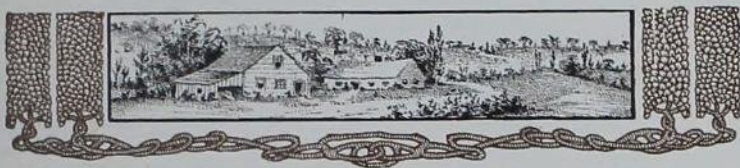






The '08 Bomb



The Book of the
Junior Class
of Iowa State
College 1907



VOLUME

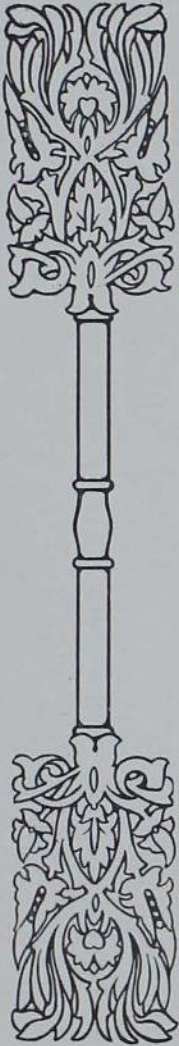
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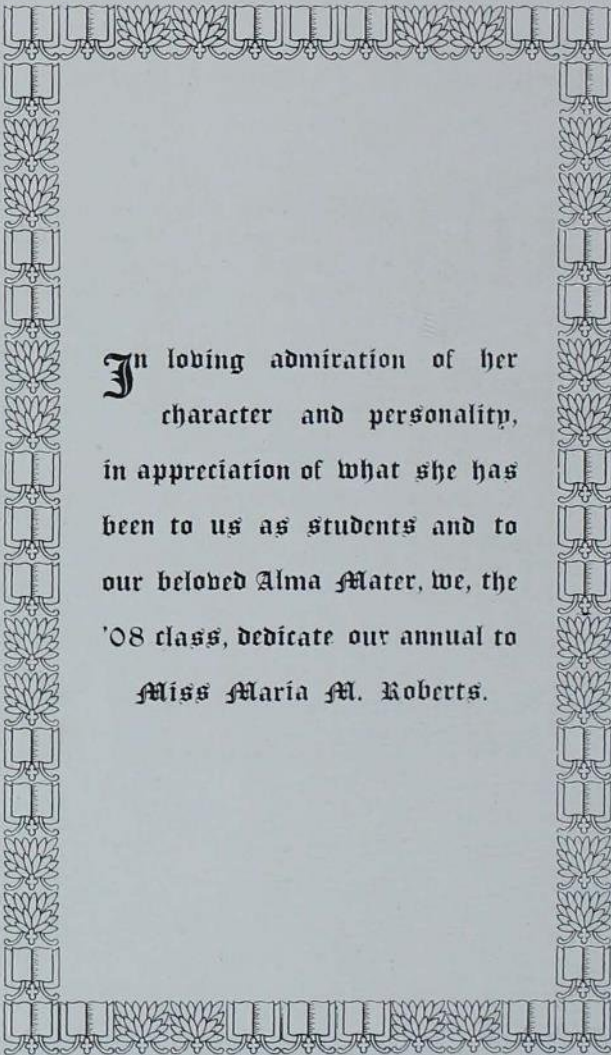
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Greeting:

In presenting to you this book for the class of '08 we crave your indulgence wherein expectations have not been realized, but offer to you the best we are able to give. We have endeavored to picture the life of the institution truly, with humor perhaps, but with malice toward none. We have given our services willingly and now extend the result with greetings in the name of and for our beloved J. S. C.





In loving admiration of her
character and personality,
in appreciation of what she has
been to us as students and to
our beloved Alma Mater, we, the
'08 class, dedicate our annual to
Miss Maria M. Roberts.

Miss Maria Minnie Roberts.



MISS Maria Minnie Roberts came to Iowa State College in February, 1887, from the Dunlap High School. She graduated from Ames in 1890, taught in North Des Moines High School for one month and then entered I. S. C. as an instructor in Mathematics.

In 1892 she spent a year at Cornell University, and in 1897 a year at Chicago returning to Cornell for a year in 1899 and in 1902 she spent the winter at Chicago.

In the same year Miss Roberts was made an Assistant Professor of Mathematics. In July, 1904, she was promoted to the position of Associate Professor. During the absence of Dean Stanton in Europe in 1906, the

Board of Trustees appointed Miss Roberts acting Dean of the Junior College, also she acted as head of the Mathematics Department.

As Miss Roberts now is interested in all college activities, so she was as a student. She was an active member of the Y. W. C. A. She was a charter member of the Phileleutheroi Literary Society and belonged to the Pi Beta Phi fraternity.

Through these years of faithful and unselfish service to her college and to ours, she has kept in close touch with the students and the different phases of student life. It is safe to say that as each new student has gone down the classification line and come in contact with Miss Roberts, an admiration has sprung up which has increased as he has become acquainted with her. No one could take Mathematics under her without doing his conscientious best. She has the sincere and undying love of all her own students and the admiration of those who do not know her personally.

A Tribute.

MISS Roberts stands in I. S. C. for thoroughness. She is thoroughly in earnest. She is thoroughly devoted to the welfare of the College and its students. She is a thorough teacher, and all superficial and shoddy work finds quick and thorough condemnation in her presence and before her spirit. She is thoroughly unselfish. She has a thorough-going faith in humanity, especially the student portion of humanity. But woe to the student who presumes upon this faith, for Miss Roberts also has a thorough knowledge of human nature in its weak places. While thoroughly loyal to I. S. C., Miss Roberts is not provincial.

To crown all, Miss Roberts is thoroughly beloved by all her colleagues and by the students. She probably doesn't know it, but she is weaving and wearing a "crown of life" that will not fade.

ALBERT B. STORMS.

MISS Roberts is a typical mathematician. Her eager mind runs quickly from the Alpha to the Omega of the problem. She discerns as it were by instinct, the significance of the data given, the line of logic to be followed, the salient points by the way, the details to be filled in, and the shortest and best method of reaching the final result. She has studied mathematics to a purpose. She has made its ideals her ideals, and as an instructor is as accurate, thorough, methodical, clear-visioned as the science she handles. In all her work she measures up to the same high standard. She plans it, executes it, completes it in a masterful way, lays it aside—and is ready for the next duty call. She does things at the time they ought to be done and does them well.

The pre-requisite of the most efficient service is an honest desire to render it. Miss Roberts has that desire. She is the embodiment of the spirit of helpfulness. She is never too tired to do the work that is urgent. In season and out of season, she has given her time and energy to the service of the College. The Department of Mathematics gladly makes acknowledgment of the value of her services.

DEAN STANTON,
Professor of Mathematics, I. S. C.

HERE is something in true manhood which instinctively responds to true womanhood as to no other influence for good, and hence a noble college woman may, if she will, exert a unique power for good among a body of college students. To Miss Roberts as such a noble college woman her co-laborers yield grateful tribute. None but those who have worked with her can properly appreciate the extent of her influence for good at the Iowa State College.

A. A. MARSTON.

MISS Roberts' service to the Iowa State College has been of the highest order; faithful and efficient in every detail, and she is eminently worthy of the place of honor in the Bomb.

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES F. CURTISS,

Dean of Agriculture.

THE dedication of the "'08" Bomb to Miss Roberts is an honor properly bestowed, and is an expression of the high esteem in which she is held by the Faculty, Alumni and Students of the Iowa State College.

Sincerely,

J. H. McNEIL.

AS fellow-woman and co-worker it gives me real pleasure to render tribute to Miss Roberts.

With the first thought of so doing, those lines of Wordsworth's, so familiar to us all, came to my mind and have stayed there so compellingly that I offer them here:

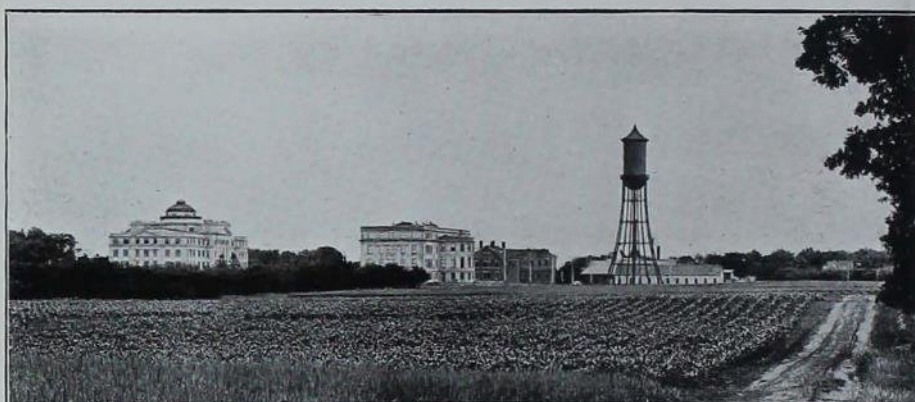
"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food,

* * * * *

With reason firm, with temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command."

MARIAN H. KILBOURNE,

Dean of Women, I. S. C.

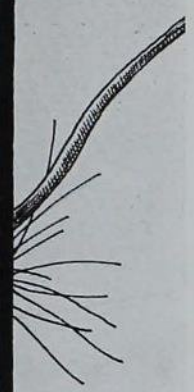
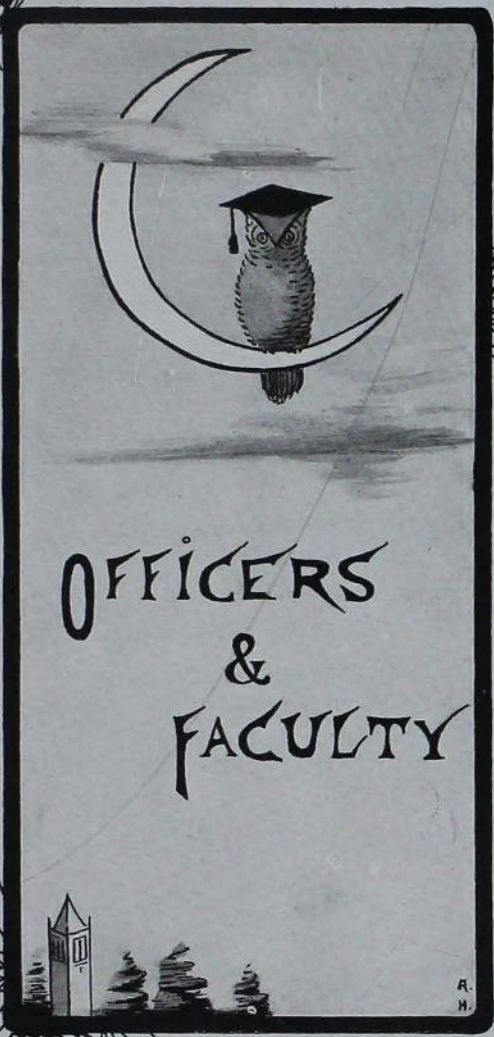
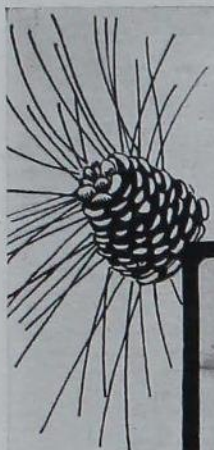


College Song.

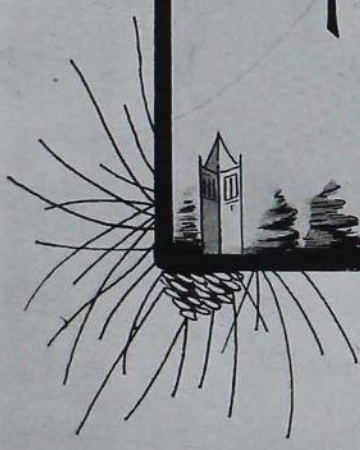
(By E. A. WENTWORTH.)

"State College of Iowa, we give to thee
Our allegiance, the strength of our life;
We'll follow thy mandates endeavoring to be
True sons when engaged in world's strife.
May the mem'ry of joys that now we must leave,
And the triumphs of Cardinal and Gold,
Make lighter life's labor and victories won
In thine honor, preceptress, be told.

"Brightest star that shall ever illumine our sky,
Be our hope, be our strength and our shield;
Though oft' times the dark clouds our bold courage may try,
Alma Mater ! thy sons will not yield.
Light our paths, lead us on, make clearer our way,
May your glory nor fame ne'er decline,
Oh ! Iowa's Queen, Thou the fairest of all
Our hearts and our names link with thine."



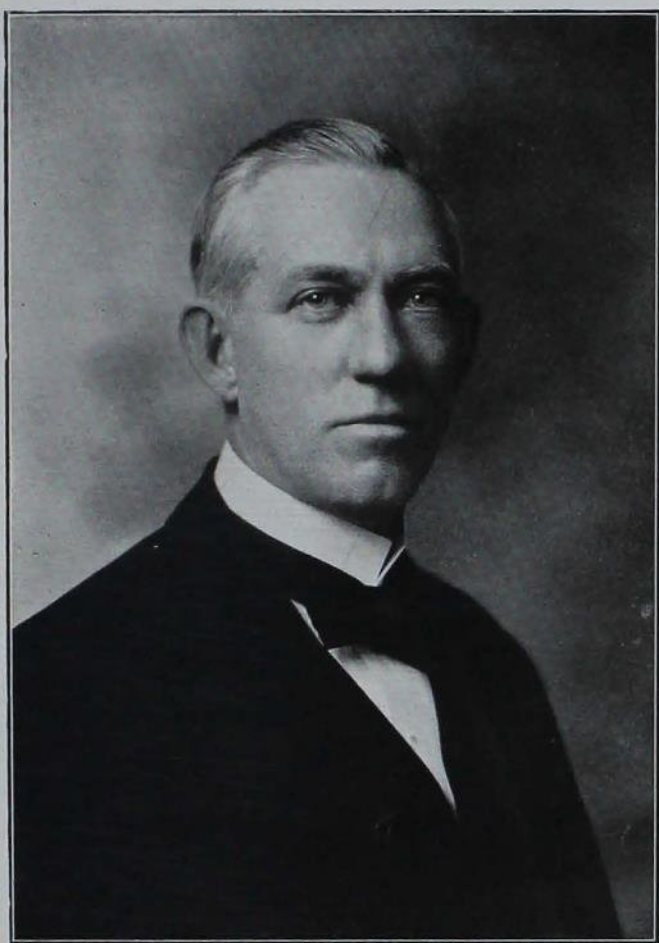
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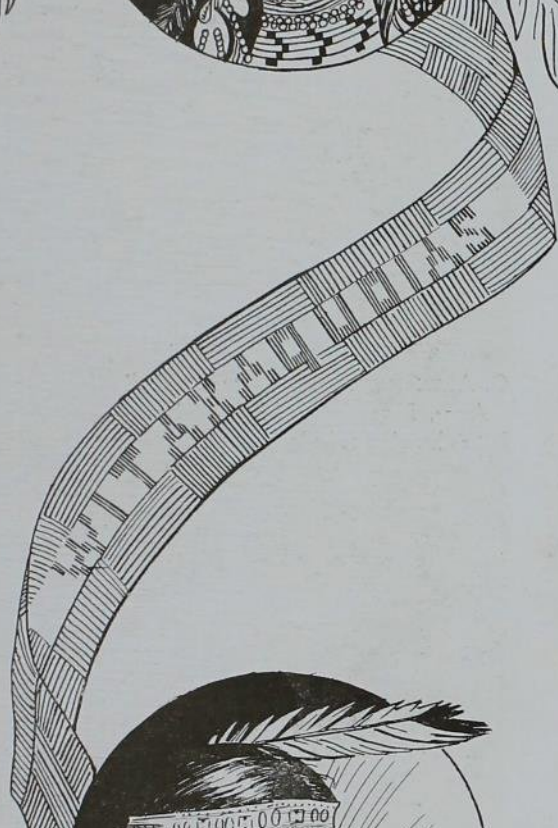
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Bulletin Editor.

The Bomb Board.







F. M. ALLEN "The Candy Boy"
Knoxville, Iowa Civil
Has to be known to be appreciated.

C. O. ALEXANDER "Alec"
Ames, Iowa Mechanical
Just as harmless as he looks.



E. D. ANDREWS "Andy"
Waterloo, Iowa Civil
If he knew a good answer to one tenth of
the foolish questions he asks he'd have
Encyclopedia Britannica backed off the map.

GURINE ANDERSON Domestic Science
Stanhope, Iowa
Gurine is loyal to her class and to her
college, but somehow prefers "Canady" to
our own dear U. S. A.
Crescent.



R. A. ARNOLD "Ray"
Strawberry Point, Iowa Animal
Husbandry

His good right arm fooled Daff,
Took first prize at pretty baby show.
Ag Club. Pythian. Class baseball Capt.
'06.
Δ Θ Σ



E. E. ARTHUR Animal Husbandry
Des Moines, Iowa? Aztec
"I would fain speak, but, being without
wits, what can I say?"



JESSIE F. AUSTIN Domestic Science
Webster City, Iowa.

A conscientious and capable student.
Crescent—Class Secretary—Sophomore
play



FRANK AYRES "Frankie"
Knoxville, Iowa Electrical
Was never caught studying although he
never flunks. A genius.





GOTTLIEB BADER "Gottlieb"
Monticello, Iowa Science
A true son of Switzerland and proud of
his native land.
Bachelor—Junior Play.

W. G. BAXTER
Galva, Iowa Horticulture.
A quiet boy with curly hair.



H. S. BATCHELDER "Doc" "Tramp"
Lyons, Iowa Animal Husbandry
The man worth while is the man who
can smile when everything goes dead wrong.
Philomathean—Ag. Club—Junior Play

CLARK B. BEARD "Biddie"
Des Moines, Iowa Electrical
"They did me that time but they won't get
me again"—after the conference meet.
Noit—Class track, Capt. '04—Varsity
track—Varsity football—Class president—
Jr. Trot Com



JENNIE BECHTLE

Lemars, Iowa

G & D S

"Earth has not a thing to show more fair."

Π Β Φ —Clio—Sophomore Play—
Junior Trot Com—Class Historian(?)



A. E. BERGGREN

"Berg"

Marshalltown, Iowa Mechanical

Noit—Class Baseball—Glee Club—
Bachelor—Scrub Faculty

Had ambitions for class president, but
never got nearer than baseball manager.



H. E. BEMIS

"Harold" "Beamer"

Cawher City, Kansas Veterinary

A man of honor—of noble generous
nature.

Class track—Class football—Vet. Med.
Society—Bomb Board.



FRANK BIGGS

Anita, Iowa

Mechanical

A rival of Daff Cave—for long residence
at I. S. C.





R. E. BLACK "Bobbie" "Blackie"
Liscombe, Iowa Mechanical
"To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable knight."



B. M. BLACKWELL "Bert"
Newton, Iowa Mechanical
"True merit, like a river, the deeper it is,
the less noise it makes."
Class President—Asst Editor Bomb—
Manager Sophomore Play—Σ A E



G. R. BLISS
Corning, Iowa Horticulture
"You can do whatever you earnestly
undertake."
Philomathean — Normal debate '06.
A Z



F. L. BREEDON
Grinnell, Iowa Electrical
"I have a soul above buttons."

H. E. BRECHENBAUMER "Breck"
 Lewis, Iowa Veterinary
 Forsook Iowa City for Ames. Believes
 in getting honors. "Aw he—al."
 Vet. Med. Society.



R. R. BRUBAKER "Bru"
 Storm Lake, Iowa Civil
 "My life is one 'demd' horrid grind."
 Noit—K. P.—Dutch Band



H. P. BUBKE
 Battle Creek, Iowa Electrical
 Not from the Battle Creek Force made
 famous.
 Class Football.



WALTER BUELL
 Webster City Civil
 "The frivolous work of polished idleness."
 Noit.





FRED S. BRUGGER "Fred"
Lake City, Iowa Mechanical

Does everything he goes into, as he play football—hard but fair, and always clean.

'Varsity Track—'Varsity Football—Class Track.

H. V. CALDWELL
Ames, Iowa

Agronomy

"Tell me, ye winged winds, that round
my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot where mortals
weep no more?"



A. A. CANADY
Gilbert, Iowa

Civil

Not so uncommon slow but rather
"Gurine."

Crescent—Ringer of the Chimes—Junior Play.



FRANK E. CAVE
Ames, Iowa

"Frank"
Civil

Chews gum. Claims no relationship to Daff.

Bomb Board, Chairman Art Com—
Class Treas.—Soph. Play—Class Base-
ball—Bachelor—Glee Club.



H. L. CHRISTIAN

Des Moines, Iowa

Like Archimedes he could move the world
—if he only knew the formula.

"Harve"

Civil



F. G. CHURCHILL

Sewall, Iowa

"For there is nothing in it, as it seems."
Ag Club.

"Churchy" "Bud"

Animal Husbandry

L. E. CORRELL

Eagle Grove, Iowa

Is this a dream of Charles City ?

"Lafe"

Electrical



M. M. CRUZ

Santa Cruz, Laguna, P. I.

A little stranger in a strange land."
Ag Club—Philomathean

Animal Husbandry



DON CUNNINGHAM "The Big Ag"
Ft. Dodge, Sioux City, Wayne, Neb.
Animal Husbandry

"I hope that to get to the kingdom of
heaven,
Thru a needle's eye he had not to pass."
Noit—Ag Club—Agriculturist Staff,
A Z



E. F. DAVIS "Smoky"
Corydon, Iowa Animal Husbandry
A Junior but still a Prep.



N. J. DEILING "Nick"
Keokuk, Iowa Veterinary.
"Redlac 2:07½, The Earl 2:14½."
Vet. Med. Society



F. S. DEWEY "Admiral"
Murray, Iowa Electrical
"The chain of being is complete in me—
In me is matter's last gradation lost."
Crescent—Normal Debate Alt. '06—
Debating League.

D. H. DENMEAD "Dwight" "Dennie"
 Marshalltown, Iowa—Animal Husbandry
 "I think no virtue goes with size."
 Aztec—Sergeant-at-arms



A. J. DICKEY
 Cedar Falls, Iowa Electrical
 "Co-education is the thief of time."
 Γ A—Glee Club—Bachelor



VERA DIXON
 Sac City, Iowa G & D S
 "You shall not be overbold
 When you deal with arctic cold."
 Clio—Π Β Φ



GENEVIEVE DREHER "Dad"
 Scranton, Iowa G & D S
 Has a diamond ring that is "Warden"
 everybody off. "Mrs. K—you don't under-
 stand the circumstances."
 Bomb Board—Class Sec.—Y. W. C. A.
 Cabinet—Phileleutheroi—Varsity hockey





L. B. DUNLAP "Red"
Shannon City, Iowa Veterinary
Speaks all mirth and no matter. Highest
ambition is to rattle Dinsmore.
Vet. Med. Society

RUTH EGLOFF "Bubbles"
Cedar Falls, Iowa G & D S
"Of all sad words from tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—"Can't do without
men.'"

Π Β Φ — Junior Play



VERNA ERWIN
Villisca, Iowa G & D S
"A very gentle, modest, and demure little
maid."
Clio—Junior Play.

I. W. FARMER "Senior" "I. W."
Montezuma, Iowa Civil
Celebrated by going to Boone when he
passed up "Phiz." and "Chem."



W. A. FORBES "Bill"
Ames, Iowa Animal Husbandry
"When taken
To be well shaken."

B O I I



J. C. FORD "Hi"
Des Moines, Iowa Civil
"And many a fine gentleman has a
pumpkin-head, as well as my scarecrow."
Noit—K. P.



ELVA FORMAN
Ames, Iowa G & D S
Taking Domestic Science, but advocates
home methods.
Clio—



CLARA FRASEUR
Tipton, Iowa G & D S
"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them
all."
Bomb Board—Oratorical Council





C. E. FRUDDEN
 Charles City, Iowa Mechanical
 Once in the flight of ages past,
 There lived a man.
 Σ A E

R. S. FUHRMEISTER "Red" "Steve"
 Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Animal Husbandry
 His sunny locks are equalled only by his
 sunny looks.
 Bomb Board, Chairman Ath Com—
 Class Football—Class Track—Bachelor—
 Ag Club—Junior Play Δ Θ Σ



ADDIE FURMAN
 Webster City, Iowa G & D S
 "I'll drop my glove, to prove John's love;
 Great glory will be mine!"

L. D. GARBESON "Garb"
 Sibley, Iowa Science
 Verily, verily, he that sitteth down upon
 a sharp tack in a Margaret Hall chair shall
 rise again.
 Γ A—Welch—Y. M. C. A. Cabinet
 —Normal Debate '06—Debating League
 Oratorical Council—Bomb Board



E. R. GARNER
 Ames, Iowa Horticulture
 Married. Runs a farm, and goes to
 college.



GRACE GILLETTE
 Fostoria, Iowa G & D S
 "Neat, not gaudy."
 Crescent—Oratorical Council



J. A. GIVEN "Beany"
 Des Moines, Iowa Civil
 Led an attack a la Culver Military
 Academy on the Preps at the Quaker
 church.
 Class President



J. B. GRAY "Bernie"
 Morrison, Illinois Electrical
 "Why should I strive to set the crooked
 straight?"
 Class Track—Class Football.





S. R. GREEN

Charles City, Iowa

"Rex"

Civil

Nearly killed once, by a train of thought passing through his mind.

Γ A —Bomb Board—Advertising Mgr.
—Class Football

E. E. GRIGGS

Ames, Iowa

Electrical

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."



FLOYD GOODRICH

Packwood, Iowa

"Loyd" "Goody"

Civil

He heard that there were few girls at Ames, so brought his fiancée with him.

Welch—Class Sergeant-at-arms

S. C. GUERNSEY

Plano, Iowa

Animal Husbandry

By diligence he wins his way. Changed lockers in chem because his neighbor said "gosh!"





G. T. GUTHRIE
Coin, Iowa

"Gilbert"
Dairy

Broke away from family traditions and joined a mixed society.

Phileleutheroi—Debating League—Bon b Board—Chairman Society Com—Normal Debate Alt '05—State Triangular Debate '07—Ag Club—Iowa Agr Staff—Junior Trot Com—Δ Θ Σ

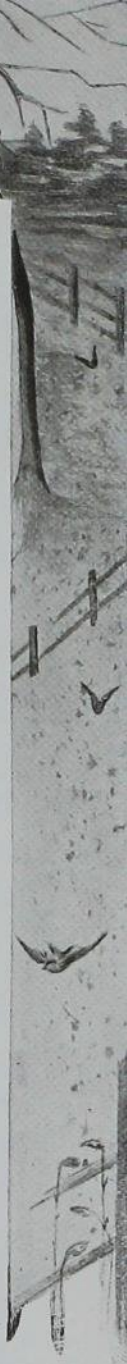


I. D. HADLEY
Earlham, Iowa Agronomy
"A few strong instincts, and a few plain rules."
Philomathean—Ag Club

H. R. HALPENRY
Ames, Iowa Electrical
In solitude where he is least alone.



SOPHIE HARGIS "Sophia Hezekiah"
Des Moines, Iowa G & D S
"She doeth the little things that most of us leave undone."
Π Β Φ—Scrub Faculty—Y. W.
C. A. Cabinet—Clio





HENRY HAEFNER

Charles City, Iowa Forestry
Small but determined in his way
That he a man shall be some day.
Philomathean—

ADA HAYDEN

Ames, Iowa

Science

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

Clio—Scrub Faculty—Bomb Board



E. S. HASKELL

Des Moines, Iowa

Agronomy

"He thought as a sage, though he felt as
a man."

Pythian—State Triangular Debate '07—
Normal Debate Alt '06

A. F. HAYLER

Ft. Dodge, Iowa

"Art"
Mechanical

A man who works while he works and
plays while he plays.



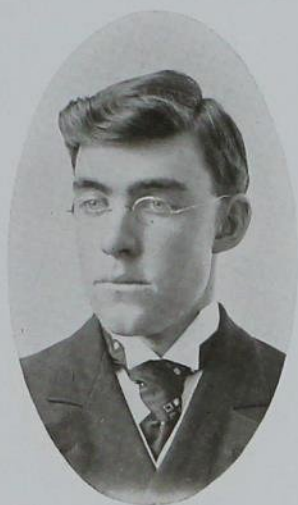
L. S. HERRON

"Pap"

Ewing, Nebraska—Animal Husbandry

"Your face, my thane, is as a book,
where men may read strange matters."

Philomathean—Ag Club



F. H. HIGGINS

"Simp"

Keswick, Iowa Animal Husbandry

"We buried him darkly at dead of
night."

Class Foot Ball—Reserves

A. L. HOLLINGSWORTH

Ames, Iowa

Just an Ag.

Ag Club

Agronomy



K. M. HOPKINS

"Hoppie"

Villisca, Iowa

Mechanical

"Blessed are the tough in heart, for they
shall see Joseph Smith."

Ozark—Bomb Board



H. C. HORN "Runt"
Bedford, Iowa Electrical
"Ideas are like beards; men do not have
them until they grow up."

HERMAN C. HORNEMAN
Des Moines, Iowa
Is attending "Coe."



Dairy



C. E. HUNT "Jerry"
Peterboro, N. H. Veterinary
A man whom most people can look up to.
If at first you can't recite, try, try again.
Prexies' Hostler—Vet. Med. Society.

D. M. HURST "Dan"
Ames, Iowa Veterinary
A little man with a big voice and a
funny story.
Vet. Med. Society



C. J. JOHNSON
Ames, Iowa Electrical
"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due
time."



FAY JOHNSON
Boone, Iowa Domestic Science
"Shalt show us how divine a thing a
woman can be made."
S. S.



H. B. JONES "Heinie"
Humbolt, Iowa Mechanical
" 'Tis better to have loafed and flunked
than never to have loafed at all."



FRANK JORDAN "Dago"
Boone, Iowa Mechanical
Deserted from Lincolns' Army.
Dutch Band—Noit—K P





LUELLA KILBORNE

Ft. Dodge, Iowa Domestic Science

She took a prep to raise once—he left.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet—Class Sec—

Π Β Φ

H. H. KILDEE

Osage, Iowa

Animal Husbandry

“A man of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows.”

Bachelor—Ag Club—A Z

“Herb”



FLORENCE KIMBALL

Mechanical

Council Bluffs, Iowa

“Sigh’d and look’d and sigh’d again.”

S. S.—Bomb Board—Varsity Hockey

LEONARD KINGSBURY

West Branch, Iowa

Electrical

“The unknown, untalked of man, only, is blest.”

“Slim”



CLAUDE S. KINNEBREW "Kinne" "That Texan"
 Corsicana, Texas Agronomy
 "Methinks he is an awful man indeed."
 Class Football—Ag Club—Pythian



A. H. KREUL "Inky"
 Laurens, Iowa Electrical
 "Faithful below he did his duty,
 But now he's gone aloft."
 Class Baseball—Varsity baseball.
 T A—T L B



EARL B. LAMBERT "Fuzzy"
 Newton, Iowa Mechanical
 Has to be separated from his money with
 a force pump. Claims to have a cousin at
 Margaret Hall.
 Class Football—Junior Play



ROY LAMPMAN "Lampy"
 Sibley, Iowa Electrical
 Starter of rough houses. Looks like an
 Ag.
 Class track.





E. C. LANGLOIS
Humbolt, Iowa Horticulture
"Hast also the echo and mockery of a
voice."
Class Track—Welch



WILL G. LANGWILL
Rockford, Illinois Dairy
A man with a "gude haed". General
Lincoln's prep.
Normal Debate '06—Crescent



LOUISE LAURANCE
Cedar Rapids, Iowa G & D S
"Thine eyes are springs in whose serene
And silent depths heaven is seen."
Varsity Hockey—Class Sec.—S. S.—
Bomb Board, Chairman Class History and
Alumni Com—Y. W. C. A. Cabinet—
Junior Play



H. A. LITTLE
Webster City, Iowa Civil
Poor from eating too much—can't go
from breakfast until noon without eating
lunch.
Varsity Tennis—Scrub Faculty



H. S. LUBERGER "Heinie"
 Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Animal Husbandry
 "I can spare none of my recollections."
 Β Θ Π—Varsity Track—Class
 Track Capt. '04



R. T. LYONS "R T"
 Center Junction, Iowa—Animal Husbandry
 "He spoke, and headlong from the
 mountain heights
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to
 endless night."
 Pythian—State Triangular Debate Alt.
 '07



GEORGE H. MACK
 Dows, Iowa Civil
 "True eloquence, indeed, does not consist
 in speech."
 Crescent.



STANLEY MACOMBER "Mac"
 Ida Grove, Iowa Civil
 "I am beginning to apine,
 Those girls are only half divine."
 Β Θ Π





AMBROSIO MAGSAYSAY

Zambales, P. I.

"Mag"

Civil

Ask "Mag" about his girl's last letter.
Pythian

H. R. MCBIRNEY

Conrad, Iowa

"Mac"

Civil

"A sober, learned son of experience and
adversity."



W. S. MCBIRNEY

Ames, Iowa

"Bill"

Civil

Like the Dinky—one of the old land
marks.

Phileleutheroi

H. B. MCKIBBEN

Storm Lake, Iowa

"Jerry" "Mc"

Electrical

"A youth to whom was given,
So much of earth, so much of heaven."
Crescent.



I. E. MELVIN

"Katy" "Ira"
Electrical

Takes things as they come and does his best at all times. Is in love.
Class Football



J. T. METCALF

Paullina, Iowa Animal Husbandry

"Better to get up late and be wide awake then, than to get up early and be asleep all day."



FRANK G. MILLER

Storm Lake, Iowa Veterinary

His natural home is on third base, but the "school-maams" think him a pitcher.

Varsity Baseball—Noit—Vet. Med. Society



C. S. MITCHELL

Ames, Iowa Dairy

"Arise and shake the hayseed from thy locks."





R. S. MOORE
Davenport, Iowa Civil
"Thinking that you are thinking is no sign
that you are thinking."
Bachelor



W. E. MOORE
Davenport, Iowa
Wagners chief conspirator.

"Bill"
Civil



L. J. MOORE
Newton, Iowa Electrical
"Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight."
Dutch Band

"Ikey"

C. F. MONROE
Ames, Iowa Animal Husbandry
McLaughlin Bros'. right hand man.



"Charlie"



J. L. MURPHY "Murph"
 Reinbeck, Iowa Agronomy
 "Meeker than any child to a rough nurse
 Milder than any mother to a sick child."
 Varsity Football—Class Football.



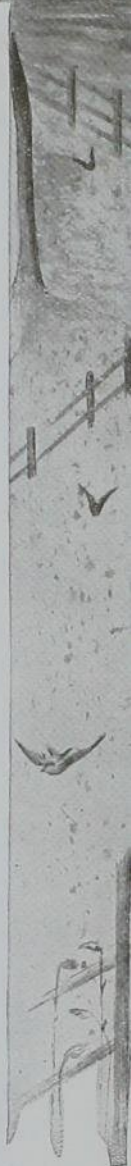
ALEXANDER MUTCH "Sandy"
 Reinbeck, Iowa Agronomy
 "A man's a man for a' that."
 Varsity Track—Class Track—Capt. '06
 —Class Football—Athletic Council
 Δ Θ Σ



J. M. NELSON "Jim" "Vice Dean"
 Brooklyn, Iowa Veterinary
 Afflicted with a strong sense of duty.
 Never known to flag, crib, pony or bluff.
 Phileleutheroi—Vet. Society



JOSE NEIVA "Jo"
 Marinduque, P. I.—Animal Husbandry
 "I am going back to the Philippine
 Islands to teach the natives how to graft."





PETER OTTOFEN "Pete" "Otto"
Ft. Dodge, Iowa Civil
Never rides a pony, but—keeps a saddle
and a pair of spurs close at hand.
Pythian—Debating League

R. F. O'DONNELL "Pat" "Irish"
Ames, Iowa Animal Husbandry
His actions are in accord with his name.
A good student, always happy and a true
friend.
A Z



MORRIS A. PACKMAN "Scrubby" Chessie
Eagle Grove, Iowa Electrical
"There is not two days life in me."

R. H. PAINE "Roger"
Goldfield, Iowa Animal Husbandry
"Gol ding it all!"
Pythian



MERLE C. PATTON

Newton, Iowa

"He did nothing in particular and did it well."

Noit—Ringer of chimes

"Mose"

Civil



DENTON PAUL

Paullina, Iowa

Civil

"Paul Denton—Denton Paul"

What is there in a name?

LEONARD PAULSON

Triumph, Minn.

"Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk!"

Y. M. C. A. Cabinet—Editor Bomb—
Normal Debate '04—Grinnel Debate '05
—Debating League—Welch

"Swede"

Science



FRANK W. PARSONS

Mason City, Iowa

"An unwieldy bunch of good nature."

Class Football

"Parse"

Civil



MYRTIE PERSON

Sibley, Iowa

G & D S

A loyal '08. Believes in Bomb Posters and cares naught for "damaged doors and advertising bureau."

Phileleutheroi—Oratorical Council

W. H. PETERS

"Pete"

Keokuk, Iowa Animal Husbandry

To know "Pete" is to know a true man. The class and the college are proud of him.

Philomathean—Business Manager Bomb—Class Pres.—Iowa Agr. Staff—Student Staff—Corn Judging Team—Debating League—Ag Club—Short Course Prof

A Z



E. J. PHILLIPS

Clarence, Iowa

"Phil"

Civil

A quiet chap, never says much but does the best he can.

Pythian



HOWARD PHILLIPS

"Tamworth"

"Varsity"

Maquoketa, Iowa Animal Husbandry
An authentic dope fiend. Can eat more than any other man in the class.

Ag Club





W. O. PRICE
 Reinbeck, Iowa Civil
 "A man with aspect grave and calm."

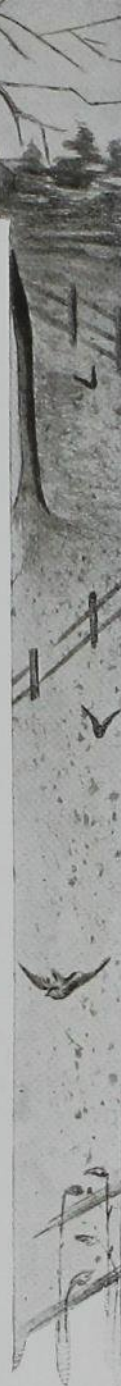


FOSTER PIERCE "Sugar"
 Denison, Iowa Veterinary
 Can discourse for hours on Veterinary
 subjects—when he isn't in class.
 Vet. Society

E. POTTER
 Bozeman, Mont. Animal Husbandry
 Formerly of Iowa, but now from the
 wild and wooly west.



WELTON PEEK "Doc"
 Paullina, Iowa Animal Husbandry
 "O, what a rogue and peasant slave am
 I!"





GAIL CRINER PULLEN "Baldy's Brother"
 Onawa, Iowa Animal Husbandry
 Has resolved not to pull his brother's hair.
 Welch

M. W. PULLEN. "Baldy"
 Onawa, Iowa Electrical
 The watch dog of the '08 treasury.
 "With knowledge absolute, subject to no
 dispute."
 Welch—Class Sergeant-at-arms



ELLIS RAIL "Elijah"
 Birminghams, Iowa Animal Husbandry
 "What a monstrous tail our cat has got."
 Welch—Bomb Board—Iowa Ag Staff
 —Student Staff—State Triangular Debate,
 Alt. '06—Stock Judging Team—Y. M.
 C. A. Cabinet—Ag Club—Class Track—
 Class Football

J. O. RANKIN
 Tarkio, Missouri Animal Husbandry
 If diligence be a virtue, then surely he is
 virtuous.
 Phileleutheror—Oratorical Council
 Δ Θ Σ



E. F. RENKEN

Parkersburg, Iowa Mechanical
Within that awful volume lies,
The mystery of mysteries.



"Red"



RALPH REULING

Muscatine, Iowa Mechanical
"And still the wonder grew, that one
small head could carry all he knew."
Phileleutheroi

J. F. REYNOLDS

Storm Lake, Iowa Civil
"On their own merits modest men are
dumb."
Ψ -- Pythian — Class Vice President —
President, Junior Civils—Scrub Faculty



"Jack"



A. I. ROBENSON

Stockton, Iowa Electrical
Has it in for the "Phiz" department.

"Robbie"



H. E. ROBINSON

Sloan, Iowa

"Aldeborontiphosphornio! Where
left you chronophotologes?"

Class Baseball—Bachelor

"Doc"

Mining

Where



ROSS RUDD

Dow City, Iowa

Electrical

"Looney—Moony and Spoony."



M. S. SANDERS

Ft. Dodge, Iowa

"A sprout from the roots of the
Engineering Plant."

†

"Mark"

Civil



PETER SACKRISON

Williams, Iowa

Electrical

"Peaceful, studious, silent."

W. F. SCHNAIDT "Spiegle" "Bill"
 Menno, S. D. Agronomy
 Stout tenton he—a mighty man.
 Philomathean — Debating League —
 Iowa Agr. Staff—Ag Club—A Z



H. M. SCHOLTEN "Hank"
 Alton, Iowa Civil
 "But what good came of it at last?"
 Quoth little Peterkin,
 "Why that I cannot tell," said he;
 "But 'twas a famous victory."

C. J. SCOTT "Shady"
 Ackworth, Iowa Veterinary
 Swede or Dane, it matters not, a good
 fellow all the same.
 Vet Society



L. C. SCHANTZ "Bow legs" "Dutch"
 Wayland, Iowa Electrical
 "Them gol dang seniors won't reason
 anyway." Never known to shrink from
 duty except in "Phiz Lab."
 Phileleutheroi—State Triangular Debate



FLORENCE SECOR

Melbourne, Iowa G & D S

"Her gentleness hath made her great."

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet—Clio

B. A. SEELEY

Algona, Iowa Veterinary

"Love makes me thrice a man."

Class Football—Vet. Society



R. P. SHAW

Carnforth, Iowa "Happy" "Hooley" Electrical

A good boy if he would only wash. Has a hobo's habit.

Class Football—Reserves

E. J. SIMPSON

Anamosa, Iowa "Simpleton" Electrical

"He gave to misery (all he had) a tear."



B. R. SMITH

Ft. Madison, Iowa
Ewers (yours) forever.
Bomb Board—Chairman Literary and
humorous committee—Class Football, Capt.
'06

"Rip"
Civil



ADAH SMITH

Gladbrook, Iowa
A student of Bryant. Inclined to be
"Huffy".
Class Secretary—I. F.

G & D S



T. W. SMITH

Davenport, Iowa ?
"I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my
ring."

"Tommy"
Electrical



C. M. SONES

Anamosa, Iowa
"Twelve years ago I was a boy."
Bachelor

"Clarence"

Electrical and
Mechanical





W. L. STRICKLER
Sibley, Iowa

"Strick"
Mechanical

His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But, when you knock, it never is at
home."

Class Baseball



A. C. STELLE "Little Allan C"
Pasadena, California Science

"What rage for fame attends both great
and small,
Better to be d—d than mentioned not at
all."

Bachelor—State Triangular Debate '07
—Noit



LILLIAN STORMS
Ames, Iowa

"Lily Ann"
G & D S

Dear Lillian, Storms may rage around
you, but I love you, Stelle.

Π Β Φ —Clio—Bomb Board



R. S. STURGEON
Clarion, Iowa

"Sturgie"
Electrical

"That boy with the grave mathematical
look."

GAILLARD K. SWIFT
Harlan, Iowa

Knock, knock knock,
On our cold, gray bones, O Swift!
Class Football, Capt. '04-'05—Bomb
Board, Chairman Picture Committee—Black
Hawk—Bachelor

"Slicker"
Science and
Agriculture



R. M. TEMPLETON
Ames, Iowa

"Something between a hindrance and a
help."
Welch

"Temp"
Civil



M. S. TEMPLETON
Ames, Iowa

"He looks like a cry for help."

"Temp"
Science



STARR THAYER

Rock Valley, Iowa Electrical
"Little lamb, who made thee?"
Varsity Football—Class Football—

"Steer"





A. W. THOMPSON "Timmie"
Davenport, Iowa Electrical
"We could not keep him silent, out he
flashed,
And into such a song, such fire for fame."
Reserves—Class Football—Class Track
—Glee Club—Bachelor



FRANK A. TIARA "Tiry"
Polk City, Iowa Civil
Uneasy lies the head that sleeps with a
Tiara—he snores.



JAS. TROUP
Sioux City, Iowa Electrical
Wanted to change the Philomathean
society into a mixed society.
Philomathean — St. Andrews Brother-
hood



E. F. VAN BRUNT
Council Bluffs, Iowa Civil
"I rather take him to be a Dutchman, or
one of your High-Germans."
Aztec

ED. VANDENBERG
Kingsley, Iowa

"Heat ma'am! it was so dreadful here
that I found there was nothing left for it
but to take off my flesh and sit on my
bones."

"Van"
Civil



R. F. VANDEVENTER

Hedrick, Iowa Electrical
"A square-set man and honest; his eyes
an out-door sign of all the warmth within!
Pythian



PETER VAN GILST
Killduff, Iowa

Mechanical
"Shaped by himself with newly learned
art."

Scrub Faculty—Bachelor



C. C. VAN MARTER
Sloan, Iowa

"That Fellow will vulgarize the judgment
day."

Class Track—Varsity Track

"Dyke"
Civil





J. E. WAGGONER "Wag"
Primghar, Iowa Electrical
Never forward in anything but his duty,
and always there.
Phileleutheroi — Bomb Board — Class
Track—Varsity Track—Y. M. C. A.
Cabinet—Sophomore Play



C. W. WAGNER "Wag" "Charlie"
Des Moines, Iowa Civil
"Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."
Sophomore Play
Σ N — Junior Trot Committee —



FLORENCE WALLS "Tootsie"
Clinton, Iowa. Domestic Science
"How long O Lord? how long?"
Junior Play—Phileleutheroi



GEORGE M. WILLS
Eldora, Iowa Electrical
"The figure lies within that block of oak,
and it is my business to find it."
Bachelor — Class Treasurer — Bomb
Board—Glee Club—Oratorical Council

A. L. WIELAND

Gladbrook, Iowa

"Velox"

Mechanical

Was stretched in Steam Boiler Design,
and then "canned" from class by Prof.
Allen.

Class baseball—Class Football



H. J. WHANNELL

Traer, Iowa

Electrical

"An honest man, close-buttoned to the
chin."

DELBERT WHEELER

Ireton, Iowa

"Peggie"

Civil

His ambition is to write poetry. "We
cultivate literature on a little oatmeal."

Welch—Class Treasurer



E. L. WHITE

Corydon, Iowa

"Snowball" "Cherub"

Science

"I would that my tongue could utter,
The thoughts that arise in me."



P. R. WILLIAMS

Ames, Iowa

Electrical

"Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not
seen some spot

Where miserable man might find a
happier lot?"

R. F. WOLFE

"Jerry"

Shannon City, Iowa

Veterinary

A man who can toot his own horn.

Dutch Band—Vet. Club



D. L. YARNELL

LeMars, Iowa

"Dave" "Shucks"

Civil

One of the "marginal twins"

"Confound the ignorant."

PHOEBE ZIMMERMAN

Ames, Iowa

G & D S

"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.



H. E. ZORN
Montezuma, Iowa Electrical
"Who is this impassive man?"



A. R. ZUMWALT "Archie"
Ames, Iowa Veteriary
Blest be they who say nothing, for they
are not quoted.
Vet. Club



E. M. JOHNSON
Ames, Iowa Veteriary



SHELTON W. GREER
Marion, Iowa Civil
Ran the Elevator for the '07's.

In Memoriam.



THALIA E. BISHOP
State Center, Iowa.

CIRIACO MORADO
Lipo, Balangas, P. I.



ARTHUR T. MOSHER
West Liberty, Ia.



The

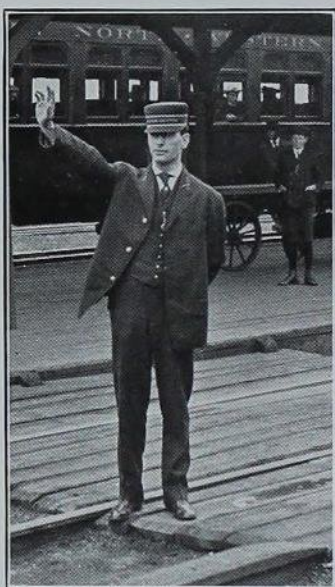
History

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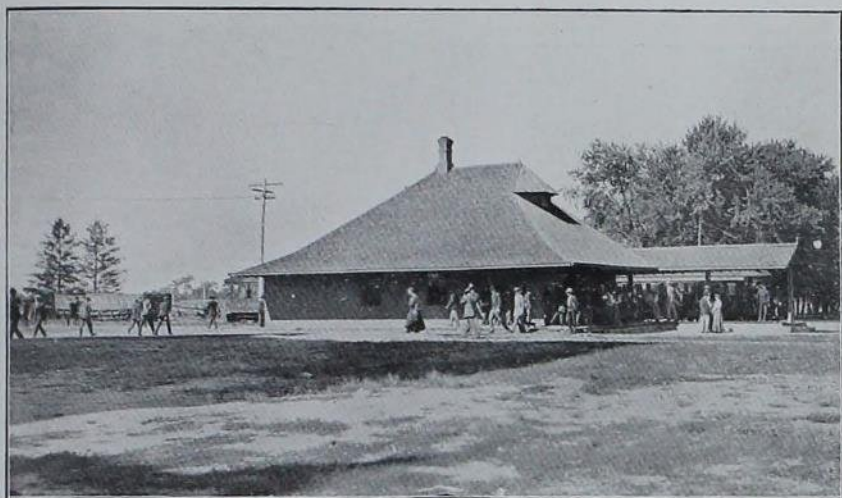
Kodak, Scissors and Pen



We Arrive.

A-L-L A-B-O-A-R-D — PAS-SEN-GERS
G-O-I-N-G

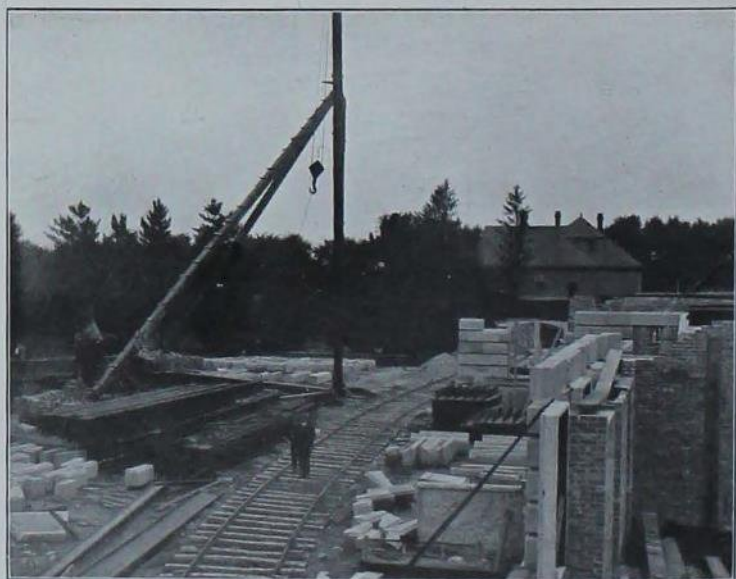




HERE AT LAST



Our First Impressions.







WE CLASSIFY







<p>the cordial of the par- will 1 stu- to</p>	<p>“The Joint Reception of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. will be held this evening in the parlors of Margaret Hall. A cordial invitation is extended to all students, faculty and friends of the college.”</p>	<p>invit- dents, college be he lors “T Y.</p>
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OUR FIRST CHAPEL

First Class Meeting - Sept. 27, 1904.
 Meeting called to order by Dr. Storms.

The following officers were elected:

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| President | Mr. Richardson. |
| Vice - Pres. | Mr. Blackwell. |
| Secretary | Miss Adah Smith. |
| Treasurer | Mr. Mosher. |
| Track Capt. | Mr. Beard. |
| Sargent-at-arms | Mr. Vernace. |
| Mgr. Foot Ball Team | Mr. Randall. |

Motion made and carried that seal brown and burnt orange be the colors of the '08 Class



SOPHOMORES HONOR FRESHMEN

Big Do in's In Margaret Hall Last Thursday Evening—Freshman Class Named.

As is always the case no term comes to a successful end unless it has painted upon its rolls of history the regular outline of the doin's between the two classes of the junior college. Thursday night this occasion was enjoyed, not only by the two under classes, but also by a large number of faculty and a contingent from the Juniors and Seniors, who through the courtesy of their younger friends were tendered invitations to be present.

The evening started out with a welcoming speech by President Robertson of the Sophomore

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Officers for Fall Term - 1905

President	Mr. Beard.
Vice - Pres.	Mr. Waggoner.
Secretary	Miss Luella Kilborne.
Treasurer	Mr. Mills.
Sargeant-at-arms	Mr. Denmesde
Track Capt.	Mr. Mutch.

Because of the sympathy we bear the class which hath so recently forsaken the high-chair, the sugar-plum and the raisin-cookie, and hath undergone the primary pangs of homesickness and Sophomoric reproof, and which, still calf-like, standeth still, the following words of

ADMONITION

are offered

Be it known to ye through whose cerebrum ideas must but slowly percolate, the class of 1908 desireth that ye maintain thy present high character, in order that ye may survive the later period of dentition

Wherefore it behooveth thee to become obedient to the following mandates issued by thy conquerers in a manner befitting such gentle lambs as ye are:

I. When tonight the sun setteth all infants must retire to their rooms, guzzle their Nestles Food and lie down to pleasant dreams; because the host of '08 tolerateth no babes about the campus preceding excursions. Such practices are of great danger to the unwary and innocent.

II. Any little lamb having in his possession either a paint brush or paint can will be denied the privilege of Narrow-gauge Dairy Milk for the period of ten days. (Horlicks Malted may be used once per day.)

III. If a homeless innocent attempt in any way to adorn any portion of the campus he shall be dealt with as his superiors may suggest. (Thee had best crawl into thy cradle lest thou shouldst be spanked.)

IV. During the Days of Excursion, all '09's must conduct themselves in a circumspect manner, under pain of later reproof (Lift thy hat to every Sophomore thee knows or thee may be spanked next week.)

These are the rules resolved upon by those who keepeth eternal vigil over our campus who have demonstrated their authority over thee in other matters, who wilt allow no encroachments upon their territory and who wilt punish all infantile efforts whereby our wards seek to become notorious such as we.

Then Stand Ye Still Like Cattle As Ye Are

(Thee will appear to be standing still at the Field-meet.)

With solicitous affection, we are

YOURS VERY TRULY,

Officers for Spring Term - 1905.

President	Mr. Blackwell
Vice-Pres.	Mr. Arnold.
Secretary	Miss Florence Kimball
Treasurer	Mr. Stelle.
Sergeant-at-arms	Mr. Brugger
Track Capt.	Mr. Beard.
Base Ball Capt.	Mr. Kreul.



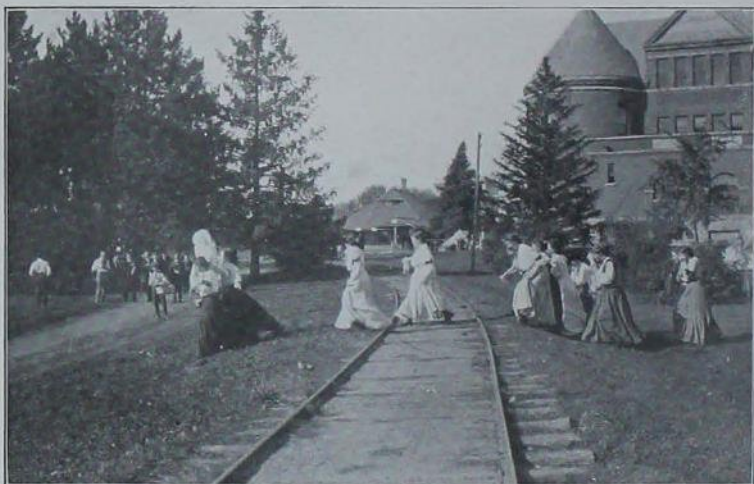
"OH WHAT, WHAT, WHAT, CAN THE MATTER BE?"

WE START A NEW CUSTOM



CHAMPIONS

for	By the appearance of the	play
date	sophomore doors in Margaret	tha'
the	Hall this morning some freshmen	26t
ed	were up early. This was adding	now t'
f the	insult to injury. The fruits of	ann'
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their	short duration.	were



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FRESHIES AND SOPHS AT AMES IN FIERCE SCRAP

Pres. A. B. Storms Stops Threatened Affray on Campus, But Students Meet Down Town and Fracas Follows,

AMES, Ia., Sept. 29.—Special to the Register and Leader: A dozen or so freshmen and sophomores are nursing sore heads as a result of a fierce class scrap at a bridge between the college and town. About two hundred freshmen and 150 sophomores lined up on the campus for the annual fray, but President Storms appeared just as it was about to start. He succeeded in inducing the crowd to call it off. The sophomores divided into two parties, one starting towards town. A crowd of the freshmen headed them off at the bridge and a fierce scrap ensued. Both claim a victory.

No one was seriously hurt. As the fracas was undecisive, another will probably follow soon.

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'08s AND '09s HAVE CONTEST

Margaret Hall the Scene of Action.—
Both Armies Well Organized—
Neither Side Said to Have
Conquered.

Study hours were observed as usual in Margaret Hall Thursday evening, and peaceful silence brooded over all the corridors. The kind hearted professors had made short assignments for Monday and the sophomores, having finished preparing their lessons, were at a loss for something to do. The freshmen, having completed their studying a little later, perceived the enforced idleness of the sophomores. They counseled together with anxious brows. "The sophomores have nothing to do. We must put up some '09's."

Unselfishly they set to work. By the middle watch an artistic '09 was wasting its beauties on the nocturnal air.

The morning came, but at the unearthly hour of 6:30, half past six on a holiday morning—a Clio window opened, the luckless '09 was confiscated and a vaunting '08 was floating from the Dragon's head. The sophomores had found something to do.

But at last the freshmen saw. A senior window opens upon the porch and through this crept three valiant '09's. Down came the '08 banner and a happy freshman standing aloft on the housetop, with fiendish delight tore and cut said banner into a hundred shreds and cast them ignominiously on the ground below. The sophomores groaned, but they were not idle. There were other windows higher up and there was water in the well. The freshmen borrowed umbrellas, but the torrents descended

and what was underneath got wet.

Now the fray raged in all quarters. One tall sophomore who thought she had a new pennant in hand clambered out that convenient senior window, but what had happened? No banner could she find and a freshman inside the window called gleefully: "Hang it high! hang it as high as you can!"

But now behold—from the garret windows in the east tower floated an '09 banner of enormous size.

"Ah, it is beautiful! It is grand!" cried the freshmen. The sophomores said never a word. They rushed to the room, the half of whose window was covered with that monstrous '09. A junior lived in the room. The best light for her dresser was obtained when said dresser was against the door. The sophomores raged to the game, only to encounter determined guards. Ah, woe, woe! What should be done! The sophomores were frantic.

But now a new force entered upon the scene—a new force in a red sweater, and some say vested with martial authority. First the force sped through the corridors and hurled itself against the door, then hurled again. A broom-stick, a door jamb, a dresser have bills of damage to present, but the door remained closed. Next the force sped to the garret. The banner floated in at the junior's window. It was then that the red sweater force vanished.

Then the freshmen folded up its glory and put it—somewhere—and the fray was over. "But, ah, freshmen," quoth the sophomores, "know ye that at the time of disbandment two '08's were flaunting, one from the window of the guest room and the other over the effaced '09 on the west garret window?"

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SOPHS ENTERTAIN THE FRESHMEN

Freshman-Sophomore Banquet One of
the Most Pleasant Affairs Ever
Held in Margaret Hall

Saturday evening, Oct. 7, the sophomores entertained the freshmen by giving the annual Soph-Fresh banquet. The hall was crowded to the doors and all the available floor space was used. The decorations were planned to carry out a Japanese effect, large Japanese umbrellas being hung in each corner of the old dining room and one, especially large and handsomely painted, suspended from the cen-

ter of the ceiling. From the handle of each umbrella hung a large Japanese lantern, the light from which showed up the fancy painting upon the umbrellas.

After the eighth dance a short intermission was given, during which time Mr. Clarke Beard, president of '08 class gave a short address of welcome. Next upon the programme was Leonard Paulson, '08, who made a short address in which he gave the freshmen their new name of "Honnatgade", meaning the numerous ones.

On the whole the banquet was one of the most successful ever given at the college and much credit is due the various committees who had its management in charge.

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The '08 Committee on Class Play wish to announce the following names as being selected for the cast: Don Cunningham, Rex Green, "Silver" Carstenson, C. W. Wagner, Miss Clara Frasier, Miss Jennie Bechtle and Miss Jessie Austin.

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"The date set for the sophomore class play is December 14. From present indications this is to be one of the best class plays ever given at Iowa State College."
"Watch for further announcements."

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HUBBARD STEALS THE HAMMER

S. C. STUDEN

SOPHS WIN CLOSE CONTEST

Take the Fall Field Meet by a Margin
of Five Points.

The annual sophomore-freshman meet, finished after sundown yesterday, provided one of the most keenly contested events witnessed at the college in recent years.

The unknown freshman stars proved a more formidable bunch than had been anticipated, even was maintained throughout the entire contest, many sensations were sprung, such as the stealing of the hammer; and it was only after the last event had been pulled off that victory was declared for the '08's.

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and | the professors be granted a
ed | holiday the day after thanks-
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meet- | The '08 class held a short meet-
mittee | ing last evening. A committee
veat- | to procure class caps and sweat-
 | ers was appointed.

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zen | The sophomore play which
pre- | was to have been given on Dec.
ero, | 14th, has been postponed until
ve | Feb. 2nd.

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Officers for Spring Term - 1906.

President	Mr. Waggoner.
Vice-Pres.	Mr. Berggren.
Secretary	Miss Jessie Austin
Treasurer	Mr. Mills
Tract Capt.	Mr. Mutch.
Sergeant-at-arms	Mr. Scott.
Base Ball Capt.	Mr. Arnold.

Motion made that the colors of the '08 class be changed and that a committee be appointed to recommend colors in which it will be possible to get sweaters. Carried



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"The Sophomore class convened for an extensive meeting yesterday afternoon. The all pervading question was in regard to the changing of the class colors. After the usual amount of parliamentary usages the old colors of the class which were burnt orange and seal brown were changed to dark blue and old gold. Orders were taken then and there for the jerseys and caps."



"There are two parts to the law, the spirit and the letter."



WE MOVE

pho- ng to p- ial ined fresh- and at as	On account of unavoidable circumstances the sophomores were compelled to change the date of the production of their annual class play, and the date now definitely decided on is the 26th of this month. It is hoped that this will prove one of the best of the dramatic successes yet produced here.	doze more are a br toy me. up on t fray, pea sta
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of of ding shmen ret the eial	Seats for the sophomore class play lasted just long enough for the crowd to pass the bookstore window and some did not get by at that. Evidently the college approves of an occasional night off.	sopho sl, the instu Hall were
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A DELIGHTFUL "NIGHT OFF"

The '08's Present Play Which Ranks Above Any Previous Sophomore Play.—Each Member of Cast Star.

At last after many tribulations and postponements the sophomores have succeeded in giving the college "A Night Off" and the student body is well satisfied with the result.

The play easily ranks above any previous sophomore play, being in the first place more pretentious, as the custom has been to give a varied program with the farce occupying only the last half of the evening.

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AGAIN THE CHAMPIONS

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maller	'08—2 2 0 0 0 3 2 2 x—11	"W"

Officers for Fall Term - 1906.

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|------------------|-----------------------|
| President | Mr. Peters. |
| Vice. Pres. | Mr. Moore. |
| Secretary | Miss Louise Laurance. |
| Treasurer | Mr. Cave. |
| Foot Ball Mgr. | Mr. Mutch. |
| Sergeant-at-arms | Mr. Pullen. |

Motion made and carried that the class of '08 assist the Cardinal Guild in carrying out their proposition in regard to the class scrap. carried.

E. I. S. C. STUD

UNIQUE GIFT BY '08 CLASS

Alabaster Bust of Longfellow.—Copy of Westminster Cast Presented to the Public Speaking Dep't.

The '08s have started something worth while. The '08 class, by way of appreciation, has presented to the Public Speaking Department an alabaster bust of the great American poet, Longfellow.

This marks the beginning of the decorations in the Public Speaking Department which will grow and develop with the coming years. It is the hope and purpose of Prof. Newens to make the Department an art center—to establish an art atmosphere.

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ALL TROTTERS OF 1907 AND 1908 CLASS

Trotting Begins at 6.50 p. m.

With all trotters meeting at Central building
the males on second, the females on first

The Dutch Band Will Relieve Themselves of
Some Music

At 7:10 when the trotters are at the tape, the first heat will be run to the stalls of several faculty props and mark rubbers. The props will be called out to see the host of trotters. The first heat will end at the huge bonfire on athletic field where the two principal owners, Peters of the Junior stable and Stewart of the Senior stable, will offer 2 minute bets. The Dutch Band will let loose 3 furlongs.

The second heat starts immediately after and runs to Margaret Hall where a great program will be given for the trotters. MADAM MILLER, trance medium, clairvoyant, formerly of gypsy land, latterly of Des Moines will conduct spiritual reading in Margaret Hall during the evening

Prof. Newens, Talk Expert will amuse

The Philippino Orchestra formerly of Manila will render a few selections

THE IOWA STATE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB under the leadership of Prof. Resler, a good fellow, will positively appear. MARS-
TON, STEVENSON and other notables will tell why it wasn't

Start with the trot at 6:50 and stay with it till 11. There will be DANC-
ING some time during the evening. Entertain for all
Everybody in on the 2:20

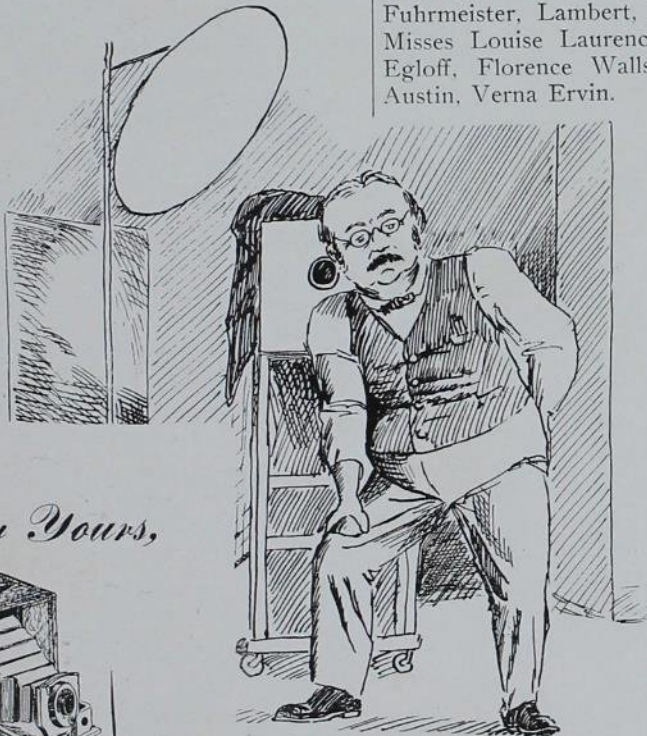
Ladies Don't Wear Your EFFERVESCENT GOWNS

Gala Occasion

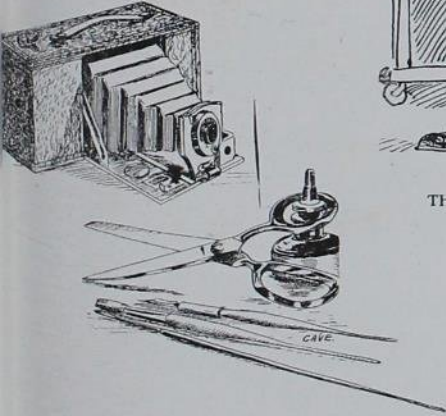
Senior College

Officers for Spring Term, 1907
 President - - - Mr. Given
 Vice Pres Mr. Reynolds.
 Secretary Genevieve Preher
 Treas. Mr Wheeler
 Repres on Ath Council Mr Thayer
 Track Capt. Mr. Waggoner.

Members of cast for Junior Play "Frenzied Finance" are as follows: Messrs. Canady, Garberson, Baeder, Batchelder, Fuhrmeister, Lambert, Powers, Misses Louise Laurence, Ruth Egloff, Florence Walls, Jessie Austin, Verna Ervin. gar colors of r co' bi we e then old



Sincerely Yours,



THE JUNIORS POSE!—TIMES



Greetings From Our
Alumni.



A. C. RICE, '97. AND SON
Rangoon, Burma



To the Class of 1908, Greetings:

When you graduate a year from now, you will be thankful that you did not take your course of study in a school where practical things are not taught. You will have much that will be useful to you and to your State in building up its agriculture, its non-agricultural industries and its homes. I hope a goodly number will be ready to help introduce the technical work so well organized at Ames into the lower schools of the State.

Very truly yours,

W. M. HAYS,
Assistant Secretary of Agriculture.

TOLEDO, OHIO, MARCH 18, 1907.

To the Class of '08, Greeting:

I am pleased to respond to your kind invitation to take some small part in the preparation of your Junior Annual, "The '08 Bomb".

Just a quarter of a century ago, (looking ahead, this may seem like a very long time to you; to me it seems but yesterday, or at most the day before), I myself became for the first time a Junior. Have been a Junior ever since and always mean to be, so your kind offer to let me help if I can, comes to one of your own number, in spirit at least, and I thank you for having remembered me. I am feeling more Junior like today than I have since 1882.

My Junior year at I. S. C. was before the time of the "Bomb". The Junior energy at that time was expended in what was known as the "Junior Ex". Being young, bashful, and poorly furnished with a line of talk, I was not even asked to take part, for all of which I was duly thankful. So you see you have given me my first opportunity to take part in a distinctly Junior effort. I thank you again very kindly. This is a fine illustration, too, of the old saying that "everything comes to him who waits"—and works.

My twenty-five years, as a Junior, have been busy happy ones, and as the years come and go and the passing events make their impressions and leave their mark, I have learned more and more to value and appreciate what my first year as a Junior at I. S. C. has been and is to me.

I have a very warm place in my heart for the good old—new school, have an active interest in what it is doing for you and you for it, know how big and strong and progressive and efficient it is, how very much better it is in every way than in my time and am glad of it.

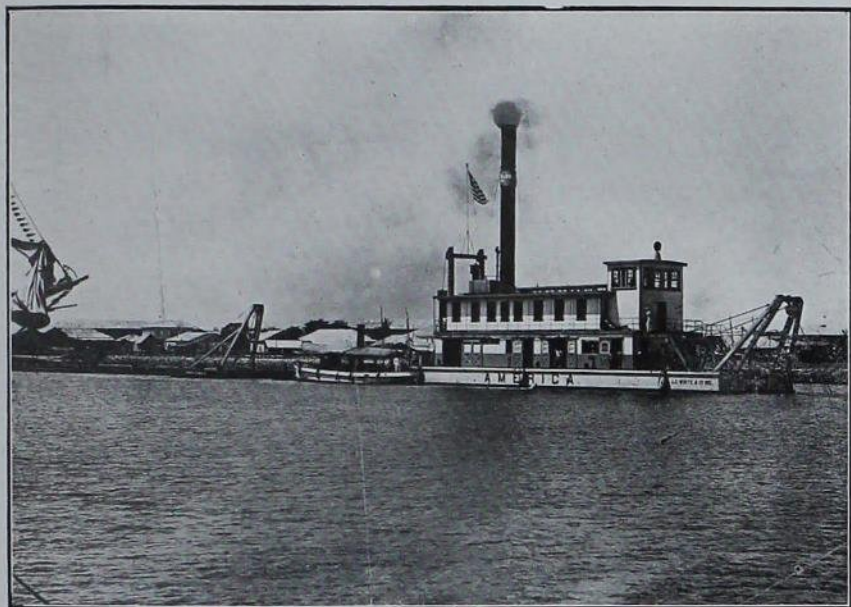
Now, may I as a Junior of some little experience remind you, without taking a text, that your responsibilities are just in proportion to your equipment for service, that from him who hath much much is expected, and that, as we say in these strenuous days, it is up to you, you must make good.

You young Iowa people were born in and live in the right State, you are Juniors in the right school, you are good looking enough, you are smart enough, I hope you are just good enough, and you each must do the very best that is in you.

I wish you each success, in the best sense of the word, and hope that this, your Junior year, may be the first of a series, each of which may be better and brighter and more earnest than any that have gone before.

Very truly yours,

M. J. RIGGS,
Junior of '82.



HYDRAULIC DREDGING AT ILOILO P I
H. L. Morris, 1904

To the Class of '08:—

As a member of the Class of '76 I wish to send in ahead, so as to be sure and get it in on time, my congratulations and best wishes to '08.

Being now a grandfather I have an abundance of cheap advice to give to young people. Ladies of the Class: be sure and marry soon, if not sooner, a good Christian and manly man and ever after live happy.

Gentlemen: Remember, there are three necessary qualifications for success in the business world, namely: first, ordinary ability. Second, Application. Third, Christian or moral character.

You know now that the first two are necessary, later in life you will realize that the third qualification is equally necessary.

Your obedient servant and well wisher,

J. F. HARDIN.

Class of 1908, I. S. C., Greeting:

It is difficult for one who has been absent from our Alma Mater for fourteen years to imagine the conditions under which you are conducting your studies; but one thing is certain,—you are looking forward to the time when the diplomas are passed and you enter upon the practical duties of life.

Your education will help you in your endeavor to approach the ideal you have chosen or may choose. An educated person who has resolved, with God's help, to do right at any cost will not only succeed, but will prove a source of strength to others who desire to do right, but are weak.

As a business man, I have seen many failures, nearly all of which were due to lack of christian principle which showed itself in many ways. As employees, a lack of interest in their work, evil habits, dishonesty or unreliability; as business men, questionable methods, dishonesty, placing the dollar ahead of principle, evil associates, etc.

Your success as individuals will depend more upon your character than upon your education, important as is the latter.

Many a brilliant, highly educated young man has failed, leaving a vacancy to be filled by one with much less natural ability and education, but who had a strong character and could be depended upon.

I. S. C. has turned out a great many splendid men and women. Many of these came from christian homes and did not depart from the principles learned therein. Others, less fortunate, have learned from their christian associates, while still others have turned a deaf ear and have decided to travel with those going the other road, and I regret to say that some such have been a disgrace to society.

Be careful in choosing your friends that they be of the right sort, for no one is your friend, no matter how good his intentions may be, who is not interested in your highest welfare.

May your senior year add much to your fitness for life's duties, and may you not forget to "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you".

I wish you all a useful and prosperous life.

R. B. BENJAMIN,

Class of '92.

SEATTLE, WASH., APRIL 5, 1907.

As a representative of Class 1878 I take pleasure in extending to Class 1908 a most cordial greeting. The thirty years that have elapsed since we were Juniors at the old college have swept by like a fleeting summer's day. The new generation that has taken our place has multiplied in numbers, in opportunities and in responsibilities. The world will demand more of you than it did of us and I am sure it will not be disappointed. Life is what we make it and in the long run each man will get what he deserves. The most successful man is the one who gets the most joy out of life and helps most to lift the burdens from his fellow man. Your college life will fit you, as no other experience can, to meet and surmount difficulties until you achieve success.

We boys and girls who are now fifty years old or more salute the coming successful leaders of the state and the nation. In behalf of the Junior Class of thirty years ago I bespeak for Class 1908 the best that this life affords.

Yours very truly,

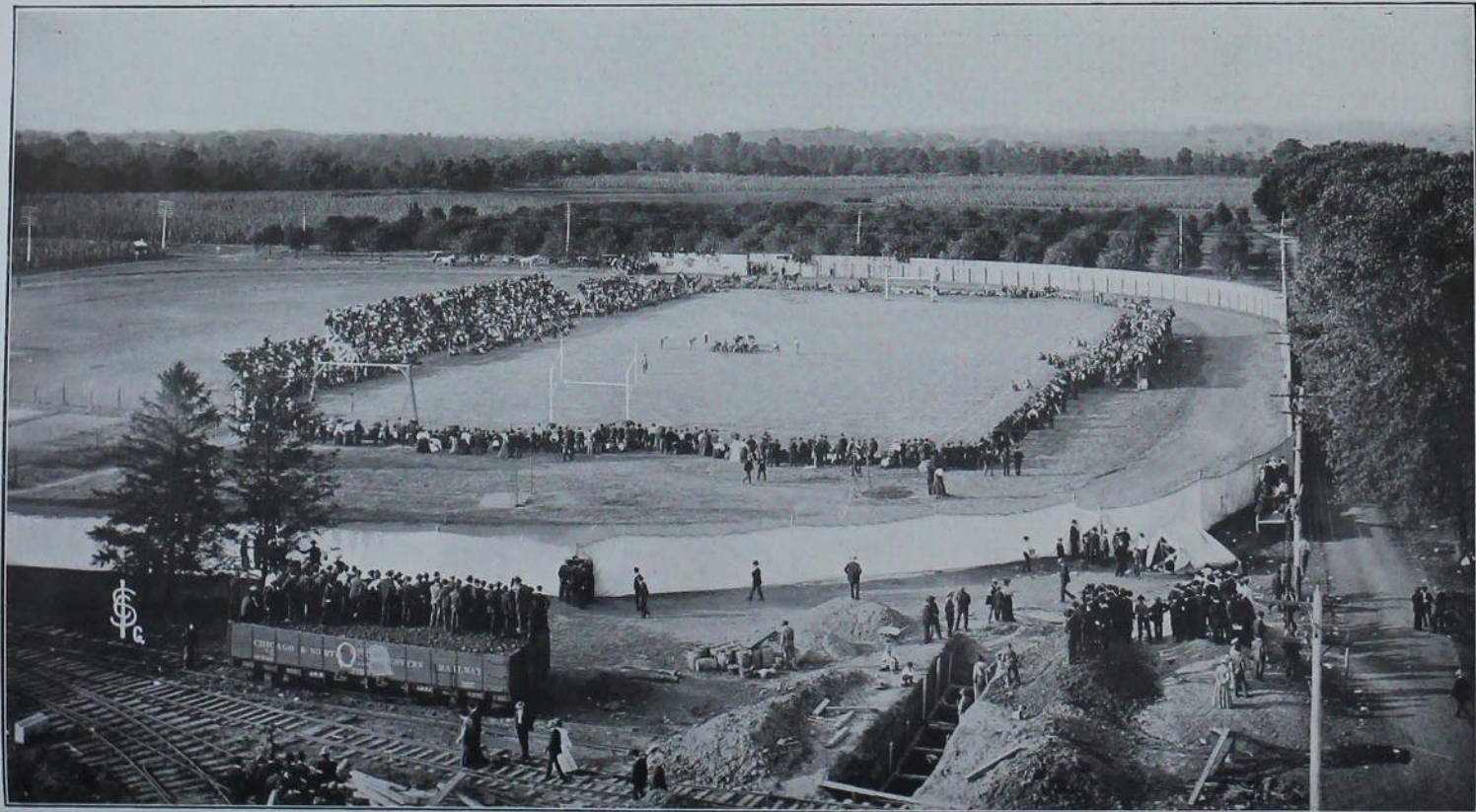
HARRY L. GLENN,

Class 1878.











Track Review.



In athletics the past year, Ames has been successful in the fullest meaning of the term. It is true to be sure that the efforts of every department of athletics were not crowned with victory after victory, but much new promising material was developed, the Ames spirit cultivated, and a Woman's Athletic Association organized.

The season opened with more men training than ever before. The shed was a scene of activity; first the base-ball men, next the varsity track men, and last, but not least in numbers, the new material were moulded into shape by the careful hand of Jack Watson.

Work continued steadily from the very first up to the home meet. The home meet was interesting and uncertain as to the outcome from the first to the last events. The '06's were in a class by themselves, glad receivers of the booby prize. The main fight raged between the '08's and '07's. By the efforts of an old 'varsity man who had faithfully served the college four years in state contests, the '07's won the meet by a score of five points.

The team was made up largely of old men, but the abundance of good new material made the 'varsity men work to hold their positions. Never before have we had a team that trained as earnestly and consistently. Too much praise cannot be given them for their earnestness and determination.

The physical condition of the men can best be shown by a review of the dual meets. Drake duel meet came first after the home meet. Drake was weak and the contest wasn't a good work out for the 'varsity. S. U. I. met defeat at the hands of Jack's warriors on state field. Score: Ames 93½, S. U. I. 48½.

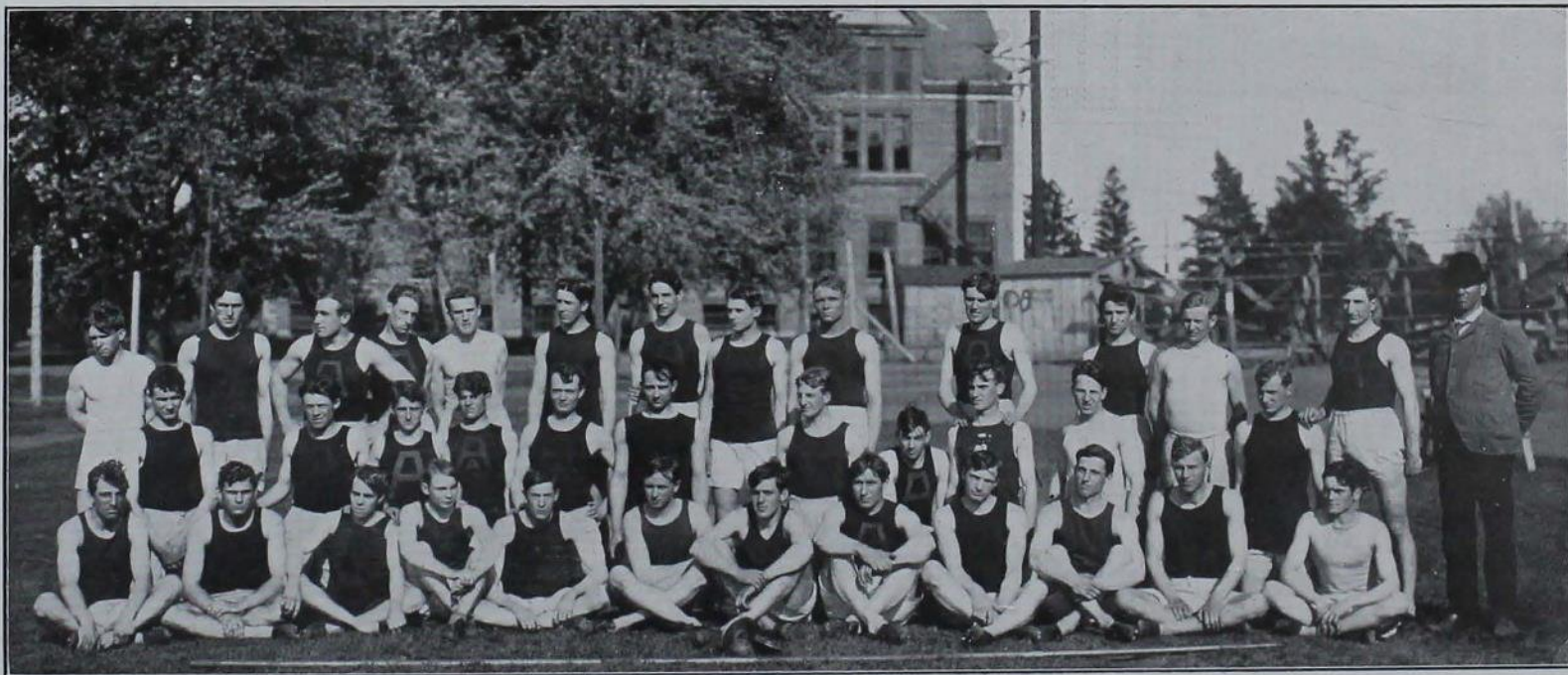
Attention now centered on state meet. Prospects were brighter than ever before. It was Jack Watson's second year, the men had learned to train under him, and our captain was Henninger, to whom belongs the honor of leading the first successful team from I. S. C. to state meet.

"He conducted himself just as a captain should," said Jack Watson.

The 26th of May came a fine sunny day. Ames was early on the field of action, ever fighting, hopeful to the end. A merry bunch of people left for Ames that night to celebrate the victory with one of the biggest bonfires ever built at I. S. C.

Ames won four firsts, eight seconds, and was the only college to win a first and second in one event. Captain Henninger broke state record in high hurdles, but his time did not stand on account of one hurdle being knocked down.

Confidence in Jack Watson was renewed. He had trained the first winning team from I. S. C. To know Jack is to have had him as your trainer. You will find him always patient, persevering, and guiding. Too much praise cannot be given his name for the victory of May 26, 1906.



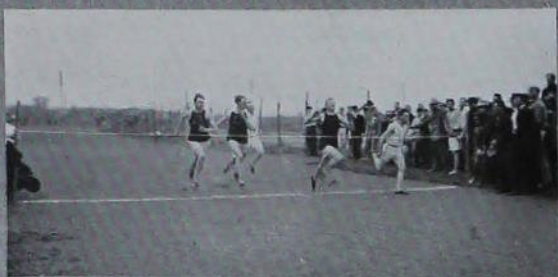
WINNERS OF STATE MEET 1906.

Home Meet, 1906.

EVENTS	RECORD	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	'06	'07	'08	'09
100 yard dash.	:10 $\frac{2}{5}$..	Packard	Thompson ..	Leberger	6	3
220 yard dash	:23	Packard ..	Thompson ..	Leberger
440 yard run ..	:55 $\frac{2}{5}$	Cave	Packard	Hewitt	8	1	..
880 yard run ..	2:07	Beard	Johnson	Billier	1	5	3
One mile run ..	5:15	Beard	Packard	VanMarter	3	6	..
Two mile run	Mutch	Waggoner ..	Stafford	8	1
120 yd. hurdle	:16 $\frac{4}{5}$	Nicholl	Henninger ..	Woods	4	..	5
220 yd. hurdle	26 $\frac{4}{5}$	Henninger ..	Nicholl	Woods	6	..	3
Hammer throw	123.4	Lambert	Uhl	Mills	4	..	5
High jump ...	5.4	Henninger ..	{ Gray } { Tracy }	5	..	4
Shot put	36.8	Brugger	Tuois	Stoufer	4	5	..
Broad jump ..	21.15	Barber	Woods	Underwood	8	..	1
Pole vault	10:2	McCullough ..	Miller	Orr	9
880 yd. relay ..	1:37 $\frac{7}{5}$	Class '09	Class '08 ..	Class '07	1	3	5
Mile relay	3:48 $\frac{1}{5}$	Class '08 ..	Class '07 ..	Class '08	3	5	1
Discus	107	Cave	Thayer	Stoufer	6	3	..
					00	53	48	43

Ames-Iowa, 1906.

EVENTS	RECORD	1st PLACE	2d PLACE	3d PLACE	I. S. C.	S. U. I.
100 yard dash ...	10 $\frac{3}{5}$	Luberger, A .. Renshaw, I	Packer	4
220 yard dash ...	24 $\frac{7}{5}$	Packer	Renshaw	Luberger	3
440 yard run	57	Hubbard	Reinecke	Hewitt	3
880 yard run	2:11 $\frac{4}{5}$	Johnson	Van Marter ..	Beard	9 0
One mile run	4:47 $\frac{2}{5}$	Curtis	Riley	Packard	6 3
Two mile run	10:56	Mutch	Waggoner	Curtis	9 0
120 yard hurdle ..	16 $\frac{5}{5}$	Henninger	Nicholl	Brown	8 1
220 yard hurdle ..	27 $\frac{3}{5}$	Nichols	Henninger ..	Brown	8 1
Hammer throw ...	132.7	Chalmers	Lambert	Uhl	4 5
High jump	5.6	White	Jaenson	Tracy	6 3
Shot put	39.55	Durkee	Brugger	McMahon	3 6
Broad jump	22	Barber	Burkheimer ..	Lambert	6 3
Pole vault	10	Bickel	{ Mc Cullough } { Crossan } { Brown }	..	6 $\frac{1}{5}$	2 $\frac{3}{5}$
880 yard relay ...	1:36 $\frac{7}{5}$	Ames	Iowa	5 3
Mile relay	3:41 $\frac{2}{5}$	Ames	Iowa	5 3
Discus	112.65	Chalmers	McMahon	Thayer	1 8
					93 $\frac{1}{5}$	48 $\frac{3}{5}$





State Meet, May 26, 1906.

EVENTS	RECORDS	1st PLACE	2d PLACE	3d PLACE	A	G	I	D	C	N
100 Yd. Dash	10:00	Hamilton	Huff	Luberger	1	3				5
Mile Run	4:41 $\frac{1}{2}$	Riley	Packard	Curtis	4		5			
120 yd. hurdle	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	Henninger	Clow	Barr	5	4				
440 yd. dash	50 $\frac{1}{5}$	DeHaan	Hubbard	Dawson	3	6				
220 yd. hurdle	25 $\frac{1}{5}$	Clow	Hamilton	Bair		6				3
880 yd. run	2:00 $\frac{1}{2}$	Beard	Noble	Haven	5		1			3
1 mile relay	3:26 $\frac{2}{5}$	Grinnell	Iowa	Ames	1	5	3			
2 mile run	10:13	Mutch	Waggoner	VanEvera	8					1
880 yd. relay	1:35 $\frac{2}{5}$	Ames	Grinnell	Drake	5	3		1		
Pole vault	11:7	Haggard	Bickel	Wood	3			5		1
Discus	116:04 $\frac{1}{2}$	McMahon	Thayer	Chalmers	3		6			
High jump	5:8	Englman	{ Slight Haggard }			2		2		5
16-lb. shot put	40:6	Conaway	Brugger	Durkee	3		1	5		
Broad jump	21:6 $\frac{1}{2}$	Clow	Barker	Boyd	3	6				
16-lb. h'r th'w	133:2	Chalmers	Uhl	Lambert	4		5			
220 yd. dash	22: $\frac{1}{5}$	Hamilton	Huff	Scarr		3		1		5
					48	38	20	14		22

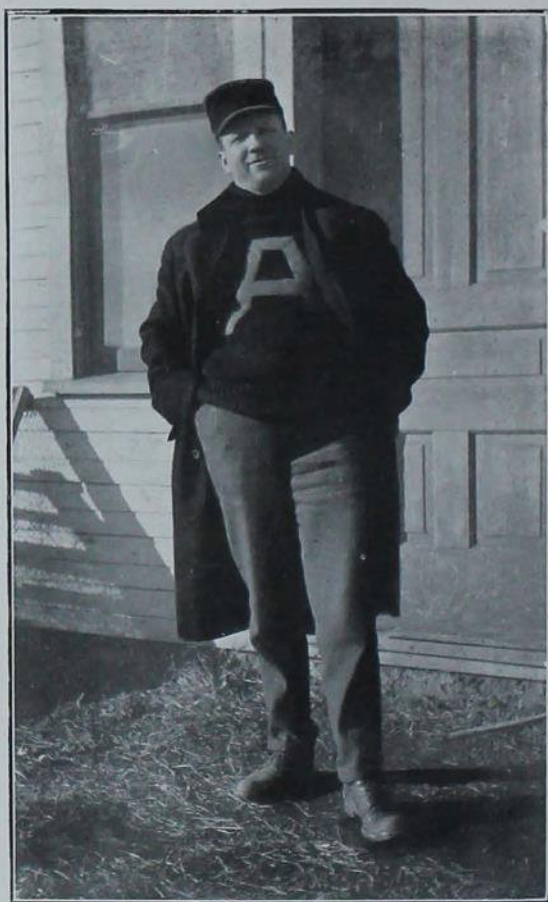




West Des Moines vs. Freshmen.

EVENTS	RECORD	1st PLACE	2d PLACE	3d PLACE	D	A
100 yard dash ..	:10 $\frac{3}{4}$..	Harris (D) ..	Thompson (A) ..	A ..	5	4
Pole vault	9.5	McCullough (A)	Macomber (D) ..	Miller (A)	3	6
Discus	103.6	Macomber (D) ..	Mailanpere (D) ..	Phillips (D)	9	--
Mile run	6:10	Johnson (A)	Winslow (A)	Hoffman (D)	1	8
High jump	5.6 $\frac{1}{2}$	Walker (D)	Ramsie (A)	Tracy (A)	5	4
120 yard hurdle ..	:17 $\frac{1}{2}$..	Nichols (A)	Horton (A)	Newman (D)	1	8
440 yard run	:56 $\frac{3}{4}$	Harris (D)	Hubbard (A)	Carr (A)	5	4
12 pound shot ..	41.4	Macomber (D) ..	Underwood (A) ..	Lambert (A)	5	4
220 yard hurdle ..	:28 $\frac{3}{4}$..	Nichols (A)	Martin (D)	Horton (A)	3	6
Broad jump	21.1	MdMartin (D) ..	Lambert (A)	Thompson (A) ..	5	4
880 yard run	2:22	Mitchell (D)	Johnson (A)	Drake (D)	6	3
220 yard dash	:25	Thompson (A) ..	Wells (A)	Lambert (A)	--	9
Mile relay	3:47 $\frac{3}{4}$..	Ames	Des ¹ Moines	3	5
Half mile relay ..	1:45 $\frac{1}{2}$..	Ames	Des Moines	3	5
					54	70







STATE CHAMPIONS 1906



Football.

THE football season of 1906 will long be remembered by I. S. C. students as one of the bright spots in the past, for in that year our team, fighting for the honor of the college attained the long coveted position of champions of Iowa. In years before the team had come very near to the point of glory but not until 1906, did they succeed in placing I. S. C. at the top.

When the call for football candidates was sounded, a goodly number of huskies appeared upon the field, everyone willing to do his best to conquer our old rivals, and it was through this willingness on the part of the men to train consistently and obey their coach in every way that the championship was brought to Ames.

The season opened with everyone showing particular interest, for the football teams were face to face with new rulings that threatened to revolutionize the game of football, and some anxiety was felt as to whether our coach could solve the new rules and give us a winning team, but Ristine rose admirably to the occasion and with the skill of a general he brought forth new plays that displayed his genius. With wonderful perseverance the men worked faithfully and under the leadership of the crafty Jaensen, the team worked like a machine. During the season of 1906, the 'varsity played ten games, nine of which were victories, while three were played by the reserves, who won from Waterloo High and West Des Moines, but lost to Ida Grove High. The first three 'varsity games were of little importance, Cornell, Coe, and Des Moines College being easily defeated. On October, 13, came the first real test of the cyclones' mettle. On that date the much heralded team from Sioux City came down with a team that threatened to



put a quietus on our claims to the championship, but they returned badly defeated. One week later the full 'varsity squad invaded the state of Nebraska for the purpose of retrieving the defeat which the cornhuskers had inflicted the year before. With the fighting spirit that they displayed throughout the whole season and with the aid of "Jobby's" accurate toe, the championship of one state was obtained! October 27, was the date of the game with Minnesota. For years the cyclones had gone to Minneapolis only to return in defeat. This year the team had great hopes of winning and the Gophers feared the game, but a cloud of gloom was cast over the college when captain Jaensen was severely injured in practice during the week before the Minnesota game. Although their captain was unable to lead the team, they went into it fighting to make up for his loss and although defeated there was no dishonor in the defeat. The next games were with South Dakota and Grinnell, who were easily defeated, although the wearers of Scarlet and Black accomplished their usual trick of scoring. On the Saturday following the Grinnell game, came the contest, to which we had been looking forward for months. On November, 24, the cyclones accompanied by the student body, journeyed to Iowa City, met and conquered the Hawkeyes for the first time in several years. At last our most cherished dream had come true and we returned to Ames jubilant with the thought that finally we had overcome our rivals.

But there was still one more game before the championship was clinched and on Thanksgiving day, the team defeated Drake at the stadium under very adverse climatic conditions.

To the reserves a work of credit is due for it was by their faithful devotion to the 'varsity and willingness to take the hard poundings day after day, that a large part of the team's success was due.





R. E. JAENSEN
Quarterback and Captain '06



RALPH McELHINNEY
Right End and Captain, '07



L. A. NELSON
Left Guard



FRED BRUGGER
Right Tackle



D. H. BILLER
Left Half



J. C. JONES
Right Half



R. E. DRENNAN
Right Guard



H. E. HENNINGER
Left End



M. A. MILLS
Left Tackle



L. A. PLAGER
Center



H. C. HUBBARD
Sub Quarter



P. L. REPERT
Full Back

Two men who have played their last game for J. S. C.



W. A. BARBER
Sub End



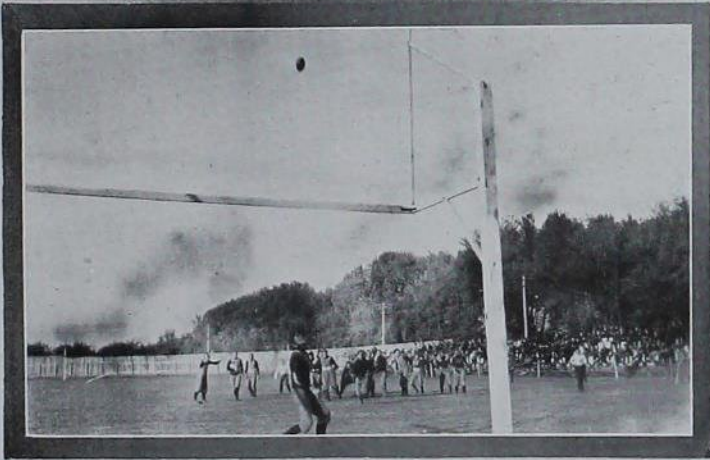
R. A. LYMAN
Sub Tackle

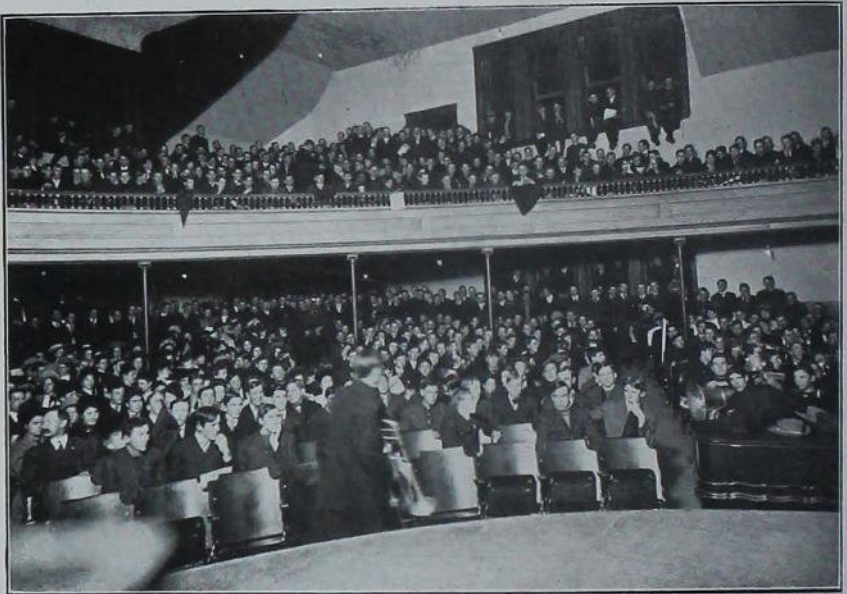
Score of the Season.

Sept. 29—I. S. C. 81—Cornell	0
Oct. 5—I. S. C. 36—Coe	0
Oct. 6—I. S. C. 45—Des Moines	0
Oct. 13—I. S. C. 32—Morningside	0
Oct. 20—I. S. C. 14—Nebraska	2
Oct. 27—I. S. C. 4—Minnesota	22
Nov. 3—I. S. C. 22—South Dakota	0
Nov. 17—I. S. C. 25—Grinnell	6
Nov. 24—I. S. C. 2—Iowa	0
Nov. 29—I. S. C. 7—Drake	0
268	30



ON TO MINNESOTA





BEFORE IOWA



AFTER IOWA



AT IOWA



SENIORS



JUNIORS



SOPHOMORES



FRESHMEN. CHAMPIONS.

Class Football Scores

'08 0

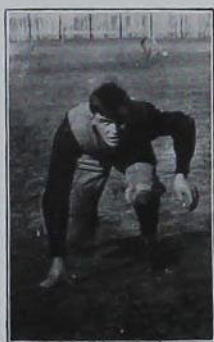
'07 11

'09 0

'10 5

'10 5

'07 2



THE END



STANTON

Tennis Team.

Tennis at I. S. C. has not the large following as have our other athletics, but nevertheless it is one of our best sports and should receive better support than it has in years past. Probably because there are so few taking part in the game, and because of less attention paid to the players in practice by the student body, a game of tennis passes almost unheeded. However the honor of the college is just as much at stake in a contest of this kind as in any other intercollegiate meeting.

Last season there was one tournament of importance that with Coe, who possessing the best courts in the state, always sends forth a strong team. On May 11, Stanton and Little, representing Ames, met the Coe team on the I. S. C. courts. The unexpected happened when Stanton was defeated in singles by 6-8, 4-6. It must be said however that his playing was not up to standard on account of lack of practice. Little played a good game and won, defeating the Coe man 7-5, 7-5. The finals in singles however were won by Coe's fast playing. The doubles came our way easily by a score of 6-2, 6-4, showing good team work by Stanton and Little. Much is expected from Little in the future, who from his strong playing last season, should develop into one of the best men with the racket that ever represented I. S. C.



LITTLE



G



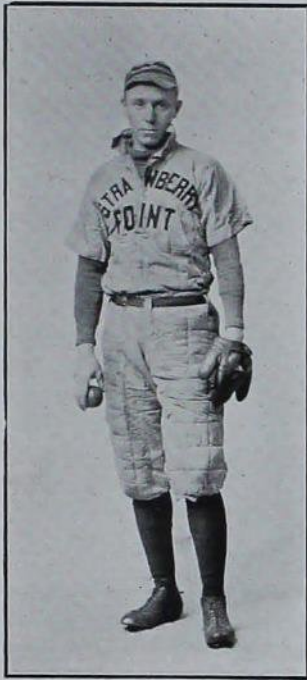
Baseball

The baseball season of 1906, did not open with such a promising aspect as did the track season. Although the team did not bring home as many victories as our other teams did, it was not because they did not work and train as did the others. The squad had met with some serious losses, caused by some of the star players not returning to college. However, early in the spring the baseball men were at work in the shed limbering up their arms. At the first sign of good weather the candidates appeared upon the campus and active training began,

and then it was seen how the ranks had been depleted. Captain Parson's task now was to organize and lead a team of new men who were to play their first game of college baseball. But a little later in the spring, matters took definite shape when Clyde Williams, the crack third baseman of college and professional company appeared upon the campus and took charge of the baseball team. With the energy that has always been characteristic of him, Mr. Williams selected his men, after giving every one a fair tryout and put onto the field a team that contained a promising lot of ball players. The pitching staff had probably suffered the most and the only veteran to appear was Riley, who was the mainstay of this position. Numerous other pitchers tried out, but the only one to make good was Harris, a south paw with some puzzling curves. The other new men on the team were Penfield, at second, Smith, at third, and Cunningham in centerfield. The team worked hard to bring honor to their college and although not landing at the top there were still other teams below ours.

The athletic council is to be congratulated on selecting such a man as Clyde Williams as the coach of the athletic teams of the college. With two such men as Watson and Williams, leaders in their own profession, success cannot but come to the college in the future. Clyde Williams is one of the best athletes this state has produced and his performances have always been pleasing to watch because of his gentlemanly sportsmanship and with him as a leader, our athletics must be clean,





R. A. ARNOLD
Mainstay of '08s on the Diamond

Score of Class Baseball Games.

SPRING OF 1906.

MAY 16.		MAY 23.	
'08.....	7	'08.....	12
'09.....	1	'07.....	2
MAY 18.			
'07.....	8		
'06.....	7		

'08's win championship for second time.



JUNIOR "A" MEN



Girls' Athletics.



IRLS' athletics at I. S. C., have hitherto been almost unnoticed, but the past year has witnessed a great revival of interest and enthusiasm in this branch of college athletics. The Woman's Athletic Association was organized in the fall of '05. It consists of three clubs, basket ball, tennis, and hockey, and a council, the members of which are four from the faculty, the dean of women, and the officers of the association. Miss Winifred Tilden, the president and physical director has charge of the different lines of work. To her the credit of the growing interest in this department of athletics must be given.

The interest in basket ball revived to such an extent that several important games were played. The games excursion days were interesting, and well attended. The basket ball team defeated Simpson at Indianola, February 22, 1907. Score: Ames 16, Simpson 13. Ames is known far and wide for her progressiveness along various lines of experiment and research. No less is her progressive tendency in the sports of the age. English Field Hockey was introduced into this country in 1901, Ames has fallen into line and has given the game a permanent place in athletics for women. The hockey team won, the first inter-collegiate hockey game ever played in Iowa, on October 5, 1906. Ames 4, Coe 2.





Basketball Team.

Forward	Alma McCulla
Right Forward	Vera Prime, Captain
Left Forward	Emma Leonard
Forward Center	Athyl Olson
Back Center	Ruth Watts
Right Guard	Edna Pammel
Left Guard	Harriet Pammel
Guard	Eliza Carlson

Hockey Team.

Right Wing	Osee Wilson, Captain
Left Wing	Louise Lawrence, Hellen Martin
Right Forward Guard	Coral Roberts
Left Forward Guard	Josephine Calonkey
Center	Grace Davis
Right Guard	Ruth Dyer, Florence Kimball
Left Guard	Florence Kimball, Millie Gillette
Guard	Georgia Day
Goal Tender	Blanche Walters, Genevieve Dreher

The following were awarded medals by the Womans' Athletic Association:

BASKET BALL.

Alma McCulla
Mary Wilson
Millie Flynn
Ada Hayden
Kate Lysinger

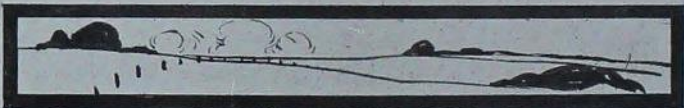
HOCKEY.

Osee Wilson
Ruth Walters
Coral Roberts
Louise Laurance
Millie Gillette
Verna Erwin
Ruth Dyer
Blanche Walters
Genevieve Dreher





CHAMPIONS OF IOWA





Our College.



NOT many years since the technical school or college was regarded as a place where one was taught to work with the hands only, and that the culture and refinement which should accompany a college education were entirely lacking; especially was this true of colleges, such as our own, separately established from the State Universities. Hence the place which these great educational centers were destined to fill in the training of the youth of our country has been rather overlooked and underestimated. Thus our own State College has not been appreciated, especially by the people of our own state, as one of the foremost educational and cultural institutions in the country. "But" as President Beardshear has said, "by what philosophy other than the rote of custom are sweetness and light in education confined to the purely Hellenistic culture? The education of the hand is making reputable avenues to the completest development of life."

So we of the Junior class in common with our fellow students, faculty, and college officers, believe that the time has come when an institution offering facilities such as are offered by our own college, must be recognized, not merely as training points, but as broad educational centers which send out graduates of culture and refinement, as well as of technical knowledge. Especially must such a fact be recognized in connection with the Iowa State College.

Founded less than half a century ago, out where full-half the virgin sod of the prairies lay never up-turned, fathered by a State barely out of its 'teens, the Iowa State College has, by rapid strides in development made for itself a name and a place second to none of its kind in the world, while in its Agricultural College, it is universally conceded to be unequalled. The States and foreign lands from which the College draws its student body, as well as the many post-graduate students, are of themselves proof of the educational advantages of our school. During the past half decade, persons have matriculated as regular students from nearly every State in the Union. From our borderlands, Canada and Mexico, from the West India Islands, South American countries, the Philippines, China, England, and several of the continental European countries have come students to enroll in this great school that they might have the advantages of the best.

A spacious and beautiful Campus, modern buildings and laboratories, with more than a dozen regular collegiate courses, provide superior advantages for the great student body which is rapidly nearing the two thousand mark. Yet our best equipment is the splendid group of professors who head the

various departments; men and women striving loyally, not for mere remuneration, but for the welfare, the interests of I. S. C. They are the forces which are nobly exploiting the aims and ideals of the College, its ambition to send forth graduates who will creditably fill any positions to which they may be called, at the same time possessing the refinements, true grace, and culture of the educated.

We are proud to say that such aims are being accomplished. We have hinted with satisfaction of the splendid growth of our College, of its breadth and scope of work, its buildings and equipment, and of its splendid leaders of today; but it is with pride that we point to the graduates of this school and to the positions of prominence and honor which they today fill in every land. It is in them that we find the fulfillment and recognition of the aims, the hopes, the ideals of the school, and a demonstration of the fact that we are, and rightfully should be ranked as one of the leading educational institutions.

A roll call of the graduates of the Iowa State College will compare favorably with any institution in America. All over this broad land and in foreign countries are I. S. C. graduates of name and honor. They are found in the Presidential Cabinet, and in many other important governmental relationships. In all the great agricultural developments, or in the mighty industrial problems, the Ames graduate is to be found, a fundamental factor. East, West, North, and South, he superintends the great projects which are fundamental to our very national existence itself. Nor as an educator is he lacking, the I. S. C. graduate being in large demand in such capacities. Allow a single instance. Of the State Agricultural Colleges of the United States, nineteen have as heads of their Animal Husbandry departments, Ames men. The technical schools of the country draw largely on the Engineering graduates, while scores from the various departments, are the mainstay of schools of lesser rank. Even in the religious world, Ames has an enviable prominence, some of the best graduates of the school having already acquired a world wide reputation in religious work.

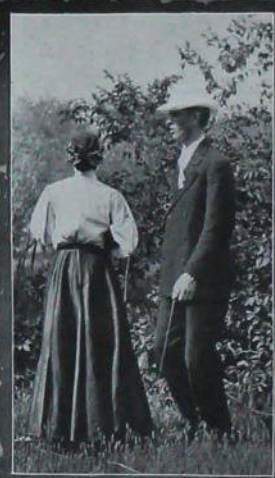
So we of the Junior class hereby express our unswerving loyalty and faith in our beloved I. S. C., willing to trust the best of our lives into her keeping, honoring, trusting, upholding her always, and believing mightily that as the years roll on, I. S. C. will continue to be the greatest, the purest, and the best.

THE '08 CLASS.













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Emerson, J. G.	Kirkpatrick, A. Z.
Garberson, L. D.	Kirkpatrick, J. G.
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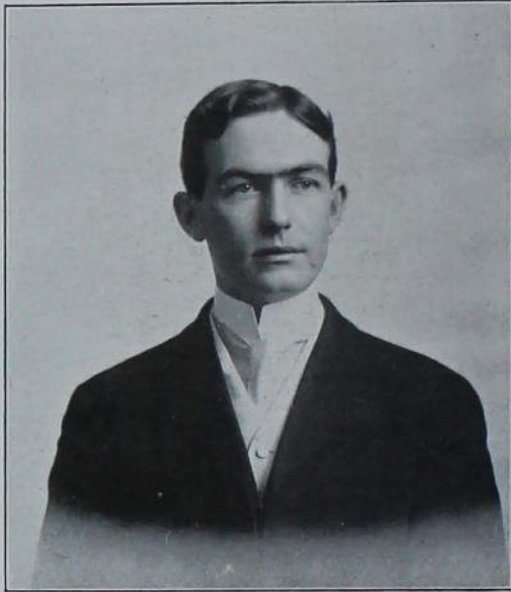
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Orpha Ka Del

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WELCH.

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I. D. Woodruff
E. E. Schenk



For several years Mr. E. B. Howard of Ames, desiring to encourage young men to study live public questions and to develop skill in public address, has generously assisted the debating league in awarding medals to our intercollegiate debaters. His efforts have been a stimulus to the debating interests of the college and have been a very important factor in raising debating to its present high position.

I. S. C. DEBATING LEAGUE.

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PHILELEUTHEROI.

Kupfer

Guthrie

CRESCENT.

Hamilton

Dewey

PHILOMATHEAN.

Schnaidt

Peters

First Dual Debate.



AMES VS. CEDAR FALLS.

—AT—

CEDAR FALLS, NOVEMBER 9, 1906.

Resolved, That the United States is justified in imposing a tariff upon the products of the Philippine Islands.

Affirmative—L. D. GARBERSON.

O. A. COHAGAN.

C. A. KUPFER.

F. S. DEWEY, Alternate.

DECISION,—Affirmative 0. Negative 3.



AMES VS. CEDAR FALLS.

—AT—

AMES, NOVEMBER 9, 1906.

Negative —G. L. MARTIN.

G. R. BLISS.

W. G. LANGWILL.

E. S. HASKELL, Alternate.

DECISION,—Affirmative 1. Negative 2.

State Triangular Debate.



Ames vs. Grinnell

AT AMES, FRIDAY MARCH 15, 1907.

"Resolved: that the cities of the United States should own their own Street Railways.

AFFIRMATIVE.

A. A. Burger

E. S. Haskell

L. C. Schantz

Decision—Affirmative 2; Negative 1.



Ames vs. Drake University

AT DRAKE, FRIDAY MARCH 15, 1907.

NEGATIVE.

G. T. Guthrie

A. C. Stelle

C. V. Gregory

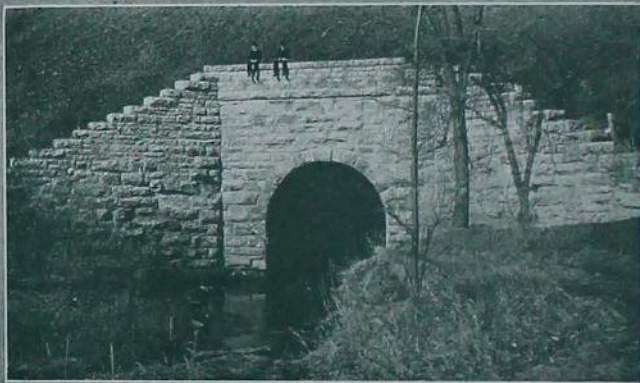
J. R. Hughes, Alternate.

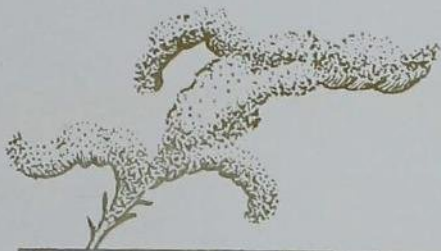
Decision—Affirmative 1; Negative 2.



CENTRAL BUILDING, I.S.C.

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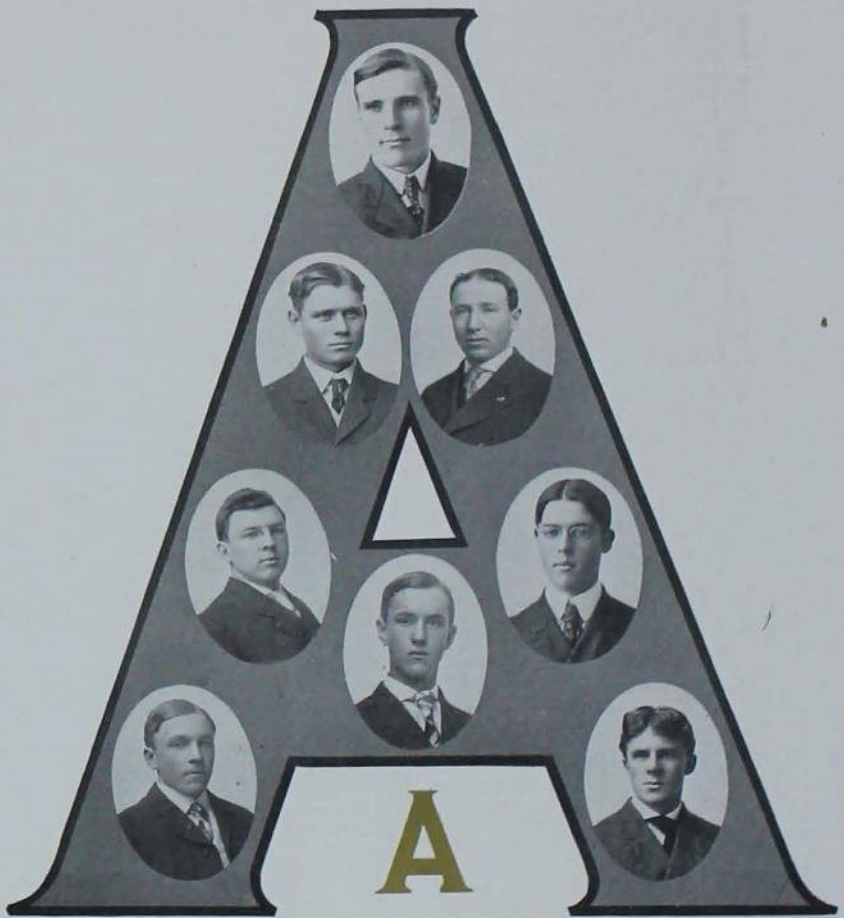




Found art thou, not in deep wood nor on towering mountain,
But by the highways and out on the ocean-like prairies,
Out in the freedom, the fulness of glorious sunshine.
There dost thou drink deep and full of the nectar of blossoms,
There day by day dost absorb thy color so golden from
Sunbeams that nourished and made thee.

Loved art thou, not for a weak, nor a delicate beauty,
Not for a bold, nor a dazzling majestic appearance.
But for thy grace, thy profusion of bright golden blossoms.
Coming when others are faded in the hot glare of summer,
Emblem thou art of life's fruitage, perfected by passionate
Struggle to noble achievement.





FRATERNITIES





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(Founded at the Virginia Military Institute, 1869.)

Gamma Sigma Chapter.

(Installed April 23, 1904.)

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James M. Burrows
Karl B. Meickley
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Joseph W. Davis
Walter E. Seeley
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(Founded at University of Alabama, 1856.)

Iowa Gamma Chapter.

(Established June 3, 1905.)

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R. H. Porter

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M. O. Bolser G. J. Scherling

1908.

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George Powers

1909.

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PLEDGES.

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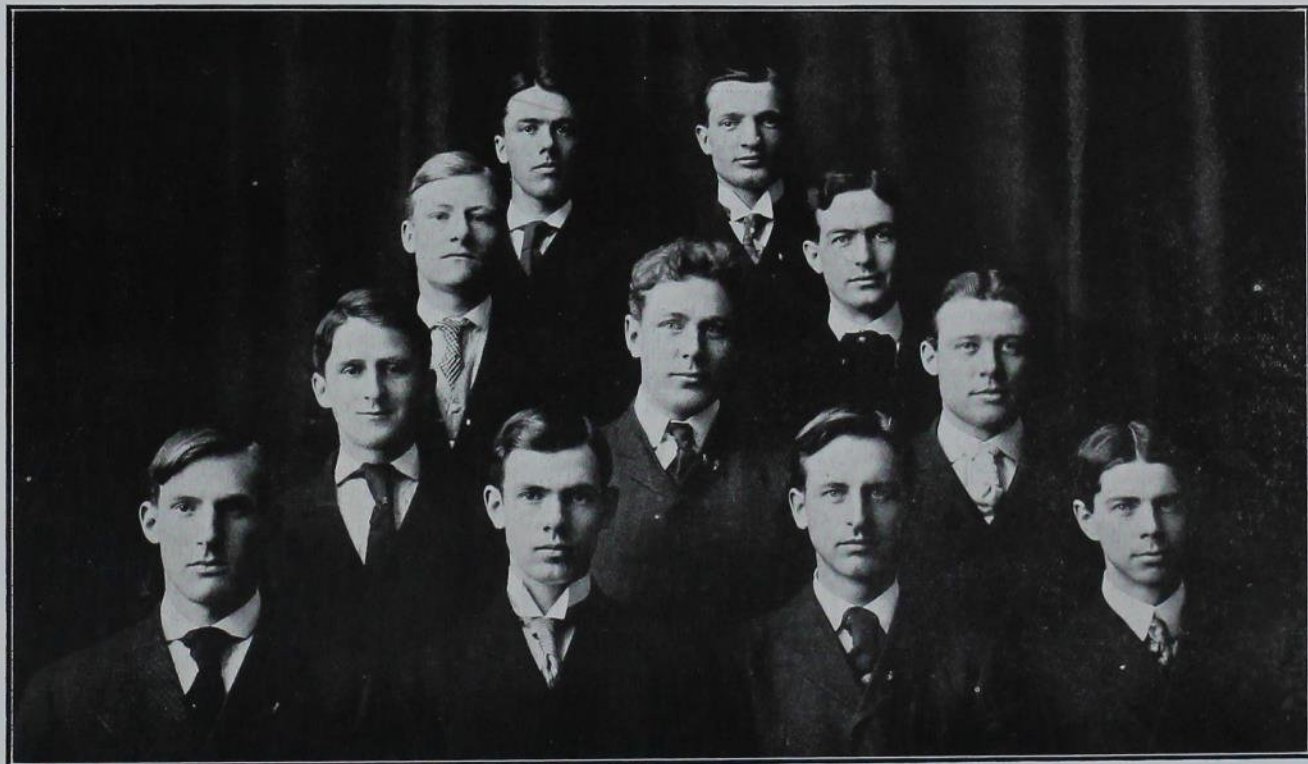
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COLLEGE GLEE CLUB



"DUTCH BAND"



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IOWA AGRICULTURIST

VOL. 7 IOWA STATE COLLEGE, AMES, IOWA, FEBRUARY, 1907 NO. 6

Published Monthly by the Agricultural Club of Iowa State College.

Terms of Subscription, 50 Cents Per Year
Advertising Rates on Application.

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Entered at Postoffice of Ames, Iowa, as second class matter.

EDITORIAL

February

Preparations for Spring Work

It is only a few short weeks before the rush and hurry of spring will be upon us.

for them. See that the harnesses are oiled and repaired, and above all, and care for the horses so they will be in the best possible condition to endure the first strenuous season. It looks carefully to who will have the "pull" through the

Are you your boy love the coming him to farm? drive

THE ALUMNUS

IOWA STATE COLLEGE

VOL. II NOVEMBER, 1906 No. 2

A Monthly Publication issued by the Alumni Association of the Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.

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THE IOWA ENGINEER

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION ISSUED BY THE ENGINEERING DEPARTMENTS OF THE IOWA STATE COLLEGE, AMES, IOWA.

VOL. VI NOVEMBER, 1906 No. 6

EDITORS

G. W. RUSSELL,	Professor of Mechanical Engineering
A. MARSTON,	Professor of Civil Engineering
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Recent years have seen the locomotive brought to a new state of evolution.



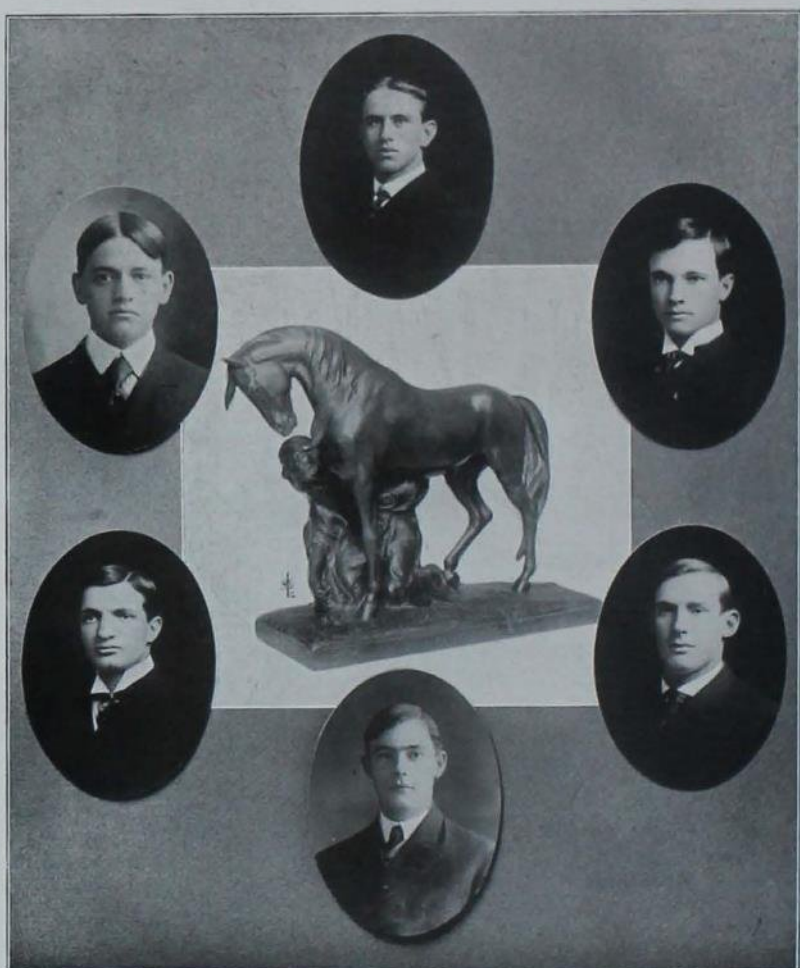
SOPHOMORE CLASS PLAY CAST

FRENZIED
FINANCE



JUNIOR
CLASS
PLAY

CAVE



E. N. WENTWORTH
R. E. DRENNAN

ELLIS RAIL
J. B. McMILLAN

B. W. CROSSLEY
D. B. BILLER

International Stock Judging Team.

Two trophies are competed for annually in stock judging contests at the International Live Stock shows at Chicago. The contests are open to all Agricultural Colleges of United States and Canada, each school competing sending a team of five men. One trophy, that shown in the photo above, is awarded to the team standing highest on horse judging. The other trophy, a bronze bull, is awarded to the team standing highest in cattle, sheep and swine. These trophies are given by the Union Stock Yards Company and if either is won three times by any school it becomes the property of that school. Last fall the above team won the horse trophy for the second time.



International Corn Judging Team.

The first International Corn Judging Contest was held in 1904. The corn contest was introduced into the International by an offer of Mr. A. E. Cook, of Odebolt, Iowa, to present a trophy for such a contest.

The first year this trophy rested at the Kansas Agricultural College, but in 1905 under the skilful coaching of Professor M. L. Bowman, the "Cook" trophy was brought to Ames, and again in 1906, the above team brought the trophy back to Ames with them.

According to Chief Judge Crossley, the men who represented I. S. C. in the 1906 contest were chosen for the following reasons.

"QUAIFE—Because he was quick, queer and quiet."

"SEXAUER—Because he was serious, sarcastic and serviceable."

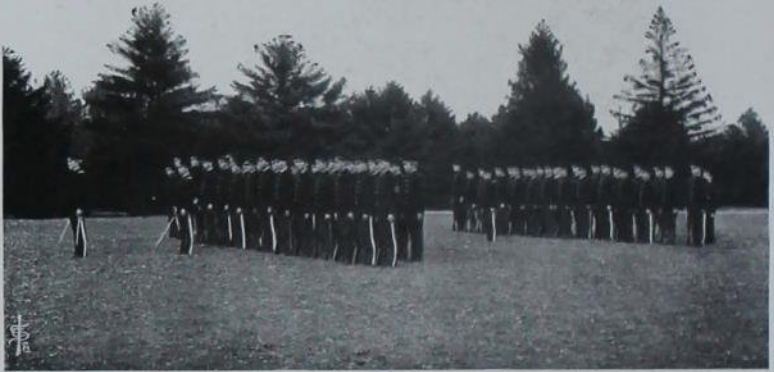
"PATTERSON—Because he was pretty, perceptive and pushing."

"PETERS—Because he was persistent, persevering and patient"

"DRENNAN—Because he was dogged, docile and determined."

"CROSSLEY—Because he was cool, calm and collected."





Cummins Rifles.

The Cummins Rifles were organized in the fall of 1903. During its life it has stood for all that is best in the military life of the college and under the watchful guidance of General Lincoln, and under the leadership of Captains Boudinot, Sanford, and Danielson, has made an exceptional record in discipline and military science.

Many events have combined to make the life of the company interesting to its members. The first was the barbecue at the dedication of Ft. Des Moines in 1903. After commencement, 1904, a trip was made to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis. Camping on the grounds enabled every one to see and get all that was of value at the Fair.

On excursion day 1904, a fine silver cup was won in a competitive drill with Company C. 55th I. N. G. The "Rifles" took part in the exercises at Nevada on Memorial day, 1905. In the spring of 1906, a competitive drill was held with Simpson College at Ft. Des Moines. Though unsuccessful in the decision of the judges, each man felt that he had done his best. Present plans are to attend the Jamestown Exposition immediately after the commencement.

Junior Mechanicals.



Junior Civils.



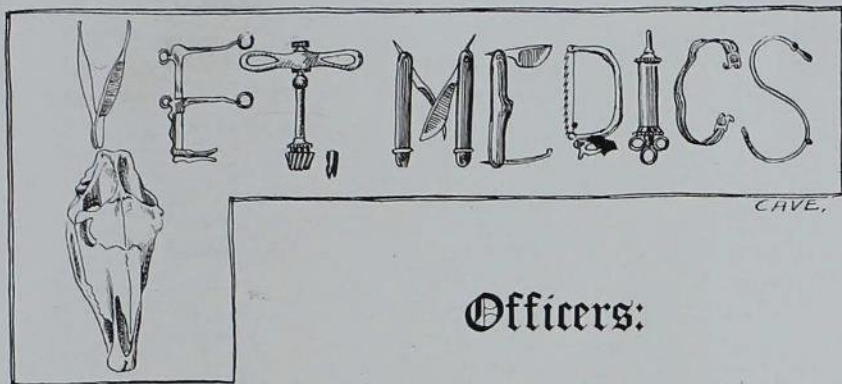
Junior Electricals.



Agricultural Club.



AG. CLUB PICNIC, MAY 17, 1906



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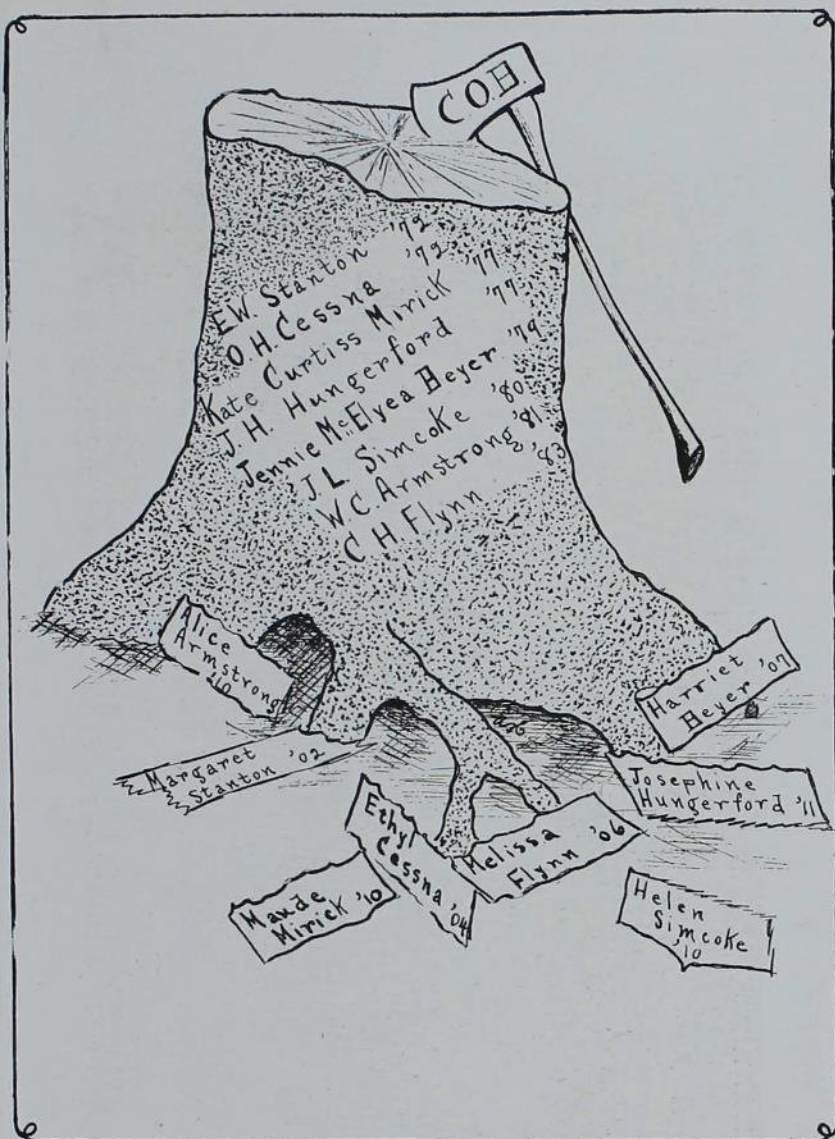
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Edith Booher
Ruth Meyers

Edna Day

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Maud Kennedy

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Six Foot Club.



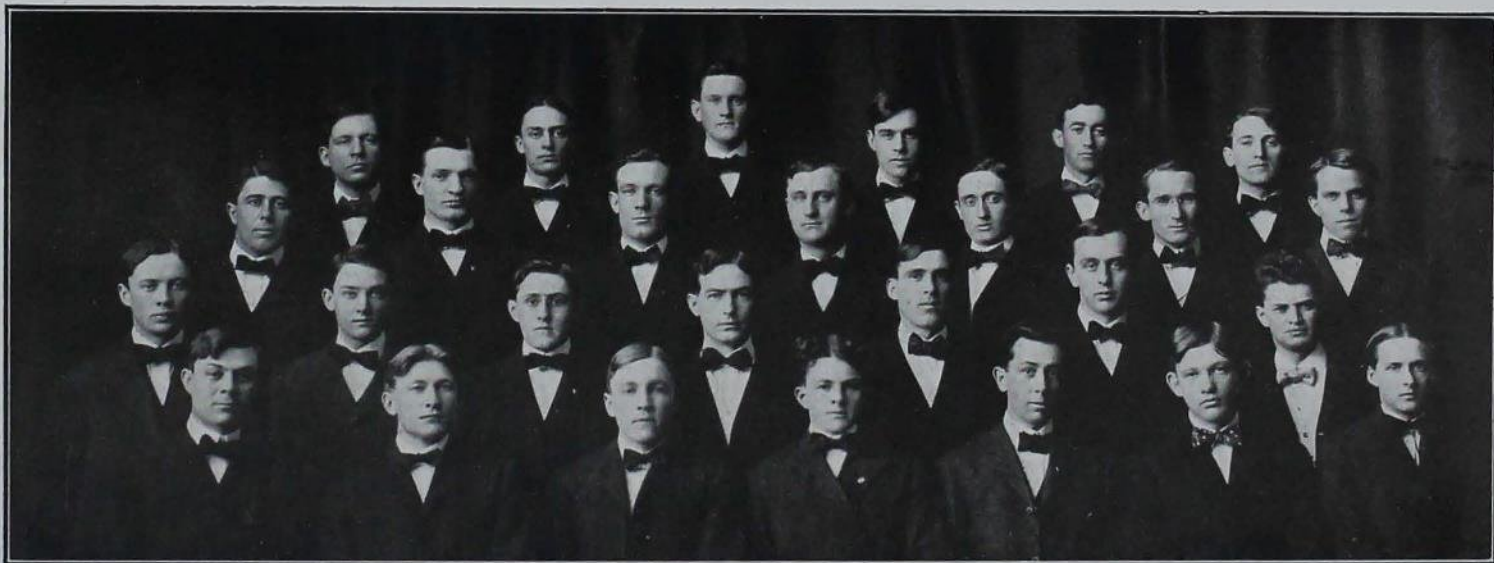
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C. R. Bush	L. B. Garberson	S. A. Knapp	A. H. Kreula	H. K. Davis

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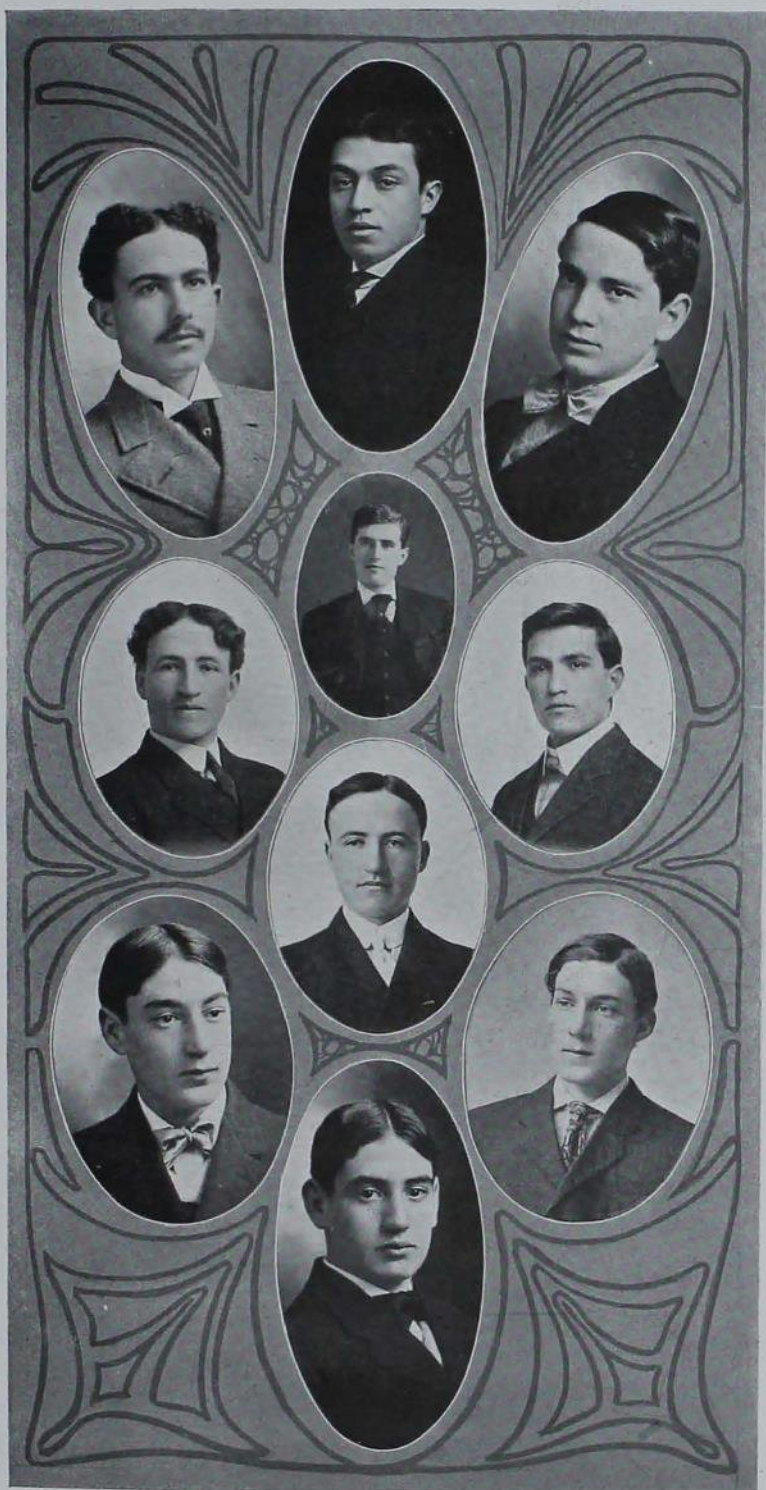
Our Foreign Friends.



FROM THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Mariano Mondonedo
Mariano M. Cruz
Balbino Palmares
Jose Nieva

Thomas Lorenzo
Ambrosio Magsaysay
Leon Ines
Mariano B. Billedo



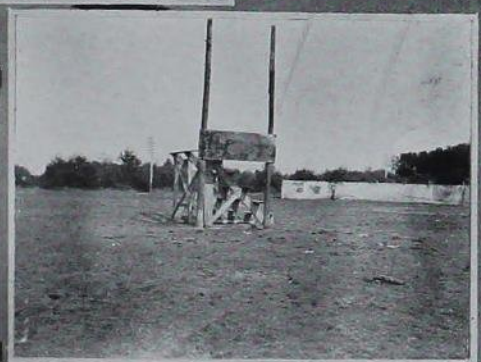
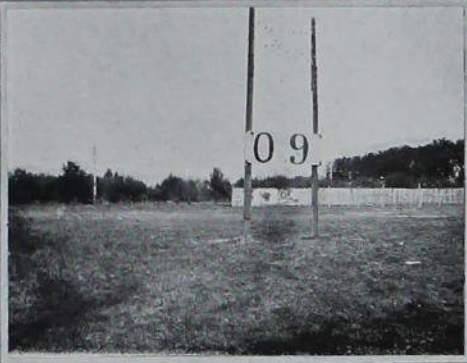
FROM LATIN AMERICA

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 Secundino Mata
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 Eduardo F. Lan
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INSIDE OF NEW MAIN

SAN SOUCI



Vol. XXIII



No. 0

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PUBLISHED NOW AND THEN

1902

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Lecturer on

"English As It Aint."

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OF BOWERY, NEWSBOY AND COLLEGE
SLANG IN HIS LECTURES.

"Aw, stir up your think tanks a little and don't be a bunch
of quitters."

"Well, amble to the board and make a stab at it anyhow."

"Come up from under the table, Ford, come out of it."

"Gee, but you're a wise bunch."

"Skidoo, 23 for you."

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CONTENTS

NOW 1.

	PAGE
Frontispiece	
Editorials	1.
The Dinkey	2.
I. S. C. Means Victory	4.
The Anvil Chorus	10.
Post Card Album	11.
All Mythology Football Team	14.
The Binger Bug	16.
Mr. Dooley on the Physics Laboratory	18.
A Tale From the French	21.
Reflections of a Mirror	22.
Mirandy Visits the Dough Lab.	24.
"Scaired"	25.
The Jumping Jack	26.
The Good Ship Sorrel Ben	28.
Freshman a La Newburg	29.
The Class Poet	20.
That Reminds Me	31.



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HOW TO LIVE ON THIRTY CENTS A WEEK—AND LOOK LIKE IT

By JOHN WOODRUFF

"The best scheme I know for keeping down expenses is to borrow from everyone you know and absent-mindedly forget to pay it back."—Chapter VI, Page 23.

STUDENTS I HAVE MET—DIPPY VERSES BY A DIPPY PREP.

By HELEN LETTSON

"I meet them at the motor and I meet them on the stair;
I meet them on the campus and I meet them everywhere.
I love to gossip with them, tho' I've nothing much to say;
I hope I'll meet some new ones when I take a walk today."

—From "Confession", Page 37.



THE STORY TELLER

SAN SOUCI

Vol. XXIII. Established Then; Published Every Now and Then. No. 0

With this number of the San Souci we feel that we have come as near perfection as possible in a magazine. While we haven't the intellectuality of the Argosy, the artistic appearance of the Chicago American, nor the circulation of the I. S. C. student, yet we feel that we have a well balanced number. We realize that there is much in the following pages that will cause a glow of warmth to steal over your system, but don't get angry at the editorial staff for we are but the humble servants of the public. When the bomb explodes, please bear in mind that we have the same sentiments as a certain southern darkey. This darkey was playing for a dance in a section of the country where a man would sooner forget to wear his shirt than to forget to take his gun or razor with him to the dance. The darkey was calling the figures and he did it in this way: "Honah yo honey, Swing dat gal. Alleman lef, gran right an lef, an when de shootin' begins recomember dat de orchestry am a non-combatant."

No factor is perhaps more vital to the achievements and success of a college than a strong feeling of loyalty and unity among students and faculty, —the expression of that indefinable something, College Spirit. The larger a school becomes the harder it is to maintain well this close knit relation, this feeling of one body of which each must do his part to make the whole a success. With so many students it is difficult to find the thing which is attractive to all, and so students become alienated from the idea that they are but a very small part of a large student body.

Feeling that I. S. C. has reached such a period, the Faculty is becoming aware of the crisis involved and is searching for means and methods which shall broadly instill true college spirit. Probably the best move in that direction is the monthly convocation. A half hour, the first Tuesday of each month is devoted to a general assembly where a live idea is presented by a live speaker in a live manner. We commend the wisdom of such gatherings and heartily indorse the attempts of the powers that be to thus increase loyalty and unity in the student body. May the students appreciate and reciprocate the efforts put forth.

The Dinkey.

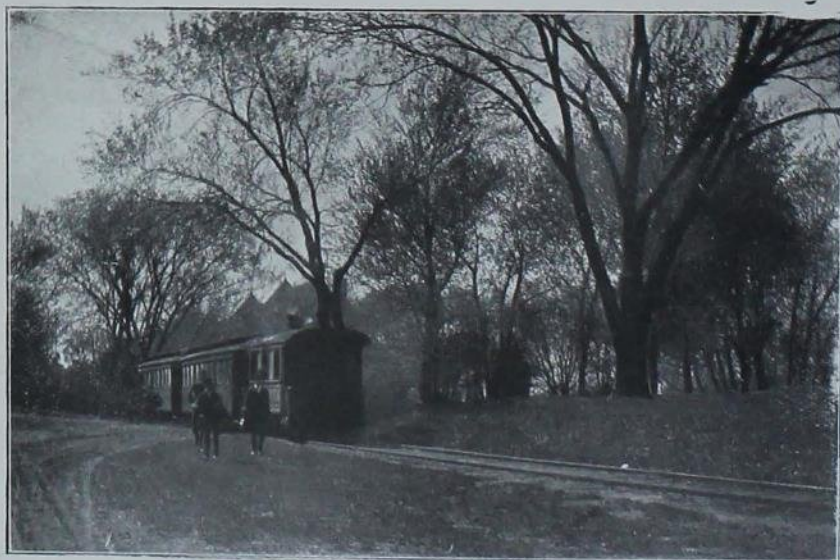


FAREWELL, thou oh much maligned, but most faithful servant, upon whom we have heaped the spleen of our ill temper, but have again forgotten amid the well wishes of our good humor. Farewell for thou art doomed to die!

No more shall we see thy dingy smoke-begrimed cars; no more shall we sit in thy battered seats, and vainly endeavor to observe the beauties of nature through thy dirt encrusted windows; no more shall thy shrill three whistles interrupt the worthy chaplain as he endeavors to call our minds from worldly things, nor shall thy mocking two whistles taunt us as we vainly sprint round the chem building. Alas, indeed! many the things that shall no more be when thou art no more.

Born of necessity, reared upon strenuous labor, crowded from the busy, progressive city by that young up-start, the electric car, thou camest to us peacefu'ly to spend thy declining years. Alas for thy dreams of a quiet old age! Again thou hast been crowded out by that same precocious youngster until now nothing is left thee, but thy mausoleum,—the junk pile.

Farewell, thou good and faithful servant! Farewell, for thy work is done! We shall miss thee much but endeavor nobly to forget thee. Long hast thou lived, worthily hast thou served, and stubbornly hast thou died; so we ungrudgingly and uncomplainingly write as our last farewell, "Requesat in Pace."





"War is hell," so Sherman said,
And he was a truthful man,
"I'm used to powder if not to lead,
But I'll do the best I can.

"One last long kiss before we part,
And then a sad farewell,
This parting nearly breaks my heart;
Yes, war is surely H—l."

"I sipped sweet nectar from her lips
As in the corner we sat,
And wondered if another fellow
Had e'er drank from a mug like that."



J. S. C. Means Victory.

I.



IT WAS Friday night, and the Athenian Literary Society was to give a "Country school" program in a school-house five miles north of the Campus. Bess Hartman and Lou Cummins, two Margaret Hall girls, costumed as gypsy fortune-tellers, had slipped away from the Hall unobserved. In spite of the fact that they were hockey players, and supposed to be in bed by nine o'clock, preparatory to playing, the next day, in the big game with B— college, they had determined to disobey orders and visit the Athenians.

It was after eight o'clock when the girls cautiously turned in at the yard of the brightly lighted little schoolhouse. They stole past the wagons and two-seated carriage, up to the windows. The little

room was packed. At the desk sat the teacher in antique costume and "cork screw" curls. On the stage were some rather overgrown looking infants speaking a piece in concert, each one holding a letter, so that they spelled SKIDOO, 23.

"That's a rather cool reception we get," whispered Lou.

"Say," Bess murmured after a moment, "Let's wait and not go in until the social session. I'm afraid they'll think we're rather putting ourselves in, anyway."

"I'll tell you," she added eagerly, "Let's take the carriage and go for a ride until the program is over."

"All right," acquiesced Lou, "I haven't had a ride since I turned Jimmy down."

In two minutes the team was untied and the girls were driving out of the yard.

"Isn't this grand!" murmured Lou. "Yes, and isn't it more romantic than going to bed just because we are going to play hockey tomorrow? Besides, you know yourself that Miss Merton wouldn't dare put us out of the game, because you are the best forward on the team, and nobody on the picked team has ever played center but me. They'd have a pretty mixup trying to substitute tomorrow, wouldn't they?"

"Yes, we have to be there, that's sure, and it's going to be a close game, too, because B— team has been training all fall, and all but two were on the team last year."

The girls rode on in silence, drinking in the glory of the night. The moon had spurned the treetops now, and seemed slowly drifting through a maze of snowy clouds, which gradually shifted across the sky.

Suddenly, down the road, a light shot into view about a quarter of a mile ahead, and in a flash, two great eyes of fire were gleaming at the girls ?

"An Auto !" they exclaimed in a breath.

"Oh ! Bess—suppose the team is afraid !" gasped Lou.

Bess did not reply, but straightened up and tightened her hold on the reins. The horse were pricking up their ears and beginning to prance a trifle nervously. A moment more, and the great puffing fiend was upon them ! The horses reared wildly in the air, and then plunged past the dreadful machine on a mad gallop. Lou gave a loud shriek.

"Oh !" she screamed—"They're running away ! Help—Help !"

Bess was bracing herself and pulling on the reins with all her might, but she gasped out—"Keep still, you idiot !"

Lou became speechless with terror. Down the road they sped at a break-neck speed. They must have gone about two miles at this rate, although it seemed a dozen to the girls, when Bess felt her arms growing very weak.

"Help me hold them !" she cried faintly.

Just then they swung round a curve in the road ; the right front wheel struck a huge stone on the corner, and in a sickening moment, both girls were hurled from the carriage and landed in a heap in the tall grass by the roadside. For a moment both were stunned. The team was dashing far down the road. Bess recovered first and slowly raised herself to a sitting posture.

"Are you hurt ?" she asked.

Lou was lying motionless beside her.

"M— don't know," she groaned.

Bess slowly arose and shook herself, then she stooped and took Lou's arm.

"Get up and see if you have any bones broken," she commanded.

Lou slowly rose.

"Oh—girl," she moaned, "The team ! What on earth will we do?—They'll break the buggy all to pieces and maybe kill themselves too—oh !—whatever will we do !" and she commenced to sob.

"Now see here, Lou—we're in a scrape, and if you play the baby now, we can't do a thing. We've got to rack our brains and get out of this thing some way. If you're not hurt, quit crying, and get your wits together."

"Oh—we can't go back to the school-house and tell them. I just couldn't !" said Lou, struggling manfully to keep from crying.

"No," said Bess, "we are probably several miles from there now, and I don't remember the corners we turned after the team started to run. We had better go the same way they went, stop at the first farm house, and hire a man to take us back to the college. We simply must get back there tonight, no matter how late, or our names will be Dennis."

If they have a rural telephone, maybe we could 'phone all around and locate the team," suggested Lou, wiping her eyes on her shawl.

"That's right—I hadn't thought of that," and Bess' face brightened.

"But we must hurry," she added.

They locked arms and started down the road. They walked on in silence for a long, long time—for hours, it seemed to them.

Finally Bess looked up, "See there," she exclaimed, "I believe we are coming to a house !"

Sure enough, they were approaching a small house set back at some distance from the road. There were no lights, and no signs of life about the

place. The girls slackened their pace, and with some trepidation turned toward the gate. Something stirred on the front porch. The girls stopped. The something proved to be a dog. He walked down the sloping lawn, and with a low growl, sat down in front of the gate, apparently awaiting developments.

"He doesn't look like a pugnacious creature, but I don't like his basso profundo voice," said Bess softly.

"Oh! don't go," pleaded Lou, "I know he'll bite. They always do when they go *o* that way."

"He can't any more than kill us, and if he does, we'll be spared the trouble of hunting up the team. Come on," and she unlatched the gate.

As the girls stepped inside, the dog set up an uproarious barking and yelping, which racked the very nerves of night. The girls walked slowly past him, and even Bess was surprised when he made no attempt to stop them. But he escorted them all the way to the house, shivering the still, night air into a thousand fragments with his piercing yelps and barks. The girls picked their way cautiously to the door. Bess knocked loudly.

"We won't have to wait long," she murmured. The man of the house will hear those unearthly howls, and come out with his shot gun."

Lou shuddered. Oh! don't" she entreated.

Bess again hammered loudly on the rickety, old door. In a moment there was a shuffling sound within, as of some one stepping slowly and heavily across the floor. The door was opened with a jerk, disclosing dimly the figure of a medium sized man. He stared at the girls in mute amazement.

Bess swallowed something in her throat and began, "I'm awfully sorry to disturb you at this time of night—but we've had a runaway, and our team ran down this road, and we thought maybe you'd be kind enough to take us back to the College—we'd pay you any price"—and Bess stopped in an agony of suspense.

The man shook his head in no very amiable way, and replied gruffly, "Nicht verstehe—ich bin Deutch."

"Oh! glory!" gasped Bess.

Both of the girls had taken French and knew only a few German words which the girls occasionally used in the Hall.

"Oh—can't you understand," she cried—"A runaway—ich habe—ich habe—team runaway—team—runaway!"

"Kann nicht verstehen—bin Deutch," he repeated gruffly, and started to close the door.

"Oh nein! nein!" cried Bess, reaching toward the door-knob, "bitte,—oh a telephone! Lou, what on earth is the word for telephone?"

But the old German was evidently puzzled by the appearance of two such gypsified creatures, and in a bad humor at being routed out at nearly midnight, so without further ceremony, he fired a quick volley of unintelligible "Deutch" at the girls and slammed the door in their faces.

Lou was at once on the verge of tears.

"Oh! what'll we do?" she wailed. "The mean, old—horrid, old—Prep!"

But as usual, Lou's abject despair produced a reversal of feelings in Bess. "Ah—the plot thickens," she cried, with a tragic gesture.

"Whatever will we do?" moaned Lou, as they stepped off the porch.

"Well, if I'm not much mistaken, I saw some lights off that way," replied Bess, with a sweep of her arm, "and if we keep on going, I think we'll land in a town before long."

When the girls reached the road, they scanned the horizon for lights, and sure enough, off to the northeast, through the dull, bluish haze in the distance, they descried some specks of light.

They walked for some time without speaking. The big, radiant moon, with her draperies of silvery clouds, floated high in the heavens now, and flooded the night with her pale splendor.

At length Bess glanced up. "My, we must hurry, see how high the moon is. It must be awfully late."

It was only a half hour later that the tired girls walked into the little town of G—.

"Well, now what are we going to do?" asked Lou, as they were nearing the business portion of the town.

"Why, I'm not just sure," began Bess, when Lou grabbed her arm.

"Oh!—there's a man coming!" she whispered fearfully.

Bess's heart gave an awful throb when, a moment later, the aforesaid man stopped before them. She saw a star gleaming on his coat.

"The night watch," Lou whispered in her ear.

The girls never forgot those next few terrible moments, while the night watch questioned them most sharply as to who they were, what they were doing, and why they were roaming the streets at half past one o'clock, etc, etc.

Bess in fear and trembling, told their story frankly, but it was evident that the man did not believe it.

Well now, I suppose you are aware, young ladies, that you are putting up a very peculiar story. And if it is true that you don't live here, and haven't money for a night's lodging you have no business wandering around the streets at this time of night. I think it will be my duty to give you a night's lodging in the county jail—and telephone to the college to verify your story."

At the words "County Jail" the last atom of even Bess' bravery vanished, and the girls literally "fell on each other's neck and wept".

"Oh! you wouldn't do that!" cried Bess in despair. Why, it would be in all the newspapers, and we'd be disgraced forever—and oh—the jail—oh what would our folks say—oh please don't!"

II.

When the nine o'clock motor, on Saturday morning, stopped at the farm house station, Lou Cummins and Bess Hartman were among those who stepped off. Mae Burton was there. She fairly dragged the two girls off the platform!

"Oh!—I was just going down town! Come on, quick! Tell me where you've been and whose clothes you have on."

Without waiting for an answer she continued hurriedly, "Mrs. Gliddon has been nearly wild, trying to find out why you girls weren't in the Hall last night, and where you were. Where were you anyway?" and she paused breathless.

"Oh, we can't tell you now," said Bess, "We've been clear to G—, oh, and the night watch almost took us to jail, but we worked him, and he finally took us home, and his wife kept us all night and—."

"Yes" interrupted Lou, "and he telephoned all over and located the team, and I expect we'll have an awful bill to send home,—oh, I forgot—you don't know about the runaway."

In a few moments the whole story was told.

"Well," Bess said, in conclusion, "We must go and make a full confession right now."

As they opened the heavy Hall door, both girls felt their hearts beat suffocatingly.

"I'm getting weak in the knees" murmured Lou under her breath.

The two girls went directly to Mrs. Gliddon's office and knocked. She admitted them. Only she and the two girls know all the tragedy of the scene which was enacted during the next fifteen minutes behind the "closed doors".

But the girls who were reading magazines in the parlor noticed Lou and Bess leave the office, and saw their faces flushed with a variety of emotions hard to analyze. The two girls hurried upstairs. Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Gliddon left the Hall, and made a fifteen minute call in Central Hall.

Up in No. 54 were a dozen girls sitting on the cots and on the floor, all chattering excitedly, and telling all they knew, and possibly more, while Lou and Bess were donning the pretty, white dresses for the game.

"But oh! girls," Bess was saying, "I'm just afraid they will can us!"

There was a loud chorus of "Oh! no's!" from all over the room. Bess turned suddenly,— "Well," she burst out, "if they want to can us they *can*, but we're going to play this game and win—can or no can!"

"Whee," sang out Mae, "What's the matter with Bessie?" and the girls joined in enthusiastically "She's all right! You bet, every time! Who's all right? Bessie, she is, she is, she is all right!"

An hour later the crowds were gathering around the big hockey field. Most of the Ames team had gone over to meet the B— team, who were coming out on the 10:45 motor. The game was to be called at eleven o'clock.

Bess was the last one to come down. She stopped a moment on the last landing to view herself in the tall mirror. As she ran down the last steps, she noticed that the delayed morning mail had just been laid on the table. She rummaged through the pile, and one addressed to herself caught her eye. It bore the address of the President's office, and was stamped as 10 o'clock mail. Her heart stopped beating for an instant. Then she saw one like it addressed to Lou. In a moment it flashed over her.

"Canned," she murmured half aloud, and things grew black before her eyes. She leaned against the table and tried to think. Just then the strains of, "I. S. C., I. S. C., I. S. C., means victory"—came floating to her ears, as the Little Dutch Band started across the campus for the hockey field.

It acted like a stimulant to Bess. She quickly tucked both letters in her waist.

If Lou sees it before the game, she'll give up," thought Bess, "and we *must win!*" she added aloud.

Startled at the sound of her own voice, she picked up her hockey stick, ran down the corridor, and out the door.

When she reached the field and elbowed her way through the crowd, the Ames team were standing by the west goal. Miss Merton was talking eagerly to the girls, giving them some final instructions. As Bess joined the group, Lou whispered, "She doesn't know."

The B— team was also receiving some advice from their coach on the other side of the field. The Dutch Band was playing the beloved college songs. The very air seemed to tingle with excitement and enthusiasm. As the chimes tolled out the hour of eleven, the two teams,—Ames girls in

white, and the B— team in blue,— ran lightly out and took their places in the field.

A great cheer went up from the side lines, and the old yell, "A-M-E-S—Rah! Rah!, A-M-E-S, Rah! Rah!"—floated far out over the campus.

Bess played center, while Lou was right wing. Now came the "Bully off" and the game was on. Both teams were on their mettle. Although Ames got the ball first, the B— forwards were quick and soon took it far down the field toward the B— goal. But Lou soon recovered it, and with a skillful fly sent it skimming back, and Bess, the ever ready center carried it on to within ten feet of goal, and with a swift pass sent it whizzing over the line. The side lines went wild.

But this seemed to put the B— girls on their nerve, and for the next ten minutes the fight was fast and furious, until with a skilful drive, B—'s left wing sent the ball home and scored one! Time was called and the first half ended with a score of one to one.

The band struck up the gay strains of "I. S. C." once more, while the tired teams withdrew to opposite ends of the field to rest. Among the Ames girls there was consternation, for all ideas of an easy victory had vanished. But they nobly resolved in the last half to "do or die".

At length the whistle sounded and both teams hurried into place once more. At the "bully off", B— took the ball and carried it toward the goal; only the skillful defense of the goal-tender saved it from flying over the line. Lou was on hand, and with clever passes succeeded in driving the ball far up the field. Back and forth, up and down the field it flew.

From the packed side lines came the confused unintelligible jargon of loud cheers and shouts, with an occasional hoarse megaphone call of "Hold 'em Ames! Hold 'em Ames!"

Both teams were fighting with the energy and nerve born of desperation, but in a lucky moment Bess captured the ball and adroitly passing her opponent, dribbled it at full speed up the field, with three B— girls at her heels.

The side lines broke into wild cheers. Faster and faster she flew, with the white ball skimming ahead, and when within six feet of goal, she gave a mighty stroke and the ball whizzed past the goal-tender and over the line. A moment later the whistle blew. The game was won.

For the next half hour the girls were, as Bess expressed it, "In the seventh heaven of bliss". As the team walked back to the Hall, and the crowds were scattering over the beautiful campus, the Little Dutch Band played as never before, so the girls thought, "I. S. C., I. S. C., I. S. C., means victory."

It was not until the girls reached Bess's room that she thought of the letters. Her heart gave a bound, then seemed almost to choke her. She drew the letters out, and handed one to Lou.

"Well," she said in rather strained voice, "I suppose we have played our last game for I. S. C." and she tore open the envelope.

Lou sat down white and speechless on the cot, and stared at her.

"An interview at once at the President's office," said Bess slowly, laying the missive on the dresser. "We'll take it like a a—hockey player, Lou."

* * * * *

That night at ten o'clock number 54 was filled with girls, and chafing dishes. Bess was standing by the table stirring the fudge slowly.

"There's one thing sure," she was saying, "I never want to put in another day of suspense, like we did today. I guess that someone must have nobly interceded for us, with the powers that be, or that "can", rather."

"Anyway, I think you might tell us all about the awful 'interviews' you had today with the powers that—can," observed Mae Burton.

"Oh, yes—do!" chimed in the girls pleadingly.

Bess turned slowly toward them, with a mere suggestion of a twinkle in her eye.

"Can every single one of you keep a secret?" she asked.

"Oh yes!" came from all over the room.

"Well," said Bess, turning back to the fudge,— "So can I."

END.

MY PIPE IS OUT



Pres A. B. Storms

Dear Sir;

I received a letter today saying smoking on the campus is a misdemeanor. Would say in reply that while my poor showing as a foot-ball coach has driven me to drink, I'm not yet such an imbecile as to take to cigarettes.

"Buck" Coover.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE



Dear Sandy:

If you want something good get the 107 Bomb. The pictures are the main feature for I drew them myself.

Yours Artistically

Lynn Webster Ellis.

A HAND IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE GLOVE



Dear Bryant—

When someone suddenly turned the light on us in Millie's room the other night, I was so fussed I left my glove. Will you please get it for me.

Affectionately
Ada



The Anvil Chorus.

'AVE you 'eard th' knockers wot they've got at Marg'ret 'All?
They're all th' time a rappin', they're a knockin' on us all,
They know our bloomin' business better than they do their own,
Th' things they tell about us would disgust a man o' stone.

For its "'Is collar's made o' rubber an' 'e cleans it in
th' sink,
'Is necktie's red as cherries an' 'is shirts a' owlin' pink,
'Is 'ats a bloody derby o' a vintage long ago,
But its "'es a rum good fellow", when they wants
to see a show.

Th' constant rappin', tappin' o' their 'ammer's all th' day
Is like the steady drum-beats as they calls us to th' fray,
Th' chorus o' th' anvil is a 'arrowin' old tune,
You 'ears it in September, an' you 'ears it still in June.

For its "'E's a drunken loafer an' 'e spends 'is time
in Boone.
An' when 'e can't find no ladies 'e's a winkin' at th'
moon.
'E's a terror to 'is mother to 'is sister 'e's a beast."
But it's "'E's a jolly fellow" when there's goin' to
be a feast.

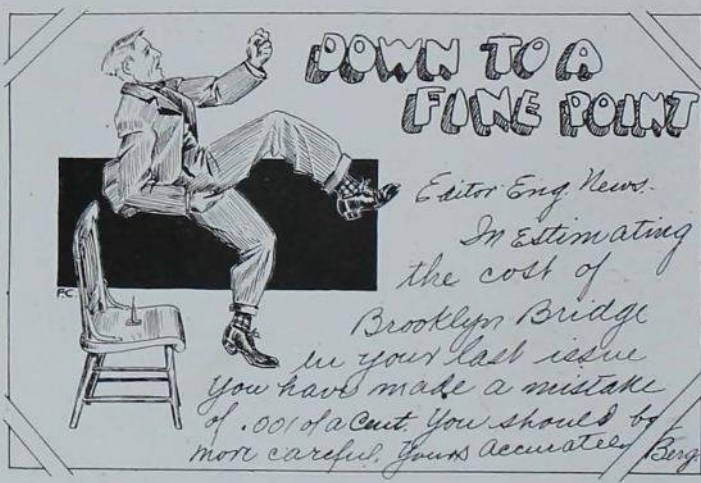
O 'ave you 'eard th' knockers wot they've got at Marg'ret 'All?
Th' stories wot they're tellin' there, are most amazin' tall,
They'll knock you if you're pious, an' they'll knock you if you aint,
An' they'd keep on knockin' on you if you'd turn into a saint.

For its "'She's a jolly bad 'un an' she flirts with all th'
Preps.
Every evenin' she's out chummin' sittin' on th' New
Main steps,
'Er figger's made o' waddin' an' 'er aint 'ers at all,"
But its, "She's a dear old comrade," when 'er brother
comes to call.



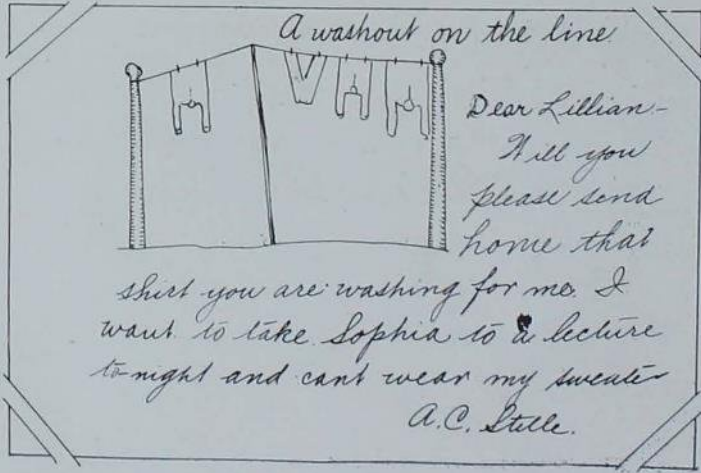
TAKE YOUR CLOTHES AND GO!

Prof. Little:-
 Will you please return that coat you took from the Faculty Club I have yours but it isn't my style.
 Sincerely,
 Estella D. Fog



DOWN TO A FINE POINT


Editor Eng. News.
 In estimating the cost of Brooklyn Bridge in your last issue you have made a mistake of .001 of a Cent. You should be more careful. Yours Accurately,
 Berg



A washout on the line.

Dear Lillian-
 Will you please send home that shirt you are washing for me. I want to take Sophia to a lecture to-night and can't wear my sweater.
 A.C. Stille.

HELP WANTED




Mr. Robt. Jenson.
Dear Sir:-

Would you consider a proposition to teach Senior Designing next year? The salary would be small but the amount of work is large.

Respectfully,
A. Marston

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME




Mrs. Paxton;

We have been highly insulted by an unmannered skunk and forced to seek another boarding place for a short time.

Can you accommodate us?

Yours tearfully
Faculty Club

IT'S GOT MY EYE ON YOU



Dear Editor

As judge of the prize story contest I have given Marshall Howard the prize - for he needs the money.

Sincerely,
Marshall Howard

All Mythology Football Team.

Atlas	C.
Hercules	R. G.
Vulcan	L. G.
Theseus	R. T.
Mars	L. T.
Chiron	} Centaurs	} L. E.
Eurytion		
Mercury	O. B.
Boreas	R. H. B.
Pluto	L. H. B.
Daff Cave	F. B.

Atlas is given the place at center because of his steadiness and great strength. He was turned to stone by Perseus and should be a stone wall by himself.

Hercules, as a guard, stands in a class by himself. He is strong, patient, and never loses his head. He was a star in the twelve games he played.

Vulcan is given the place of Left Guard. He is heavy, strong, and willing and, if it were not for his fiery temper, he would be the equal of Hercules.

As Bryant Huff once sang a solo for thirty cents, he is ineligible and Theseus is given the place of Right Tackle. He is a strong, heady player, and is fast on his feet for so large a man.

The place of Left Tackle is hard to fill because there are four good candidates: Mars, Neptune, Jupiter, and Baldy Pullen. Of the four, Mars is a little the best. He plays a hard, consistent game, is a fighter, and plays the game because he likes it. His only fault is that he is inclined to play dirty ball.

The Centaurs, Chiron and Eurytion, are easily the first choice for ends. They are extremely fast on getting down under punts and rarely over-run a man. Being ancestors of the Missouri mule, they could be called back to do the kicking or to buck the line.

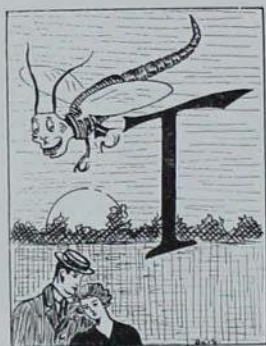
Mercury is the only quarter back who has shown up in championship form. He is quick on his feet, runs well with the ball, and is a sharp, tricky field general.

Boreas, the choice for Right Half, is swift as the wind, quick to see chances and can slip through an opening no bigger than a key hole. Pluto, with proper coaching, should make a good running mate for Boreas for he certainly plays a H—l of a game.

The advisability of putting Daff Cave as Full Back in such fast company might be questioned, but his past record seems to justify it. Assisted only by ten clothing dummies disguised as Seniors, he lost the Class Championship to the Freshmen—a feat deemed impossible by everyone—especially the Seniors. He is placed at Full Back because that is about the only position he has never filled.



The Binger Bug.



HE binger-bug buzzed on his way one night
As the big moon rose over the hill,
And he wondered as Margaret Hall came in sight
What made the old hall seem so still.
He looked in the windows there, flew in at some,
But never a girl did he see,
And he said to himself, "they've gone out to chum,
So this is a poor place for me."
Then he chuckled and grinned, as he buzzed away
For a wise binger-buglet was he,
And his first quick surmise wasn't out of the way
As you shall now presently see.
He headed southeast, where the tall campanile
Stood darkly against the light sky,
Arrived at its base as the nine—o'clock peal
Chimed out from the tower so high.
Below on the steps there sat four or five girls,
And beside each, of course, sat a boy.
The binger-bug laughed as he cut a few whirls,
Then he chortled "what bliss! oh! what joy!"
Dropping carefully down, he came lightly to rest
On the first fair white cheek that he found,
And he didn't stop long, for with loud angry song
He sprang in the air with a bound.
The binger-bug's anger was terrible then,
And his buzzing became all the louder.
He yelled, and he wailed, and he shrieked, "foiled again!"
"All I got was a mouthfull of powder."



I thought I saw St. Michael and
McCullom 'neath the moon.
I looked again and saw it was
A hand carved sugar spoon,
Daff Cave is apt to run it in
If it don't go home soon.

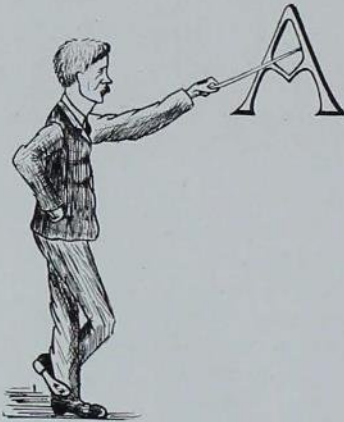
The Worm Turneth



CRAWFISH lay in a little square tray
And he feebly waved a claw,
I stared in amaze when I saw his eyes blaze
And paused in my efforts to draw,
I said, "Whats the rip," as with one feeble flip
I heard that crustacean say,
"You've slashed me and gashed me, you've horribly mashed me
And taken my legs all away,
Now it sorter strikes me that you here ought to be
In the very same fix that I'm in,
You'd do just as well, for I've heard Summers tell
That the crawfish and lobsters are kin."



Mr. Dooley on the Physics Laboratory.



N phwat is this Physics Labratory th' la-ads all do be kickin' about?" said Mr. Hennessy as Mr. Dooley stepped behind the bar and drew himself a glass of beer. "Is it annything loike an apothecary's shop?"

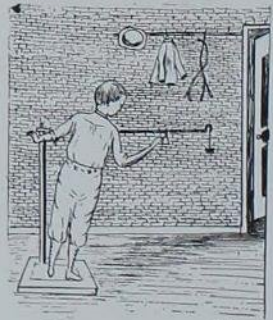
"Well," said Mr. Dooley, with all the caution of a true philosopher, "it do an' it don't. It aint th' same koinid iv physic that Bridget do be givin' yez when yez git th' yilly jaundice, but it do be havin' th' same enervatin' effect on yer nervous system."

"An phwat does that mane?" said Mr. Hennessy as he straightened up

from driving a spigot in a barrel of Old Underroof Rye.

"Whist," said Mr. Dooley, "oi dunno—but nivir-th'-less 'tis true. If yez'll notice such imminent physicists as Hoffman, an' Ma-arsh, an' Anderson, an' Spinney yez'll notice they're bald hided, or stoop-shouldered, or afflicted wid twins. They're all lang on physics an' shart on harse sinse; lang on rid tape, an' shart on what me frind Tiddy Rosenfelt 'ud call "ixecutive ability". 'But, as Professor Anderson 'ud say 'oi've wandered too far in th' interestin' fields iv physics an' must return to me labratory.' "

"The Physics Labratory, Hinnessy, is a double cross betwane an owld country school an' th' Spanish Inquisition. Whin yez fur-st step in th' labratory yez hav to weigh yersilf without yer coat, yer hat, an' yer suspinders, an' if yez miss it be th' fraction iv a toe nail, yez loses wan point. Then yez form a line an' pass in front iv a windy where a felly howlds his hands behind his back an' yez hav' to guess how many fingers he's got closed. If yez miss, yez lose wan point an' yez hav' to go to th' foot iv th' line an' guess agin. When yez guess it, yez git tin fate iv bar-rb wire an' a chunk iv gas pipe or yes g't an owld tomaty can an' a brick-bat an yez ar-re ready to go to wur-rk. If yez draw th' bar-rb wire, yez tie was ind iv it to th' clock an' wan ind to th' windy; then yez hit it a biff wid th' gas pipe an' sing Annie Laurie through yer nose; then yez count th' number iv bar-rbs on th' wire, subtract sivin, divided by two an' if this don't give yer tilly phone number yez hav' made a mistake. If yez hav' guessed correct yez take a clane

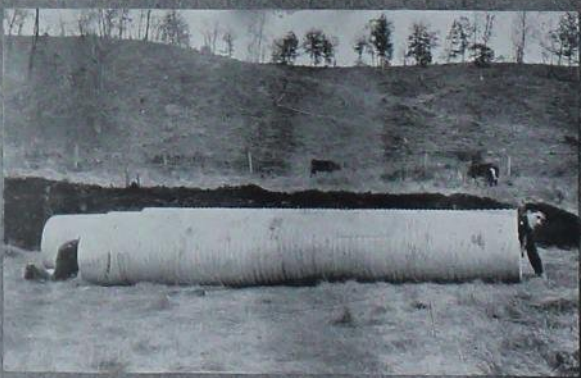


sheet iv pa-per, write the names iv those in yer Sunday School class at th' top; then yez draw a pickshure iv th' Senior class after th' Freshies won th' foot-ball game from Daff Cave, an' at th' bottom yez racite a varse from Spinney on "Lightenin' Rods as Dure Mats" an' then yez hand it in to wan iv th' professors.



He howlds it in wan hand an' reads a few lines from a pocket dickshunary wid th' other; then he shuts his left eye an' looks at yez fer sivin minnits an' says—Yere wrong. Yez forgot oi've a cold in me head an' so yez used th' wrong formula. Do it again an' yez lose wan point'—Yez sneak out in th' hall, draw a monocle an' a plug hat on th' pickshure iv Paw Ellis, turn yer pa-aper upside down an' hand it in again. Th' professor shuts his eye agin an' in four minnits an' nointane seconds he says—'Good, that a fine result. Yez may go home now an' do it over agin next year.' "





A Tale From the French.



ONCE upon a Time there was a Professor Who was quite a Rounder and thought Himself the Foxy Grandpa when It came to jollying all the Prettiest Girls. When any of His Boon Companions became entangled on the Matrimonial Fly-Paper, He would give Them the Merry Ha Ha and roast Them for Easy Marks. He was wont to waste much Heated Atmosphere in swelling out His Chest and telling the Joys of a Bachelor's Life. It was His Delight to attend a Social Gathering of the Daughters of the Full Moon or a Swell Hop by the Knights of the Red Shoe-String and to cop out the Swellest Bunch of Calico on the Floor. He would

be Her Constant Attendant and when He left Her at Her Gate, He would hold Her Hand or kiss Her Ear—but He'd take to His Heels if She tried to sell Him a Chance in the Matrimonial Lottery.

This Foxy Ferdinand was One of the Toilers and had accumulated a Pile of Simoleons in the Bank and had His Home Address on the Deed to a Swell Vine and Fig Tree. He was a Wise Gazabo, had a Fine Position and had Sense enough to put Salt on an Eagle's Tail when He saw it on a Silver Dollar. He would have been the Catch of the Season if He hadn't had a Clear Title to so many Wild Oats.

About This Time Foxy Ferdinand met the Head Dope Injector of the College Infirmary for Hash Sick Students and His Fate was Sealed. He tried the same Old Games of "Button, Button Who's got the Dollar Bill" and "Twinkle, twinkle Little Waist, I wonder how you'd feel Embraced", but He was always It. This Queen of the Pink Pills had lived on Earth before, and knew all His Games better than He did. She taught Him to eat out of Her Hand, to fetch and carry, and to sit up and beg. When She had Him quite tame She pulled the Sheepskin over His Lamps long enough to put a Halter on Him and when He came too, He found She had led Him onto the Stickey Fly Paper. Then He had to hie Himself to the Grocers and sign the Slate for four Boxes of Stinkadoras with which to appease the Howling Students.

Moral; It takes a French Woman to understand French.

Reflections



VERNA'S never attempted to sing,
Now that's a commendable thing;
But the pieces she spake
All made our sides ache,
For she surely can give the real thing.



HERE is a blushing coed,
Who, just before going to bed,
Arranges her hair,
For I really declare
Huff wools it all over her head.



MISS WILSON'S the pride of '09,
At hockey she surely is fine,
She runs like a deer
So you need have no fear
For she'll take the ball clear down the line.



MISS BECHTLE is very well manned;
A diamond she wears on her hand;
Looks at it all day
Then coyly will say,
"Oh! isn't it perfectly grand!"

of a Mirror.

NOW here is a girl, Doughnuts Burroughs,
Whose face has begun to show furroughs,
She powders that face,
Till it is a disgrace,
And that's very foolish of Burroughs.



SAY, do you know Miss Florence Wall ?
She is thin and exceedingly tall;
She resembles most
A telephone post,
And I think that is just about all.

She lives over at Margaret Hall
She sleeps on two cots—she's, so tall—
Domestic she takes
And learns to bake cakes.
Her D. S. demonstrations beat all.



Mirandy Visits the "Dough Lab".



ASSUM ! Yassum ! Miss Lizbuth !
I done knows I done promise to do
dat ionin yistiddy, but I prognosticates
dat I jis couldn't come. Yassum !
Yassum ! I knows I did but dat
Ma'y Jane jis bin promulgatin to me
'bout dat cookin' class ontill yistiddy
I jis segasuates along wif her to see
if dey can bake any bettah cohn-ponne
an' sweet-taters dan her mammy kin.
Laws sakes, honey, you jis ought to
see dat-dat-dat air lavatory where

dey does dere cookin. Dere wuz two long benches down de room, an a
passel o' gals on bofe sides on 'em wuz a mixin' an' a stirrin' some o' de
worst lookin' messes I evah did see. Now Miss Lizbuth I aint gwine to
speak discontemptuous 'bout dat cookin' school, but if you didn't know no
mo' 'bout cookin' dan dat when you wuz ten yeahs old, Id a frowned you
plum outen you mammy's kitchen."

" 'What's dat you makin honey?' I axes a likely lookin' gal. "

" 'Dat' she 'spons, 'am gwine to be angel food cake. I ain't ve'y good
on angel food cake but I can make de boss fudges.' "

" 'Land sakes,' 'sclaims I tuhnnin to anuddah gal, 'peahs to me you got
sompfin spilin. "

" 'Huh' ! she 'spons, 'Ise jis studyin de chemiclsty ob de annallysis ob de
indigents ob a boiled cabbage.' "

" 'Whaffor you doin' dat, I axes her nex.' "

" 'Why,' she 'spons, 'so Ill know if de smell o'b sauah k'aut am
poison.' "

" 'Wid dat I tuhns to Ma'l Jane an lucidates lak dis: I says, 'Ma'y Jane,
if you am a prognosticatin on evah gittin mahied an holdin a man's affeckshuns,
you'd bettah lea'n sompfin sides fudges an chemiclsty. 'Sposin when Ike
opens his dinnah pail afteh shovelin' coal all mohnin he don't find nothin but
some angel food an' some of dat bad smell wot dat gal's a makin? I bet it
wouldn't be no angel talk dat he'd tuhn loose. When he comes home at
night, all tiahed out an hongry nuff to eat a hen and nine chickens an sees
dat cohn beef an greens on de table—do you 'spose he cares if dere might
be assfidity in de cohn beef or kerosene in de greens? If dere is he'll fin'
hit out fore he's gone vely fah.' "

“ ‘But’ circumlocutes Ma’y Jane ‘Ise gwine he’p you an leahn how to cook dem too.’ ”

“ ‘Huh,’ ’spons I, ‘I haint seen no he’p fum you since you stahted gittin eddycated.’ ”

Foh de lands sake look at dat white skuht Miss Lizbuth. If dat ruffle haint tored plum in two. No’m ! No’m ! I didn’t teah hit on de ringah kaze I’s e allus paticklah wid dem fine clothes ob yourn. Yassum, dat kin be patched but you haint gwine weah no patched undah skuht Miss Lisbuth. Yassum ! Yassum ! I kin dat. Thanky, Miss Lizbuth, Thanky, Ma’y Jane gwine be tickled most to deff.”



Jingle, jing'e, little bill,
Tho' you leave I love you still;
Hope that you will do much good,
For they did *me* all they could.

"Scaired."

Gee Whiz !

My Liz !

But I wuz as scaired as I ever is.

Land Sakes !

It takes

Away all my breth an' my knees 'ist shakes.

Even now when I think o' th' thing I saw,

When I runned an' errunt one night fer ma

It scaired me so at I didn't darst peep

An' it all comes back when I go to sleep,

By Jing !

It wuz an orful thing.

By Jed!

Ol' Ned!

Th' moon wuz a whoppin' big ball o' red.

Whee Wheeze !

Green Cheese !

It hung right up on th' tops o' th' trees.

An' I wuz 'ist playin' 'twas made o' gold

An' I wuz a knight or a robber bold

An all o' th' gold I wuz goin' a steal

But I stopped right short by th' Campanile.

You bet !

I feel like runnin' yet.

Bazoon !

Horn Spoon !

A flag pole stood atween me an' th' moon.

Great Strife !

My Life !

It doubled up 'ist like my old jack knife.

Nen a voice said from th' foot o' th' pole

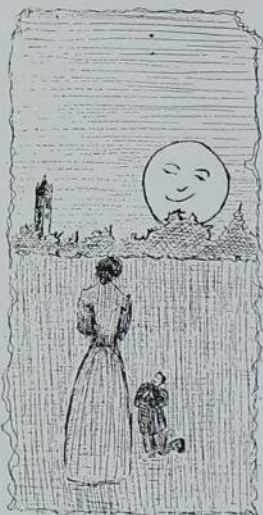
"Lillian, dear, you're th' light o' my soul."

An' nen th' pole said real creepy an' low,

"Oh dear, Alan Stelle, won't you never grow?"

Great Jude !

Say, you bet I skiddooed.





The Jumping Jack.

His father is a drug clerk, and sells plasters, pills and tea,
His mother is a woman, something he can never be
He is just a wooden monkey who sits on a painted stick
Don't stop to watch his antics or you're apt to get quite sick.

He wears that ever ready, "Shine yo' boots sah", little smile
He thinks he's quite a rasher, that the girls all like his style
They like to see his antics so they gaily pull the string
And he keeps on a dancing, poor deluded, painted thing.

He thinks he's quite a joshier, comes from Joshtown down the line
His brain's a one by nothing and his mouth's a four by nine
His head is full of nonsense, and he never works a lick
You hardly could expect it from a monkey on a stick.

He thinks he's a musician, plays a trombone in the band
He beats on the piano, he can play rag-time by hand
He's quite a foxy singer, all in all he's sure a brick,
We all think Babe's a wonder—for a monkey on a stick.



Here is the greatest wonder
That I ever hope to see,
Thomas McDonald working,
He is cutting up a tree.





The Good Ship Sorrel Ben.



SHIP set sail down a bosky vale
And the chipmunks sang a lay.
She swung for port with a rear and snort
As she sailed from Farmhouse Bay.
The waves were high on the Gulf of Rye,
And she shipped a peck or two,
She kept her road with the extra load
And she threshed her way on through.
The Straits of Corn she had reached by morn
And the captain strained his ear
A shock he feared, he carefully steered
And silently dried a tear,
He steered her gee and she struck a tree
It stove in the gallant bark
She sank below, where the cow-slips grow,
With t'ie sea dog and the shark.
Now this may seem like a nightmare dream
But you need have no alarm
'Twas put this way in a test essay,
By a Prep fresh from the farm.



There's a girl, her name's Miss Lister
Said no one had ever kissed her.
Willie tried,
Nearly died—
Laughing, 'cause he almost missed her.

Freshman a la Newburg.

A Freshman set sail for a tropical shore,
But a storm met his ship on the way;
And that Freshman was wrecked on a palm shaded isle
Where a cannibal monarch held sway.

He quickly was shucked of his little blue suit,
And put into the monarch's cuisine.
They served him as roast and on slices of toast,
And as soup in a big black tureen.

Ere the cock had crown thrice the whole tribe was attacked
By the cholera morbus, I ween
For that Freshman they'd served to the monarch in style
Was dreadfully, woefully green.



THERE was a young lady named Kimball
Who never could manage a thimble,
She joined the M. E.'s,
And now, if you please,
With a T-square she proves very nimble.



The Class Poet.



Sophomore sat on a green door mat
 And addled her little brain,
 For she wished to sing of the joys of spring
 So she wrote this queer refrain:
 "Oh I ope' my eyes with a glad surprise
 At the beauties in thy train,
 (*Say that ding pig style with the cow barn nigh
 Gives my artist's soul a pain.*)
 Ah, the dainty flowers in thy woodland bowers
 Send their perfume far and nigh,
 (*Gee whiz! but that stink will drive me to drink,
 I wish all the hogs would die.*)
 The elves and the gnomes in their green leafy homes
 Are singing a springtime song,
 (*I hope that red cow that is bawling now
 Will be in the hash 'ere long.*)
 The quickening life that is everywhere rife
 Is what most interests me,
 Every living thing, Oh most gentle spring,
 Teaches a lesson that we——"
 Here a passing ram gave her thoughts a slam,
 It jarred her inspiration;
 Then her thoughts all flew and say—she flew too,
 She screamed in desperation.
 The ram calmly gazed at the dust she raised
 With a look of great disdain,
 Then said with a blat as he chewed her hat,
 "These poets give me a pain."



That Reminds Me

OF SOME PEOPLE WE HAVE MISSED.

DR. CESSNA (to history class)—“I’m proud to know my mother was a Dutchman”.

PROF. BENNETT, (to a class of Domestic Science girls)—“If you have a hole in anything—cut it out.”



WHO IS THIS?
IT IS MISS COLPITTS.
SHE AND MISS BAKER
WERE GOING SKATING, BUT
MISS COLPITTS THINKS IT
IS EASIER TO COAST.

Frank Lane



I THOUGHT I saw a Japanese
Girl painted on a fan
I looked again and found it was
Just Pheobe Zimmerman,
Tho' she may never have a beau,
She'll do the best she can.

A DONKEY once came to McNeill,
 He had something wrong with his heel;
 Doc reached for his feet
 To feel his heart beat; * * * * *
 They've been hunting a week for McNeill.



McKAY fell in love with a cow,
 So he made her his very best bow;
 But she flirted her tail,
 Put her foot in the pail,
 Said he was'nt her style anyhow.



MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB
 BUT THAT WAS LONG AGO



THE LAMB IS NOW GROWN UP
 QUITE LARGE
 AND THINKS HE'S IT YOU KNOW

STUDENT (in Dynamo Electric Class)—“How do you prevent sparking?”

PROF. FISH:—“I don't prevent it; that's the proctor's business.”



I thought I saw a billiard ball
 'Twas drawn out on a slate,
 I looked again and saw it was
 Just Baldy Pullen's pate,
 If he don't soon use Herpicide
 It's going to be too late.



'ON A TOOT'



Allow Us to Introduce to You

"I want what I want, when I want it."

"Is the train in yet?"

"This is another case where we can say that man embraces woman."

"The question which presents itself to a man today is,—'Which would I rather have, a wife or an automobile?'"

"This is not a difficult question for a man to decide for while they both cost a great deal to secure, are a continual expense for trimmings, and are apt to blow you up at any time, the automobile has the advantage in that when you are tired of it you can sell it or raffle it off."



PROF. HOFFMAN'S a teacher of Fizz,
He thinks that all knowledge is his;
Someone asked with reluctance,
What he meant by inductance,
And his answer made all their heads whizz.



MCULLOM'S a peach. Aint I right?
And her "glad rags" are sure out o' sight;
Say! that rubifoam smile
That she wears all the while,
Has stolen my heart away quite.



DR. DYKSTRA LEARNS TO DANCE



Dr. Stuhr: "Bacillus Necrophus, Pleomorphic variety
Very beautifully illustrated



There was a man in our school
Who tried through art for fame,
And when he'd start a picture
He'd first set down his name.

Then when he found what he had done,
With all his might and main,
He'd hastily sketch a line or two,
Then sign his name again.



AT THE BASKET BALL GAME.

FRESH:—Don't you think Florence Pettinger is fine?

SOPH:—O, she is a regular poem.

FRESH:—I don't see how you make that out.

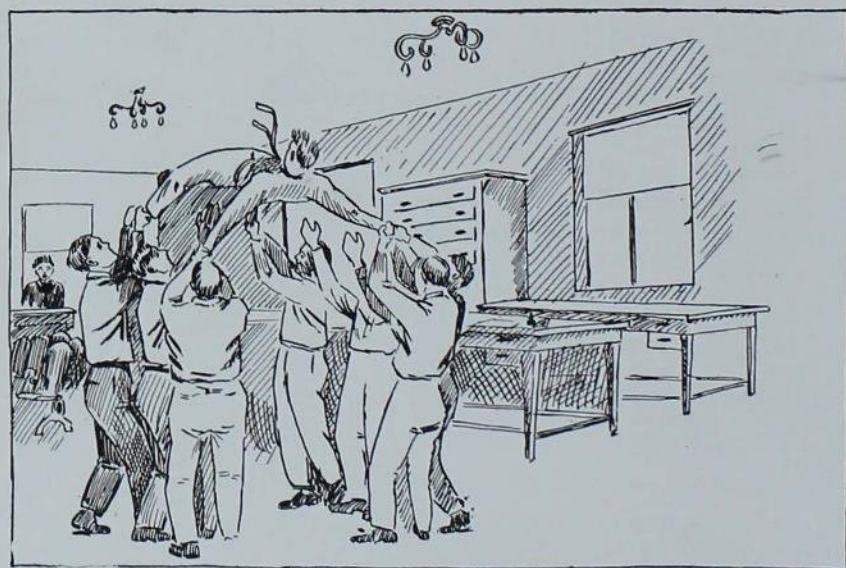
SOPH:—Didn't you ever scan her feet?

FRESH:—I guess she must be hexagonal verse.



CAVE

SCENE I. The Mecnonicals have their picture taken.



SCENE II. The Civils go up for making it rain.

MISS CALDWELL and dear Lizzie May,
Had a tongue lashing match every day;
With her usual grace,
Lizzie May made a face,
And frightened Miss Caldwell away.



BUCK" COOVER'S a tall skinny moke,
Who was told that a Prof. shouldn't smoke;
That made "Buck" tear his hair,
Swear a terrible swear;
For he couldn't discover the joke.



RIP VAN WINKLE awoke from his long sleep and
looked about in surprise. He wandered, in a dazed,
bewildered way, about the Campus and the new build-
ings, amazed at the wonderful progress. Finally he
reached the Chemistry Department and gave a sigh
of relief. "This is something like old times," he said,
as he appropriated Benny's easy chair and picked up
the "Joke Book".



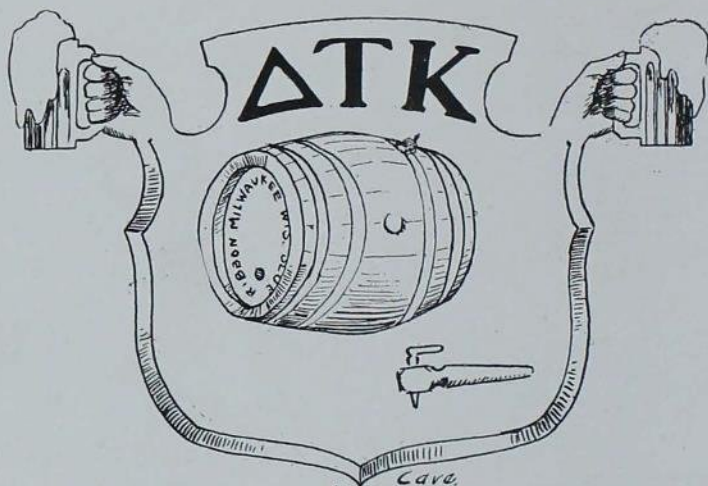
I THOUGHT I saw Professor Berg,
Up at our Summer Camp,
I looked again and saw it was
A cancelled postage stamp,
If it should fall into the lake
It's apt to get quite damp.



I THOUGHT I saw a woodpecker,
That sat upon the grass,
I looked again and saw it was
Miss Fleming's Freshmen Class.
If they don't learn each single word,
They'll never get a pass.

PROF. HOLDEN'S a powerful machine,
 At hot airing he sure takes the bean;
 He holds up his hand,
 As a word of command,
 And all nature becomes a pea-green.

A RESOURCEFUL man is "A. Bud",
 A Soph thought his name was spelled "Blood";
 But the need was so telling
 For a simplified spelling,
 That Prexie has changed it to "Mud".



A west-side "Frat."

I THOUGHT I saw Miss Colpitts in
 A brand new Easter hat,
 I looked again and saw it was
 My mother's sister's cat.
 If you should wrongly rub her fur
 There would be quite a spat.

I THOUGHT I saw Ag Burroughs she
 Was learning how to skate,
 I looked again and saw it was
 Last Winter's fashion plate.
 I'm sure it will be snubbed if it
 Don't soon get up to date.

HI, Henry E. Summers, please,
Your gait makes common men wheeze
Let us show you our plan,
We contend that we can
Play cards on your coat-tail with ease.

I THOUGHT I saw the Senior Class
Arrayed in cap and gown,
I looked again and saw it was
A part of Spotless Town,
The sorry figure that it cuts
Would make a jester frown.

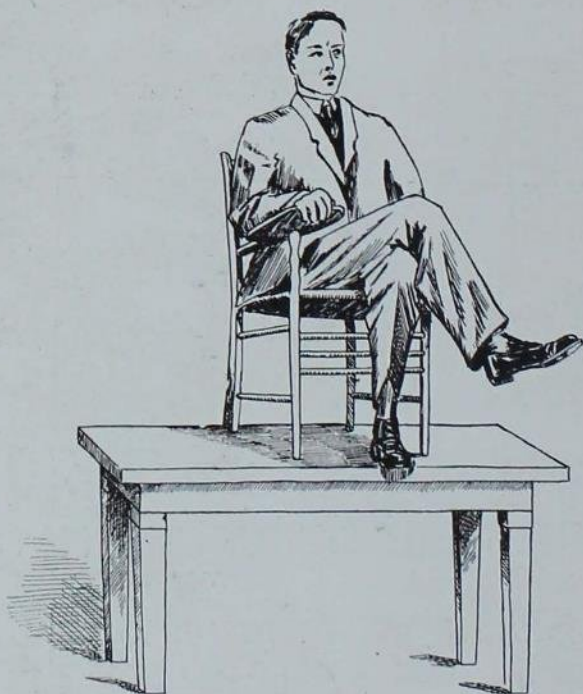
THE spooners eternally spoon
By the amorous light of the moon;
But pray do not weep
For "they work while you sleep",
And that's an unqualified boon.

PROF. by the name of Herr Pammel,
Called to the waiter, "Here Samuel;
I've not had a drink
For ten minutes, I think,
By Gad, you must think I'm a camel."

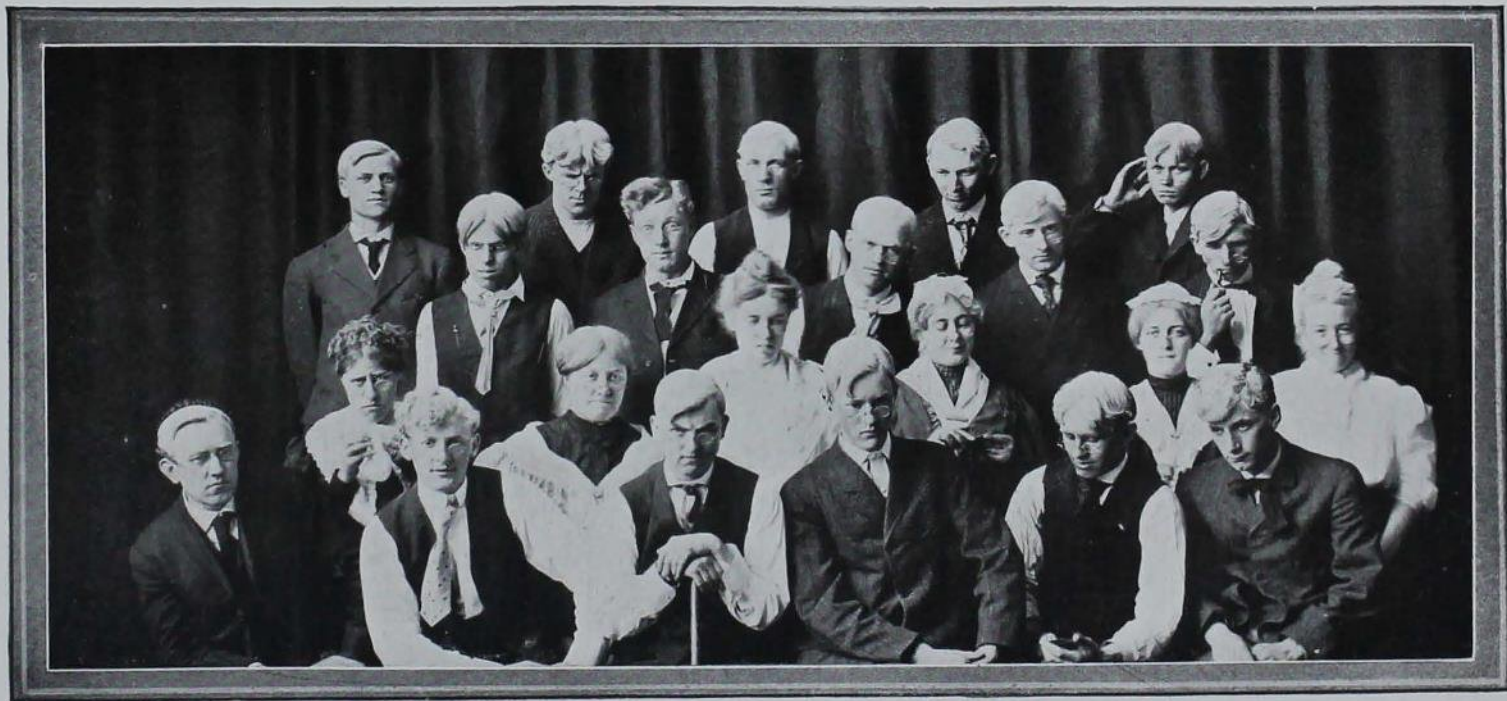




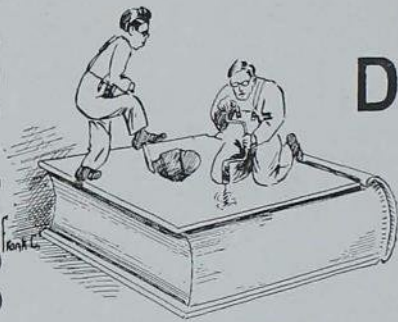
Miss Allis is troubled with an inquisitive ewe



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➤ IF SO, WRITE ME AT ONCE ➤

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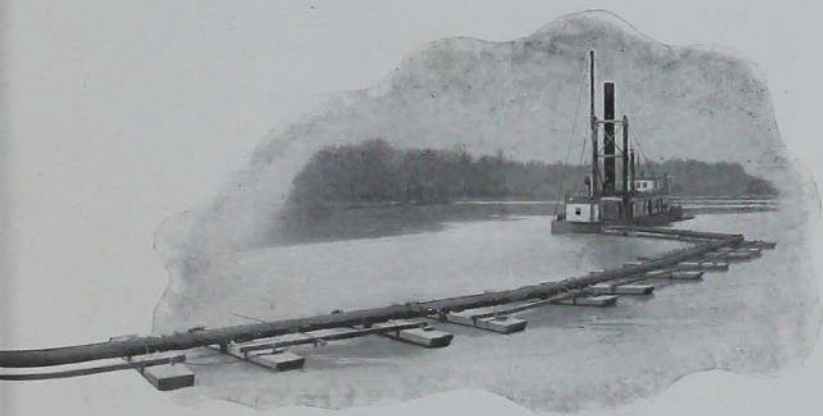
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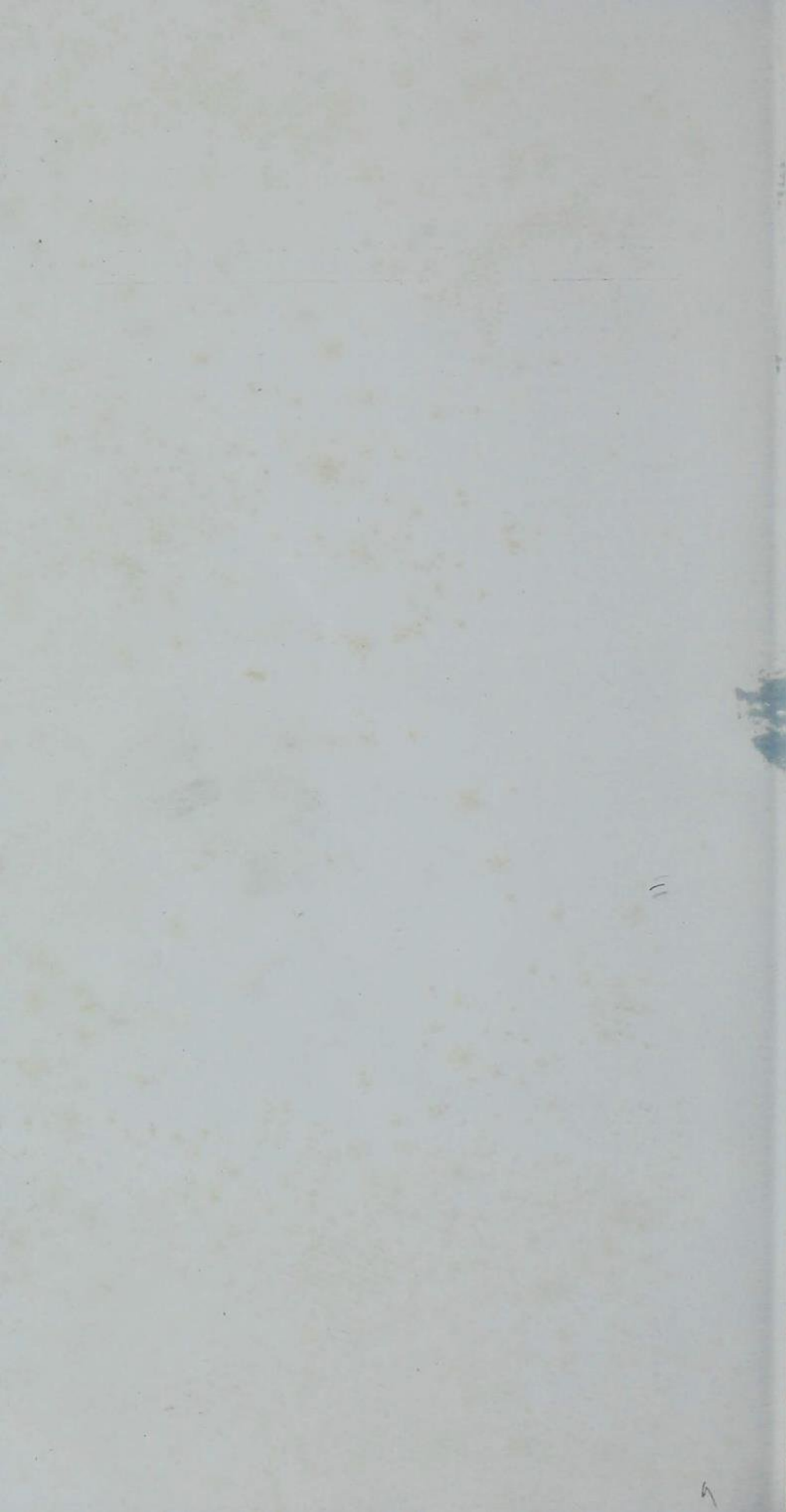
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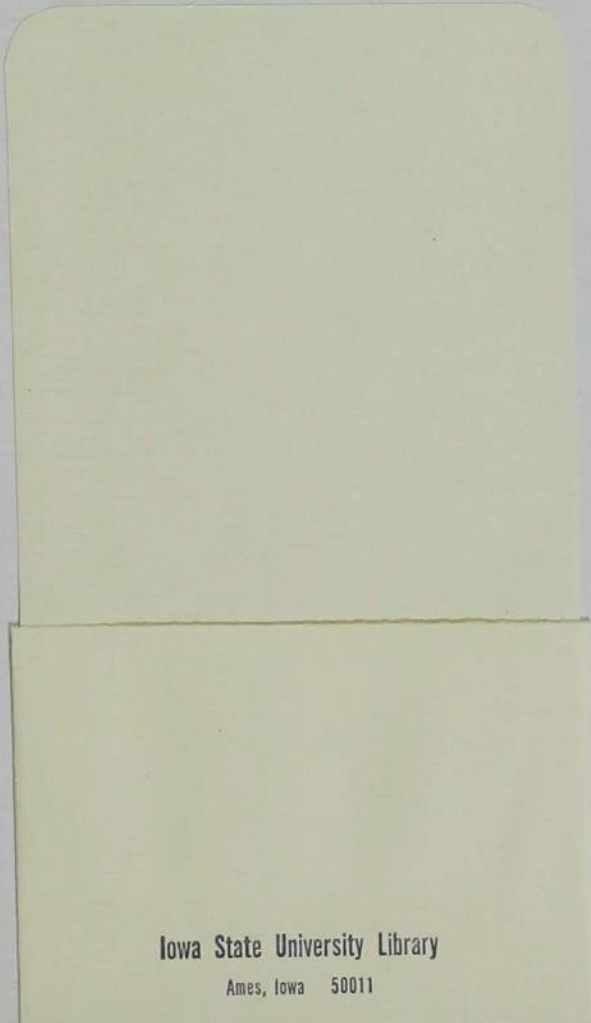
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