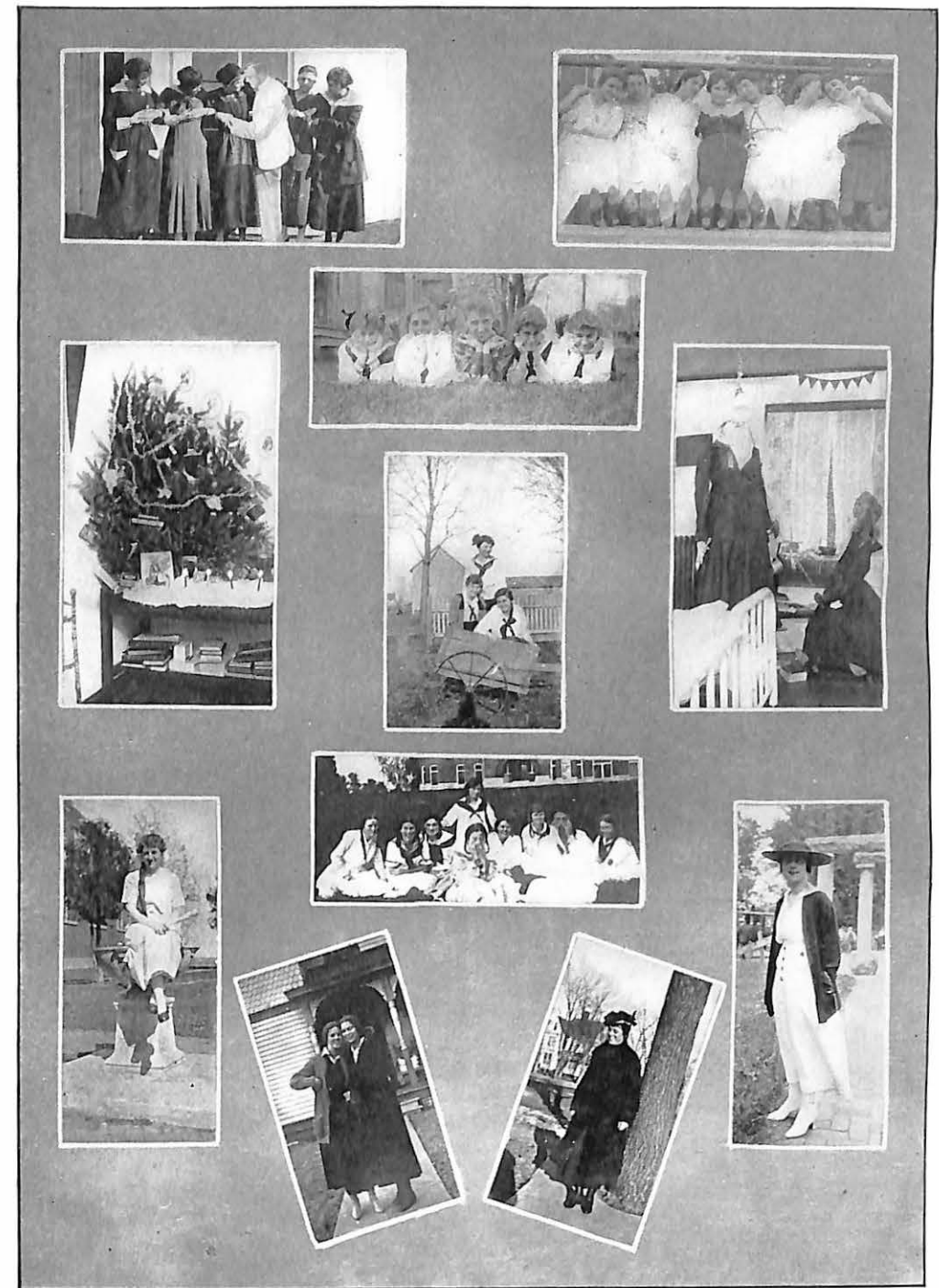
"HOBO" ROUND-UP. BEST EVER. MARCH 29, 1917.

SABIDURIA

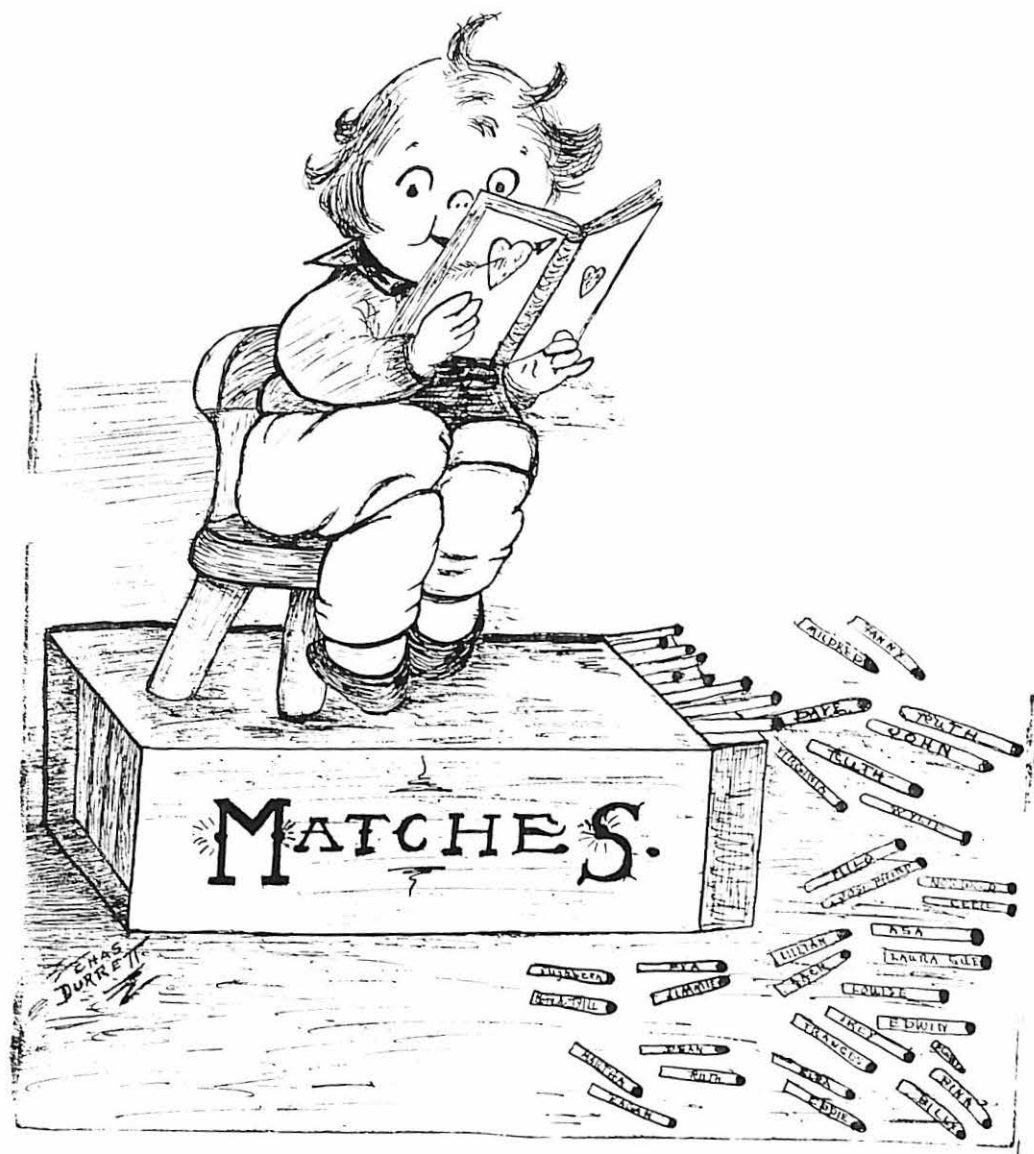


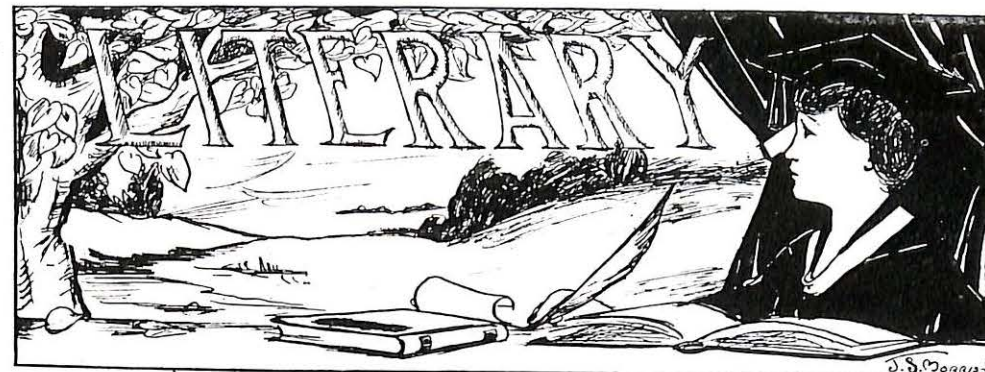
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The Journey

Fared forth—ever dream-attended,
The light was morning and the sun's full blaze
Bathed all in gold. Came o'er me flood of faith;
And lure of princely favor led me on.
Turn back? Or e'en consider? No! The day
Was promise and my faith was young.

Hard fight e'er noon-tide drew full high
Had sweltered in the blood of slaughtered doubt;
Carved my way through to rest a little space;
And then, faith ebbing, dull my gallant blade,
Dared the great risk. Turn back? Consider? No!
The last mile-stone was nearer now.

Soul faint—and but three hours of sun!
That last fight claimed my best and left me weak.
Hope failed me; and a thousand doubts assailed
My tortured spirit. Lashed at enemies
To hide despair. Turn back? Consider? No!
Prayer lifted—dark a space—Dawn!

W. R. VAN BUSKIRK.

The Lower Rail

PERHAPS after you have read all the fiction in your favorite magazine and skipped over the exposure of the Beef Trust, you have turned the leaves over to the place which interests the magazine publishers most and the readers the least—the advertisements—and there under the heading of "Schools and Colleges" neatly sandwiched between a "Female Seminary" on the top, and a picture of a couple of young daredevils who seem to be trying to break their necks to make a catchy ad for the military school they go to, you will find my college.

It is one of those Southern colleges which have turned out ministers, lawyers, missionaries for the last half century and on the reputations of the few great men they have educated, seek to attract students to them in competition with the great universities.

But all this is neither here nor there, and has little, if anything, to do with this, save that it holds two important facts—one that I was in college, and two, that the college was in the South.

We had a little cottage together, Jim and I, in the suburbs of the town, with the streets grass grown, its vacant lots and sleepy appearing "College Inn." We were working our way through. Jim was an odd job man and I had a place at a student's boarding house. We met twice, in the morning and the evening—the time we were in college we saw each other seldom, if ever.

It's not child's play, this working one's way thru college. You may have read of how on numerous occasions the "great" men of the students have all been of this class—how they are the best athletes, students, etc., and how they sometimes make money over their running expenses, and have what is known as a "tidy sum" laid up at the end of their four years. But those fellows are like corn grains in boarding house fritters, few and far between.

But Jim and I did it. It was pretty tough on us at times, but we were both determined to get our A. B.'s somehow, and—as you will find in most stories of Southern people—our folks had been ruined by the war, there was no other alternative. We could expect no help from them—it was very good of them even to let us go, for we were needed at home. But that was their sacrifice, as Dad put it, and though he hated to see me work my way through, he swallowed his pride, and let me go. Jim was in much the same fix.

We were generally dog-tired by the time we met in the evening. All we had was ambition enough to study our lessons and then we would drop off to sleep. Half the time we couldn't even do that, we would study in bed propped up on pillows, with the book grasped tightly between our hands. But we soon gave that up for two reasons: first, because we often left the lamp burning—which meant that in the morning when we woke up, the oil was all gone,—and oil cost money; the second was that we never learned anything. And I have found out that the only way to study is to study sitting up, for just as soon as you try to read in bed, and Knowledge and Dreams become your suitors, the subtler one will be certain to conquer her bony cheeked rival.

The cottage I mentioned was a little three-roomed affair. It was made chiefly of old second-hand lumber, and had been bequeathed to us by another partner of the penniless fraternity who was about to graduate as we entered. Around the back of the house and on all sides ran a picket fence. It was a whitewashed affair, spotless and clean as snow. But it had one sorry defect: at the back of the lot there were about thirty or forty pickets missing. Now thirty or forty pickets are a good many, that meant there was a space of about eight feet which was absolutely bare.

At the top and bottom were two rails to which the pickets were nailed, two long pieces of horizontal "two-by-fours." The bottom rail was about a foot from the ground. The pickets being missing there was no obstruction for about eight feet; the whole then formed a delightful bench—a most delightful one—but not for us. For it happened that this was the favorite trysting place of four of the most ardent colored lovers it has ever been my bad fortune to run across.

Now, although I'm a bachelor, I'm not opposed to marriage, and all the little happenings that have to precede the great calamity. From a strictly economic standpoint, I believe it justifies itself. I am by no means a radical. I fly to neither one extreme nor the other. I keep to the middle of the road; I am a conservative progressive, one who believes in moderation. I am neither for "no spooning" nor "all spooning"—I simply maintain that all should be content with some spooning, and let it go at that.

When Watson had bequeathed his domicile to us, he pointed to the back bench and remarked, with a smile, "There's a lot of good sport there for you two fellows," and there was.

The first night we were in the house was one of those beautiful evenings, all calm and still like, when the whole world seems to be in tune. The stars had never shown clearer; the air was never more softly sweet, faint with the heavy odor of magnolias. Jim and I were in the little back room studying. It was near the end of the Spring term and the "ex's" were at hand, and were grubbing away like grim death. We were not admiring the stars nor paying any attention to the balminess of the night. We were figuring out how many feet of human plumbing one ordinary sized man contained.

I guess it was about half past eight, Jim and I were grubbing on, nothing was to be heard in our room except the rustle of the leaves of the books, and the sputtering of the lamp. There was a certain intense, earnest silence in the room. Perhaps you have noticed it. Gradually we became aware of it. "It" was a noise—a murmur—from without the house. It was low, indistinct; it sounded like those sounds one hears in the evening from afar off, and is uncertain whether it is the cooing of doves or the lowing of cattle.

Jim looked at me. "What is it?" he asked. I didn't know and said so. "Funny," he said, "I never heard it before; did you?" I hadn't and said so. "Funny," he remarked again, and went back to studying. So did I, but the cooing kept on. By and by we went to sleep; we didn't find out what the noise was that night.

The next night it was the same way. We were seated at the table studying away, just the same as the night before, when the same noise arose. Jim raised

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his head and looked at me. To him it was as deep a mystery as any Poe ever concocted. He could not trace the sound; it seemed to come out of the air.

But this was no ordinary noise. It was low-murmuring, soft. It was liquid as molasses, as sweet and as thick. As smooth as silk; a noise which can only be compared in superlatives which I have neither the time nor the ingenuity to frame.

And then there came a giggle; and I looked up, straight out of the window. There, occupying every inch of the lower rail was the cause—or causes, for there were four of them. Big, fat, solid, buxom they were—all black as night, and for a moment, silent.

Besides swearing softly to ourselves we did nothing that night. When we went to sleep they were still laughing and talking. And so it went on for four nights.

Now I am of the opinion that enough is a feast. One morning when I woke and found that something like ten more pickets had been removed, I was frankly peeved. For those pickets were removed—removed noiselessly too, while Jim and I slept—and that meant two more lovers for the evening serenades, six in all.

The seventh night came around. The "ex's" were to come off in a week. We were cramming harder than ever and did not have a spare moment to waste. I remember that the second night—when there were only four people, Jim and I took a certain amount of pleasure out of the affair. We delighted to be eavesdroppers, and overhear the liquid words that poured from overflowing hearts.

You have seen those cartoons where the family pride and joy is hiding under the parlor sofa, listening to what sister Miranda says to her next best gentleman friend—who is striving hard to drop the "next"—with a grin of devilish content on his cheerful little face. That was the way Jim and I looked at each other. It was great sport—as Watson predicted. But it is like keeping a candy store—one soon tires of his own sweets—and we soon grew tired of listening to those big blackberries talk silly stuff out there in the dark; especially as the "ex's" were coming on.

So one night when things were in full sway, we turned the hose on them. But beyond a few smothered words from the wet ones, nothing happened.

The next night though they were back again; whether because they liked the hose or wished to spite us, I can't say. We did nothing; but the next afternoon I came home early, took out a hammer and nails and went over to the lower rail and drove them in. Then I filed off the heads, sharpened them and left them sticking up like so many of Caesar's instruments of torture.

But it was no go. I had never been wise enough to observe what happened when the ladies and gentlemen came to their place of an evening to sit down. That evening I watched. Along they came, about half past eight, as was their usual time, and stopped in front of the fence where their bench was. Up above the silver moon shone down in a steady stream of white, full on the place where they usually sat. Each lover though, was holding a conversation, standing up, with his partner also standing.

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But persons who weigh 260 pounds or more usually get tired of standing, and my friends soon did; the ladies first, as usual. One of them must have remarked as much to her partner for soon I saw him take her arm very, very gently, and lead her to the lower rail. She bent a trifle backwards, balancing so as to sit firmly on the four-inch surface, and as she did so rested one hand lightly on the side of the board. As luck would have it she happened to touch a nail with her hand. She gave one startled little gasp, and relaxing a bit, started to sit down. But she didn't. The nails were there, too, and she jumped up with a yell. Jim and I inside, almost burst with laughing.

Her beau considered this an insult; but instead of moving off in offended dignity, as was proper, he stooped down, picked up a flat boulder, and pounded all my nails into the wood. Then, after seeing that they were all hammered in, the three couples sat down. We went to sleep that night, laughing—but we were angry just the same, for our plan had failed, and we had not studied.

In the morning we held a council of war. It was Sunday, calm and peaceful. The "ex's" were two days off now—we had but two more nights to cram and we absolutely could not do it with that infernal chatter going on. For they had ceased to bill and coo and had gotten into the laugh, giggle and sing-song stage. We were heartily disgusted.

"Let's take a walk," said Jim, "my brain is tired. We'll be able to study better in the afternoon." I assented and we started. Away out into the country we walked—for the most part silently. But whenever we did talk it was about the negroes. We laughed at and confounded them alternately.

Perhaps you think it strange that we never boarded up the fence. The answer is simple. We couldn't spare the money—or the time either for that matter. Besides we were lazy and didn't believe in civic beauty anyhow.

We stopped about noon, under some oaks; and as we lay on the ground eating the sandwiches we had put in our pockets, we looked up at the sky through the trees.

"Jim," I mused, "don't you think that if we spread a little glue on the seat—" "It'll dry hard before they come," broke in Jim; and I offered no more suggestions but began figuring how much more cheap boards would cost.

I believe we had lain there half an hour, munching slowly and gazing empty eyed into the heavens through the leaves when suddenly Jim sprang up. "Henry," he called to me, "I've got an idea, I pray thee hop ye nimbly into the boughs of this oaken tree and fetch me all the mistletoe you can get." I went after it; of the two of us Jim was the lazier and I usually did the work.

I wondered what he wanted with mistletoe. It was spring then, not Christmas. The berries weren't on the stuff. We had no friends among the weaker sex on whom to play a joke. I finally decided he was going to tie the branches onto the higher rail and bring things to a head, in the hope that after the great question was popped we could rest in peace.

I carried the mistletoe home—both arms full; Jim marched alongside looking wise and saying nothing. We got home at last. "Build a fire," said Jim. I built it. "Put a pan of water on," he ordered next. "A large pan, shallow, and quarter filled," he went. I did so. Then with an air of great

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importance. Jim marched over to our meager book shelf and picked out the "B" volume of the Encyclopedia. He opened it in silence. In silence he found the "Bi's," then the "Bir's," and so on down to Bird. At last he stopped, his finger pointing, like the finger of fate, to one section titled "Bird-Lime."

"Read!" he said, and I read this: "Bird-lime—it is an adhesive substance which is placed on twigs of trees, etc., for the purpose of catching birds which light thereon." "Yes," said Jim, "go on." "The substance," I continued, "is generally prepared from the middle bark of the holly, mistletoe, or distoffthistle." I stopped, now I began to see through the cloud darkly. "Go on," said Jim, "I thought I hadn't forgotten everything I learned since I was a small boy." "The bark is then chopped up, treated with water, and boiled several hours; then strained; it is then concentrated by evaporation until it resembles moist putty."

"Stop," ordered Jim. "Here is my knife. Get the middle bark of the mistletoe. I took the knife and set to work. Jim looked into the pan to see if the water was boiling, and then went off to get a book. I peeled mistletoe.

"Now," said Jim, when I had finished, "put it in the pan." I did that too. "And," he said, as he went out the door, "after it has boiled three hours, call me."

At the end of three hours I called him, and we strained it together. It was like apple jelly before it set. Then I went to work to thicken it by evaporation. It was a slow job but at last I got it done. There it was, a dead white mass of the consistency of moist putty. I called Jim again. "It's a trifle thick," he commented, "add a small bit of H₂O to thin it; it's stickier then." I did so.

Then, when night fell, together, each wielding a wooden paddle, we plastered the bird-lime all over the lower rail.

About half past eight the six lovers came. They stood a moment, silent before the bench; then they chatted awhile standing up. At last, as their 260 pounds apiece began to give notice, each beau gently led his lady fair to her place, seized her gently by the arms and placed her in her seat. No one felt for nails. They had looked for those but had seen nothing but the white-washed lower rail. Then they sat down by their loved ones. Not a one had discovered the lime. There they sat, packed as close together between the pickets as the singing black birds in the King's pie. A pretty picture.

Inside the house all was as still as death. The blind in the back room was drawn. There was no light. We were studying in the front room, where they could not see the lamp. Nine o'clock came and they were still sitting there. Ten o'clock, and the singing and laughing continued. Eleven o'clock. We were dog-tired with study by this time and had put out the lamp in the front room. Silently we slipped into the back room and watched through a crack in the blinds. Still no results. The jokes never ceased outside, nor the laughter. As the clock on the courthouse tower struck twelve I heard one of the "Liza Anns" say, "Well, James, ah ges dat ah'll be a-goin' now—De missus's a' complahnin' o' mah late 'ouhs lately." But James sat firm.

1917

SABIDURIA

"Com' on an' stay, Hon," he crooned, "ah's a jes-dead struck on dis heah place." But "Hon" was obdurate. "No, James," she said "ah knows you is; an' ah knows dat you'd sit heah all night if ah'd let yo'. But ah won't." She placed her hand on a picket. "Com'!" she said. "Ah'm a-comin', Hon," James replied, and leaned forward to rise. But he couldn't do it. He twisted and turned, but in vain. So did all the others. It was no use, they were caught in vain. So did all the others. It was no use, they were caught black birds. At last one of them placed his finger on a bare place of the lower rail, and lifted it covered with a white mass. "Burd-Lhim," he called to his fellows. "Hey Pete! Tom! It's burd-Lhim." Then forgetful of the presence of the ladies he fell to cussing "dem cowlledge boys." On the floor of the little back room, Jim and I were smothering our laughs in our blankets, and rolling on the floor.

Modesty forbids me telling what we heard and saw in the next few minutes. But finally James was free. He stood erect for a minute and faced our house—all was silent. Then he stooped down, picked up something, threw back his arm and let something fly. "Duck!" Jim whispered, dragging me from the window and throwing my blanket over my head.

As he spoke a rock crashed through our window, and the glass fell in on our blanketed heads. A groan came from Jim. "What's the matter, Jim?" I cried, "are you cut?" "No," groaned Jim, "not cut, but that window'll cost us three dollars to put in!" I also groaned.

But it didn't cost us a cent, although we not only paid for the window but had the fence boarded up as well. For besides three razors, three photographs, some keys, slugs and divers other bits of junk were found exactly seven dollars and sixty-five cents. "Where," you ask? why, in the pockets, and besides the three pairs of trousers that we wrenched from the bird-lime in the morning we also found three skirts.

Jim looked at the clothes solemnly. "I wonder if they'll come back for them?" he mused absently. He paused a moment. "No," he said, "I don't think they will, and James was stuck on the place," he chuckled.

Then he sobered. "Burn the stuff up," he ordered. And I did so.

"T."



1917



Girls

- Prettiest—Bessie Smith.
- Wittiest—Frances Faris
- Best Schemer—Frances Faris
- Talks Least—Mayme Rolofson
- Most Modest—Georgia Tanner.
- Quietest—Mayme Rolofson.
- Truest—Bina Cooper.
- Biggest Flirt—Frances Brown.
- Most Frivolous—Frances Brown.
- Least Feet—Jo Hayden.
- Most Sisterly—Mildred Martyr.
- Noisiest—Eunice Johnston.
- Bluffer—Katherine Thorp.
- Most Popular—Belle Chaffee.
- Best Dancer—Louise Newton

Boys

- Most Popular—Steen.
- Sweetest Boy—Walton Hall.
- Most Optimistic—John Evans.
- Best "pony rider"—Frank Manning.
- Least Chivalrous—M. Barrett.
- Proudest—George Talbott.
- Happiest—John Evans.
- Least Deserving—Virgil Ragan.
- Most Graceful—Fred Bradshaw.
- Best Reasoner—George Talbott.
- Most Sarcastic—J. W. Keys.
- Quietest—Whitfield T. Quiett.
- Laziest—Edwin Berry.
- Most Beautiful—Richard Russell.
- Most Dignified—Claude Dickson.
- Best Sport—Wylie Steen.
- Most Regular—B. Bridges.
- Best Preacher—George Talbott.

M. V. C. Celebrities

What We Have:



1. A million carloads of "Pep."
2. A good baseball team.
3. A wide-awake manager.
4. Some college spirit.
5. The best Faculty in the state.
6. A choice Senior Class, and three more prospective Senior classes.
7. A stalwart athlete—Jas. Ashurst.
8. "One who can even play tennis without a racket," and a laundry agent who washes everything but the baby"—Quiett.
9. A small fruit—Berry.
10. Three common names—Jones, Smith and Brown.
11. A college sport—Mike Johnston.
12. The noisiest girl in town—Frances Brown.
13. A college detective and a "study in Ebony"—Alfred Harper.
14. Two favorite colors—Gray and Brown.
15. An article of Food—Rice.
16. "S. W. A. K."—Katherine Thorp.
17. "Two Ikeys" and neither a Jew.
18. Somethin' every girl wants—Moneymaker.
19. One "King" and "two Queens"—June K. and "Mac and Lil."
20. "A Jack"—Fred Bradshaw.
21. "Full-House"—Evans.
22. "Straight"—Billy Bridges.
23. "Royal Flush"—Joe Hayden.
24. "Gilded Dome"—E. Anderson.
25. A second Abe Lincoln—"Dad" L.
26. "A sum of money"—Bail.
27. A kind of Sauce—Curry.
28. A Hall of Fame—Tom Hall.
29. Another Endowment.
30. Room for more students.
31. "Small-town" reporter—Frank Manning.
32. Two B's—Bina and Billy.
33. "Chicken"—F. Faris.

What We Will Have

1. More students next year.
2. A new "Gym" some day.
3. Another "John Moore."
4. More school spirit.
5. A better football team next fall.

SABIDURIA

"Stepping Gossip in Rhyme"

"Steppin is of three kinds:
One steppin, two steppin' and just plain steppin' out.

"When the hours of school are over,
We hear voices in the hall,
Some jane waitin' for her lover,
Same old voices, same old stall.

"Oh pig,—let's call up Estus,
There's a dance at Arrow Rock,
A jitney-ride'll help us,
Hurry up, it's four o'clock.

"Hello Estus, what you doin'?
Say you've got two empty seats?
All right then, you crank up 'Henry,'
'Pig' and I'll fix up the 'Eats.'

"Better take a flash light with us,
Once we went in quite a fog,
Nothin' like that, tho', would stop us,
'You tell 'em, kid!—we'll 'walk the dog.'

"He the noble young surveyor,
Eye-brow on his upper lip,
No one could be any gayer,
He can do the 'lame-duck dip.'

"It was after eight they started,
He gave 'Henry Ford' a fit,
Up the Arrow-Rocky mountains,
Mind the wind? No, not one bit.

"Golly kids, the music's goin'
Listen at them niggers rag;
Same old tune—my! how they're blowin',
I do hope this one's a 'tag.'

"Know what they are playin'? maybe
I could dance that all night long;
Must be meant for 'Pretty Baby,'
Gee, I'm crazy 'bout that song.

"Look here come some in from Slater,
Here's some from the R. F. D.
Not now, dub—I'll see you later
There goes 'my home in Tennessee.'

1917

SABIDURIA

"Little Red Ridin' Hood is steppin',
There's another 'Queen' in blue,
Now they're puttin' lots o' pep in,
I sho' like to dance with you.

"Pigeon-walk' and 'Hesitation,'
He says 'He ain't no preacher's son,'
But he'll hold that congregashun'
Till the sho'nuff preachers come.

"Circle two-step'—grab your pardner,
Women in the center now,
Jark her over, that'll hard'n 'er,
For the final big 'pow-wow.'

"Take the fifth one—catch her hand there
Don't you let that music stop,
Hurry on, don't stop to stand there
Spin aroun' just like a top.

"Did yo' ever hear such playin',
I wish Ruth wuz here—and Dave
Come on bruther—quit that swayin',
Can't yo' make yo' feet behave?

"Estus, go and play some for us,
While the fiddlers take a rest,
For I think of all the 'Key-fuss'
That noise of yours is 'bout the best.

"Who's that 'Cord-wood boy' with 'Pinkie?'
An' the 'dream in red' with 'Mike?'
See the crowd is gettin' 'dinky,'
Get the 'Ford,' let's take a hike.

"Back the home-road then, they rambled
All tired out and sleepy too,
In their little beds they scrambled
Stiff an' sore an' chilled all thru.

"Bill and Bina—still are 'steppin'—
Never venture in the fog,
They ope' the door and let 'old Shep' in
'Nother way to walk the dog.'

"Richard tried his luck at 'steppin'—
Is it so—Fred can't, come back?
After 'Gushy-germ' had crep' in—
Aren't you sorry you 'Balled the Jack?'

"Slowly tho' the wound is healin'—
Hearts that yearn for love's sweet pris'n
Four hands in to the dark are stealin'—
His in her'n and her'n in his'n."

1917

College Life

ALA "PUCK"

Near the first of September
If I well remember
Enrollment began at one place
— In rather a hurry
— The new pupils scurry
— Each season to keep up the pace

The threat of a sentence
Brought grudging repentance
To poor little 'Freshie' but now
Their fears are all ended
They say, "We intended
To wear our straw hats, anyhow

The football team flitted
Out-doors to be fitted
And trained for the national game
They cried, "Up and at 'em,
We've got to combat 'em!
With 'Irish' we'll surely win fame."

The dorm-girls all pleaded
That more dates were needed
Two nights in the week were too few
"They did break their pledges,"
Our detective alleges—
"And swiped a few melons too."

Mrs. Coulson grew vicious
With hate and suspicious—
Is keeping the beaux all away
Sad is it truly
Such actions unruly
Are hard on the beaux, I must say.

The food situation
Made a cut in the ration
For prices are soaring too high,
The lack of full diet
Caused many a riot,
It's tough when your victuals are shy.

Potatoes once lowly
Have climbed—and not slowly—
Aloft to a fearful extent,
And onions went crawling
To heights most appalling
They rose every day,
Scent by scent.



Exams, most titanic
Have filled us with panic
But of school work they must be a part,
And taking them, blunder
And bluster, we wonder
How the profs. could well "have the heart."

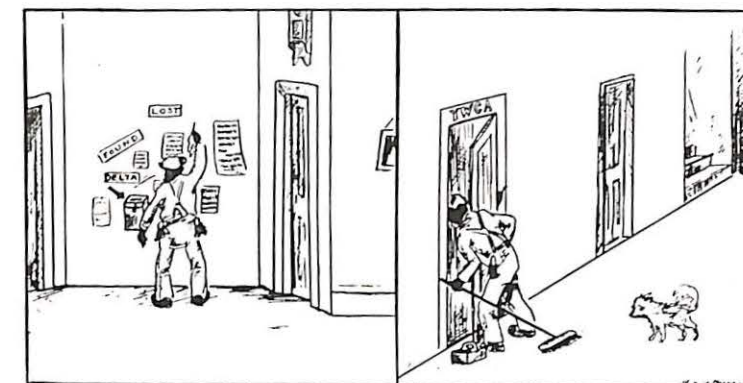
The ball strike is over
And when the shy clover
Peeps up at the summons of spring,
The fans will be bleaching
On bleachers, and screeching,
"Hey, swing on that horse hide, Bob—swing!"

The "movies," exciting
Are always inviting
Our friends of the "flickering screen"
We don't mind admitting
We'd like to be sitting
Down there in that "reel-life" serene.

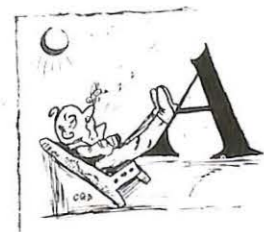
The "unspoken dramas"
Fill us with dilemmas
Since they've taken Ray's fiddle away
The leader's endeavor
Which may be quite clever,
Gives music that's long been *passe*

If you're ever a hearer
You won't be in error
For failing to rise to the strain
Of "The Star Spangled Banner."
We don't like the manner
That melody's butchered for gain

The cabarets play it,
Burlesquers essay it
To win quick applause for their "art,"
But, if you don't stand for
The air as they plann'd for
You still may be loyal at heart.



Mo. Valley's detective. The romancer's friend.



Midsummer-Night's Dream

(Without the Conventional Snoring.)

Scene 1. Marshall, a small town in the United States. Y. W. Cabinet Room after 3:30.

(Enter Bina, and usual attendants, Gloomy and Billy.) Accompanied by violin.

Billy: "Ah, fair Bina, our nuptial-hour draws on apace, four happy months bring in another moon; but oh! methinks how slow this old moon wanes! She lingers my desires,
Like to our naughty young school girls—
Long withering out their suitors' revenue."

Bina: "The days will quickly steep themselves in nights; and nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon with all its radiance that lights the heavens
Shall behold
The night of our solemnities."

Billy: "Go Gloomy!

And play among thy fellow canines, for even dogs may carry tails!
Exercise thy gouty limbs to nimbleness.

Bina, I woo'd thee with my fiddle, and won thy love doing thee injuries
in practicing.

But I will wed thee in another key.
My fog-horn voice has grown so wonderfully."

(Enter Richard and Isaac, accompanied by Frances and Braddie.)

Isaac: "Full of vexation come we; with complaint to you.
All these hours have you maliciously possessed our meeting place.
Disperse! lest by brute force we be compelled to drive you hence!
For innumerable years you have exchanged love tokens, so get thee gone!
and follow us no more, and may your faces never more darken this sacred spot again!"

Richard: "Isaac, tell me what rushing Lochinvar our worthy secretary hath affections placed?"

Isaac: "To the young mechanic, called 'Bald-Eagle-Bob' who hath by moonlight at her window sung,

With feigning voice, verses of feigning love:

And stolen the impression of her fantasy

With bracelets of his once plentiful supply of hair; rings, trifles, sweet-meats and flowers (messengers of strong prevailment in unhardened youth).

And with cunning he hath fish'd her heart:

And turned attentions to him which are due to us."

Richard: "And what of Johnny Dynes, the once persistent suitor?"

Has the fact that 'for the most part' 'he has went' on with the study of "Arch-i-teckchure" kept his mind from fair Mary who has donned the livery of a nun,

For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd

And live a life of solitude,

Chanting fair hymns to the cold, fruitless moon, and live and die in single-blessedness?

And why is Lillian's cheek so pale?

How chance the roses there to fade so fast?

Belike, for want of rain, which Jack could well

Beteem them—from the tempest of his azure eyes.

(Enter Dave and Ruth.)

"Ah Ruth! Could I but wed thee, we would hie to that secluded spot where 'Coulson Law'

Could not pursue us—If thou lov'st me then

Steal forth from Elra's window on tomorrow night,

And in the wood near Shackelford—I'll lie in wait for thee."

Ruth: "By all the vows which I before have broken,

In number more than ever woman spake:

In that same place thou hast appointed me,

Tomorrow truly will I meet with thee."

Frances: "And is it true that Censor Morem did receive on last Saint's Day, from the City Marshal's son a heart-shaped box of sweets?

And that she frowned on him tho he pursued her still?"

I know a library where stacks of books are heaped,

In which, by chance, one day I peeped,

Behold! there slept 'the doctor!' until some time of the night,

Lull'd in those portals with dances and delight.

I said: 'Disturb him not, Elvira, and fan the moonbeams from his sleepy eyes—

Nod to him and do him courtesies.'

SABIDURIA

And what have we here?
 Ah Fannie!—reading her Cosmopolitan.
 In vain she doth strive to better her condition.
 And there is Martin seeking some lost ambition.”

Isaac: “Oh weary night! Oh long and tedious night!
 Abate thy hours; awake not Jimmie, our athletic son, shine comforts
 from the East
 That he may back to the gym by daylight go.”

Richard: “Now I must seek the famous agriculturist—Mike,
 Who has promised to get his weapons in hand, and kill a red-hipped
 ‘wampus’ with a yellow eyebrow, for our study class tomorrow.
 So adieu, and on the morrow will I meet thee here.”

Braddie: “Methinks I hear foot-steps of Alfred in the corridor, scarcely
 have we ever gathered in this hall
 That he has not disturbed us with his brawl.
 Adieu, and
 Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams,
 I thank thee for shining now so bright,
 For by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
 I trust to take of truest Isaac—sight.”



1917

SABIDURIA



BUT, REAHLI OLD TOP, I'M LEARNING TO DEDUCE
 QUITE A NUMBAW OF FACTS BY MERE
 OBSAWKATION.

Grinagrams

What we are, have, and do.
 (Some bright and dull things said
 and observed around Mo. Valley).

Cwing to the fact that stenographers are the only women who allow men to dictate to them and because of the “staggering” thing about a party without women is that it is a stag party, and knowing that without women this nation might soon be in a state of “stag nation”—the girls of Mo. Valley College—in order to form a more perfect union, establish feminine justice, insure (for themselves) domestic tranquility; promote their general welfare and secure suffrage facts and fancies for themselves and their fellow ‘suffs,’ have ordained and established a most unique constitution with the sole slogan “Votes for Women.” And let us approve of votes for women, because they are likely to have them whether we approve or not and we would like to have them think kindly of us.



1917

GEO. H. ALTHOUSE, *President*

JAMES A. WALKER, *Cashier*

Bank of Marshall MARSHALL, MISSOURI



Directors:

GEO. H. ALTHOUSE

T. H. HARVEY

JAS. A. WALKER

WM. A. S. HYLAND

J. A. DENNY

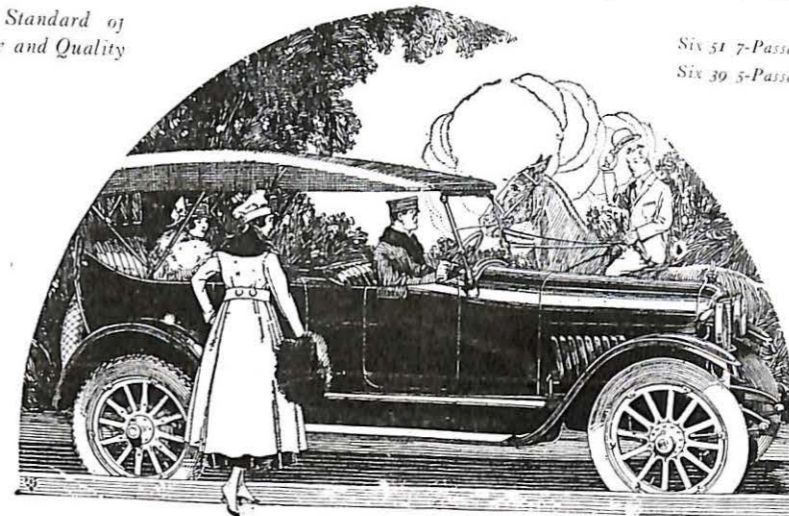
THE search of Success is hard work and clear thinking. The industrious person earns more than his necessary expenses, and the thinking person saves his surplus and deposits it in a good, strong bank, such as the Bank of Marshall, which is the Home of the Savings Club.

1917

Call 642 and Ask for a Ride in "The Most Beautiful Car in America"

*The Standard of
Value and Quality*

Six 51 7-Passenger \$1495
Six 39 5-Passenger \$1175



J. M. THOMAS & SON

ALSO AUTHORIZED FORD AGENTS

REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS

Quality—Service—Accuracy

These are three of the pleasant features you receive in trading with us when in need of anything in the drug line, or when you desire a light lunch or refreshing drink at our fountain.

*"We will serve your desires if they can
be granted in first-class drug stores"*

TAKE HER A
BOX OF



The sweetest morsel ever
sold:
The sweetest story ever
told.

A complete line of Drugs, Sundries, Cigars, Ingento Cameras and Supplies, Toilet Requisites, etc. *Prescriptions a Specialty.*

East Side Square

The Rexall Store

Phone No. 75

J. WRAY VAUGHN, Proprietor

1917

The Store With a Conscience

We try to make each day a day of accomplishment in this store and to advance steadily by striving diligently. We are alert to please and keen to avoid misrepresentation because when distrust comes over the threshold confidence flies out the door. THIS IS A STORE OF ACTION. ANXIOUS TO SERVE, anxious to serve YOU with the best stock of quality shoes and clothing in Saline county. If you have any doubt about it, a twenty-five cent or a twenty-five dollar purchase will quickly change your mind.

Lloyd-Tipping Company

The Home of Red Cross Shoes

ESTABLISHED 1874

INCORPORATED 1882

Wood & Huston Bank

MARSHALL, MISSOURI

Capital, \$100,000.

Surplus, \$140,000.

A. M. GUTHREY, Chairman of Board

L. D. MURRELL, President

W. S. HUSTON, Cashier

F. C. BARNHILL, Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS

L. D. Murrell

L. W. Van Dyke

C. M. Buckner

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Safety Deposit Boxes for rent. Ample Capital. Modern Equipment.

We offer good service in all banking matters

1917



Hugh Stephens' Kraft Built College Annuals

WRITE OUR "COLLEGE PRINTING DEPARTMENT"
FOR ESTIMATES AND IDEAS ON YOUR ANNUALS



*Your Friends
can buy any
thing you can
give them but
your photograph*



*Make an
Appointment
Today*



*The
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CHEVREOLET—MAXWELL—DODGE
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MOTOR CARS

BEST BUILT FOR THE MONEY

Sold by

P. H. REA GARAGE

Phone 45

Marshall, Mo.

SEVEN AGES OF ART

At 1 year — "Frost sketches on the nursery window."
At 7 years — "Picture of Geo. Washington and Tree."
At 14 years — "Custer's Last Fight."
At 21 years — "September Morn."
At 35 years — "Miss Liberty."
At 66 years — "Passing Show of 1917."
At 88 years — "More frost sketches."



SEVEN AGES OF LITERATURE

At 1 year — "Mother's Goose."
At 7 years — "Blue Beard."
At 14 years — "Adrift in New York."
At 21 years — "Three Weeks."
At 35 years — "Dun and Bradstreet."
At 66 years — "Theatre News."
At 88 years — "Newspapers and movie magazines."

OUR POLICY is to always give you the best in both service and values and thus merit your continued patronage.

The distribution of worthy merchandise at fair prices over a period of years builds a bulwark of confidence among our customers.

Our business has proven the wisdom of such a policy—our customers bear still further proof that in the long run service pays. Extensive stock always on hand.

E. M. WRIGHT

DRY GOODS

EAST SIDE SQUARE

MARSHALL, MO.

MAN'S SEVEN AGES OF MUSIC

At 1 year — "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."
At 3 years — "My Mother's Rosary."
At 7 years — "School Days."
At 14 years — "America, I Love You."
At 21 years — "Love Me and the World is Mine."
At 35 years — "I Left Her on the Beach at Honolulu."
At 66 years — "I May Be Old But I Have Young Ideas."
At 88 years — "Memories."



The Stieff

Petit Grand

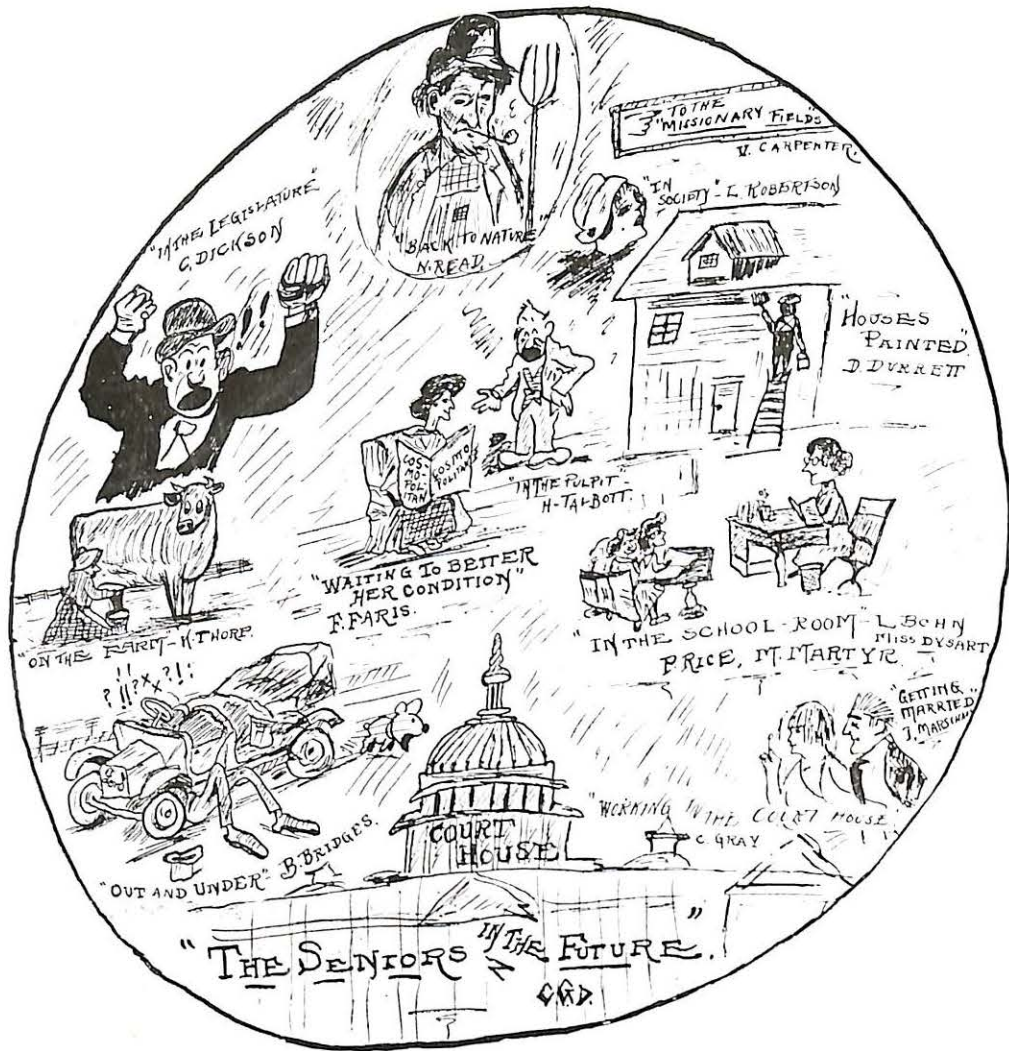
assures you of absolute perfection in the highest art of Piano construction and has won the admiration of the most critical purchaser by its exclusive high standard of supreme excellence.

Chas. M. Stieff

9 N. Liberty Street

Established
1842

BALTIMORE, MD.



For One-Fourth of a Century

College folk have been friends and patrons of this store and for that same long time this store has endeavored to serve them well.

¶ It is gratifying to see the many Alumni who return to visit the Alma Mater come in to see us who were their friends while in college.

¶ It is our sincere hope that you who leave the halls will always upon your return stop in to say hello. We are sure we will be glad to see you.



Rose & Buckner

The Big Shoe and Clothing Store

FOR 25 YEARS FRIENDS OF THE COLLEGE

MARSHALL, MO.

Burger
Engraving Co.

Successor to
Eiser Eng. Co. &
Rose Gates Eng. Co.

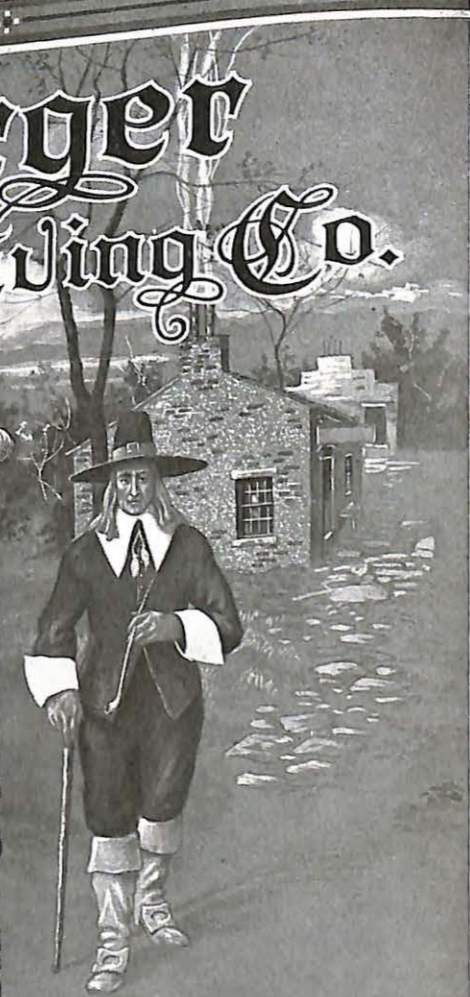
Artists
Designers
Engravers
Half Tone Zinc &
Color Plate Etching

8th & Wyandotte
Kansas City, Mo.

Home Phone
315 M.
Bell Phone
1380 M.

The Original "Buegher"

Satisfaction Guaranteed



Two very important facts for young men about this store

ONE is that we believe in young men; the other is that they believe in us. It's a great combination.

It has brought us the trade of the best-dressed young men in town. Right now they're all strong for these new

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Varsity Fifty-Five Suits

You'll like them too; another reason why this store is a young man's center. Older men like to come here. We can do a good thing for all of you in the best clothes made; all-wool and stylish.

FIT GUARANTEED

Leyle - Downing
Clothing Co.

The home of Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes



Kodaks Drugs

Amateur Finishing

Nunnally's Candy Martha Washington Candy

Red Cross Pharmacy

This space has been reserved for those who were not interested enough to have their pictures taken.



Ema M. Chaffee
for
Exclusive Styles
and
Popular Prices



Copyright, 1917
Michaels, Stern & Co.

If you're young and proud of it

we've a two-button coat by

Michaels-Stern

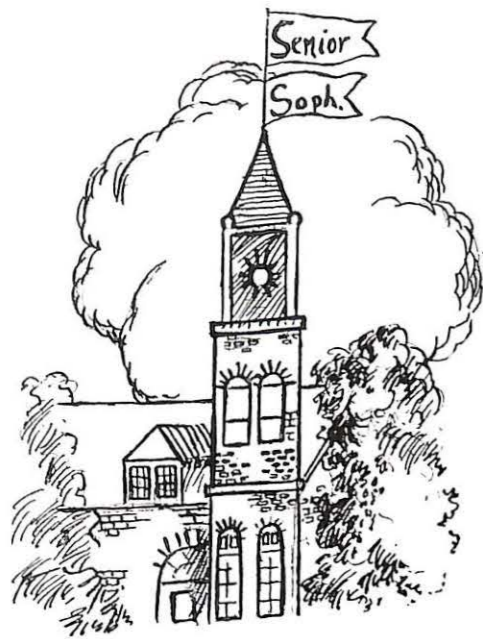
with a soft front, free from padding, and a high waist effect that is just as "young" as you are.

Not everybody can wear

The "Bond"

but for those that can there is nothing jauntier. Perhaps you can. Why not come and find out?

Missouri Valley Mercantile Co.



Hooray! At last the girls have been admitted to that glorious escapade of "putting up the class flags." Wise Seniors and verdant Sophomores performed this notable feat, while Juniors and Freshies sluggishly slept. Come, little boy blue, and blow your horn!

10:30—and after! A little crowd lingers near the main building! Gray shadows, gliding stealthily from dorm windows and basement doors seek the rendezvous.

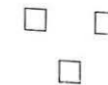
Face about! March!—Boys in front with ladders to storm the height. "This is the third floor?" "Yes, did you hear that mouse breathe?" Soon the merry stars twinkle down encouragingly on the besiegers climbing, noiselessly thru the scuttle hole. Draw up the ladders! Courage! The first height is gained! The real siege begins! But first—O Gee! no, boys, don't cuss; it's only the demand of civilization—those refractory suffragettes must be deposited on the ridge of the roof.

A group of boys enter the tower, push thru the hole in the top, and let a long rope descend on the ridge. Our veteran of three years, the rope securely fastened around him, the flag pole in his hand, gives the signal, tho rope creaks amen. Every breath is held. "Alright boys! I've got a foot hold." The flags are grandly blowing in the breeze.

Roll and tumble to the flat roof! Lunch in the moonlight—but the Juniors and Freshies are sluggishly sleeping.

It is springtime now and the flags no longer rival the sun in their brightness. Their symbols are gone; they are tattered and torn. But a spark of pride rises in every heart that knows that these remnants which float over the highest college tower have borne Seniors '17, Sopho. '19. —E. B. J., 1919.

Missouri Gas & Electric Service Company



MARSHALL, MISSOURI

Ich weisz nicht was sol es bedeuten
Dass ich so traurig bin,
Is just the same old story
Of a fellow just all in.

AUDITORIUM HOUSE OF REEL QUALITY

Good Music

H. P. BRYANT, Manager

The Breath of Spring

The vernal atmosphere of bursting buds, fresh foliage and joyous blossoms is crystallized in the new Spring Coats and Suits, as portrayed here. The grace of line and array of color is a delight to the eye. A visit to our store and an inspection of these charming models will delight you. See the new suits with the new silhouette, the new pockets and new belt effects. Inspect the new coats in their array of startling color combinations. This line represents a triumph of the designer's art. We know you will be pleased with it.

White's
MARSHALL, MO.

Elra to Bess S.—“Don't try to drive that nail in the wall with your shoe. Girl, use your head.”

Dick—“How many cigarettes do you smoke a day?”

Jack—“Any given number.”

We feel sure that Jimmy Ashurst is making some headway since Eva has begun to find fault with his tie.

Bina—“I am yours without effort on your part.”

Lil—“Should I find it necessary to weigh myself on the hay scales?”

Frances—“What was the trouble with the ‘Neptune's Daughter’ film?”

Ikey (direct from the movies)—“Too much exposure.”

Dr. McGinnis—“Herr Bradshaw, schreiben Sie Ihrer Namen an die Tafel, bitte.”

And this is what Fred wrote—“das Pferd.”

Marshall Floral Co.

IMANUEL WITTRUP, *Proprietor*

The latest and most up-to-date Floral Establishment in Central Missouri. Flowers Delivered Fresh Anywhere on Earth.

1917

The Largest Stock of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry

In Central Missouri

NORTH SIDE JEWELRY STORE

AT RIGHT PRICES

Everybody Invited to Call and Inspect the Same

CHAS. A. MAUCH, Proprietor

“Dad” Laughlin is scanning
The outlook, and planning
To survey for our new campus wall,
And if they don't stand for
The plans as he planned for
He'll survey for the new Campbell Hall.

Glee Clubs, and ructions
Have caused some reductions
On the first few days in the week.
But the rest of our party,
I think must eat hearty,
For we walk almost down to the creek.

Without any quiver
“Dad” would stand by and shiver,
But then he's quite old at the game,
And one cannot ever
Deny he is clever,
For in days gone by has won fame.

PORTRAITS portray life
history. They are a necessity.
It's *your* fault if your friends
haven't *your* picture. Arrange for
a sitting *now*.

We Do Kodak Finishing
VAUGHN-COLLIS
STUDIO

MARSHALL, MO.



1917

THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR
School Books and Supplies
SCOTT BROS., East Side Square

Our "county" surveyor
Is getting much gayer
And to Rolla young girls will entice,
But some were conspiring
And with efforts untiring
Gave them quite a shower of rice.

The campus is spotted
With long sticks all dotted
About on the ground in straight lines,
But lest they deceive you,
I'll try to relive you,
They're flag poles, not barber shop signs.

While couples are spooning,
And love-lyrics crooning,
They'll need often loosen their clutch,
We hope we won't trouble,
For our pace we will double,
We may bother some—but not much.

DR. GEO. T. NUCKLES

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN

Also X-Ray and High Frequency Electric Treatment

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Suite 213-214 Marshall Building

Office Phone 351
Residence Phone 566

MARSHALL, MISSOURI

THE
Western Theological
Seminary

N. S., PITTSBURG, PA.

Founded by the General Assembly, 1825

A Seminary for college graduates.
A complete modern theological curriculum
is offered to students of all denominations.
Elective courses leading to degree of B. D.
Graduate courses of the University of
Pittsburg, leading to degrees of A. M. and
Ph. D., are open to properly qualified stu-
dents of the Seminary.

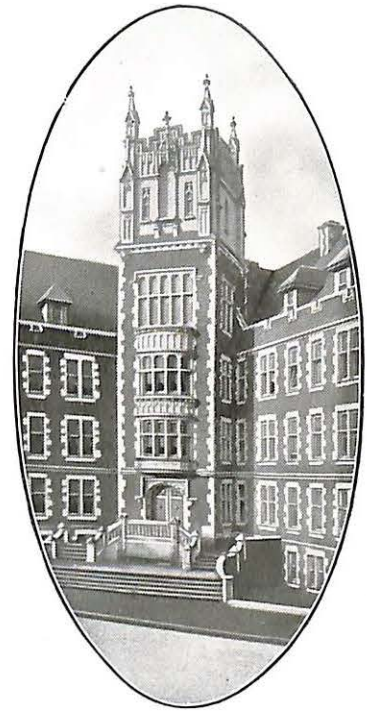
Two entrance prizes of \$150 each.

Two post-graduate fellowships of \$500 each.
Exceptional library facilities.

All buildings new, with modern equipment.
Social hall, gymnasium and students' com-
mons. Next term opens Sept. 18, 1917.

For information apply to

President James A. Kelso, Ph. D., D. D.



It's due time for rigging
Our transit and digging
In problems confronting our crew,
We created a rumpus
By rising the compass
And chained up some hillsides, too.

WELLS' CAFE

The Place to Get What You Want When You Want It

TO EAT

Our Soda Fountain and Ice Cream Parlor is also the
most complete. Service the best.

J. W. WELLS, Proprietor

Marshall's Leading Millinery Store
The best styles---the latest styles---the
styles you like best. Prices reasonable.

Miss Mabel Smith

We made some corrections
 In old quarter sections
 Which former surveyors had made.
 But their stones were buried
 So often we varied
 As to where the markers were layed.
 "Dad" and his fellows
 Discarded their yellows
 And crossed the creek on a twig.
 T'was too wide for chaining
 And looked much like raining
 So we solved the problem by Trig.

□ □ □

Mr. R. Harriman to Virginia—"Did you say 'Bugle Boy' was a preacher?"

A. Thomas—"I am the best recruiting officer in the United States."

G. Talbott—"How's that?"

Thomas—"Every time that I go to Campbell Hall and give my little whistle I get a call to arms."

Prof. Laughlin—"When is a person considered financially active?"

Dewey McFadden—"When he is able to dodge his creditors."

R. L. BANTZ
 DENTIST
 MARSHALL, MISSOURI

Bell Dry Goods Company
 The store of Quality Merchandise, coupled
 with prompt service and moderate prices.

1917

Want Column

WANTED—Someone to roller skate with me. A young man with keen appreciation of a ukelele preferred.—Frances Faris.

WANTED—A room somewhere on Eastwood, so I will not have to walk so far in the evening. Must have possession immediately.—Bob Sturgeon.

WANTED—Someone to take my place at the board in Ethics.—E. Coulson.

WANTED—A good position teaching English for one year only.—V. Carpenter.

WANTED—Sure cure for corns and bunions.—Pig, Catherine Ott, Fan, Mil, Cec.

WANTED—Advice, immediately, how to overcome a rival. Would an afternoon tea be advisable?—Miss Bates.

WANTED—A roommate; must be good-natured and clean the room all the time. She must be the only child with no young relatives; must be in college and have no Latin inclination. Wanted for 1 year only.—Eunice Johnston.

WANTED—A four-roomed cottage or bungalow with a nursery, a sewing room, a sleeping porch and a cozy den. Do not wish to rent or buy until August 1 and not later than September 1. —John H. Marschall.

WANTED—A good book on "How to Break an Engagement."—Martha Cook.

WANTED—A treatise on "Growth of Hair." Also a good Hair Tonic.—Elizabeth Adams.

WANTED—Some instruction from some experienced person about how to encourage a slow, stupid man.—Miss Nowlin.

WANTED—A rest after the trials of a student publication.—Cecil Gray.



1917

“MAUD S”

The Flour That Satisfies

The Rea & Page Milling
Company

MARSHALL, MISSOURI

The Unusual at M. V. C.

1. A senior dinner, and no binding promises made by any one.
2. Catherine Thorpe wide awake in John Joseph Dynes' class.
3. Mildred Martyr with a lesson.
4. Pigie Newton without Frances B.
5. Howard Talbott without a word to say.
6. Bina and no Billy—
7. Charlie Bob without a Hope.
8. Lil without her “Carmen.”
9. Charlie D. just a loafing—
10. Pauline R. and not her marvelous memory.

EWELL BROS.

Groceries, Fresh Meats, Queensware

The best of everything. Prices right.
We solicit your patronage

East Side of Square Marshall, Mo.
Bell Phone 94 Home Phone 23

Some Things We Have Learned on the Side

- From Helen Tolson—
How to read and sing at the same time.
- From Prof. Dynes—
How to teach school.
- From Howard Talbott—
How to argue.
- From Mildred Martyr—
How to laugh on all occasions.
- From Rhinard Poague—
How to sing.
- From Edwin Berry—
How to become established.
- From John McCutcheon—
How to win a lady's affection.
- From Baseball Team—
How to win victories.
- From Eunice Johnston—
How to always be in a good humor.
- From Retta Templeton—
How to make the best of everything.
- From Ikey Orr—
How to be attentive to two girls at the same time.
- From Miss Bates—
How to sit and stand straight.
- From Christene Nelson—
How to be happy.
- From Charlie Durrett—
How to stay out of school five years and come back and lead his classes.
- From the Sabiduria—
How to take a sting.

SABIDURIA

We Put It Up to You!

We might fill this page with glowing descriptions of our splendid assortment of *High Art Clothes*, for our new stocks are in and the fresh impressions we have formed might cause us to exaggerate. We shall resort to the court of public opinion, however, and we invite you to call and review the many styles we are showing at \$15.00 to \$25.00.



Hayes & Cooper
Clothing and Shoes
MARSHALL, MO.



W. A. VAWTER
OPTOMETRIST



WITH

The Kelley-Vawter Jewelry Co.
West Side of Square, Marshall, Mo.

Saline County Fresh and Cured Meats

"WE KILL AND CURE"—OUR MOTTO

We Handle the Best Saline County Products

Packing Company Market

South Side Square

Marshall, Mo.

1917

SABIDURIA

Marshall Laundry Co.

Perfection in High-Class Work

Cleaning and Dyeing a Specialty

59-63 West Morgan Street Telephone 209

Dear Chaperone:

I have been keeping company with a young man for four years. One Xmas I gave him a bath robe and we are to be married in the spring when he is to be graduated. His class is obliged to pay a great deal at commencement. If he is to meet his expenses, then I can have no engagement ring. Now which shall I decide? I feel it would be an injustice to me not to have a ring, but he does need his diploma—Oh, what shall I do?—Worried.

Take the ring by all means. It will be a much greater source of pleasure in the years to come than a framed diploma over the washstand.—C.

Dear Chaperone:

I am a young boy in College with no visible means to the support of a wife. The trouble is, I have been going with a young lady friend who was engaged to another man. She now wears no ring. Is it my duty to marry her and both be unhappy or tell her I am called to the Army?—Worried Man.

You should be more careful of the results of poaching. Be the man and play your part well.

Women who know and understand
Exclusive Styles, Gowns and Blouses

will find individualism predominant at



FEURT'S EXCLUSIVE SHOP

1917

Pocket Knives, Razors, Alcohol Stoves, small 50c size. A full line of Hardware, Home Furnishings, Rugs, Furniture, Etc.

O. W. JOHNSTON
Hardware & Furniture Company

Dear Chaperone:

A young man used to "court" me when he was in college and he has a job now that brings him to town once a month. Now, dear chaperone—no, I can't tell you his name, because he might read this, but his initials are L. H. T. He has a very loving nature, but we quarreled and he has not come to see me since. What shall I do to assure him I still care for him and I miss his candy. Oh, yes, I forgot to mention, he travels for candy. What, Oh, what, will you advise to do?—Distracted.

Write the young L. H. T. a letter in which you disclose the secrets of your heart and if he still cares for you he will make a date.

Miss Solomon

EXPERT IN

Hairdressing, Electric Massage, Manicuring. Hair Goods a Specialty.
For Ladies and Gentlemen Phone 61 Marshall, Mo.

Claude Abney's Barber Shop

Conceded to be the best in town. Neat, clean and attractive.
Headquarters for M. V. C. boys.

SOUTH SIDE OF SQUARE

In appreciation of the liberal patronage that we have been favored with in the past school year, and our very pleasant business relations with both teachers and pupils, we desire to express our hearty thanks and again remind you that when you need music your order will have prompt attention if sent to the

Mexico Music Company

W. H. UPHAM, Manager

MEXICO,

MISSOURI

Dear Chaperone:

I am a very tall and hostile boy, having a great desire to be a real soldier, and I also have had some experience in the drug business, having worked in the "red-cross" service for several years. I desire to begin a course in correspondence with some likely "war bride." Kindly advise what steps to take to carry out my plans to the best advantage.—M. F.

Dear M. F.:

I would not advise sending a portrait of yourself, as this is a very unsatisfactory method and might arouse suspicion. If you have had considerable experience in [the drug business, as you say you have, I would recommend some pleasant narcotic that would cause an exposition of sleep to come upon your victim, and while in this condition, the ceremony could be performed.

Lane Theological Seminary

CINCINNATI, OHIO

A complete modern theological curriculum. Two courses. Elective work leading to the degree of B. D. Exceptional advantages for advanced work through co-operation with the University of Cincinnati. For information apply to

PRESIDENT WILLIAM M'KIBBIN, D.D., LL.D.

Tim's Cafe ICE CREAM SODAS

"FIRST-CLASS SERVICE"
IS OUR MOTTO



Dear Chaperone:

One night last winter I stayed with a friend in Nelson, Mo., and upon entering the house with a young gentleman I paused to talk to him in front of a door for about forty-five minutes. After he had gone I discovered that I had kept the young lady's father behind the door. He had seen us enter, and, being dressed in his attire for the night, had quickly jumped into the closet. What should I say or do to make amends?—V. C.

V. C.:

I would suggest that you purchase a coal oil stove or furnish the old gentleman with some of the latest movie magazines in order that his "wails" may be more pleasant in the future. A light lunch in the meantime, might also be proper.—C.

Dear Chaperone:

I have been attending college for over a year, and so far my social career has been wholly interrupted. I have a very pleasant smile and beautiful auburn hair and on numerous occasions I have not been at all backward about joining in conversations and trying to break into the Big League. What shall I do to win popularity?—"Excited."

In your case I would advise either a change of territory or a visit to some reliable beauty specialist.—C.



W. H. COLVERT. H. S. COLVERT.
COLVERT BROS. *Dealers in Coal, Ice and Drain Tile*
CITY TRANSFER
Northwest Corner of Square and at Sale Yard. Coal Yard Phone 76. Office Phone 89.

Very optimistic, that's the reason he can't get the grin off his face.



The College Ideal.
Which shall it be—George or Howard?

The College Nuisance.

Retards the progress of his classes, and steals the time of his classmates.

