

CENTURY

BOMB,

I.S.C.



The Century Bomb

Published by the
Class of 1900, I. S. C.
Under the Direction of a Board

THE KENYON PRESS
DES MOINES



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GREETING

The New Century comes, or the old one closes (just as you prefer), with a spirit of expansion. It is with this same pervading spirit, concentrated in good will, that the class of 1900 greets you with the Century Bomb. If its pages shall reveal the expansion of our beloved institution in all that is fitting for the development of mind, body and soul, the editors of the Century Bomb will feel that the effort on their part is crowned with success.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES RUSH LINCOLN.

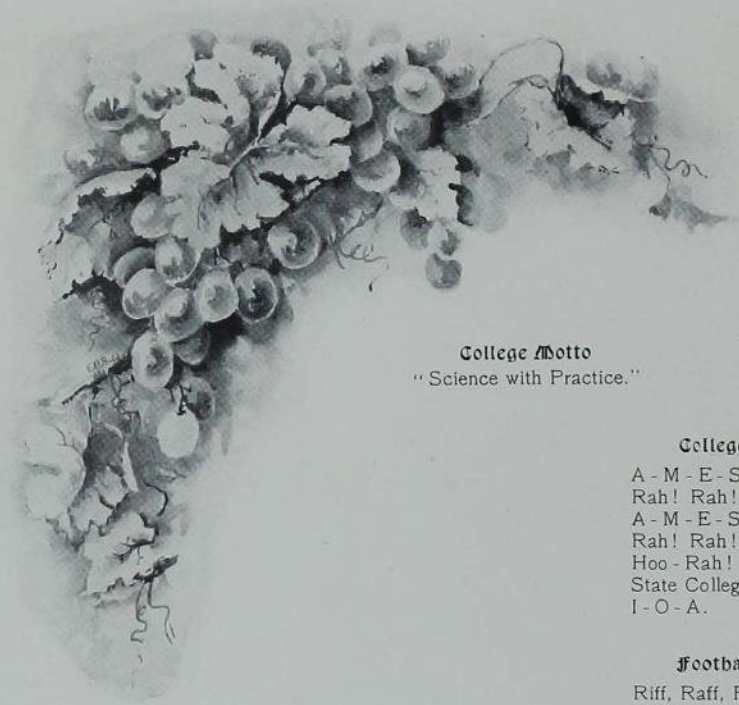
Dedication

To General Lincoln and the brave boys
of I. S. C. who gave up college, home,
and friends to serve their country, The
Century Bomb is lovingly dedicated

I. S. C. Volunteers in Spanish-American War

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W. S. STILLMAN,	CHAS. DILLER,	B. F. KREAMER,	G. S. GEARHART.

* Deceased.



College Motto

“Science with Practice.”

College Colors

Cardinal and Gold.

College Yell

A - M - E - S ,
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
A - M - E - S ,
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Hoo - Rah! Hoo - Ray!
State College
I - O - A.

Football Yell

Riff, Raff, Ruff,
Riff, Raff, Ruff,
Cyclones, Cyclones —
Pretty hot stuff.



CAMPUS VIEW.—MAIN BUILDING IN THE DISTANCE.



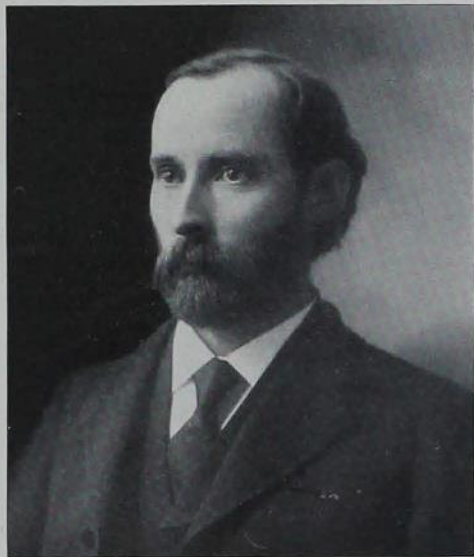
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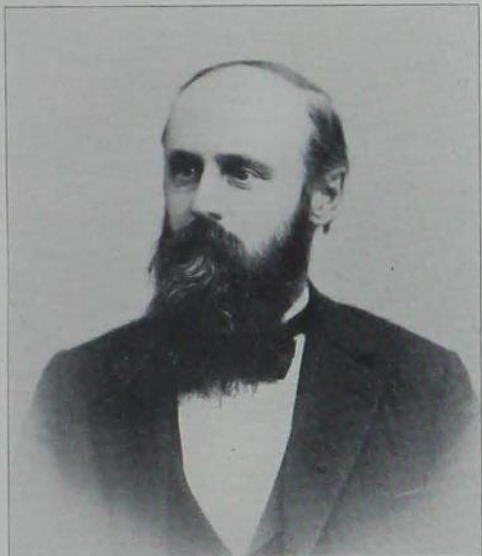
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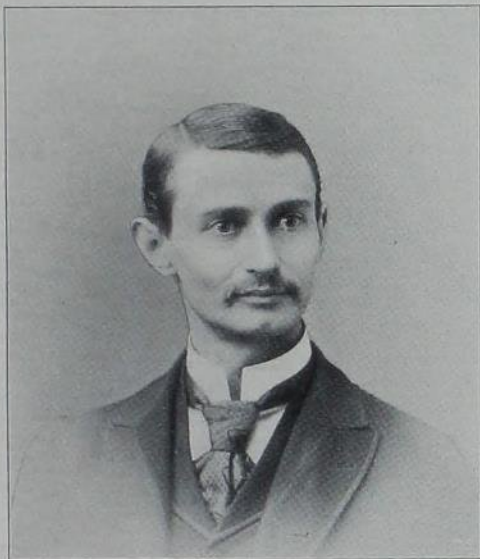
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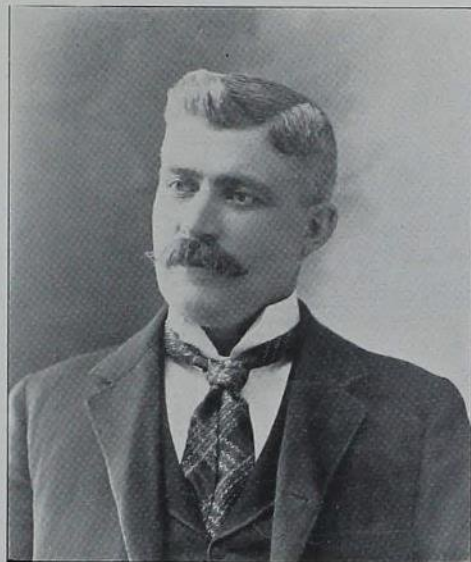
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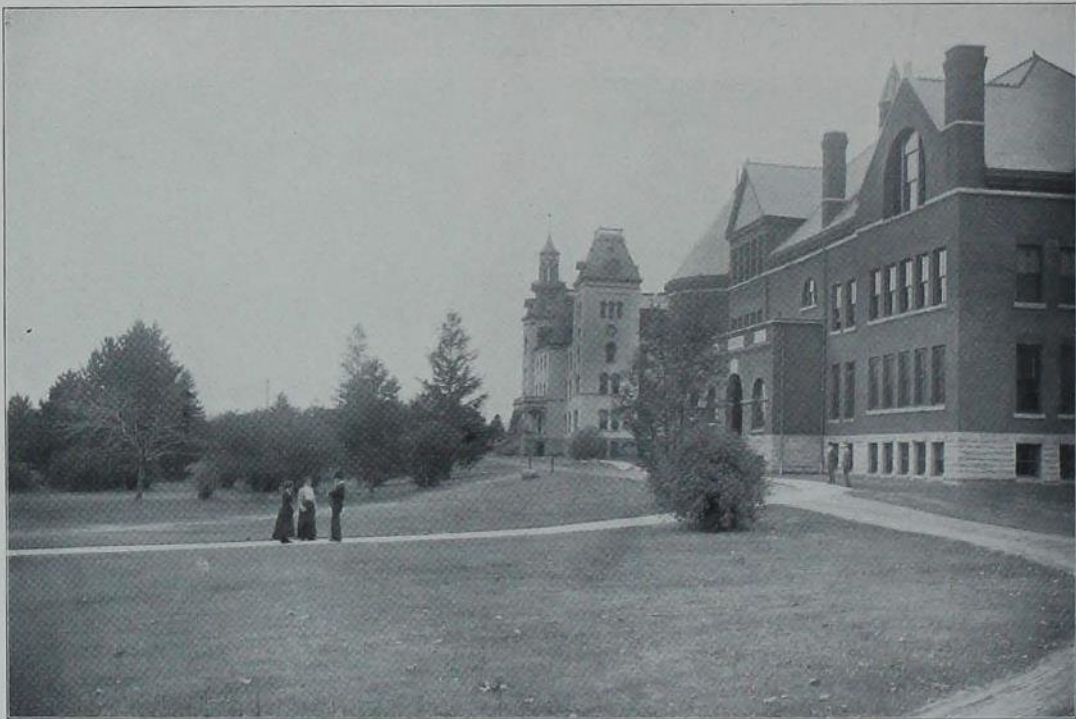




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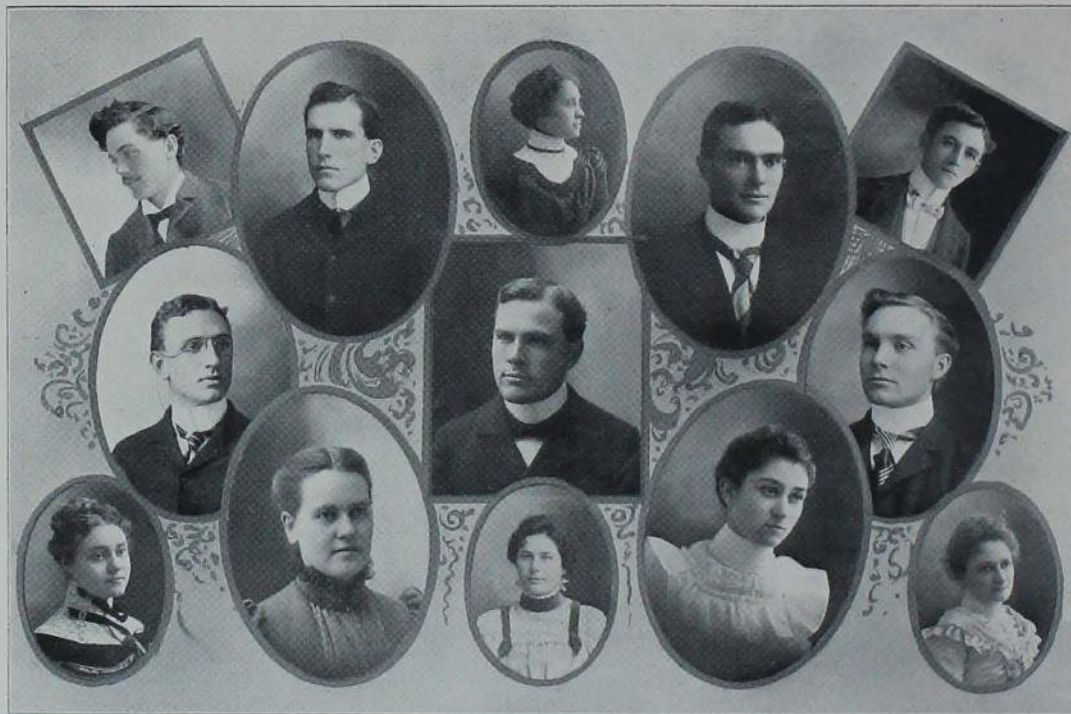
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A New Plumfield

CHAPTER I.

LOCATED in central Iowa is a beautifully laid out and well-kept farm, the like of which cannot be found in all the land of the Hawkeyes. It was in the late winter of 1895 that the philanthropic landlord of these broad acres conceived a plan whose results have already been so beneficial and far-reaching as to deserve chronicling in the Lamb's Book of Life, and the volume before you. This gentleman, who shall be known as Dr. B., had been for several years deeply interested in the so-called Fresh-air-ite System, first inaugurated in the east and whose purpose it was to give rest, change, and new aspirations and ambitions to all those wishing to embrace such opportunities. And not only had our worthy doctor been interested in this system, he had for five years been making some experiments of his own which had uniformly proven so successful that he was impelled to venture upon a yet larger project.

Having thought long and seriously on the matter, he broached the subject to his wife and she, remembering past experiments of her worthy lord, and the extent to which their orchards, vineyards, and flower gardens had suffered in consequence, pondered well, but finally reached the heroic decision that she would sacrifice self, peace of mind, and all future canned fruit prospects to further her husband's benevolent projects. Accordingly, after many lengthy and careful discussions, their plans were matured and the establishment of a new Plumfield definitely decided upon.

Soon after this Dr. B. issued a general proclamation in yellow-back, tract-like form, in which he invited all those young persons whom he thought deserving, to come and remain with himself and the joint possessor of his joys and farm implements, during the spring, summer, and fall months of four consecutive years. To all those desiring to avail themselves of this privilege, and who were willing to comply with the conditions imposed, he promised to give, at the end of that time, such a prize and "setting out" as should render them independent for life.

As may be readily imagined, this generous offer did not pass by unnoticed. Early in February of the year 1896, A. D., a vast congregation came flocking Dr. B.-wards. From the east, from the west, from the north, from the south, came they, until Mrs. B. was constrained to remark to her husband: "My dear, I fear we never can take care of all your Fresh-heir-ites," and even the cook was rendered Grave by their appearance and numbers.

Each Fresh-heir-ite was brought out to Dr. B.'s farm (I. S. C.) by a man named Hank, hired by Dr. B. for that purpose. Many were the perplexing cases with which Hank had to deal during those first few days, but having come to

terms with the thick-set youth who objected to paying a *whole nickle* of "pa's hard-earned money" to ride in Hank's wagon, and with the young lady of pale, æsthetic countenance who wept because Dr. B. hadn't met her and she didn't know which seat to take in the "bus," Hank had no further trouble and soon Dr. B.'s first band of Fresh-heir-ites were domiciled in the homes (Margaret Hall and Main Building) which he had provided for them.

CHAPTER II.

Each new arrival having, according to directions, called at Dr. B.'s office and given that gentleman's hand an apologetic shake, together with much valuable information as to his age, height, health, great-grand-father's occupation, and his mother's maiden name, repaired to the room assigned him, unpacked his valuable possessions, and prepared for his four year's sojourn.

In these efforts he was most abundantly assisted by some older "adoptites" of the doctor. These older children, who were known as Pygmies, were willing at all times to give their time and attention to assist these new men. Particularly were they zealous in pointing out the location of class-rooms; most kindly directing their new mates how to find Freshman Room in Agricultural Hall, third story; Crescent Room in office basement, and other places strange to the newcomers.

The Fresh-heir-ites, pleased with the way their older brethren sympathized and worked together, decided that they would like to form a similar co-operation among themselves, so on the eve of Mar. —, with the consent and approbation of Dr. B., they met in the chapel for that purpose. Having talked over the matter among themselves (two worthy Pygmies had most kindly and disinterestedly met with them, but shortly withdrew seeing active measures were about to be taken) they choose for their first general-in-chief J. P. Lund, with Agnes King as recorder of class doings.

After the transaction of this most momentous business, the class being of a social nature, and inclining to oratorical pretensions, held an impromptu literary session from which all wended their way homeward with the proud consciousness of duty well performed, and profound compassion for all who were so unfortunate as not to belong to the new class of '99.

Dr. B., hearing of the successful outcome of this first friendly gathering of his new flock, told his older children, the Pygmies, that they might give an entertainment in honor of their new friends at which they might bestow upon them a name, even as they were known as Pygmies. Filled with joy, the Small People bounded away, and many were the Grave discussions held with the cook, and great were the Cavilings with the steward, as to the viands to be spread before their guests.

The arrangements were finally completed, the appointed time came, and the first Fresh-heir-ites of I. S. C. lost their identity in the new cognomen of *Chinooks*. Repairing in a body with their Pygmy friends to Margaret Hall, they found kind Dr.

B. waiting to welcome them. Here they were feasted until the "wee sma' hours," when filled with joy and pink ice-cream, they departed homeward.

Fairly creditable was the work done by the Chinooks in class room, but it was early manifested that far better did these Red Men love Dame Nature. Especially did their youthful hearts yearn after the sunset hour, Lovers' Lane, and the Cemetery Route, and it was only when tenderly led home by fatherly Dr. B. that many of the youths and maidens could be prevailed upon to remain indoors.

This love of nature continued with the Chinooks throughout their term at Dr. B.'s. Those of the sterner sex who cared less for the gloaming, and more for Nature in her more austere aspects, won glory for themselves and the Chinooks on the blazing field of battle west of Morrill Hall.

As the summer waned, and the Fresh-air-ite season drew to a close, the Chinooks gathered to bid their friends good-bye, and then, with grateful feelings toward kind Dr. B. and his corps of efficient helpers who had done so much for their pleasure and improvement, the Chinooks embarked in Hank's bus for home. Happy indeed were they for Dr. B. pleased with the progress of these level-headed young people, had invited them to come back another year, and help him through the spring planting, the harvesting, and the corn-picking. Their gratitude took the form of a prompt, and unanimous acceptance of the invitation.

(Continued)



Senior Class

Officers

President	FORDYCE W. RHOADES
Vice-President	J. R. ALLEN
Secretary	ELSIE A. DAVIS
Treasurer	CHARLES RHINEHART
Sergeant-at-Arms	EMIL C. PETERSON
Historian	CLARE A. CAMPBELL

Motto

"Launched but not Drifting."

Colors

Old Gold and Nile Green.

Hell

Go! Zip! Go! Zah!
 Go! Zolly! Go! Zee!
 Zip! La! Rip! Rah!
 I. S. C.!
 Reo! Rio! Rip! Ro! Rine!
 Chinooks! Chinooks!
 '99!



MORRISON.	C. J. GRIFFITH.	MILLS.	STOUT.	M. TOOLEY.	SCHOLTEN.	ROTTLER.
CAMPBELL.	EHLERS.	McQUISTON.	KENNEDY.	WAKEFIELD.	THOMAS.	GOBLR.
GILBERT.	WELCH.	GOBLE.	SAYLES.	LIEBEROT.	YOUNIE.	LEATHERS.
TUTTLE.	STUHR.	SEAVER.	GIFFEN.	FRIEDEL.	A. TOOLEY.	METCALF.
SMITH.	ROGERS.				HORNING.	Hess.



PETERSON.	VAN LIEW.	WALKER.	SMITH.	ALLEN.	DEERING.	LUND.	NICHOLS.	HUME.
HYLAND.		G. D. NICOLL.	STIMSON.	W. I. GRIFFITH.				MARSTON.
HOLLINGSWORTH.	ROBERTS.	PADDOCK.	STEELE.	ROMMEL.	BOLKS.	RETENMAIER.		
HAYTER.	RHINEHART.	ADAMS.	FERRIN.		MALCOLM.	RHOADES.		HOPKINS.
		GILLESPIE.	SCHUTZ.	BROOKS.				

Senior Speakers

Alice Ward Hess	B. Sc.
D. E. Hollingsworth	B. S. A.
Stella Ellis	B. L.
R. C. Anderson	B. M. E.
E. B. Tuttle	B. E. E.
B. R. Rogers	D. V. M.

At Large

Jeannette M. Younie	B. Sc.
F. A. Schuetz	B. Sc.
J. R. Allen	B. Sc.
Fordyce Rhoades	B. Sc.

A New Plumfield

CHAPTER III.

When all were at last gone, and quiet and solitude reigned supreme at I. S. C., the heart of benevolent Dr. B. waxed warm within him as he thought of the successful outcome of his first large experiment, and a still greater plan took shape in his mind. Closely following this came the assertion made to Mrs. B. that another invitation must be issued. Said he, "We must have others to fill the places of our Little Folks who will so shortly be leaving us, and because they are to fill the places of these same, we will invite a smaller number than was our last family addition."

Accordingly the invitation was again issued, this time in black and gold form. As before, when Hank's Pilgrimages began, it was demonstrated that there would be but few "regrets" to dishearten the good Dr., for there returned with the Chinooks, a body of young people whose appearance was the joy of all beholders. Even the Chinooks who had come back with an added degree of self importance, together with their new wardrobes and title of Sophomores, were impressed, and decided with one voice to give these scholarly appearing young persons the name of Toohoos. And well did they merit this name as was proven as the days passed by.

In spite of the nocturnal habits accredited to the birds of wisdom, the near relatives of these young people, it was long ere the wily Chinook could prevail upon the grave Toohoo to accompany him on his visits to strawberry patch and lunch counter, or to "flag" sight singing.

Ever was the studious Toohoo's history notes kept copied, and seldom indeed was it that he could not proudly answer "All" at Prof. S.'s roll call.

Dr. B. oft congratulated himself on the sterling character of the Toohoos and particularly was he pleased with the practicalness shown. Not knowing what might befall them during their stay at I. S. C., they had brought with them a Baker, a Taylor, a Smith, a Carpenter, a Porter, a Bishop, and an Elder, while the Pitcher, Keys and Combs belonging to the class were of unusually excellent quality. The warlike character of the Toohoos would never have been suspected had not a trusty Knight with Schott and a Pike been found in Margaret Hall. The spirit of peace, however, prevailed. Even among the pets of the class was this the case, the Lamb, the Campbell and the Fox being so well trained and amiable as to live together in perfect harmony.

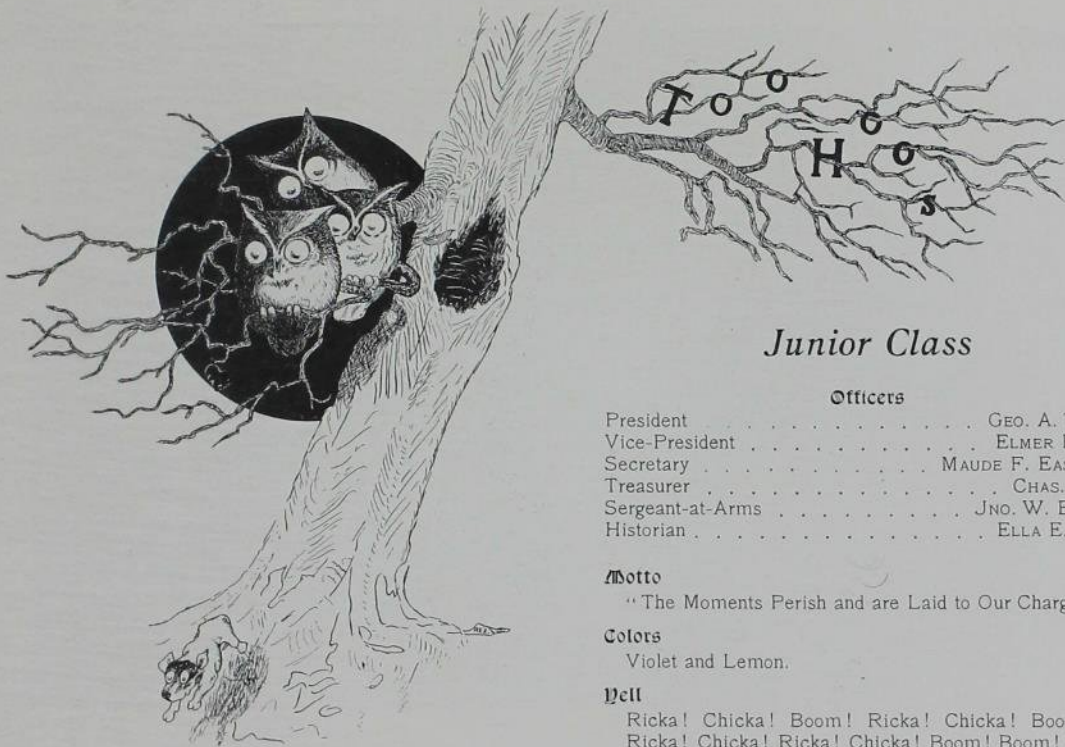
The Toohoo's love of Nature was demonstrated not only by the unusually large number who classified in Freshman Botany, but also by their fondness and care of a new species of Blumer. This, however, seemed later to Merritt all the care bestowed upon it, as did also the Heath, the Knoll, the Down and the East-wood beyond.

There was found in the ranks of the class one who was ever the Bone of contention; another who was a very Sybil, and a third — whisper it low — who was known as "Hopkins's choice!"

Notwithstanding all this, the Toohoo, who never indulged in stronger language than "Great Scott," or did worse than make Wagers, when Bourn away by enthushism, would declare himself perfectly Suit-ed with all things Toohooistic, no matter what might be the (S) divers opinions of the few. Nor was the Toohoo alone in this belief. The same view was embraced by Dr. B., who complimented himself again and again at having so worthy a body of youths in his charge, and he rejoiced anew over the pre-eminent success of his second year's experiment with Fresh-heir-ites.

His desire to proceed with the good work was strengthened. His philanthropic heart yearned to bring others in contact with his Chinook and Toohoo children, so that they might imbibe some of the high principles and ideals of life so deeply ingrafted in to the natures of these Heart Children of his, and a new resolve was taken.

(Continued)



Junior Class

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Vice-President	ELMER PESHAK
Secretary	MAUDE F. EASTWOOD
Treasurer	CHAS. EGGER
Sergeant-at-Arms	JNO. W. BUNKER
Historian	ELLA E. DOWN

Motto

"The Moments Perish and are Laid to Our Charge."

Colors

Violet and Lemon.

Yell

Ricka! Chicka! Boom! Ricka! Chicka! Boom!
 Ricka! Chicka! Ricka! Chicka! Boom! Boom! Boom!
 Whoop! La! Ra! Woop! La! Re!
 Century! Century! I. S. C.!



DOWN.

NICHOLAS.
FULTON.

MAST.

MYERS.

WAGERS.
LOWE.

CURTISS.

HANCOCK.

TAYLOR.
HALL.

BLUMER.

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BENNETT, LINTON P., Sc.	Des Moines
Bachelor, Nolt Avrats, Vice-President of Class (1), Debating League (4), Second Sergeant (2), First Lieutenant (5-6), Sergeant Major (3-4), Captain (7), Business Manager of Bomb (5-6).	
BLUMER, JACOB, Ag.	Luverne
Welch.	
BONE, FRANK, Sc.	Hopeville
Welch, Track Team (5).	
BUNKER, JOHN W., Ag.	New Providence
Agricultural Club, President of Class (5), Track Team (5), Football Team (4).	
CARTER, GEORGE L., Sc.	Rock Valley
Welch.	
COMBS, MAY, Sc.	Cambridge, Kas
Clolian, Y. W. C. A.	
CURTIS, GUY C., Spl.	Nevada
Baseball Team (3-5).	
DAY, W. E., Vet.	Utica
Pythian, Veterinary Medical Society.	
DEMING, CHARLES WILEY, Vet.	Des Moines
Bachelor, Veterinary Medical Society, First Sergeant (3-4), Lieutenant (5), Athletic Council (6-7), Assistant Editor Bomb Board (5-6), Debating League (7).	
DILLER, LEROY L., Ag.	Ottumwa
Phileleutherol, Junior Ex. (5).	
DOWN, ELLA, L.	Odebolt
Phileleutherol, Y. W. C. A., Class Historian, Vice-President of Class (2), Editor of Bomb (5-6), Junior Ex. (5).	
EASTWOOD, MAUDE, L.	Ames
Clolian, Y. W. C. A., Secretary of Class (6).	



GARVER.

KELSEY.

STEWART.

LEWIS.
PESHAK.

McDILL.

THOMAS.

RICE.

EASTWOOD.

WILSON.

PIKE.

BUNKER.

ECKLES, HERBERT C., Ag.	Marshalltown
Phileutherol, Y. M. C. A., Agricultural Club, College Orchestra (4).	
EGGER, CHARLES A., E. E.	Buffalo
Weich, Vice-President of Class (3), Treasurer of Class (6), Junior Ex. (5).	
ELLIS, CHARLES E., Ag.	Ames
Philomathean, Agricultural Club, Oratorical Association (5-6-7), Junior Ex. (5).	
FRANDSON, HERMAN, Ag.	Story City
FULTON, CHARLES R., Sc.	Exira
GARVER, HERMAN F., C. E.	Big Mound
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HAW, E., Ag.	Ottumwa
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Bachelor, Drum Major.	
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Philomathean, Band (2-3-4), Sergeant at Arms of Class (7).	
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Philomathean, Y. M. C. A., Lieutenant (6), Captain (7).	



ECKLES.
S. P. JOHNSON.

SCHOTT.

LAMB.

SCOTT.

KNOLL.
KNIGHT.

NOWLAN.

FRANDSON.

MARENESS.

JENKENS.
ELLIS.

JOHNSON, S. P., E. E.	Paton
Welch, Lieutenant (5-6).	
JOHNSON, DANIEL W., Ag.	Tunis
Welch, Agricultural Club, Lieutenant (5).	
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Clolian, Y. W. C. A., Secretary of Class (4), Assistant Business Manager of Bomb (5-6).	
JOHNSON, W. L., Vet.	Ontario
Welch, Veterinary Medical Society, Second Sergeant (3-4).	
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Clolian, Y. W. C. A.	
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Y. M. C. A.	
LECLERE, EDMUND G., Sc.	Chillicothe, Texas
Welch, Captain Second Football Team (4), Athletic Council (5), Baseball Team (5), Football Team (6).	
LENTNER, SYBIL, Sc.	Ottumwa
Clolian, Student Staff (4-5-6), Editor of Bomb (5-6), Jr. Trot Com. (6).	
LEWIS, M., M. E.	Entered Junior from U. of Texas
LOWE, JOHN H., Vet.	Ames
Veterinary Medical Society, Second Sergeant (3-4).	



DAY.

HENSEN.

STIVERS.

LATHROP.

McBIRNEY.

WALKER.
LECLERE.

HOYLAND.

SAVRE.

JOHNSON.

DILLER.

WHITE.

MAST, WILLIAM H., Ag.	Agency
Welch, Y. M. C. A., Agricultural Club, Second Sergeant (4).	
MCBIRNEY, JAMES F., E. E.	Conrad
Philomathean, Y. M. C. A., Track Team (3-5), Junior Ex. (5), Athletic Council (5).	
MCDILL, WILSON F., Ag.	Creston
Crescent, Agricultural Club.	
McKINLEY, ALEXANDER D., Sc.	Clermont
Welch, Noit Avrat, President of Class (3), Debating League (4), Band (2-3-4-6), Jr. Trot Com. (6), Track Manager (6-7), Delegate to I. I. C. A. A. (5), Editor of Bomb (5-6), Second Sergeant (3).	
MERENESS, G. N., E. E.	Glidden
MYERS, E. C., Ag.	Hampton
NICHOLAS, NELLIE, L.	Montezuma
Clifolan, Y. W. C. A., Student Staff (4-5-6-7), Junior Ex. (5).	
NOWLAN, BRETE C., E. E.	Havelock
Philomathean, Y. M. C. A., Junior Ex. (5).	
PESHAK, ELMER, E. E.	Plymouth
Bachelor, Band (1-2-3-4), College Orchestra (4), Junior Ex. (5).	
PIKE, HATTIE A., Sc.	Olin
Philomathean, Y. W. C. A.	
PORTER, HARRY R., Ag.	Woodbine
Bachelor, Agricultural Club, First Sergeant (3-4), Lieutenant (5), Adjutant (6), Major (7), Artist of Bomb (5-6).	
SAVRE, EDWARD E., E. E.	Northwood
Welch, Second Sergeant (3-4).	
SCHOTT, SOPHIA, L.	What Cheer
Phileleutherol, Y. W. C. A., Secretary of Class (5), Junior Ex. (5), Assistant Editor of Bomb (5-6).	
SCOTT, IRA J., Sc.	Slater
Bachelor, Y. M. C. A., Lieutenant (6), Major (7), Representative to State Oratorical Contest (7), Junior Orator, Commencement Day (6), Assistant Editor of Bomb (5-6).	



McKINLEY.
PORTER.

JOHNSON.

HAS BROUCK.
HOPKINS.

COMBS.
BENNETT.

LENTNER.
SUIT.

KEGLEY.

EGGER.
DEMING.

STEWART, NELLE, Sc.	Minerva
Phileleutherol, Y. W. C. A., Secretary of Class (3), Assistant Editor of Bomb (5-6).	
STIVERS, E. D., Sc.	Mason City
Welch, Y. M. C. A., Sergeant-at-Arms of Class (4), First Sergeant (3-4), Adjutant (5), Captain (7), Student Staff (5-6-7), Junior Orator, Class Day (6).	
SUIT, FRISBIE TULL, Vet.	Selma
Bachelor, Veterinary Medical Society, Y. M. C. A., Nolt Avrat, Oratorical Association (5-6-7), Editor of Bomb (5-6), Athletic Council (5-6), Jr. Trot Com. (6), Manager of Football Team (7-8).	
TAYLOR, GEORGE A., C. E.	Newton
Phileleutherol, Y. M. C. A., Treasurer of Class (3), President of Class (6), Junior Ex. (5), First Sergeant (3-4), Adjutant (5), Jr. Trot. Com (6).	
THOMAS, HALL H., Sc.	Decorah
Welch, Treasurer of Class (5), Assistant Business Manager of Bomb (5-6), Drum Major (4).	
WAGERS, HARRY O., Sc.	Ogden
Welch, Editor of Bomb (5-6).	
WALKER, L. R., Sc.	Oelwein
Welch, Y. M. C. A., Oratorical Association, Debating League.	
WHITE, CHAS. S., Sc.	Audubon
Welch.	
WILSON, WILBUR M., M. E.	West Liberty
Pythian, Y. M. C. A., Junior Ex. (5), Oratorical Association (5-6-7).	
WORTMAN, R. W., E. E.	Kelley
WYERS, E. C., Ag.	Hampton

Junior Speakers

Sophia Schott,
Chas. A. Egger,
Ella E. Down,
Jas. F. McBirney,
Geo. A. Taylon,

Chas. E. Ellis,
Elmer I. Peshak,
Brete C. Nolan,
LeRoy L. Diller,
Nellie M. Nicholas.



A New Plumfield

CHAPTER IV.

Consequently, when complacent Chinook and quiet Toohoo had flitted away for the winter's hibernation, the invitation was again issued. But this time a change was instituted.

Wishing to give his favorite children, the Chinooks and Toohoos, a longer time for self-cultivation, growth and advancement before a foreign element should be introduced, Dr. B.'s new invitation did not require a response until later in the season. From February, 1899, until near July, the Red Men and the Owlets wandered in peaceful seclusion over Dr. B.'s beautiful front door-yard which Dame Nature had decked in unprecedented splendor. Or, seated at the feet of the Great Masters, they drank in the wisdom which these so generously gave forth. But a change came when the war cry resounded o'er the land, and many were the Chinooks and Toohoos who forsook the quiet scenes of I. S. C. Rallying around their gallant commander, General Lincoln, spite of threatening and entreating letters from home, they hastened southward, and many were the tears and lamentations heard in Aunt Sarah's domain. These, however, like all other sorrows, were assuaged by Time, and the arrival of a new batch of Fresh-heir-ites.

These new-comers were the first to be privileged, during their first term, to sample the contents of the little bags on the Xmas trees west of the cottages, and to become initiated into the mysteries of Bugology in the first glory of summer's reign. The late arrivals were carefully scrutinized by the Toohoos, and learning of the desire of these to "push back their horizon," the Toohoos conferred upon them the name "Xanho," which was certainly "a good thing." Early in their career did the Xanhos take to athletics, there even being among their number those of the fairer sex whose tastes tended thus-ward.

It was during this term that Pygmy, Chinook, Toohoo and Xanho fair ones participated in the cake walk so long to be remembered in the annals of Margaret Hall. When day dawned, not a cork remained whole in Margaret Hall; the atmosphere was strangely suggestive of an apothecary's shop, or "Chem. Lab.," and a sound of house-cleaning was upon the air.

Shortly after this, the Chinook maidens, determining to do something worthy of the great name of Juniors, revived the old time custom of holding a Junior Trot. Inviting their Margaret Hall comrades to assist them, one fine (?) autumnal evening they called for their friends, the Pygmy and Chinook braves, and led them a merry walk over the campus.

To Dr. B.'s first went they, and glad, indeed, did it make the good man to see his children so contented and happy together. With kindly words and his blessing he sent them on their way. On around the campus they went, stopping at each kind tutor's house on the way, and meeting the kindest of receptions, then back to Margaret Hall where a grand march and refreshments were indulged in until a late hour. Escorted homeward by their fair entertainers, the so greatly honored youths vowed that never had so happy an experience been theirs and gave a vote of thanks to those who had so ably entertained them.

Later came Commencement when the Xanhos bade the Pygmies a final good-bye, and saw Junior Chinook take his place in the seats of the mighty. It was during the Xanho's second term of Freshmanship that he, wishing to acknowledge past courtesies extended to him by the Toohoos, invited his Junior friends to a reception where "soft music rose and fell" and the "light fantastic" was tripped, to the great delight of the Xanhos.

One evening when Nature was weeping over some sorrow known only to herself, Dr. B. announced in chapel the names of those Toohoos who had been particularly fortunate in gathering in 4's during their two years' stay with him, but broad was the smile which went round when it was known that Sophie Schott Egger Down!

Announcing also a short vacation, after which all should return and strive yet harder after "that better part" and leave "the little meannesses" behind, Dr. B. bade his children good-bye.

Soon were Dr. B. and his good helpmate left to a few weeks' undisturbed quiet, and to the preparation for the reception of the new band of Fresh-heir-ites they had invited to return with their older children.

(Continued)



Sophomore Class

President	HARRY M. PARKS
Vice-President	WILBER W. OTTO
Secretary	GRACE CAMPBELL
Treasurer	RAY DUMPHY
Sergeant-at-Arms	F. W. GIDLEY
Historian	MARGARET STANTON

- Motto** "Push Back Your Horizon."
- Colors** Light Blue and Old Gold.
- Hell** Hickili! Hickili! Hi! Ho! He!
 Sickili! Sickili! I. S. C.!
 Hizer! Wizer! Wallawa! Zoo!
 Xanho! Xanho! 1902!



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Sophomore Roll

Adkins, Harry,	Brown, B. W.,	Donelson, V. E.,	Hanger, S. M.,	Kinzer, Roland L.,
Adrian, Frank,	Brown, Franklin,	Donelson, W. C.,	Hanssen, H. H.,	Knepper, Hubert,
Allison, Frank E.,	Burriss, Clara M.,	Donovan, A. H.,	Hastings, W. W.,	Lafferty, G. C.,
Anderson, Isaac,	Butts, D. Jay,	Donovan, Paul,	Hawk, John O.,	Langenhagan, Harry,
Andrews, O. J.,	Byl, F. M.,	Donovan, Dan E.,	Hayungs, Fred W.,	Lawton, John H.,
Askw, George A.,	Campbell, Roy Jay,	Dorsey, Clarence B.,	Healy, Walter H.,	Lee, Ernest E.,
Augier, Guy H.,	Campbell, Grace,	Dumphy, Raymond J.,	Helsell, Charles A.,	LaFetra, R. T.,
Austin, J. C.,	Carey, James R.,	Eddy, Mabel E.,	Hendricks, H. F.,	Leland, Margaret,
Barber, Florence,	Carlson, Frank,	Elder, Albert E.,	Higgins, Eugene C.,	Lenderink, Henry,
Barclay, Josephine,	Cauhell, E. J.,	Elder, G. V.,	Hirons, Frank G.,	Lewis, Roscoe F.,
Barger, May,	Chambers, Lauren M.,	Eiwell, Frank D.,	Hollingsworth, G. R.,	Lewis, Charles,
Barrett, Robert L.,	Chenowith, Charles,	Elwell, Fred N.,	Holmdale, Julius F.,	Lewis, Russell J.,
Barton, Elva,	Clark, L. W.,	Erickson, Jessie,	Holzer, Julia,	Livingston, Robert R.,
Bartholomew, Anna,	Cleghorn, Mark P.,	Evers, Otto,	Hooker, J. S.,	Lockard, Bernard,
Bartholomew, C. E.,	Coates, Arthur,	Farmer, H. L.,	Hopkins, Richard,	Ludwig, H. J.,
Battles, Christopher,	Connelly, Harry H.,	Fausch, C. D.,	Hopley, Harry,	Lytle, W. H.,
Baty, Edward,	Cooper, C. H.,	Felton, John T.,	Horner, James F.,	Marsh, Jean I.,
Barr, Leroy,	Cooper, T. L.,	Ferrin, Joseph F.,	Howe, A. C.,	Mason, William D.,
Bauge, Nettie,	Cooper, R. D.,	Finch, Elsie M.,	Huff, Harry H.,	Maine, Herbert,
Beams, Arthur,	Conner, D. C.,	Flynn, J. P.,	Hunt, Ward S.,	Maxtin, George R.,
Beebe, James W.,	Corneliusen, Mamie,	Fonda, Frank M.,	Hyde, Dana B.,	McAninch, C. L.,
Beiter, Joseph,	Coye, C. H.,	Foster, A. Edith,	Hytland, Thyra,	McCaughey, Mamie,
Bennett, H. A.,	Coye, Elmer L.,	Galley, Joseph H.,	James, Ralph Ward,	McClure, Harry B.,
Benson, M. Ethelyn,	Coye, John S.,	Garberg, L. E.,	James, M. O.,	McCullough, H. C.,
Berg, E. H.,	Craig, Charles,	Gardner, S. B.,	Jenks, Frances,	McKay, Bruce,
Bigelow, Alida,	Crawford, W. W.,	Gidley, Thomas W.,	Jenks, Ada,	McKinney, Robert F.,
Bingham, Beulah,	Davis, Franc,	*Griffin, Edward W.,	Jones, Hattie,	McNear, Mabel L.,
Blake, Violet,	Davis, George A.,	Gifford, J. H. S.,	Jones, William O.,	Mennis, Clyde,
Blanch, G. W.,	Dean, Harvey W.,	Gould, Henrietta G.,	Joslin, Clark E.,	Merrill, Bess M.,
Bockinger, H. L.,	Decker, C. W.,	Graham, Mildred,	Keil, W. S.,	Merrill, L. A.,
Bordner, James A.,	Dixon, Charles R.,	Graham, Ralph F.,	Keith, Robert R.,	Merritt, Alice,
Bradley, J. Roy,	Dobler, George F.,	Graves, Guy W.,	Kelly, Arthur R.,	Merritt, M. L.,
Bremner, Roger L.,	Dobson, Carl F.,	Gray, C. E.,	Kelly, Walter T.,	Miles, Vara I.,
Bretell, H. W.,	Dodd, T. W.,	Gray, Verna C.,	Kerr, Elizabeth,	Miller, Mae,
Brock, William I.,	Dodds, Robert W.,	Greenfield, Willard,	Kimball, Otta A.,	Miller, A. A.,
Brown, Daisly,	Dohrmann, Louis H.,			

*Deceased

Mills, Marcella,
Mitchell, G. R. C.,
Moore, Lloyd H.,
Morey, LeRoy D.,
Morgan, E. G.,
Morgan, E. H.,
Morgan, Charles M.,
Morris, Harry F.,
Muhs, Louis R.,
Munro, William S.,
Myers, J. P.,
Myers, Edgar C.,
Nelson, John C.,
Nichols, T. Edward,
Nowlan, E. R.,
Obrecht, R. C.,
Oldsen, Carl,
Osborn, Wayne,
Otis, Harva R.,
Oto, Wilber W.,
Overbaugh, O. A.,
Overbaugh, J. E.,
Owen, Fred.,
Paddock, Flora B.,
Palmer, Philip H.,
Parker, Clifford T.,
Parks, Harry M.,

Partner, Ira E.,
Paul, Roy L.,
Peck, DeWitt C.,
Peshak, R. E.,
Peters, Cora M.,
Pherrin, Charles,
Pierce, Dante M.,
Plumbly, J. L.,
Powell, Fred M.,
Rantschler, Luella,
Raymod, L. P.,
Read, Homer W.,
Read, Norma,
Reimers, T. M.,
Reynolds, James E.,
Richie, Riley,
Rickert, Edward,
Ritzman, Ernest,
Robbins, Ralph E.,
Roberts, Humphrey A.,
Rogers, Carrie L.,
Royse, Oscar,
Ruch, M. D.,
Sabin, Jerome G.,
Savre, Rose,
Schneckloth, Jennie C.,

Scholtz, W. C.,
Schultze, W. S.,
Schooler, Dean,
Scoggin, Arlow,
Seager, Maysie,
Shales, Samuel L.,
Sheldon, D. D.,
Shefferd, Orrin,
Shields, Arthur,
Sies, Raymond W.,
Slifer, A. Clyde,
Simpson, C. D.,
Skinner, H. G.,
Smith, F. W.,
Smith, A. L.,
Smith, Leonard S.,
Snow, Norlan,
Soenke, Ernest E.,
Sokol, George F.,
Speaker, A. L.,
Stanton, Margaret,
Stegman, Charles R.,
Stevens, S. W.,
Stewart, J. E.,
Stewart, W. R.,
Stratford, Edgar C.,

Stuhr, Lydia A.,
Stuhr, Walter A.,
Stutsman, L. L.,
Sutherland, P. B.,
Sutton, Arthur G.,
Tarr, F. A.,
Terwilliger, Earl,
Terwilliger, Clara,
Thomas, Della,
Thomson, Robert M.,
Tibbits, Edwin,
Tillson, Lloyd,
Townsend, Emily,
Towning, O. A.,
Tremain, Harry B.,
Trigg, Elsie L.,
Tucker, Orrie,
Turner, Pearl E.,
Tynan, Florence,
Utrecht, Mildred,
Van Pelt, H. G.,
Van Winkle, Clyde O.,
Vavra, John J.,
Vincent, Roland,
Waggoner, Isom,
Wagner, J. Leonard,

Wallace, Dan A.,
Wall, John C.,
Wall, Edgar,
Walker, J. W.,
Warburton, Clyde W.,
Warden, May,
Warden, Harlan E.,
*Watters, George Stanley,
Weakley, Frank M.,
Wheeler, J. R.,
Welsh, Charles A.,
Wesley, S. G.,
White, Charles S.,
White, George J.,
White, Edna T.,
Wilson, Rhea,
Wilson, William J.,
Wilson, E. L.,
Wimer, Perry C.,
Wood, Roscoe D.,
Wood, Arthur L.,
Wood, C. R.,
Wright, Ora,
Wright, John C.,
Wunderlich, C. H.,
Wylie, John C.,
Young, John C.

*Deceased.

A New Plumfield

CHAPTER V.

In July, 1899, there arrived in Hank's 'bus Dr. B.'s last assemblage of Fresh-heir-ites, who were warmly welcomed by Chinook, Toohoo and Xanhos.

The new class was large, indeed, in numbers and most enterprising in spirit. They were soon organized for concentrated action, and long will they be remembered in I. S. C. chronicles as the first class to rejoice in a chaplain.

On a wild autumnal evening the festive Xanhos, now rejoicing in the dignity of Sophomorehood, feasted his new mates, and did confer upon them the title of Erehas; and this also was found to be "good."

It was during this Freshman period of the Erehas that there one day arrived at I. S. C. strange peoples, and flesh and blood ghosts walked in Sleepy Hollow. The strangers were those who had in former times made their homes at I. S. C., but who had been "passed up," and now rejoiced in the name of College Alumni. They seemed to greatly enjoy their reunion among the old familiar scenes as for two days they meandered, soliloquized, and explained to wondering Ereha "what we used to do."

The very sight of the revered doctors, the learned professors, the noble-browed matrons, and the blue-spectacled old maids, were an inspiration to Dr. B.'s "hopefuls," while the reminiscences indulged in furnished themes for numerous rhetoric-al efforts on the part of the Erehas.

It was now, also, that the overworked Chinook, who called himself Senior, in vain petitioned Faculty for Thesis Week, and Dr. Wym for exemption from history finals. Seldom did the weary worker find time to go to class, for was not all his time required to sterilize test tubes, search for mushrooms, compound salads, and come to terms with the typewriter?

Nor did his tasks end with the close of the day; at unseemly hours "a glimmer, and then a gleam, of light" might be seen issuing from his Sanctorum, as he sat copying his neighbor's history notes and writing up "back" literature papers.

But all things, even work, must have an end and the Chinook's tasks were nearing completion. Soon the Fresh-heir-ite season would close once for all for him, and he, leaving the familiar duties and pleasures behind, must give place to others, and go out into the "cold, cold world," never to return! Desiring to make the Chinook's last days especially happy and pleasant,

all sorts of pleasantries were planned by Toohoo, Xanho, and Ereha, in his honor, and the gravely dignified Senior, throwing care aside, accepted all courtesies tendered him and gaily joined in the sports.

Many were the receptions given in his honor at which he was flattered, feasted, and farewell-ed. Right joyfully did he join his Junior friends in the gay trot around the front door yard and most merrily did he feast, dance, and play games with his comrades in Margaret Hall.

He now found time also to take part in spreads, banquets and late pilgrimages to the lunch counter, for he had met with unflinching (?) front, the stern catechisings of the Thesis Committee and been "passed up." Never more need he tremble at sight of Prof. S. or worry over Botany Exams.!

He was now at liberty to spend his spare time at class meeting discussing great financial questions, deliberating upon the propriety of establishing a reclining chair in the department of dead languages, and debating the advisability of presenting Dewey with a second palatial residence.

In the meantime, while the Senior by turns frolicked and deliberated, the studious Toohoo had handed in his last "Lit." papers, and passed up his Polit. with a 4; the Xanho had finished his Cryptogam collection, and had taken to strong coffee to brace him through the "Analyt." Exams., while the Ereha, with happy heart, had handed in his three hundred ninety-seventh essay. The time was now at hand for which the Chinook had for four pleasant years looked forward.

Gathered in the chapel one November evening in 1899, Dr. B., with impressive words and full heart, conferred titles upon his oldest children and sent them forth "from school life into life's school," with a dowery of which any in the land might be proud.

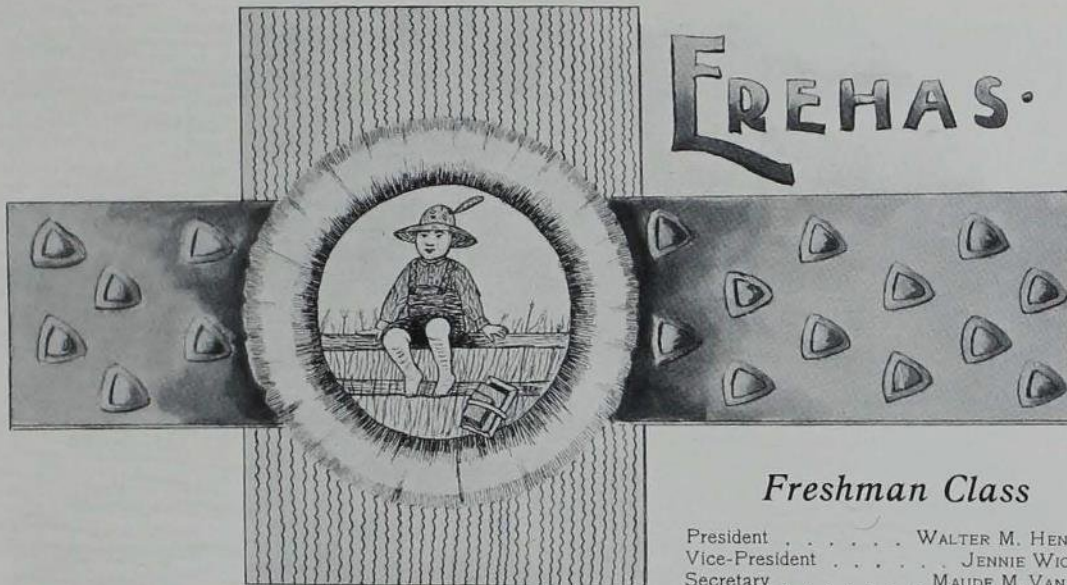
Next day, not Senior Chinook, but College Alumni, departed from I. S. C., carrying with them thankful hearts and dear remembrances of the noble man who had so long been their counselor and friend.

* * * * *

Little remains to add. Dr. B., rejoicing in the happy results of his efforts, proposes to continue his experiments, and each year as his children leave his kindly roof and influence, there shall be launched upon life's sea those whose "influence

Shall broaden and widen to the eternal shore."

Long live the Fresh-heir-ite system at I. S. C.



EREHAS.

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Historian	ETHEL E. YOUNIE

Dell

Lo! Co! Bo! Co! Bocho! Bee!
 Ricka! Rocka! Ricka! Rocka! I. S. C.!
 Lo! Co! Bo! Co! Bocho! Bee!
 Erehas! Erehas! 1903!

Molto

"Possunt, qui posse videntur."

Colors

Gold and White.



FRESHMAN CLASS.



Specials

Specials

Seniors

Katherine Klute
Vinton Clark

S. A. Martin
Frank Wanner

Edith Cairns
A. A. Adamson

F. P. Sexton

Juniors

Elizabeth Knoll

Hattie Pike

Nelle Stewart

Sophomores

Florence Barber
C. W. Decker
F. D. Ellwell

Verna Gray
E. A. Haw
Rob't Livingston

G. R. C. Mitchell
Carl Oldson
R. S. Paul

Carrie Rogers
S. W. Stevens
Emily Townsend

Freshmen

M. Ethelyn Benson
Anna Bartholomew
L. W. Clark
Mamie Cornellussen
G. A. Davis
Mabel E. Eddy
Fresh Ellwell
Elsie M. Finch
Henrietta Gould
Harrie Hopley
Julia Holzer
A. R. Kelley
W. H. Lytle

Cora Peters
Chas. Pherrin
H. G. Skinner
Sam'l Shales
A. L. Wood
Ruca Wilson
Lydia Stuhr
Arlow Scoggins
Vara Miles
C. R. Stegman
H. F. Morris
Florence Tynan

Arthur Babbitt
Pearl Turner
Clyde Slifer
Dana Hyde
Mildred Utrech
Elizabeth Kerr
Della Thomas
Violet Blake
C. F. Brown
Virginia Blair
Pauline De Marsh
Grace Edmunds

Delle Fluent
Flo Groat
W. M. Harrison
Emily Kempthorne
Bessie Merrill
A. J. Minish
D. M. Pierce
J. S. Reynolds
Mary Rounds
Nellie Thompson
Lulu Waters
Ralph Wilkinson

Academics

Dell Up we go!
Step by step!
Who are we?
Prep! Prep! Prep!

Allen, Harriet
Barrett, R. S.
Brodsky, Josie
Brenneman, Benj.
Brush, E. A.
Bristol, Ross
Cairns, Belle
Caldwell, Bert
Clark, S. P.
Clutter, Archy
Currier, Clare
Denham, B. W.
Doyle, Geo.
Dryden, G. P.
Du Bois, Leon
Ellenberger, Howard
Ellis, Grace
Evans, Chas.
Fort, K. W.
Gardner, Guy
George, Anna B.
Gilson, Harry B.
Groves, R. Q.

Hamerly, Fred
Hamilton, Chas.
Hanson, Anna
Hanson, Geo. H.
Howard, Carlotta
Heuck, H. L.
Hine, Murray N.
Johnson, Harvey
Jones, Elmer
Jones, Ira W.
Jay, Eva A.
Kegley, Genevive
Kennedy, H. H.
Kester, Newton
Kinzer, Cora
Krohn, Herman
Lund, A. C.
MaComb, Thos. T.
Martin, Walter
McLeod, Gertrude
McNulty, James
Minert, Ray
Mowrer, Deeve

Nelson, Thos.
Okey, Frank
Packer, Jas.
Paton, Russell
Peck, James
Penny, N. B.
Pen, Geo. B.
Pierce, Bertha
Pishel, M. A.
Price, Alvan
Proctor, Glenn J.
Phillips, Orpha
Phillips, Corellee
Randall, F. W.
Reinecke, Richard
Riley, Ethel
Rice, Fred
Sanborn, R. M.
Schermerhorn, W. H.
Schneckloth, Jennie
Schwartzing, Walter
Scott, Ada
Scott, A. Hugh

Seaman, Lulu
Sisson, G. A.
Shirk, H. C.
Smith, A. J.
Smith, Carol
Steiner, Lena
Stevens, Edith
Sumner, Wm. D.
Smith, Harry
Sulton, Thos.
Smith, Mamie
Tarr, J. W.

Tillson, H. L.
Vanatta, Maude
Warren, Frank
Watts, Alice
White, Seward
Wilhelm, C. D.
Wilson, R. P.
Wood, C. R.
Wright, John D.
Webster, Ernest C.
Woodard, Wilton
Walker, C. A.





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Treasurer GRACE EDMUNDS

Cliolian Literary Society

The Cliolian Literary Society enjoys the unique distinction of being the only literary society in the college that excludes gentlemen from its membership. Clio Hall is located on the second floor of Margaret Hall, and is deservedly popular.

Seniors

Elsie Davis	Erna Maguire	E. Ray Mills	Mamie Tooley
Lucile Giffen	Edith Metcalf	Alice Tooley	

Juniors

Maude Eastwood	Della Johnson	Sybil Lentner	Nellie Nicholas
Hattie HasBrouck	Elizabeth Knoll	Emma Hancock	

Sophomores

Florence Barber	May Combs	Bessie Merrill	Margaret Stanton
Josephine Barclay	Henrietta Gould	Mae Miller	Emily Townsend
Violet Blake	Julia Holzer	Cora Peters	Elsie Trigg
Daisy Brown	Mabel McNear	Luella Rantschler	Edna White
Grace Campbell			

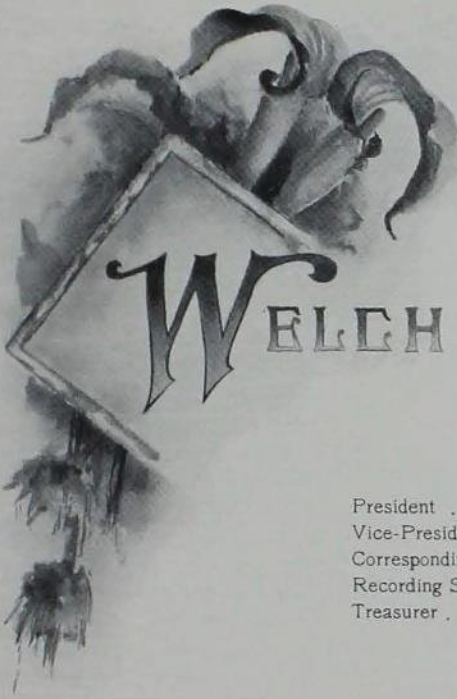
Freshmen

Belle Cairns	Blanche Ehlers	Bessie Kurr	Alice Watts
Catherine Dickens	Jennie Fedson	Edith Stevens	Jennie Wiggins
Grace Edmunds	Annæ George	Alice Warden	



WELCH ECLECTIC SOCIETY.

	STIVERS.	BYL.	EGGER.	McCLURE.	JOHNSON.	GERST.	E. COYR.
SAVRE.	J. COYE.	STEVENS.	TUTTLE.	WARBURTON.	THOMAS.	WAGERS.	BLUMER.
RHINEHART.	MAST.	HORNER.	WALKER.			McKINLEY.	SAMPSON.
SCHOLTEN.							CAMPBELL.



Officers

President	CHAS. RHINEHART
Vice-President	D. W. JOHNSON
Corresponding Secretary	H. O. SAMPSON
Recording Secretary	HARRY A. GERST
Treasurer	ROY J. CAMPBELL

Welch Eclectic Society

The Welch Eclectic Society was organized in 1888. Welch Hall, situated on the first floor of Main Building, is the home of the gentlemen composing the society, and here they unite in their efforts to achieve excellence.

Seniors

Chas. Rhinehart	E. R. Thomas	R. J. Scholten	A. A. Adamson	E. B. Tuttle
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Juniors

Jacob Blumer	D. W. Johnson	A. D. McKinley	E. D. Stivers	Harry Wagers
Geo. Carter	W. H. Mast	E. E. Savre	H. H. Thomas	L. R. Walker
Chas. Egger				

Sophomores

F. M. Byl	J. S. Coxe	Jack Horner	H. B. McClure	C. W. Warburton
E. L. Coxe	H. A. Gherst	G. R. C. Mitchell	S. W. Stevens	Geo. J. White

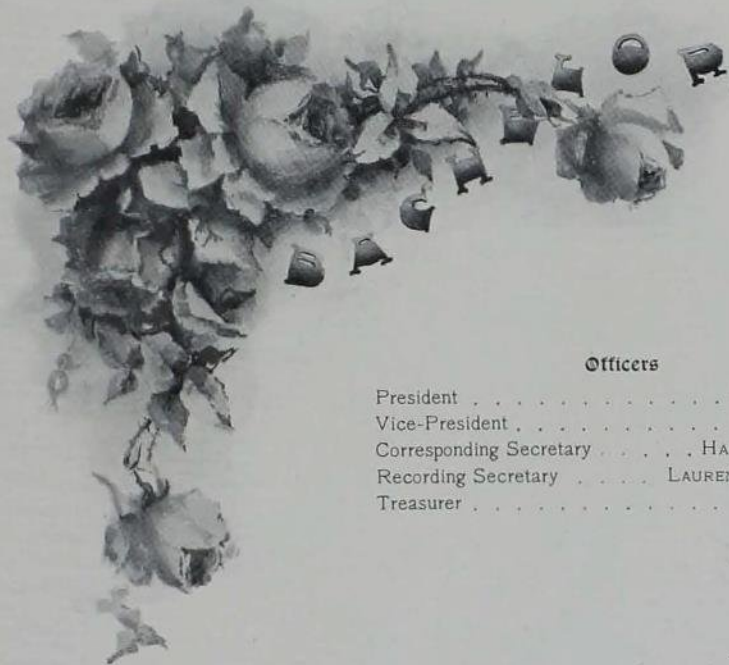
Freshmen

R. J. Campbell	T. W. Gidley	C. A. Peppard	L. Jay
H. G. Dimmit	N. Snow	H. O. Sampson	Matt King



BACHELOR DEBATING SOCIETY.

H. A. BENNETT.	PARKS.	HAWK.	OTTO.	BUTLER.	WALKER.	EHLERS.	GRIFFITH.	ROTLER.	BOLKS.	DEERING.	HOLLEN.	OSBORNE.
SCOTT.	A. C. LUND.	MORGAN.	PETERSON.	VAN LIEW.	LEATHERS.	HOPKINS.	CHAMBERS.	STOUT.	LEE.	ALLAN.	KELLEY.	SCHOLTY.
	DUMPHY.	PESHAK.	PIELSTICKER.	SMITH.	SUIT.	L. P. BENNETT.	J. P. LUND.	SCHUETZ.		PORTER.	CLARK.	



Officers

President GEO. A. SMITH
Vice-President F. T. SUIT
Corresponding Secretary HARRY R. PORTER
Recording Secretary LAUREN M. CHAMBERS
Treasurer RAY DUMPHY

Bachelor Debating Society

The Bachelor Debating Society is composed entirely of gentlemen. It was founded in 1871 and has always been a strong factor in the college. It holds its sessions in the Library.

Seniors

J. R. Allen
H. B. Bolks
C. F. Rottler
E. C. Peterson
F. V. Stout

G. L. Ehlers
J. E. Van Liew
R. A. Walker
F. J. Rettenmaier

B. R. Rogers
G. A. Smith
W. I. Griffith
W. H. Leathers

H. H. Hume
J. W. Deering
F. A. Schuetz
J. P. Lund

Juniors

I. J. Scott
F. T. Suit

Eliner Peshak
L. P. Bennett

C. W. Deming
H. R. Porter

H. S. Hopkins
J. P. Flynn

Sophomores

L. M. Chambers
Ray Dumphy
L. H. Moore
O. H. Hollen

H. A. Bennett
H. C. McCullough
J. O. Hawk
W. W. Otto

R. E. Peskah
J. C. Wiley
E. E. Lee

H. J. Ludwig
H. M. Parks
R. R. Keith

Freshmen

C. B. Dorsey
Wayne Osborne
A. R. Kelley
C. M. Morgan

C. A. Helsell
Geo. F. Dobbler
C. P. Butler
W. C. Scholty

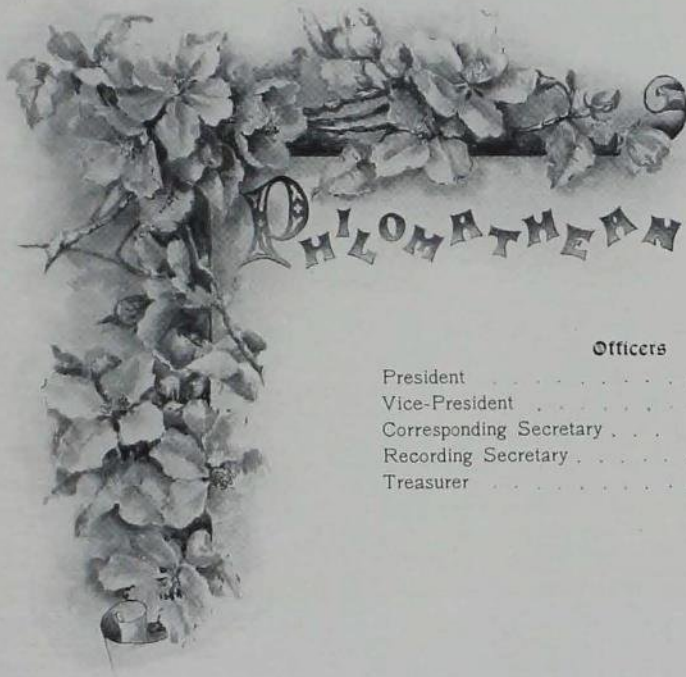
B. O. Minge
A. C. Lund
I. W. Jones

J. S. Jones
F. W. Pielsticker
F. N. Clark



PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

HORNING.	GOBLE.	ELLIS.	BROWN.	G. D. NICOLL.	HANGER.	McCLURE.	TENNEY.	FRIEDEL.
GARVER.	LUMMIS.	HANSON.	KNIGHT.	NOWLAN.	SHELDON.	WELCH.	McBIRNEY.	T. E. NICOLL.
HOVLAND.	RILEY.	McQUISTON.	THOMPSON.	WILLIAMS.	HYLAND.	MORRISON.	RHOADES.	HAMLIN.
							HOPKINS.	SEAVER.
								HOLLINGSWORTH.



Officers

President	M. S. HYLAND
Vice-President	C. E. ELLIS
Corresponding Secretary	ETHEL RILEY
Recording Secretary	ADDIE L. KNIGHT
Treasurer	H. F. GARVER

Philomathean Literary Society

The Philomathean Literary Society is the oldest organization of its kind in the college. From the parent branch have sprung three branches — Crescents, Clios and Bachelors — but its vigor is undiminished. The Philo membership consists of both ladies and gentlemen who meet in the Freshman room.

Seniors

Clare Campbell	J. C. Horning	T. E. Nicoll	Annie O. Seaver
Stella Ellis	M. S. Hyland	G. D. Nicoll	J. C. Welch
H. O. Fritzel	F. H. McQuiston	F. W. Rhoades	R. D. Goble
D. E. Hollingsworth	Ruth Morrison		

Juniors

C. E. Ellis	Ole Hovland	B. C. Nowlan	Addie L. Knight
H. F. Garver	J. F. McBirney		

Sophomores

D. D. Sheldon	H. G. Van Pelt	Paul H. Brown	* C. E. Groner
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Freshmen

S. M. Hanger	J. M. Shea	W. H. Williams	Hannah Hanson
Richard Hopkins	W. P. Lummis	E. L. Tenney	Ethel Riley
T. F. Crocker	F. C. McClure	Nellie Thompson	

* Deceased



CRESCENT LITERARY SOCIETY.

	SMITH.	RANNEY.	MARTIN.	STEELE.	MCLOUD.	HUNT.	CLUTTER.		
	GEARHART.	WAKEFIELD.		KLINGINSMITH.	HAYTER.	KINZER.	PENNEY.	SMITH.	HENSEN.
		PECK.	AUSTIN.					DWIGANS.	OKEY.
BOUSKA.	FRANDSON.	HODSON.	GOBLE.	VANDIVERT.	PROF. SPINNEY.	FINCH.	BRODSKY.	HOWARD.	HENDRICKS.
HOWARD.	BRODSKY.								MASON.
WILKINSON.	HODSON.	LARSON.	PHILLIPS.	PROF. STANTON.	PHILLIPS.	JOY.			BRODSKY.

GRESCENT-



Officers

President	PAUL HENSEN
Vice-President	SUSA KELSEY
Corresponding Secretary	JAMES L. PECK
Recording Secretary	ORPHA PHILLIPS
Treasurer	L. J. WILKINSON

Crescent Literary Society

The Crescent Literary Society is a branch from the Philomathean, organized in 1870. It was organized as a gentleman's society, but in 1873 ladies were admitted to membership.

Seniors

Kate Goble	R. O. Hayter	C. A. Steele	Harriet Vandivert
Maude Wakefield	L. C. Hodson		

Juniors

Herman Frandson	Susa Kelsey	E. C. Myers	Chris. Larson
Paul Hensen			W. F. McDill

Sophomores

J. C. Austin	W. W. Crawford	L. J. Wilkinson	Elsie Finch
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Freshmen

Merle H. Crane	Geo. I. Martin	Cora Phillips	Cora Kinger
W. M. Hendrix	L. F. Brodsky	Eva Joy	R. N. Wilkinson
T. S. Hunt	James Peck	F. B. Dwigans	W. P. Penney
W. E. Koch	E. Mason	Frank M. Okey	H. W. Read
Josie Brodsky	H. M. Disney	Tom Ranney	James Rae
W. L. Gearhart	Orpha Phillips	Wm. Smith	F. D. Klinginsmith



PHILELEUTHEROI LITERARY SOCIETY.

	WALLACE.	PALMER.	WILSON.	ROBERTS.	WATERS.	ROBERTS.	SCHOTT.	DOWN.	SKINNER.	ECKLES.
EBERSOLE	MARSH.	GRIFFITH.	STEWART.	ECKLES.	WELGH.	TAYLOR.	MERRITT.	ADRIAN.	MALLY.	
DILLER	ROMMEL.	JENKINS.	DONELSON.	PIKE.	HESS.	JAMES.	VANATTA.	YOUNIE.	CRONE.	DOHRMAN.
PECK.	BUCKLEY.	DODGE.	ADAMS.	DODD.	MORRISON.	YOUNIE.	WRIGHT.		HALL.	



Officers

President	HOWARD ADAMS
Vice-President	HOWARD ECKLES
Recording Secretary	ETHELDA MORRISON
Corresponding Secretary	ALICE MERRITT
Treasurer	GUY ROBERTS

Phileleutheroi Literary Society

The Phileleutheroi Literary Society began its existence in 1890. It receives both ladies and gentlemen into its membership, and is one of the largest literary societies in the college. It meets in the Chapel.

Seniors

Walter Marston	Guy Roberts	Howard Adams	Alice Hess
C. J. Griffith	H. L. Eckles	Ray Pitcher	Jeannette Younie
Geo. M. Rommel	Henry Palmer		

Juniors

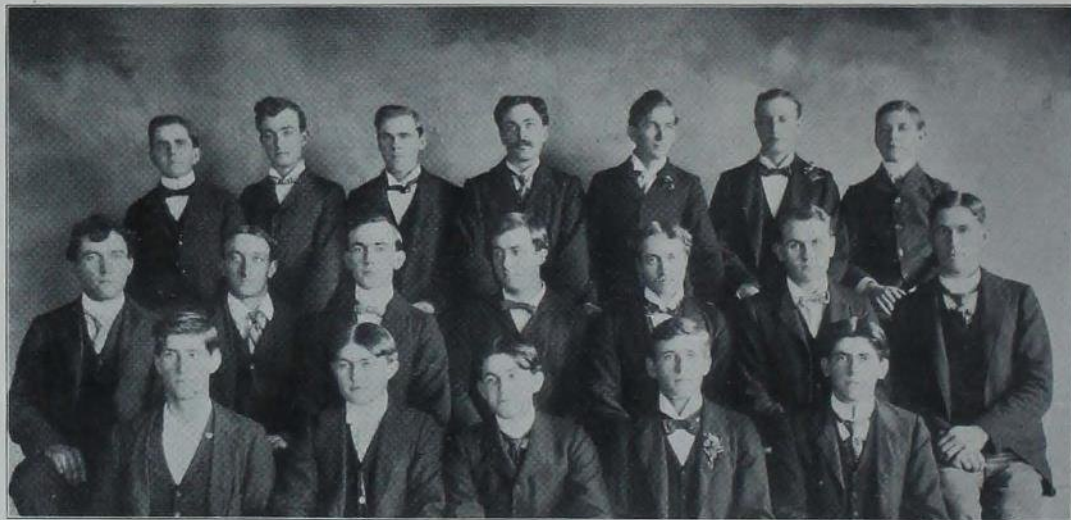
Nelle Stewart	Sophia Schott	H. C. Eckles	L. L. Diller
Ella Dawn	Flora Paddock	A. T. Jenkins	G. A. Taylor
Harriet Pike			

Sophomores

Ora Wright	T. W. Dodd	Ward James	W. D. Mason
Ethelda Morrison	L. H. Dohrman	Francis Jenks	R. C. Obrecht
Marie Malley	Mabel Eddy	Ada Jenks	H. A. Roberts
E. H. Hall	Otto Evers	Alice Merritt	H. G. Skinner
Frank Adrian	C. N. Hooker	Jean Marsh	D. A. Wallace
Emma Crone		De Witt Peck	H. W. Bretell

Freshmen

V. E. Donelson	W. S. Nichols	F. A. Tarr	I. J. Welch
W. G. Donelson	Ruea Wilson	Maud Vanatta	Lulu Watters
H. N. Ebersole		C. A. Welch	Ethylen Younie



PYTHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

WAGNER.
REYNOLDS.
LAKE.

McKINNEY.
WILSON.

ASKEW.
GRAY.
LACEY.

PERRIN.
GRETENBERG.
NEWSOME.

SUMNER.
STIMSON.
GILCHRIST.

SOENKE.
BROWN.
WILSON.

SWARTING.
ROYSE.



Officers

President W. M. WILSON
Vice-President OSCAR ROYSE
Corresponding Secretary C. E. GRAY
Recording Secretary W. D. SUMNER
Treasurer J. A. NEWSOME

Pythian Literary Society

The Pythian Literary Society is the youngest organization of its kind in the college, its existence dating from 1895. Its membership is restricted to gentlemen. Pythian Hall is located on the second floor of the main building.

Seniors

C. M. Perrin

F. I. Nichols

J. M. Stimson

Juniors

S. P. Johnson

W. M. Wilson

Sophomores

C. E. Gray

A. F. Woods

Oscar Royse

G. A. Askew

E. E. Soenke

Freshmen

C. A. Lacey

J. A. Newsome

J. C. Nelson

I. Waggoner

J. J. Vavea

Ray McKinney

J. M. Wilson

C. H. Gilchrist

Geo. Swarting

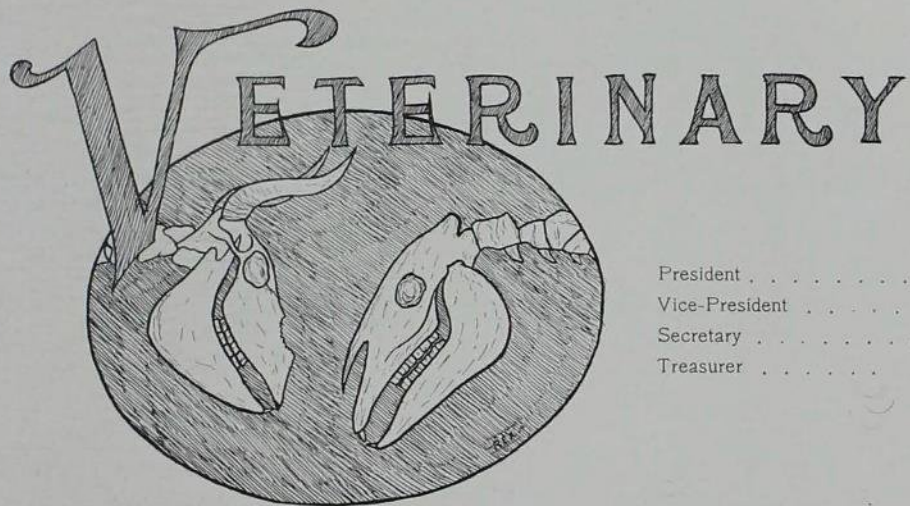
A. B. Reynolds

M. Lake



VETERINARY MEDICAL SOCIETY.

CAMPBELL.	MILLER.	DEMING.	MARTIN.	DAY.	HURST.	MORGAN.	LOWE.	BOWER.	
	WOOD.	BALDWIN.	SUIT.	GIDLEY.	SCHOLTY.		HUFFMAN.		AHLERS.
ELLIOT.		HUNT.		MINGE.	PROF. STALKER.	JOHNSON.		HURST.	
					LIEGEROT.	KAY.		TREMAN.	RANKIN.



President DR. M. STALKER
Vice-President BURTON R. ROGERS
Secretary ROY J. CAMPBELL
Treasurer H. B. TREMAN

Veterinary Medical Society

The Veterinary Medical Society is composed of students of that department, who meet to discuss subjects relating to the veterinary medical profession. The meetings are held each alternate Friday evening in Agricultural Hall.

Seniors

Burton R. Rogers

Wayne L. Stillman

C. P. Liegerot

Juniors

C. W. Deming

W. E. Day

J. H. Lowe

F. T. Suit

W. L. Johnson

Freshmen

E. W. Huffman

W. C. Scholty

W. C. Bower

W. A. Rankin

C. E. Groner

C. G. Martin

C. L. Elliot

A. L. Wood

Walter Miller

Arthur Baldwin

W. S. Hunt

C. O. Van Winkle

H. B. Treman

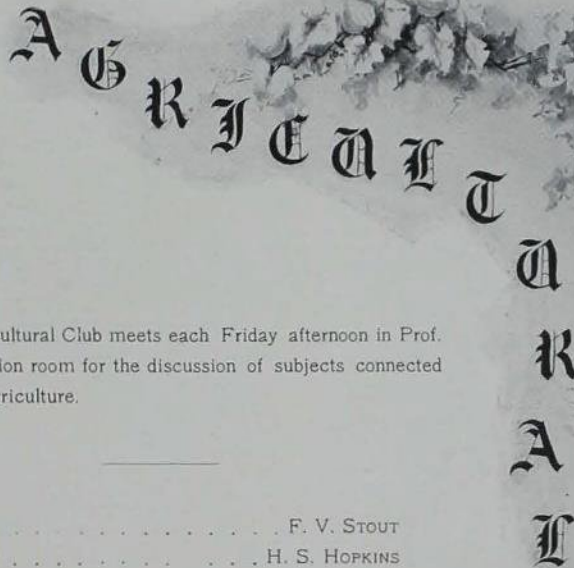
T. W. Gidley

C. M. Morgan

Roy J. Campbell



AGRICULTURAL CLUB.



AGRICULTURAL
ARRA

The Agricultural Club meets each Friday afternoon in Prof. Curtiss' recitation room for the discussion of subjects connected with general agriculture.

President F. V. STOUT
Secretary H. S. HOPKINS



Y. M. C. A. Officers

President IRA J. SCOTT
 Vice-President E. H. HALL
 Corresponding Secretary J. O. HAWK
 Recording Secretary J. C. Austin
 Treasurer R. C. OBRECHT

Y. W. C. A. Officers

President ELLA E. DOWN
 Vice-President ORA A. WRIGHT
 Recording Secretary JOSEPHINE BARCLAY
 Treasurer HATTIE A. PIKE
 Corresponding Secretary ELSIE TRIGG

AMONG the social organizations of the Iowa State College the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations hold a peculiar and important place. With broadest and most charitable sentiments they stand for purity in college life, for honor and loyalty to college organizations and authorities, and for harmony and unity of effort to attain that highest excellence in spirit, mind, body and society. Their ideal character is the "Man Christ;" their motto is: "In all things give Him the pre-eminence." No class, faith or condition bars a student from becoming a member of one of these organizations in which he has the help and sympathy of Christian men and women in his effort to attain toward true culture.

The "Students' Christian Association" was organized by the students of I. S. C. in 1878. This organization, in 1890, through the efforts of W. M. Parsons, developed into the associations as they now exist.

Jointly the two associations do much to promote the higher social life of the college. They receive, entertain and locate new students. They annually publish and distribute hand-books of college information and Christian sentiment. They provide Sunday and mid-week meetings for devotion, mission study and bible study. They visit the sick, encourage the weak, and cheer the despondent. They maintain a thousand dollar lecture course affording to the student body, at a nominal price, the best talent on the lecture platform.

The Y. W. C. A. bears one-third of the support of Miss Norman in India; and the Young Women's Christian Association of I. S. N. S. and S. U. I. contribute the remainder of her support.

The Y. M. C. A., since the fall of 1899, employs a general college secretary whose entire time is devoted to organization and promotion of Christian work in the college.

The two associations have the hearty financial and moral support of the faculty and student body and with a united membership of some two hundred fifty, from all classes and societies of the college, they form a nucleus of activity where higher student life develops and spreads.



WINNERS OF THE INTER-COLLEGIATE DEBATE.
STATE COLLEGE VS. STATE NORMAL, FALL 1899.

GEORGE M. ROMMEL. FRANK A. SCHUETZ. CHESTER M. PERRIN. D. D. SHELDON.

Debating League

The Debating League consists of two members from six of the literary societies. It has charge of the annual contest debate and all inter-society debates.

President CHAS. RHINEHART
 Vice-President . . F. H. MCQUISTON
 Secretary E. RAY MILLS
 Treasurer J. C. AUSTIN

Members

<i>Philomathean</i>	<i>Crescent</i>
F. H. McQuiston	J. C. Austin
H. F. Garver	C. A. Battles
<i>Welch</i>	<i>Bachelor</i>
Chas. Rhinehart	F. A. Schuetz
Harry A. Gerst	F. V. Stout
<i>Philelutheroi</i>	<i>Pythian</i>
Geo. M. Rommel	C. M. Perrin
J. E. Overbaugh	F. I. Nichols

Oratorical Association

The Oratorical Association is composed of three members from each of the seven literary societies. It has charge of the annual oratorical and declamatory contests, joint society sessions and society graduating exercises.

President J. P. LUND
Vice-President E. R. THOMAS
Secretary JOSEPHINE BARCLAY
Treasurer WALTER MARSTON

Members

Bachelor

J. P. Lund
F. T. Suit
J. O. Hawk

Clolian

E. Ray Mills
Hattie HasBrouck
Josephine Barclay

Welch

L. R. Walker
Chas. W. Warburton
Roy J. Campbell

Pythian

C. M. Perrin
W. M. Wilson
E. E. Soenke

Phileleutheroi

W. I. Marston
Alice Hess
R. W. James

Philomathean

W. S. Hyland
Chas. Ellis
D. D. Sheldon

Crescent

Kate Goble
Paul E. Hensen
J. C. Austin

Science Club

The Science Club meets once a week for the discussion of current investigations and discoveries in the different lines of science. Faculty and Seniors may become active members; other students may become associate members.

President	PROF. S. W. BEYER
Vice-President	PROF. L. B. SPINNEY
Secretary	ALICE WARD HESS
Treasurer	PROF. A. A. BENNETT



MILITARY-
DEPARTMENT.

The title is presented in a highly decorative, gothic-style font. The word 'MILITARY-' is on the top line, and 'DEPARTMENT.' is on the bottom line. The text is set against a dark, ornate background that features a crest at the top and a sword on the left side. The crest is a shield with a crown on top, flanked by decorative flourishes. The sword is positioned vertically, with its hilt on the left and its blade pointing downwards. The entire design is rendered in a dark, monochromatic style, possibly a woodcut or a high-contrast print.



MILITARY OFFICERS.

LT. MERENESS.
LT. JENKINS.

LT. PORTER.
CAPT. LUND.
ADJ. STIVERS

CAPT. TUTTLE.
LT.-COL. COBLE.
MAJ. ROMMEL

GEN. LINCOLN.

CAPT. PERRIN.
CAPT. HOLLINGSWORTH.
MAJ. PETERSON

LT. SCOTT.
LT. LARSON.
ADJ. HENSEN

LT. JOHNSON.
LT. HALL.



I. S. C. CADET BAND.

OPPORTUNITY LEAGUE

President	"Low" McMULLEN	Treasurer	"HANS" FLYNN
Vice-President	"AGUINALDO" WAGERS	Bouncer	"MOSE" MOSHER
Secretary	"BLONDY" HASTINGS	Worthy Adviser	"HUXLEY" CURTISS
Chaplain		"Shoot the" Schuetz	

Honorary Members

Dante Pierce	"Toothpick" Deming	"Yank" Bremner	"Sokie"	"Nick" Carter
	"Tex"	"Windy" Jack	"Sport"	"Bunk"

This league was organized in the fall '99 for the purpose of adding recreation during the monotonous study hours and for the purpose of acquainting the would-bes to a better and more thorough understanding of the games to be played with the "gambler's bible." Any member having shown superior ability for a sufficient length of time is promoted to a league of better standing, and to one which shall not bear the same name, with or without prefixed or affixed words.

The old club room at 74 will not be used as heretofore, but the members may choose, without the consent of the inmate, any room occupied by a member of said league. All members are honorary.



Yell

" Frank " - " Frank " - " Frank "
 " Merry " - " Merriwell "
 " Merriwell " - " Merry Frank "
 " Well " - " Well " - " Well ."

Motto

" Long Live Frank Merriwell ."

Officers

President " TEXAS " LeCLERE
 Vice-President " RUSTY " FERGUSON
 Secretary " DARING " DEMING
 Treasurer (pro tem) " PHEBE " STEVENS
 Librarian " HANDSOME HARRY " ADKINS
 Sergeant-at-Arms " NICK " CARTER
 Chaplain " ROYAL FLUSH " PAUL

Ornery Members

" Willie Tough " " Jiggers " " Skeeter "
 " Dantie " " Diamond Dick, " Jr.

Active Members

(Full list of names of the '99 members mailed on request, by permission of president.)

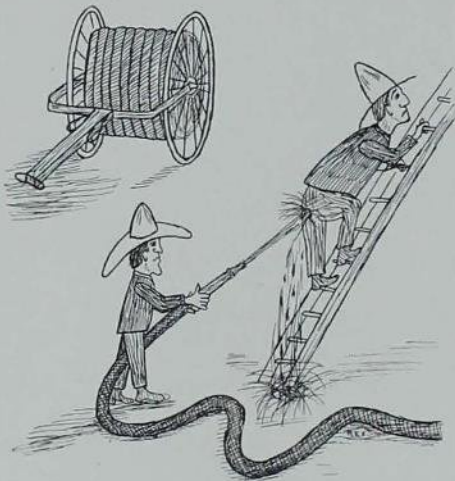
N. B.—All of our members are active.

Program

OF SESSION HELD AT OPENING OF TERM 1900

Reading of the Koran Chaplain
 Roll Call Answered by quotations from Frank Merriwell
 Address President
 Frank Merriwell in the 20th Century.
 Oration " Diamond Dick " Scholten
 Handsome Harry,
 Debate — *Resolve*, That the Government Should Own and
 Edit all Future Issues of "Frank Merriwell."
 Affirmative { Mastin
 { Moreland
 Negative { Mitchell
 { White
 Decision was rendered unanimously for the affirmative.
 Reading Gerst
 Frank Merriwell at Ames, or What made I. S. C. Famous,
 Talk Treasurer
 The Urgent Need of Funds for the Club,
 Recitation Ira J. Scott
 The Hero of a Thousand Scraps.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.



I. S. C. Fire Company

In order that the newly formed fire company of I. S. C. shall reach the desired standard and be an institution of great beneficence to the faculty, students, and "preps," we would respectfully recommend that the following rules and regulations be adopted:

1st. That this organization shall be known as the I. S. C. Mutual Fire Company.

2d. That this shall not be an incorporated company and therefore all bills against said company are void.

3d. This company shall have no connection with the Fire Company of Ontario or any other suburban town.

4th. All members of the Company shall refrain from the use of water while using the hose.

5th. Members of the Company shall at all times be required to remember the Main(e).

6th. All members of the Company are required to attend the Annual Fireman's Ball.

7th. The fire chief shall call the roll at each alarm and all members absent or out of full uniform shall be expelled from the company.

8th. In order to avoid all unnecessary confusion, all members shall carry with them their certificate of membership, and present it at the customary roll call after each alarm.

9th. In case of a fire outside of the campus, a written permission from the president must be secured before a member can report at roll call.

10th. The chief shall be supplied with a dark lantern and a search warrant, during the hunt for the fire.

11th. All students having elocution or sight singing back, will not be given membership in the Company.

12th. Creamery students will not be allowed to appear at a fire in their laboratory suits.

Owing to the numerous applications for membership in the company, we would recommend that applicants be required to answer satisfactorily the following questions:

I. Give the total number of feet of hose now in use in the U. S.
II. (a) Give one good reason why you wish to join the Company.

(b) Why do you wish to be exempt from poll tax?

III. Spell and define,— Fire-water, H₂O, hose-cart, hook-and-ladder, chemical engine, nozzle, conflagration, uniform, membership card.

IV. (a) If a fire-alarm is turned in on a cold winter night, with the temperature 20 degrees below zero, and you could not find your mittens, would you respond?

(b) Why not?

V. Give a brief review of how Frank Merriwell saved an eight story building from burning to the ground; and how he saved the life of a young lady, who afterward became his mother-in-law.

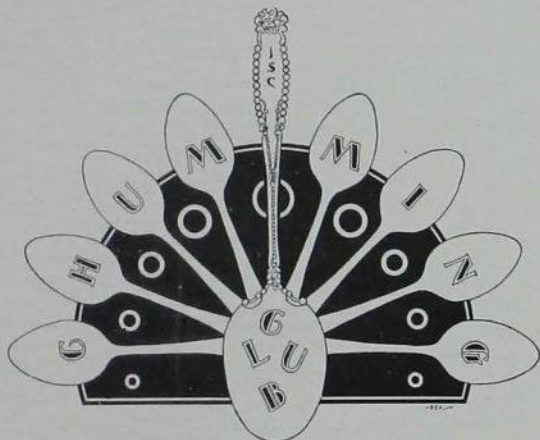
VI. Give a short historical sketch of the Chicago fire, explaining how the cow kicked over the lamp. State whether a man or woman was milking the aforesaid cow.

VII. Give three reasons why Nero burned Rome and tell why the fire company did not respond.

VIII. Write a brief essay on fire.

IX. Do you believe in expansion?

X. What is your chest expansion?



The Oldest Organization in the Institution

Motto

"What is so rare as an evening in our room!"

Hell

Chum! Chum! Chum!
 Come! Come! Come!
 Prexy, Prexy,
 Run! Run! Run!

Officers

- President "DUSTY" RHOADES
 Vice-President C — P —
 Corresponding Secretary and Rhoad
 Supervisor WM. PREXY
 Gate Keeper S. S. S.

Members

- I. J. S.
 H. A.
 H. R. P.
 C. P. B.
 E. D. S.
 O. M.
 R. D.
 L. M. C.

- J — Y —
 O — W —
 H — H — B —
 D — J —
 E — T —
 F — G —
 F — B —
 E — T —

- J. F. H.
 G. R. C. M.
 W. W. H.
 G. McM.
 G. F. S.
 J. J. D.
 H. M.
 Chas. D.

- D — F —
 V — M —
 A — T —
 J — H —
 M — B —
 B — M —
 J — M —
 S — L —

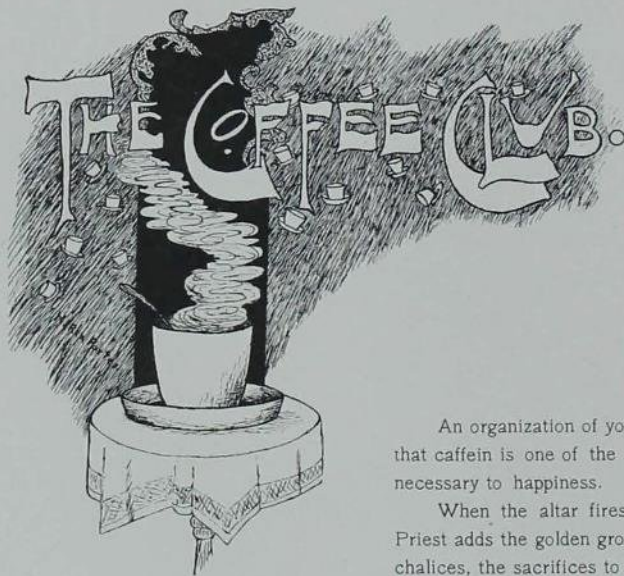
Ex-Members

- F. A. S.

- M — C —

- L. P. B.

- L — W —



High Chief Priest T. E. NICOLL
Great Lord of the Stove . JACK HORNING
Moocher for Kerosene . "WEARY" WALKER
Wise Man "MARCUS TULLIUS" SUIT
Water Boy "SPORT" NICOLL
Jester CHARLES RHINEHART

An organization of young men, all the members of which are firm in the belief that caffeine is one of the essential constituents of a healthy body and that it is necessary to happiness.

When the altar fires are lighted and the sacred water is boiling, the High Priest adds the golden grounds and after the resulting amber liquid is passed in the chalices, the sacrifices to the most high gods of the night are made.

The club is noted for its quiet, solemn assemblies and prides itself on never (?) disturbing those in neighboring dives.

FUDGES



The membership is large and scattered. The members are divided into castes, as rigidly as the natives of Hindostan. The most powerful caste is named "Fudge Fiend." The luckiest and most

improvident, includes those fortunate recipients of dainty boxes from Margaret Hall, and these, strangely enough, are called "Grafters." The "Moochers" are great in number and cunning in resource, but they are a low and despised lot.

The great seer of the Fudges Association is one George Carrington, gaunt and lean, who lives a hermit's life in a cell, at some dark, dark recess of the Main. Here have been held many incantations of the "Fiends," with an occasional shower over the transom, to show that the good will of the people was not lacking.

Most Active Members

Carrington

Stillman

Active Members

Wood Bros.

Farmer

Coye

Hodgson

Lenderink

Woodruff

Helsell

"Dad" Muhs

Martin

Associate Members

Students of the Iowa State College.

Bachelor League

Upon the floor of the chapel, we the editors of the BOMB, found it at one of our meetings, a tiny little black bound volume that looked so innocent that we decided it contained nothing more alarming than history notes, when suddenly one of our number discovered that it held the clew to the mysterious actions of many I. S. C. students. It read as follows:

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS OF THE BACHELOR LEAGUE.

MOTTO: "Woman is a creature of frivolity and deceit. Beware of her."

ARTICLE I — NAME.

This organization shall be known and designated as the Bachelor League.

ARTICLE II — PLEDGE.

We, the members, do hereby solemnly swear to spend our lives now and henceforth in the state known as single blessedness. We also promise to use our influence in keeping our friends from embarking upon the treacherous sea of matrimony.

ARTICLE III — DUTIES OF MEMBERS OF LEAGUE.

SECTION 1. All members shall hold no unnecessary conversation with that frivolous creature, woman.

SEC. 2. Members shall attend lectures and concerts in a body and sit in state in the gallery.

SEC. 3. Members shall strongly advocate a large attendance at ball games and field meets, but shall buy but one ticket to same.

SEC. 4. It shall be unlawful for any member to walk to or from class with a lady.

ARTICLE IV.

Any member who does not fulfill his vows and obligations shall be immediately dropped from the roll of membership.

Officers

President	JOHN BUNKER
Vice-President	SEWARD WHITE
Orator	HENRY PALMER
Recording Secretary	PAUL HENSEN
Corresponding Secretary	ROGER BREMNER
Treasurer	"BABE" STEVENS

Members

Leroy Diller	Charles Morgan
Ira J. Welch	Elmer Peshak
Walter A. Stuhr	Brete C. Nowlan
Chester Perrin	Will Smith
George Carter	Charley Egger
Harry McClure	J. F. McBirney

Bachelor Maids Club

A vigorous young society organized in the spring semester of 1900. The membership is limited to a small number, at the present, but a strong mission-campaign is to be organized for the purpose of civilizing the heathen, both of Margaret Hall and the Main Building.

The objects of this club are many, few of which are known, however. These are as follows: 1st. The prevention of the nefarious practice of chumming during study hours. 2d. The fostering of the doctrine of woman's rights. 3d. The manufacture of fudges after lights.

Motto

"Strike out the word male."

Members

Edna White

"Banty" Bower

"Tommy" Hancock

Mary Rounds

The Junior Trot

The Junior Trot is one of the oldest customs of our College. The traditions of all classes since the year 1872 have given it the dignity that age alone brings.

The first Junior Trot was in 1872. It then was called the "Walk Around" and was given by the class of '72 in honor of the outgoing class. The precedent set by this first entertainment has been followed ever since, by the successive Junior classes in entertaining their Senior friends.

Some years after the first entertainment, Dr. M. Stalker, who was one of the originators, attended the annual "Walk Around," but some incidents happened that caused him to name it the Junior Trot, and it has gone by that name ever since.

Today Junior Trot is much like that of times gone by, receiving but few modifications, all of which improved it. The Trot has the novel feature of reversing the order of invitations, for the "Co-eds" have the invitations in charge and ask the young men for their company. The Trot is divided into two parts. At first the houses of the faculty are visited, college yells are given and songs sung, the professors make speeches. The party then retrace their steps to Margaret Hall where the remainder of the evening is spent in dancing and playing games.

Committee for Fall of '99

Frisbie T. Suit

Sybil Lentner

Hattie Has Brouck

Alex D. McKinley

G. A. Taylor



ATHLETICS at Ames during the past year have been a success in the fullest meaning of the word. In fact, the condition of our athletics during the past year has made the year ever memorable and brought about results which are anything but discouraging. While the records of the various athletic departments for the past year do not show an uninterrupted list of victory after victory, yet the financial success, the development of most promising material, the stand for pure athletics, the harmonious working of our reorganized athletic council and, most of all, the college spirit which has so rapidly developed and been so manifest during the past football season, disproves and lays bare the absurdity of the statement that "in victory alone is success."

New features have been introduced since the publication of the last college annual, which make the period especially noticeable. The action of the athletic council in instituting the monogram system has had a great tendency to instill into our athletes encouragement to do thorough training and to make a systematic effort toward excellence.

The late spring of '99 kept our athletes from doing early work and they were consequently slow in getting into form but, in spite of all these obstacles, they went forth and exerted every effort to win glory for their college, both on the track and on the diamond. While the spring of '99 might have been disappointing in a measure, yet it brought forth results that will be felt as long as old I. S. C. shall exist. It not only brought out the fine material of the Freshman and the Academic classes, but it is a well known fact that it was the beginning of that college spirit mentioned above, which is a new and welcome feature.

The new features introduced in the fall of '99 mark another epoch in our history. The Underclassmen Field Meet and the Hare and Hounds games, which came later, were conducted with such grand success and had the good effects of bringing out and developing the talent of the Freshman and Academic classes, also to keep the Sophomore in training, that they are sure to become a regular thing in the future.

Never before in the history of our athletics have we been able to boast of as good a football team as that of 1899. This team, as the following pages will show, started out in a manner quite in keeping with their name, "*Cyclones*." But, later in the season, when they met the other league teams, instead of shutting out our opponents we were shut out by them. Several reasons may be given for this, among them over-training, our season is too long, etc. But we think the best one is that the

other league teams were a little too much for us. Nor does this reason we give throw any discredit upon our team, for Iowa never saw better football than she saw during the season of 1899. Besides, we were beaten by almost the smallest scores possible. For instance, S. U. I. beat us 5 to 0, and Chicago could only tie S. U. I.

Regarding the personnel of the team, we will suffice it to say that the team was composed of men of good character and gentlemanly conduct, each one being among the leaders in his class. It is with pride that we read clippings from newspapers stating that the Ames team was composed of gentlemen and played good, clean football.

The lessons learned from the victories and defeats of the past should not be forgotten, and great strides may be made by improving and rectifying the various systems. With the present good financial standing and abundance of spirit nothing but success should attend our future efforts.



The Athletic Council

FALL 1899

Officers

DR. W. M. BEARDSHEAR, Ex-Officio

President T. E. NICOLL, '99
Vice-President F. T. SUIT, '00
Secretary CHAS. DEMING, '00
Treasurer S. W. BEYER

Members

Faculty

S. W. Beyer Jno. Craig
A. A. Bennett C. F. Curtiss

Ames

Dr. I. C. Brownlie
Joe Cohn

Class '99

T. E. Nicoll
J. E. Van Liew

Class 1900

F. T. Suit
Chas. Deming

Class '02

L. M. Chambers
H. A. Maine

Class '03

C. M. Morgan
Tom Roberts

Alumni Members

L. W. Noyes, '72, Chicago
J. D. Shearer, '79, Minneapolis

Football

Season 1899

Manager GEO. A. SMITH, '99
Assistant Manager L. M. CHAMBERS, '02
Captain C. J. GRIFFITH, '99

Season 1900

Manager F. T. SUIT, '00
Assistant Manager H. A. MAINE, '02
Captain L. M. CHAMBERS, '02

Baseball

Season 1899

Manager T. E. NICOLL, '99
Assistant Manager FRANK HYLAND, '02
Captain F. P. SEXTON, '99

Season 1900

Manager T. E. NICOLL, '99
Assistant Manager GEO. F. SOKOL, '02
Captain GEO. SMITH, '99

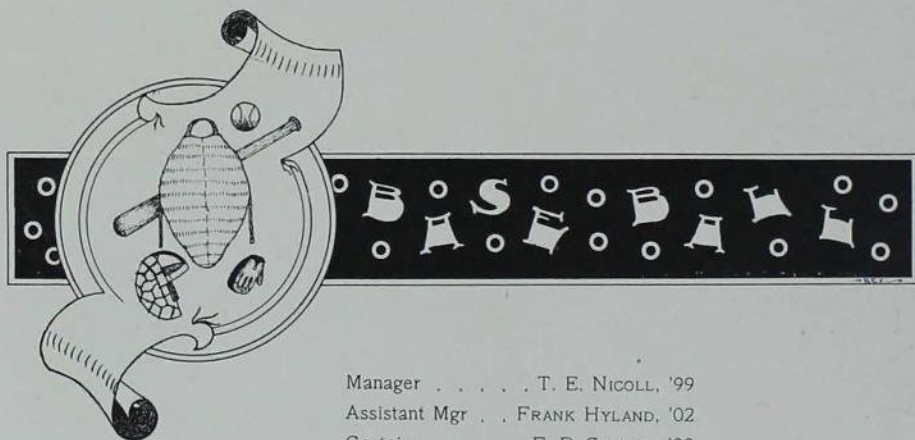
Track Athletics

Season 1899

Manager GUY ROBERTS, '99
Captain C. J. GRIFFITH, '99

Season 1900

Manager ALEXANDER D. MCKINLEY, '00
Assistant Manager JOHN S. COYE, '02
Captain HENRY PALMER, '00
Trainer J. C. PRALL



Manager T. E. NICOLL, '99

Assistant Mgr . . . FRANK HYLAND, '02

Captain F. P. SEXTON, '99

Smith, Pitcher

Curtiss, Catcher

Nicoll, First Base

Shea, Second Base

LeClere, Third Base

Malcolm, Short Stop

Hooker, Center Field

Scoggin, Right Field

Sexton, (Capt.) Left Field

Clark, Substitute



BASEBALL TEAM OF 1899.

G. D. NICOLL.

L. W. CLARK.
N. MALCOLM.

E. G. LECLEERE.
G. A. SMITH.
A. SCOGGIN.

JNO. M. SHEA.
Guy C. CURTISS.

T. E. NICOLL, Mgr.



I "An in shoot"



II "A high ball."

I. S. C. vs. I. S. N. S.

Cedar Falls, April 22, 1899.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL
I. S. N. S.	1	3	0	6	5	0	2	0	*	17
I. S. C.	4	0	2	4	0	5	0	0	1	16

Iowa State College vs. Iowa College

Ames, April 29, 1899.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL
I. C.	0	3	1	4	0	16	6			30
I. S. C.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0			2

Iowa State College vs. Iowa College

Grinnell, May 6, 1899.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL
I. C.	4	4	0	3	0	11	0	0	*	22
I. S. C.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	3

Faculty vs. Seniors

June 17, 1899.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL
Faculty	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	0	6
Seniors	3	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	1	7

Seniors vs. Freshmen

May 16, 1899.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL
Seniors	1	1	2	1	0	1	1			7
Freshmen	1	0	8	2	1	1	*			13

Juniors-Sophomores vs. Seniors

May 26, 1899.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL
Juniors-Sophomores	3	0	0	0	3	1	1			8
Seniors	3	5	0	3	0	0	*			11



III "An out curve!"



IV "Out"

Track Athletics



HOME FIELD MEET
SPRING 1899

Officers

ALEX. D. MCKINLEY	Manager
JOHN S. COYE	Assistant Manager
HENRY PALMER	Captain
J. C. PRALL	Trainer



TRACK TEAM

First Annual Underclassmen Track Meet

Held at the College Athletic Park, September 23, 1899

EVENTS.	WINNERS.	Time, Height, or Distance	EVENTS.	WINNERS.	Time, Height, or Distance
100-Yard Dash	{ Peck James. Lytle.	10 4-5 sec	One-quarter Mile Run	{ Reimers Moreland. Dryden.	1 min, 2½ sec
One-third Mile Bicycle	{ Hayungs Sutton. Kegley.	47 sec	Discus Throw.	{ McClure Gidley. Mastin.	88.8 ft
Shot Put	{ Scholty Chambers. Stevens.	36.3¼ ft	Pole Vault	{ Moreland Smith. Hunt.	8.2 ft
Half Mile Run.	{ Reimers Moreland. Roberts.	2 min, 21½ sec	220-Yard Hurdle	{ Lytle Scholty. Lee.	29 sec
Broad Jump	{ Lytle Lee. Smith.	18.7½ ft	Hop, Step and Jump.	{ Lytle Smith. Mason. Moreland. }	38.8 ft
120-Yard Hurdle	{ Moreland Lytle. Lee.	17 sec	One Mile Run	{ Moreland Dwiggins. Reimers.	5 min, 35 sec
High Jump	{ Smith Lytle. Mosier.	4.10 ft	One Mile Bicycle	{ Hayungs Sutton. Campbell.	2 min, 41 sec
Throwing 16-lb Hammer.	{ Owen Beebe. Stevens.	74.1 ft	One-fourth Mi. Relay Race	{ Class '03 Class '02	49 3-5 sec
220-Yard Dash	{ Peck. Scholty. Mastin.	24 sec			

Summary

Class '02		76 points
Class '03		59 points

The Annual Field Meet

Held at the College Athletic Park, May 5, 1899

EVENTS	WINNERS	Time, Height, or Distance	EVENTS	WINNERS	Time, Height, or Distance
Fifty-Yard Dash	{ Gibson Coye. Roberts.	5 4-5 sec	Pole Vault	{ Moreland Smith. Roberts.	8.7 ft
Shot Put	{ Bunker Palmer. Jones.	35.2 ft	Hop, Step and Jump	{ Palmer Patchin. Lytle.	40.75 ft
One-half Mile Bicycle	{ Shea Bone. Hayungs.	1 min, 21 4-5 sec	220-Yard Dash	{ Gibson Coye. Hooker.	24 sec
Half Mile Run	{ C. J. Griffith W. I. Griffith.	_____	220-Yard Hurdle	{ Palmer C. J. Griffith. Hooker.	31 1-5 sec
Broad Jump	{ Palmer Coye. Lytle.	20 ft	One Mile Walk	{ C. J. Griffith Tuttle. Gray.	_____
100-Yard Dash	{ Gibson Coye. Lytle.	11 sec			
120-Yard Hurdle	{ Palmer Patchin.	_____			
16-lb Hammer Throw	{ Palmer McBirney. C. J. Griffith.	87 ft			
4 40 Yard Dash	{ Gibson W. I. Griffith. C. J. Griffith.	57 3-5 sec			
High Jump	{ Palmer Coye. Lytle.	4.9 ft			
Two Mile Bicycle	{ Shea Bone. Sutton.	6 min, 23 3-5 sec			
One Mile Run	{ C. J. Griffith Lamm. W. I. Griffith.	5 min, 40 sec			



Totals

Class '99	63 points	Class '01	3 points
Class '00	11 points	Class '02	28 points
		Class '03	31 points



TENNIS CLUB

FOOTBALL



Directors

Season 1899

- GEO. A. SMITH, '99 Manager
- L. M. CHAMBERS, '02 Assistant Manager
- C. J. GRIFFITH, '99 Captain

Average weight of the line	164 3-7
Average weight of the backs	154 2-3
Average weight of the whole team	160 1-3



FOOTBALL TEAM OF 1899

JOE TARR. J. H. MEYERS, Coach. RAY DUMPHY. FRED OWEN. W. C. SCHOLTY. L. M. CHAMBERS. H. C. ECKLES, (Brown).
 J. C. NELSON. R. A. WALKER. H. A. MAINE. E. G. LeCLERE. F. M. BYL-
 H. O. FRITZEL. W. D. MASON. C. J. GRIFFITH, Capt. C. A. SMITH, Mgr. GUY ROBERTS.

The Ames Football Team

Smith, left end weight, 143
Eckles, left tackle weight, 172
Chambers, left guard weight, 170
Owen, center weight, 175
Byl, right guard weight, 173
Tarr, right tackle weight, 169

Mason, right end weight, 149
Roberts, quarter weight, 141
Fritzel, left half weight, 155
Griffith, right half weight, 155
Maine, } full back { weight, 142
Scholty, } { weight, 180

First Substitutes

Walker weight, 140
Dumphy, tackle, end weight, 150
LeClere, half weight, 152
Nelson, guard weight, 177
Peshak, half weight, 150

Nichols, tackle weight, 165
Huffman, full weight, 148
Shuler, half weight, 156
Healy, guard weight, 170
Stevens, center weight, 193

Ames vs. Panora

Panora, September 16, 1899.

AMES	POSITION	PANORA
Smith	Left End	R. Moore
Eckles	Left Tackle	Mahin
Chambers	Left Guard	F. Moore
Owen	Center	Spurgion
Nelson	Right Guard	Boyer
Tarr	Right Tackle	Reese
Griffith	Right End	Kinney
Maine	Quarter	Shepard
LeClere	Left Half	McClaren
Roberts	Right Half	B. Moore
Scholy	Full Back	King

Ames—23. Panora—0.

Ames vs. Cornell

Mt. Vernon, September 30, 1899.

AMES	POSITION	CORNELL
Smith	Left End	Wood-Christianson
Eckles	Left Tackle	Davidson
Chambers	Left Guard	Person-Rigby
Owen	Center	Martin
Nelson	Right Guard	North
Tarr	Right Tackle	Tiffany
Griffith	Right End	Mathews
Walker-Maine	Quarter	Fogg
Roberts-Fritzel	Right Half	Mycantire
LeClere	Left Half	Coop
Scholy	Full Back	Hunter

Ames—32. Cornell—0.

Ames vs. Nebraska

Ames, October 6, 1899.

AMES	POSITION	NEBRASKA
Smith	Left End	Drain
Eckles-Dumphy	Left Tackle	Brew
Chambers	Left Guard	Koehler
Owen	Center	Tyson-Plowhead
Byl	Right Guard	Ringer
Tarr	Right Tackle	Pierce
Griffith	Right End	Cortelyon
Walker-Maine	Quarter	Crandrall
Roberts-Fritzel	Right Half	Benedict
LeClere	Left Half	Williams
Maine-Scholy	Full Back	Gordon

Ames—34. Nebraska—0.

Ames vs. Simpson

Indianola, October 11, 1899.

AMES	POSITION	SIMPSON
Smith	Left End	S. Martin
Eckles	Left Tackle	Clark
Chambers	Left Guard	Rogers
Owen	Center	Kennedy
Nelson	Right Guard	Brought
Tarr	Right Tackle	Drather
Griffith	Right End	F. Martin
Maine	Quarter	Spurgeon
Fritzel	Right Half	Dean
LeClere	Left Half	Handcock
Scholy	Full Back	Reed

Ames—18. Simpson—0.

Ames vs. So. Dakota

Sioux City, October 14, 1899.

AMES	POSITION	SO. DAKOTA
Smith	Left End	A. Burkland
Eckles	Left Tackle	Morrison
Chambers	Left Guard	Parsons
Owen	Center	Jeffery
Byl	Right Guard	Thompson
Tarr	Right Tackle	Bovaird
Dumphy-Walker	Right End	Johnson
Maine	Quarter	Norton
Roberts	Right Half	P. Burkland
Le Clere	Left Half	Newcomb
Scholty	Full Back	Collins

Ames—11. U. So. Dakota—6.

Ames vs. Minnesota

Minneapolis, October 21, 1899.

AMES	POSITION	MINNESOTA
Smith	Left End	Dobie
Eckles	Left Tackle	Otte
Chambers	Left Guard	Aune
Byl-Owen	Center	Page
Scholty	Right Guard	Tift
Tarr	Right Tackle	Hoyt
Griffith	Right End	Scandret
Walker	Quarter	Cole
Le Clere-Fritzel	Left Half	Evans
Roberts	Right Half	Kienholz-Freeman
Maine	Full Back	Glover

Ames—0. Minnesota—6.

Ames vs. Iowa

Iowa City, October 27, 1899.

AMES	POSITION	IOWA
Mason	Left End	F. Williams
Eckles	Left Tackle	Warner
Chambers	Left Guard	Burrier
Owen	Center	Baker
Byl	Right Guard	Brockway
Tarr	Right Tackle	Eby
Walker	Right End	Walters
Roberts	Quarter	S. Williams
Griffith	Right Half	Edson
Fitzel	Left Half	Morton
Maine	Full Back	Griffith

Ames—0. Iowa—5.

Referee—Hoover, of Waterloo, Iowa.

Umpire—Burkland, of Moline, Illinois.

Ames vs. Grinnell

Des Moines, November 3, 1899.

AMES	POSITION	GRINNELL
Smith-Mason	Left End	Lyman
Eckles	Left Tackle	Fellows
Nelson	Left Guard	Capron
Owen-Byl	Center	Wheeler
Byl-Chambers	Right Guard	Thiel
Tarr	Right Tackle	Zeigler
Walker	Right End	Douglass
Roberts	Quarter	Fiske
Griffith	Right Half	Lindsen
Fritzel	Left Half	Burd
Maine	Full Back	Knapp

Ames—0. Grinnell—15.

Referee—Coldren.

Umpire—Walker.

Ames vs. State Normal

Cedar Falls, Nov. 10, 1899

AMES	POSITION	NORMAL
Smith	Left End	Wyant
Eckles	Left Tackle	Stoakes
Chambers	Left Guard	Philpot
Owen	Center	Ballard-Kolb
Byl	Right Guard	R. Hemsworth
Tarr	Right Tackle	Thompson
Mason	Right End	E. Hemsworth
Roberts	Quarter	Speer
Shuler	Right Half	Shoup
LeClere	Left Half	Detwiler
Scholty	Full Back	Hoover

Ames, 0; Normal, 0.

Ames vs. Grinnell

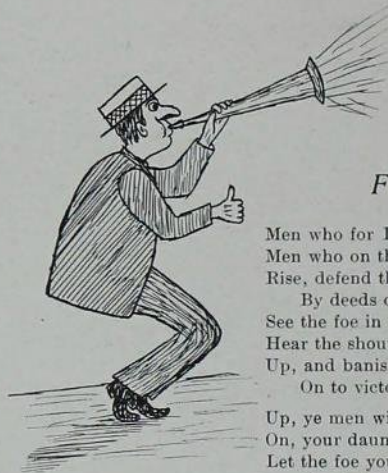
Ames, Nov. 18, 1899

AMES	POSITION	GRINNELL
Smith	Left End	Lyman
Brown	Left Tackle	Lyman
Chambers	Left Guard	Capron
Owen	Center	Wheeler
Dumphy-Byl	Right Guard	Thiel
Tarr-Nelson	Right Tackle	Taft
Mason	Right End	Duglass
Roberts	Quarter	Fiske
Griffith	Right Half	Lindsey-Foster
LeClere-Fritzel	Left Half	Burd
Scholty	Full Back	Knapp

Ames, 0; Grinnell, 6.

Referee — Bremner.

Umpire — Walker.



Football

Men who for I. S. C. have wrought,
Men who on the field have fought,
Rise, defend the honor bought
By deeds of bravery!
See the foe in strength appear,
Hear the shout and ringing cheer,
Up, and banish thoughts of fear,
On to victory!

Up, ye men with limbs of steel,
On, your dauntless pluck reveal,
Let the foe your mettle feel,
Face him fearlessly!
Seize the ball with firm desire,
Plunge like shot from cannon fire,
Ever toward the goal aspire,
On to victory!

Think of honor, praise and fame,
Think of I. S. C.'s fair name,
Higher raise her lofty aim,
Struggling manfully!
Now's the day and now's the hour,
Now is manhood in its flower,
Rise, display your youthful power,
On to victory!



Sept. 30, State College vs. Cornell — 32-0.



Oct. 6, State College vs. Nebraska — 34-0.



Oct. 11, State College vs. Simpson — 18-0.



Oct. 14, State College vs. U. of So. Dak. — 11-6.



Oct. 21, State College vs. U. of Minn. — 0-6.



Oct. 27, State College vs. Iowa — 0-5.



Nov. 3, State College vs. Grinnell—0-15.

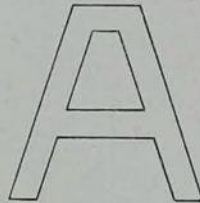


Nov. 10, State College vs. State Normal—0-0.



Nov. 18, State College vs. Grinnell—0-6.

Wearers of the



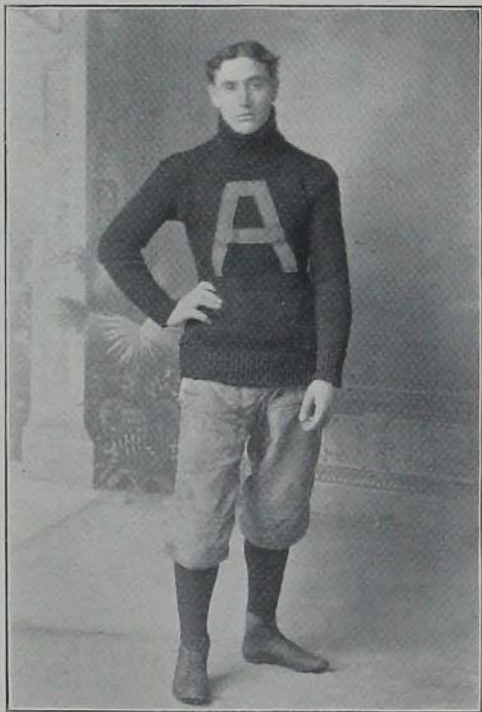
Joe Tarr
H. O. Fritzel
Ray Dumphy
W. D. Mason
Fred Owen
R. A. Walker

C. J. Griffith
W. C. Sholty
H. A. Maine

G. A. Smith
L. M. Chambers
E. G. LeClere
H. C. Eckles (Brown)
Guy Roberts
F. M. Byl

Riff raff ruff! Riff raff ruff!
Cyclones! cyclones! pretty hot stuff!

A-m-e-s! rah rah! rah rah!
A-m-e-s! rah rah! rah rah!
Hoo rah! hoo ray!
State College! I-o-a!



CLARENCE J. GRIFFITH.
CAPTAIN FOOTBALL TEAM OF 1899

Football Averages of 1899

AMES vs.	Panora at Panora September 16, 1899 23-0	Cornell Mt. Vernon September 30, 1899 32-0	Nebraska at Ames, 1899 October 1 34-0	Simpson at Indiana October 11, 1899 18-0	Univ. of So. Dakota at Sioux City October 14, 1899 11-6	Univ. of Minnesota at Minneapolis October 21, 1899 0-6	S. U. I. Iowa City October 27, 1899 0-5	Grinnell at Des Moines November 3, 1899 0-15	State Normal Cedar Falls November 10, 1899 0-0	Grinnell at Ames, 1899 November 18, 1899 0-6	Total Number of Points
Smith — End.							0	P			0
Eckles — Tackle			P								0
Chambers — Guard.	3 =			3 =	=			P			7
Owen — Center.						P		P			0
Nelson — Guard			0		0	0	0		0	P	0
Tarr — Tackle										P	0
Griffith — End, Half	2 ×		- 2 ×	2 ×	0				0		40
Maine — Quarter, Full		P	-						0	0	5
Le Clere — Half	×	- 2 ×			×	P	0	0		P	25
Roberts — Half, Quarter	-	- 2 = P	2 × 4 = P	0	-						31
Scholty — Full, Guard			P				0				0
Walker — Quarter, End.	0	P	P	0	P				0	0	0
Fritzel — Half	0	- P	P	×	0	P			0	P	10
Dumphy — Tackle	0	0	P	0	P	0	0	0	0	P	0
Byl — Guard, Center	0	0		0		P				P	0
Mason — End.	0	0	0	0	0	0		P			0
Shuler — Half	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0		0	0

× Touchdown yielding goal 5 = Goal from touchdown. 1
 - Touchdown not yielding goal 5 Total: Ames 118
 P Playing part of game.
 0 Not playing. All others 38



NORTH CAMPUS.—MARGARET AND AGRICULTURAL HALLS.

L'enfer à la Mode du Collège



I HAD reached the last topic of the outline of Milton's picture of Hell, viz., "(6) In general, the poet's conceptions of life in hell seem to rest merely on concentration and exaggeration of ordinary life." I had spent several evenings and afternoons trying to complete the outline which our professor of literature had given us to write out, and which must be handed in on the morrow. The picture with its terrors, and weirdness carried to the extreme, and its prevailing characteristics of fire and darkness, had so wrought upon my imagination that I could not sleep at night. But now, I had reached the sixth topic of the outline which was the last.

Just how was Milton's picture of hell, a concentration and exaggeration of ordinary life? Exhausted, I pressed my hands to my weary brain and lay my head upon the table. Some one tapped me upon the arm and whispered, "Follow me."

I saw before me a glaring little demon, who said, "Come and I will show you a more modern picture of Hell, up-to-date, and in the latest fashion. Bring your note book, so that you may take down items of interest."

I followed dazedly, for everywhere was utter darkness. At length my eyes seemed to adjust themselves to the condition, and I was enabled to see quite readily a wide stretch of land which in form resembled the college campus; but instead of the soft green grass, were red hot blades of steel; where the winding stone pavements should have been, were pavements of molten glass. The air was suffocating and seeing that I was unable to endure it, the demon handed me a little phial labeled "larup," from which I refreshed myself from time to time.

The most piteous howls and moans fell upon my ears and I could see groups of people here and there. The demon informed me that each mortal was given a punishment that was best suited to his particular case.

Soon we came to a small building, and upon entering the demon pointing to a little room, said, "There is where we keep our most important shade, but we cannot enter; however, you may peep thro' the keyhole." I did so, and saw a very tall broad shouldered mortal. A shade sat near him and seemed to be tormenting him with questions, which the poor mortal was compelled to answer, while great drops of red hot perspiration dripped from his forehead. He seemed to be suffering untold agonies. "How long will this poor mortal have to undergo this punishment and what is the name of this little

room?" I asked. The demon replied, "Until he can answer all questions satisfactorily. This room is called 'the sweat box,' and the mortal who is being punished was once a college president."

As we went westward from this building we came to another building, and as we entered the guide gave me a bottle of smelling salts because, he said, I would find the atmosphere very sickening. We entered a little room and such suffocating and vile smelling fumes met my nostrils that the guide had to place a pair of curling tongs upon my nose to keep me from fainting.

In this little room was a chemical laboratory, but there seemed to be only three students — one gentleman and two ladies.

They were presided over by three demons, who compelled them to write out such long chemical formulas that the poor mortals groaned and shrieked under their burden. The three mortals at the time were trying to regulate their Bunsen burners, but could never adjust them to suit the demons. Violent explosions were going on in this room all the time, and with each explosion the three mortals shrieked in terror.

Next we came northeastward to a large building and as we ascended the steps I heard screams of agony, accompanied by musical sounds; as we entered what seemed to be a chapel, I saw a group of piteous faces seated in front of a choir of devils, who were shrieking the anthem, "The 150th Psalm;" and these poor mortals were compelled to listen to it forever. I recognized these listeners as the college choir, and their wailing and gnashing

of teeth bespoke of their sufferings, and endless torture.

As we came out of this building I saw a short, fat shade flying hither and thither, but never stopping to rest. "What is the punishment of that poor mortal?" I asked. "He must fly from zero to infinity, seeking an ideal economic world, but he has never yet found the right track."

Just then I heard a very loud voice and, turning, I beheld a bald-headed shade delivering an oration, and as soon as he had finished one he was compelled to deliver another. The attending demon found much fault with his delivery and criticised the tho't of each oration.

"Don't you have a literature department?" I asked. "Oh, yes," said the guide. He led me to a large building and we entered a room, where was seated a very pale, thin shade, who was compelled to write a theme every five minutes. As



soon as a theme was finished an attending demon tore it into scraps and threw it into a waste basket. The pale, thin shade kept crying "Time! Give me more time! I can never get thro'!"

As we walked down the winding stairs, I saw several young men who were compelled to stand at the foot of these stairs while howling little demons from above dashed boiling hot water down upon their heads. I uttered a little cry of terror when I recognized some of the most popular and well respected students whom I knew in school.

I was then led to a building where there was a large dining hall. Here were tables surrounded by people, but there was nothing to eat except upon one table in the east end. The guide explained that this was the steward's table, and that the article of food was ice cold bingo. Agonizing cries of hunger came from this room, and flying thro' the air were red hot potatoes and slices of bread; and altho' the hungry mortals tried to grasp these they could never reach them, while red hot stones shaped like cherry pits kept striking them in the faces. In this same building we found young ladies shut up in dark rooms, doomed forever to keep study hours. In other rooms were young girls whose mouths were pried open by little demons, who constantly compelled them to eat red hot fudges forever.

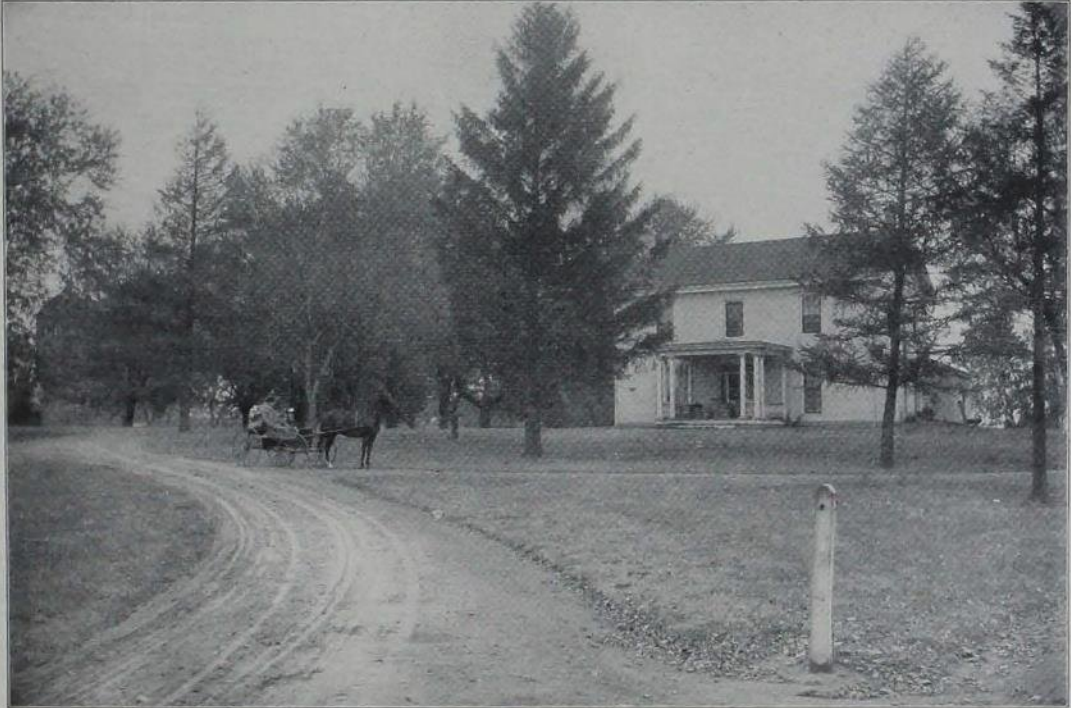
We left this building and I noticed the air was filled with fire flies. A mortal with a big net was trying to catch them but could never succeed. The demon told me that this mortal must go on forever trying to catch these flies. I did not see his face but his manner of locomotion revealed to me one of my learned professors.

As we walked along over the burning pavements, I met a shade, repeating "der, die, dem, das." She carried a little blackboard, upon which she constantly wrote German and French translations, but which a party of attending shades kept marking with crosses, and the poor mortal was compelled to write them over again. "Why, Miss Al—," I commenced to say. But she did not answer but kept on with her declensions, which the demon told me she dared not cease.

As we went on I noticed a poor mortal constantly in motion, but never moving from the place where he was stationed. Three demons stood around him and whenever he stopped wiggling for even one moment, they tortured him with red hot iron rods, and kept him going. "Poor Jiggers," said I.

We next came to a large oven. The fumes of burning sulphur and brimstone met my nostrils. The demon opened the door, and there smoking hot was the Junior Annual Board, doomed to eternal roasting. "Here's where you belong," said my guide, and gave me a shove into the oven. I woke with a start and my room mate said, "Wake up! The warning has rung for supper."





HOME OF PROF. C. F. CURTISS, DEAN OF AGRICULTURE.

He Never Came Back

THE usual number of loafers were seated around the depot platform when No. 5 slowed up at the little town of Spokesville, in the western part of Iowa. They were unusually interested on this morning, when a well-dressed young man alighted from the still moving train, and without hesitation commenced to walk rapidly up the street from the depot.

Wm. Banks, however, did not notice their curiosity. He stepped lightly up the single street of the little village as tho' he was walking down Broadway, New York, and knew just where he was going. And he did know.

Two years ago his proud father and anxious mother had driven with him to this same little depot, bought him a ticket for Ames, and with his money sewed up in his inner coat pocket, and his parents waving him good-byes, he sped away. How William arrived at I. S. C. with his trunk containing the four napkins, six towels, three pillow-cases, six sheets, etc., according to the "Requirements for Admission" in the catalogue, and how he grew from a green Freshman to a sophisticated Sophomore, would be another story and one without a moral. But suffice it to say that William, or Bill as the "fellers" at school called him, had learned very rapidly at school, and that he learned considerable about things not mentioned in the catalogue. He had clearly proven to his father that the catalogue had made a very wrong estimate when it stated that the expenses for one school year amounted to \$150. The mistake was probably due to a typographical error and word "term" should have been substituted for the word "year."

William was a special student, and for sake of those who may not understand this term we will say that a special student is one who takes *special* studies, goes to special class, and special chapel, and has an especially good time. Williams' special studies were English Languages and Literature. Now, if William hadn't been so classified, or if the folks had known how Willie had changed, or if he had even written home more often, so that the "Old Governor" could have become acquainted with the way that "The main guys at the plant" talk, the surprise when he returned would have been less but more favorable.

William arrived just before dinner and found father in the front yard. Father had just finished cutting some overgrown weeds that grew luxuriantly around the front gate and when his young hopeful came into the yard, he was wiping the sweat from his heated brow.



"Hello, Governor! What you sweatin' over? Wishing you was the ice-man," said William as he set his dress-suit case down in the path. "What's the matter wid yer lamps? Don't yer know yer Willie? Ain't you going to give me the joyful palm, Dad?"

The father shaded his eyes with his horny hand and gazed in awe at the youth before him. Could it be possible that this was his son William, whom he had but two years ago sent to the Iowa State College to take special work in English Languages and Literature.

His mind ran back to the boy he sent away wearing a broad-brimmed felt hat, a plain white shirt, with a turned-down collar and a plain black necktie. His suit was a plain black one, with a swallow-tail coat. But before him now stood a young man with a light gray hat, a silk-bosom shirt, a flaring necktie, a gray-striped suit and a pair of lemon-colored shoes. And yet it was William.

The old man grasped the boy's hand and muttered something, incoherently, and then said slowly: "Dinner is about ready. We'll go into the house."

William led the way and his father followed with the dress-suit case in one hand and his scythe in the other.

Mother met them at the door and as Willie took her hand and told her that "Things looked swell around the joint, and that she was the same old girl," possibly the same train of thought whirled through her mind that had just passed through her husband's.

And how was Willie getting along she finally managed to utter.

"O, out of sight. Right in the push, mother. The guy that rooms with me is one of the main stems of the plant down there, and you ought to see us set the pace. Why, we don't do a thing but pass up everything but English, and I don't care about that, any how; and the Prof. said he'd like to see me in the class next year again. So, I think, he's taking an interest in me. Like it? Well, I should guess. The Prex. was down to the depot to see me off and—say, I don't believe I want to go back next time. I—I believe I could do better work at Drake. They don't seem to appreciate what a fellow does down there at Ames."

The family sat down to dinner. The youth still ambled on in his talk; his parents were held spell-bound in silence. He told of his sweetheart; she was one of the "onliest;" how he and the fellows fooled the janitor; how they showed those Freshies, and ended up with a glowing account of his playing half-back on the second team.

He finally stopped, and passed his plate for a second filling. His father filled the plate and returned it, and then took up his napkin, wiped his chin, cleared his throat, and looking sternly at his young hopeful, he said:

“ William, I couldn't quite understand all you have been saying, being so accustomed to the ordinary English language, but from what you have said I have made up my mind that you've been trotting in the wrong class and I've been banking on the wrong horse, but after dinner you can go and get that hair cut and then git out in the field and play whoa-back with home team awhile.”

MORAL.—“ A little learning is a dangerous thing.”



John Smith

A Drama

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PREX.—The President of I. S. C.

JOHN SMITH.—A would-be popular student.

WM. JONES.—A classmate of John Smith, but a thoro' conscientious student.

WILSON. }
JOHNSON. } Classmates of Smith.

CLARENCE.—A chum of Wm. Jones, and of noble character.

MILDRED.—A fun-loving, unthoughtful girl.

STANTON.—Prof. of Mathematics

Three College Spirits.

Apparition of Prex.

Sophomores, accomplices of John Smith.

Scene—College, Ames, Iowa.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—College Cemetery.

[Enter Three College Spirits.]

First Spirit. When shall we three meet again
Our plans of mischief to explain?

Second Spirit. When the students all have come,
And the Freshman stretching's done.

Third Spirit. That shall be ere set of sun.

First Spirit. Where the place?

Second Spirit. Upon the track.

Third Spirit. There to meet with John Smith.

First Spirit. I come, "Jiggers."

Second Spirit. The "jingle" calls.

Third Spirit. Anon.

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair;
Hover thro' the fog and filthy air. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Third floor of Main Building.

[Alarm within. Enter Prex. with Proctor, meeting a much bedrabbled and discomfited Freshman.]

Prex. What ruffled man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the rumpus.
The newest state.

Proctor. This is the Freshman
Who, like a fool-hardy lad, fought
'Gainst being stretched. Hail! bold Freshy.
Say to Prex the knowledge of this row,
As thou didst see it.

Fresh. The merciless Sophomores did swarm upon us,
And fortune on their plagued quarrel smiling,
Stretched they a dozen of us or more; but all's
too weak:
For brave John Smith—well he deserves that
name—
Disdaining rules, with his brandished arms,
Which waved with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the Sophs.

Pres. Oh, insignificant, unworthy students.

Fresh. Mark, Honored Ruler, mark;
No sooner Freshmen had with valor armed,
Compelled the Sophs. to take to their heels,
But the Junior boys surveying vantage
With noble Seniors, well supplied,
Began a fresh assault.

Pres. Dismayed not this your captain bold, John
Smith?

Fresh. No; he doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe;
Except he meant to hear a special chapel
called, or have a private interview,
I cannot tell.
But I am faint, my muscles cry for rest.

Pres. Young man, thy words betray thee as thy
plight.
We've had enough of this; Go,
I'll see you in my office.

SCENE III.—Motor track below Agricultural Hall.

First Spirit. Where hast thou been, sister?

Second Spirit. Tempting Freshman.

Third Spirit. Sister, where thou?

First Spirit. A fair co-ed, had fudges in a pan,
And munched and munched and
Munched:—"Give me," quoth I;
"Begone you witch!" the stingy girl replies.
Her brother's to Minneapolis gone,
To play in a football game:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
I will spoil his every play,

He shall sadly turn away,
From the game dismissed:
Tho' the game shall not be lost,
Yet it shall be naught to naught.

[Sound of footsteps.]

Third Spirit. Fe, fi, fo, fum.
John Smith doth come.

All. The college spirits hand in hand,
Posters of the campus land,
Thrice to Maine, and thrice to Morrill,
And thrice again to Margaret Hall.
Peace! the charm's wound up.
[Enter John Smith and Wm. Jones.]

J. S. So foul and fair a day, I have not seen.

W. J. How far is it called to Ames?
What are these so bright and gay in their attire,
That look not like the college students,
And yet are on the campus? Who are you?
You should be Margaret Hall inmates
And yet the late hour forbids me to interpret
That you are so.

J. S. Speak! if you can; what are you?

First Spirit. All hail! John Smith, hail to thee, class leader!

Second Spirit. All hail! John Smith, thou shalt win Mildred's
favor.

Third Spirit. All hail! John Smith, and the Junior Ex.,
hereafter.

W. J. John, why do you start and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?
[To the Spirits.]
In the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner,

You greet with present grace and great prediction

Of future happiness and of pleasant hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.

If you can look into the seeds of time and say
who shall be on Junior Ex., and who shall not,

Speak, then, to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favors nor your hate.

First Spirit. Hail!

Second Spirit. Hail!

Third Spirit. Hail!

First Spirit. Lesser than John Smith and greater.

Second Spirit. Not so popular, yet much more popular.

Third Spirit. Thou shalt get honors, tho' thou envy none.
So, all hail! John Smith and Jones.

First Spirit. Jones and Smith, all hail!

J. Smith. Stay, you random speakers tell me more;
By result of class election I know
I am class leader;
But how win Mildred's favor? Her senior
suitor lives,
A lucky gentleman; and to be on Junior Ex.
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to win Mildred's favor. Say,
from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
You stop our way with such prophetic greet-
ing? Speak! I charge you!

[Spirits vanish.]

Jones. The college spirits, of whom we've heard,
And these are of them. Whither are they
vanished?

John Smith. Into the air; and what seemed corporal
melted,

As breath into wind. Would they had stayed!

Wm. Jones Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or is it the larup which we ate
That takes the reason prisoner?

Smith. Thou shalt get honors tho' thou envy none.

Wm. Jones. You shall be on Junior Ex.

Smith. And win Mildred's favor, too: went it not so?

Jones. To the self-same tune and words. Who's be-
hind?

[Overtaken by Wilson and Johnson.]

Wilson. Smith, Miss Mildred hath happily received
The news of thy success; and when she hears
Thy personal ventures in the Freshman fight,
Her wonders and her praises do contend
Which should be thine or her devoted Senior's;
silenced with that.

In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
She finds thee in the stout Freshman ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst stake,
Stretchings vile and duckings dire. As thick
as tale

Came the reports; and every one did bear
Thy praises in our class' great defense,
And poured them down before her.

Johnson. We are sent to give thee compliments from this
most popular girl;
Only to herald thee into her sight, not delay
thee.

Wilson. And for an earnest of a greater honor,
She seeks an early opportunity for an inter-
view.

In which addition, hail! most worthy friend,
for her love is thine.

Wm. Jones. What, can the devil speak true?

J. Smith. Her senior suitor lives; why do you dress me
in borrowed robes?

Johnson. Who was her suitor lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
combined with Freshmen or did help the
Sophs.
With hidden help and vantage, or that with
both
He labour'd in his own wrack, I know not;
But rules broken, confessed and proved,
Have fired him.

J. Smith. [Aside.] Pres. of Freshman and Mildred's
lover,
The greatest is behind. [To Wilson and John-
son.]
Thanks, for your pains.
[To Jones.] Do you not hope to win class
honors, when those that give me Mildred
Promised no less to you?

Jones. That trusted home
Might yet encourage you to neglect
Your daily tasks. But 'tis strange
And often times to win us to our harm
The college spirits tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles to betray 's,
In deepest consequence.
Boys, a word, I pray you.

Smith. [Aside.] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act of the
Junior X. theme.

I thank you, gentlemen.
[Aside.] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth?—I'm admired by
Mildred
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature?

Jones. Look how our partner's rapt!

Smith. If chance will have me on Junior Ex., why,
chance may bring me 4's
Without my efforts.

Jones. Smith, we wait upon your leisure.

Smith. I beg your pardon. My head was turned
With what you told me. Let us toward the
Main.
I'll think upon what hath chanced and, at
more time,
The interim having weighed it,
I'll write Miss Mildred a note.

SCENE IV.—Young ladies' room in Margaret Hall.

Mildred. [Reading.] "They met me in the day of suc-
cess; and I have learned by the perfectest
report, they have more in them than
mortal knowledge. When I longed in
desire to question them further they
made themselves air, into which they
vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the
wonder of it, came praises from you, and
the all hail, Mildred's lover; by which
title before these weird sisters saluted me,

and referred me to the coming on of time with, 'Hail! Junior Ex., hereafter.' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dear Miss Mildred, that thou mightst consider the granting me the pleasure of your company at some future time."

Freshman leader thou art, and my most favored suitor; and shalt be
 What thou art promised; yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o' that Freshman honesty
 To catch the nearest way; thou wouldst be great,
 Art not without ambition, but without
 The illness should attend it; what thou wouldst highly,
 That thou wouldst holily; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou'dst have great Freshman leader
 That which cries, "This must thou do, if thou have it;"
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do
 Than wishest to be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
 And chastise thee with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crowned withal.

[Enter assistant preceptress.]

What is your tidings?

Precep. John Smith wishes to speak with you.

Mildred. Give him tending. He awaits an interview.

[Exit Precep.]

The raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of John Smith
 To my affections. Come, you spirits that tend on mortal thro'ts, renew my cheer,
 And fill me from the crown to the toe, top full
 Of direst coquetry! make smooth my tongue;
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
 That no compunctious visitings of nature,
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 The effect and it! Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
 That my sharp schemes see not the result they make,
 Nor Prex. look through the blanket of the dark
 To cry "Hold! hold!"

SCENE V.—Margaret Hall Parlor.

[John Smith Seated. Enter Mildred.]

Smith. Miss Mildred, I beg the honor of your company
 For the lecture tomorrow night.

Mildred. Thy letter has transported me beyond
 This ignorant present, and to attend
 With you the lecture will be most pleasant.

Smith. I wish we might take a stroll.

Mildred. And why not, 'tis only seven.

Smith. I must study for exam. in algebra.

Mildred. O, never!
 Shall "flunk" that morrow see!
 Your face, my friend, is as a book where men
 May read strange matters. To beguile the
 time,
 Look like the time; bear wisdom in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue; look like the inno-
 cent flower,

But be the serpent under it. The exam. that's coming
Must be prepared for; and you shall put
This night's great "cramming" into my dispatch,
Which shall to all your exams. to come
Give solely sway and masterdom.

Smith. Come, let us speak further.

Mildred. Only look up clear;
To alter favor, ever is to fear:
Leave the plan to me.

[Exit.]

SCENE VI.—Steps of Ag. Hall.

[Mildred and Smith seated in Alcove.]

Smith. This alcove is a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Mildred. This guest of summer,
The campus haunting student, does approve
By his constant "chumming," that the
heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no step, windowseat,
Nor coign of vantage, but these "chummers"
Have made their refuge and tete-a-tete
Where they most often haunt, I have observed,
The way is safe.
See! see! our honored "Prexy."
The love that follows us sometime is our
trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach
you
How you shall bid God give us brains
To keep us out of trouble.

Smith. Take my arm.
I'll conduct you to M. Hall; we fear him
highly,
And shall keep our faces from him.

[They run.]

SCENE VII.—Hall leading to Mathematical Room.

[Enter John Smith.]

Smith. If it were done when 't is done then 't were
well.

It were done quickly if th' act of cheating
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With its surcease, success; that but this act
Might be the be-all and the end-all here.
But here upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the "finals" to come; but in
these cases

We still have judgment here; that we but yield
To faking temptations, which, being indulged,
return

To plague the indulger. This even-handed
justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned
chalice

To our own lips. Besides, this Stanton
Hath borne his faculties so sleek, hath been
So strict and clear in all his classes,
That his words will pierce like lances against
The deep damnation of this faking off.
I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er leaps itself
And falls on the other—

[Enter Mildred.]

How now? Ready for exam.?

Mildred. I am armed! - Where's your fake sheet?
Smith. There's no hope for me.
Mildred. Know you not there is?
Smith. I will proceed no further in this business;
 Prof. has honored me of late; and I have
 bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest
 gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.
Mildred. Was the hope drunk
 Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept
 since?
 And wakes it now to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? From this time
 Such I account thy strength. Art thou afeard
 To be the same in thine own act and valour
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of college
 life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,
 Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
 Like the poor cat i' the adage?
Smith. Prithee, peace:
 I dare do all that may become a man;
 Who dares do more is none.
Mildred. What beast was't, then,
 That made you break this enterprise to me?
 When you durst do it, then you were a man;
 And to be more than what you were, you would
 Be so much more the man; nor way, nor
 means
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make
 both:

They have made themselves, and that their
 fitness now
 Does unmake you. I have made a "flunk"
 and know
 How hard it is to love the Prof. that "plucks"
 you:
 I would while he was staring in my face,
 Have grabbed the fake sheet from my book,
 And dashed the answers down if I so feared
 To flunk as you do this.

Smith. If I were caught?

Mildred. You caught!
 But screw your courage to the sticking place
 And you'll not be caught!

Smith. I am settled, and bend up
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
 Away! and mock the time with fairest show;
 False face must hide what the false heart doth
 know.

[Exit Mildred.]

Smith. Is this a fake sheet which I see before me,
 Unfolded toward my hand? Come, let me
 clutch thee.
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
 A fake sheet of the mind, a false creation
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I hold.
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other
 senses,

Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still
And on thy lines and margin hosts of zeroes
Which was not so before. There's no such
thing.

It is the "shaky" business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.

[A bell rings.]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
See not this fake sheet, Stanton; for it is an
oar
That shall row me to a zero or a 4:00.

ACT II.

SCENE I.— Campus— Campanile.

[Jones enters and seats himself.]

Jones. Thou hast it now; Class President
Mildred, and most likely Junior Ex.
As the weird women promised, and I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for 't; yet it was
said
It should not stand in thy futurity,
But that myself should win great honors
As yet to come. If there come truth from
them—
As upon thee, John Smith, their speeches
shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush! no more.

[Enter Mildred and Smith.]

Smith. Here's our friend Jones.

Mildred. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Smith. Tonight we hold a Junior spread
And we request your presence.

Jones. Prexy's commands are laid
Upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
Forever knit. Time calls upon me.

Mildred. I must attend to duties now.

[Exeunt Mildred and Jones together.]

Smith. To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus.— Our fears in Jones
Stick deep; and in his nobility of nature
Reigns that which would be feared: 'tis much
he dares;

And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour,
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him,
My genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the
sisters

When first they put Junior Ex. upon me,
And bade them speak to him: then, prophet-
like,
They hailed him winner of unenvied honors:
If 't be so, for Jones' honor have I filed my
mind.

For him the gracious Profs. have I deceived:
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for him; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To give him honors, that honest Jones honors!
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!

[Enter two Sophs.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Sophs. It was.

Smith. Well then, now,
Have you considered my speeches? Know
that it was he in the times past which held
you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you.

Sophs. You made it known to us.

Smith. I did so, and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your natures
That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled
To pray for this good man and for his success,
Whose tattling tongue hath told your deeds to
Prex.
And wrecked your stand-in forever?

First Soph. We are college students, my friend.

Smith. Ay, in the "catalogue" you go for college
students;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, span-
iels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are
clept
All by the name of dogs: the college file,
Distinguishes the Senior, Junior, the Soph,
The Freshman and Academic, every one ac-
cording to the time
He's been at college; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the "Bill"
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file
Not i' th' worst rank of manhood, say 't;
And I will put that business in your hands,
Whose prompt execution takes your enemy off,

Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his presence,
Which in his absence were perfect.

Second Soph. I am one, my friend,
Whom the vile buffets of the college world,
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

First Soph. And I another
So weary with failures, so tugged by back
work,
That I would set my life on any chance
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

Smith. Both of you know Jones was your enemy.

Both Sophs. True, my friend.

Smith. So he is mine; and in such dangerous distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my happiness in life: and tho' I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my
sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I would not drop, but wail his fall
Who I, myself, struck down; and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from Miss Mildred's eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Second Soph. We shall, my friend,
Perform what you command us.

First Soph. Tho' our lives —

Smith. Your spirits shine thro' you.
Within this hour at most,
I will advise you of my plan.
Acquaint you with his evening plans,

The moment on 't; for it must be done to-night,
While Prex. is on the campus; always thought
That I require a clearness; and with him —
To leave no rubs or botches in the work —
Clarence, his chum, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his room-mate's, must embrace the
fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

Both Sophs. We are resolved, my friend.

[Exit Sophs.]

Smith. It is concluded. Jones, if honors you expect,
Our plans, will them, most direfully effect.

SCENE II.— Dining Hall — Banquet Prepared.

[Enter Smith, Mildred, Wilson, Johnson
and other gentlemen and ladies.]

Smith. Choose your own places; sit down: at first and
last a hearty good time.

[First Soph. appears at the door.]

Smith. [Approaching the door.] Is your work dis-
patched?

Soph. My friend, we drugged him, till he hath per-
formed deeds —
For which Prex. will fire him.

Smith. That is the best of the plan; yet 'tis well;
If thou didst the like for Clarence: upon sus-
picion
He to Prex. will "speel."

Soph. Most honored friend, Clarence is away.

Smith. Then comes my fit again: I had else been
perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,
bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.
But Jones 's safe?

Soph. Ay, my good friend; safe in his bed he bides,
With wild ideas in his head,
And deeds done against his nature.

Smith. Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the one that's
left,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-
morrow
We'll hear ourselves again.

[Exit Sophs.]

Mildred. My honored friend,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is dull
That is not often vouched, while 'tis a making,
'Tis received with joy and merry making.

Smith. Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Wilson. May 't please you Jones to sit.

[The vision of Prex. enters.]

Smith. Here had we now our classes' honor roofoed,
Were our noble classmate Jones present,
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance —

Johnson. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his class spirit. Please 't
our leader
To grace us with your honorable company?

Smith. The table's full.

Wilson. Here's a place reserved, sir.

Smith. Where?

Wilson. Here, by Miss Mildred. What is 't that moves
you, Smith?

Smith. Which of you have done this?

Gentlemen. What, my classmate?

Smith. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake thy
angry head at me.

Johnson. Gentlemen, rise; our classmate is not well.

Mildred. Sit, young men, my friend is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you keep
seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will be well again: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not.

[Aside to Smith.]

Are you a Junior?

Smith. Ay, and a bold one, too; that dare look on
that
Which might appall a Senior.

Mildred. [Aside to Smith.] O, proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air drawn fake sheet, which, you
said,
Led you to examination.
O, these flaws and starts,

Impostors to true fear, would well become,
A co-ed.'s story of a midnight spread,
When startled by "Madam." Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces?
When all's done, you look but on a stool.

Smith. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say
you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak,
too.

[Vision vanishes.]

Mildred. What, quite unmanned in folly?

Smith. If I stand here, I saw him.

Mildred. [Aside to Smith.] Fie, for shame!

Smith. Schemes have been laid in the olden time,
Ere the present honor system ruled the school;
Ay, and since, too, deeds have been performed
Too terrible for the ear; the time has been,
That, when a deed was done, unless it could
be proved,
That, was the end; but now he follows us
with
Knowing accusations in his looks
And pushes us from our stools; this is more
strange
Than the deed itself.

Mildred. My worthy friend, your noble classmates lack
you.

Smith. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and
health to all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some "frappe;"
fill full.

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
 And to our dear friend Jones, whom we miss;
 Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
 And all to all.

Juniors. Thou hast honors bro't to us.
 [Re-enter vision of Prex.]

Smith. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
 Thy sight is graceless, thy manner is cold;
 Thou hast much speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with!

Mildred. Think of this, my classmate,
 But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Smith. What man dare, I dare;
 Approach thou like the rugged football player,
 The angry proctor, or a "shower from
 heaven;"
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble: or cease to be a vision
 And dare me to the "sweat box" by thy
 word;
 If trembling I inhabit then protest me,
 The cowardly little prep.
 Hence, horrible shadow!
 Unreal mockery, hence!
 [Vision vanishes]
 Why so: being gone,
 I am a man again. Pray you sit still.

Mildred. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good
 meeting,
 With most admired disorder.

Smith. Can such things be,
 And overcome us like a summer cloud,

Without our special wonder? You make me
 strange
 Even to the disposition that I owe.
 When now, I think, you can behold such
 sights,
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
 When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Johnson. What sights, Jones!

Mildred. I pray you speak not; he grows worse and
 worse;
 Question enrages him. At once, good night:
 Do not wait, but go at once.

Wilson. Good night; I will attend our classmate to
 Main Building.

Mildred. A kind good night to all.
 [Exit.]

Smith. [Aside.] Tomorrow I will to the weird sisters.
 More shall they speak; for now I am bent to
 know,
 By the worst means, the worst.
 [Exeunt all.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.— Under stone arch. In middle, a boiling
 cauldron. Thunder.

[Enter Three College Spirits.]

First Spirit. Thrice the college yell is given.
Second Spirit. Thrice and once, the football yell.
Third Spirit. Hark! the chiming of the bells.
First Spirit. Round about the cauldron go;
 In the poisoned larup throw.

Baked potatoes, prunes, and beans,
 Codfish gravy, by all means.
 Get bingo aged as you can,
 Boil thou first in the charmed pan.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Spirit. By the pricking of my thumbs
 Something wicked this way comes.
 Open locks,
 Whoever knocks. [Enter John Smith.]

Smith. How, now, you secrete, black, and midnight
 hags!
 What is 't you do?

All. Working out unknowns.

Smith. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
 Howe'er you came to know it, answer me:
 Tho' you turn on H_2S and let it poison all the
 students;
 Tho' you manufacture dynamite and blow the
 buildings up;
 Tho' the water tower should slope its head to
 its foundation;
 Tho' the locks on Margaret Hall should all fly
 open;
 Even till the hour of eleven;
 Answer me to what I ask you.

First Spirit. Speak.

Second Spirit. Demand.

Third Spirit. We'll answer.

Smith. My heart throbs to know one thing; tell me, if
 your art
 Can tell so much: Shall Wm. Jones
 Ever outrank me in this college?

All. Seek to know no more.

Smith. I will be satisfied; deny me this,
 And an eternal curse fall on you!
 Let me know.
 Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is
 this? [A sound of college yells.]

First Spirit. Show!

Second Spirit. Show!

Third Spirit. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
 Come like shadows, so depart.
 [A show of stereopticon views, each represent-
 ing some college contest or occasion of hon-
 or, Jones follows.]

Smith. What, will the line stretch out to the crack of
 doom!
 Horrible sight! Now, I see 'tis true;
 For Jones, whom I fear smiles upon me,
 And points at them for his.
 What, is this so?

First Spirit. Ay, sir; all this is so; but why
 Stands John Smith thus amazedly?
 Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
 And show the best of our delights:
 I'll charm the air to give a sound,
 While you perform your antic round:
 That this Junior lad may kindly say,
 Our duties did his welcome pay.
 [Spirits vanish.]

Smith. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious
 hour
 Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
 Helloa there!
 [Enter Wilson.]

Wilson. What's up now, Smith?
Smith. Saw you the spirits?
Wilson. No, my friend.
Smith. Came they not by you?
Wilson. No, indeed; my friend.
Smith. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did
hear
The motor whistle: Has the mail been de-
livered?
Wilson. A letter from Prex. awaits you.
Smith. A letter from Prex.?
Wilson. Ay; your deeds are known.
Smith. Come, let us go and see.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Motor Depot. Smith waiting with his
trunk for the motor.

[Enter Wilson.]

Smith. Wilson, I am sick at heart;
I have stayed long enough; my college life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany college days

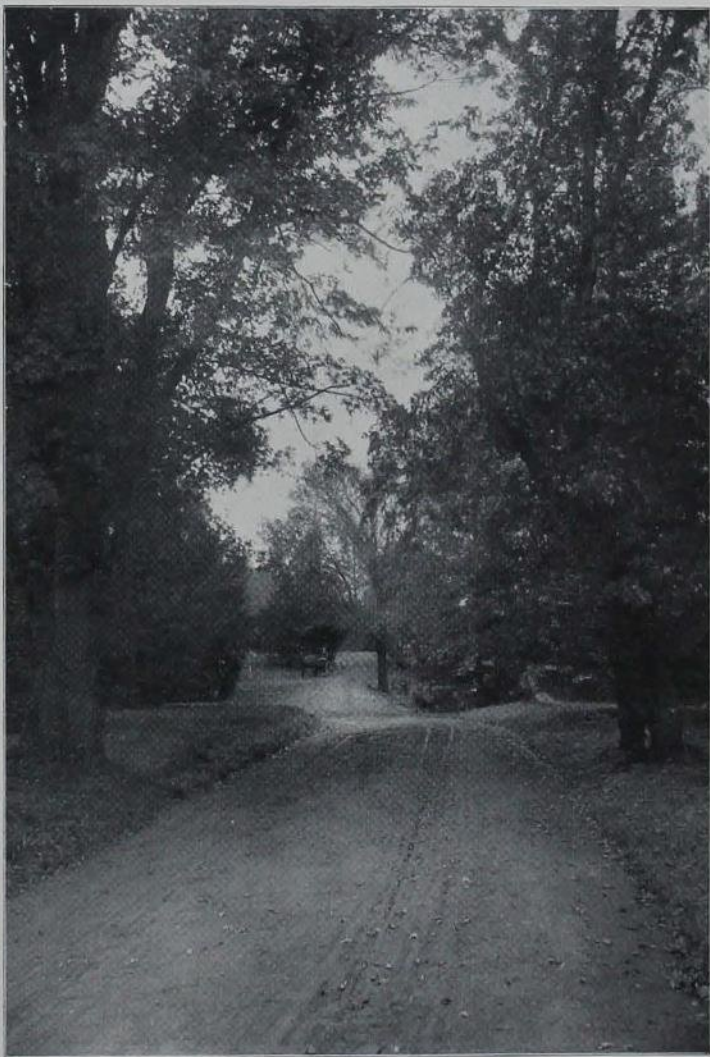
As honour, love, graduation, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, loud and deep, disgrace, humiliation,
Which my poor heart would fain deny, but
cannot.

[Enter Johnson.]

Smith. What news more?
Johnson. All is confirmed, my friend, which was re-
ported. I should report that which I say
I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Smith. Well, say it, sir.
Johnson. As I did stand, watching o'er the campus,
I looked toward Margaret Hall, and I saw
Mildred and Jones stroll toward Agricultural
Hall.

Smith. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

[Motor enters and whistles. Smith enters
car. Motor whistles and exeunt.]



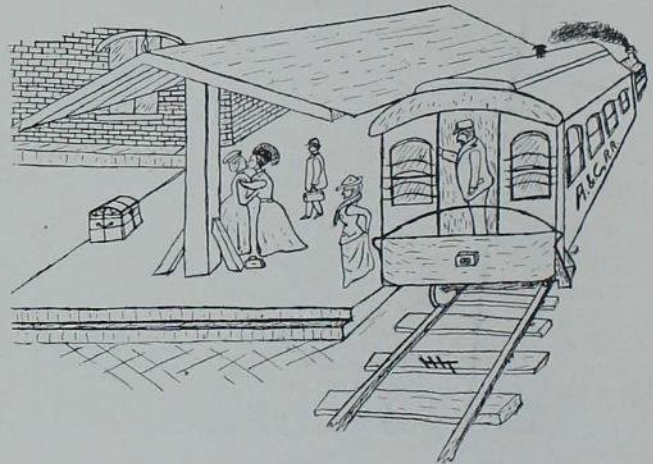
DRIVE—NORTHEAST FROM MUSIC HALL.

Calendar

February

'T WAS winter, yet with promises of spring ;
The lengthening days with bright and cheery sun
Told of warm days and blooming flowers to come.
At such a time the glad vacation closed,
The students left their resting and their toils,
And packing all their wealth in trunk and box,
Prepared to enter college halls once more ;
So, bidding fond farewells to mother dear
And sweetheart true, with mingling joy and pain,
They turned their faces toward their college home
And traveled I. S. C.-ward. A few short hours —
And lo ! they met and greeted college friends
And talked and chatted of the winter time,
And how the glad vacation had been spent,
And of the future time, as well, and how
The coming weeks, 'mid books, in " labs " should pass
Away. The bashful " Freshie " and the " Prep,"
Donned in their " Sunday best," their brand new ties
And shiny shoes, were welcomed to our midst.
The friendly Soph attended to their wants,
And always gave them help when asked, and often
When 'twas not. 'Twas they who earnestly assured
The Freshman laddie of his bright tin cup
When buying books and pencils at the store,
And, in his innocent, believing heart

He cherished the glad thought and sought the gift,
But poor deceived laddie ! was denied.
So the Freshie learned his lessons, some in books
And some without, while the Senior and the Junior,
Looking backwards in the past, saw themselves,
Shy, timid Freshmen — saw themselves as others saw them.



March



AND soon the usual March weather came ;
The strong wind turned umbrellas wrong side out,
And blew about the locks of maidens' hair.
And now from fights of war, came Lincoln back,
Came back to work and teach within our midst,
To teach the verdant Freshman how to "Hep,"
And how to fight, and how to be as brave
As boys in blue when facing Spanish foes ;
And all for freedom and our country's sake.
On the eleventh day at four o'clock
Arrived the guests at Margaret Hall — professors
With their wives, and some without — and students, too,
To sip a cup of tea and wafers eat,
And chat and visit till the hour of six.
On that same day, the students boarding
At Hotel de Cavell, found a table
Where, hereafter, they might eat their daily meals.
No more need to rush and stir when meal-time comes.
No need of wond'ring where to "feed our faces,"
No need of rising when the warning rings,
To hunt a vacant chair and find our places.
When evening came, the literary folks
Displayed their wisdom, skill and eloquence,
Exhibited true wit and learning great
And were applauded by the ones who heard.
Ere the month had slipped away, came the news
That death had entered in the class of 1902,
Entered, and, with little warning, took from them
A friend and class-mate, Edward Griffin.
Upon the night of the thirty-first,
Our friends in music entertained us all
With softest strains of harmony and sweetest songs
And so, with these events, March slipped away
And gave the time to April's summer days.

April

WHEN April days at first were ushered in,
They brought two guests, unwelcome and
unbid,—

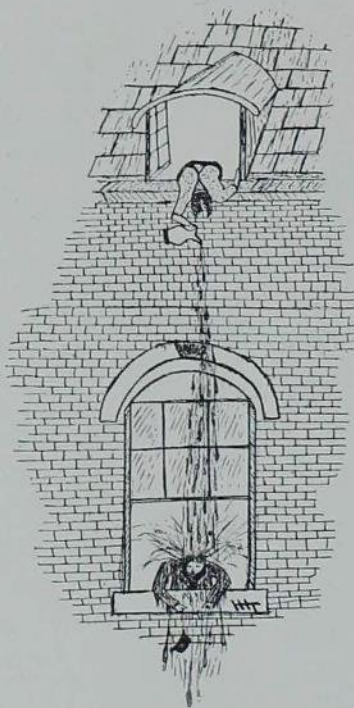
The puffed-up Mu.nps and speckled Measles red
That kept their Freshman victims for a week in
bed.

And then, upon the fifth and sixth and seventh,
The men who raise and tend the woolly sheep,
Convened upon our grounds to hear and to be
heard—

Among the visitors at this event.

A guest of Sophia Schott was here, her "Uncle
Ben."

When the eighth arrived, the Ottumwas came,
They came and sang to us their sweetest songs,
And all the ladies fair, with one accord,
Did lose their hearts because of one fine voice,
And afterwards found out that voice had won
A maiden's heart, that, to his own, was wed.
But often sorrows mingled with our joys,
And now arrived the news, that, on the eleventh,
In a distant western state, occurred the death
Of Robert Combs, a friend and kind instructor.
And memories now recall his thoughtful words
And willing help that lessened many tasks.
One night, the girls in No. 17
Invited sixteen of their jolly friends



To come "dressed up" and spend the eve with
them.

"Siamese twins" and ghosts and colored folks
were there

And witches, too, with long, black floating hair,
Who filled the room with noise, and filled them-
selves as well.

And soon Miss Paddock left her college friends
To spend a busy year in Washington.
She left her mattress for her sister Flo;

"Fat" took it up to No. 17;

Above the door a wishbone you might see,
And these few words, "To be or not to be."
Upon the eighteenth, Geo. R. Wendling came,
And told us of "The Man of Galilee."

In three days more 'twas college "Day of
Prayer,"

And Pres. Finley from Knox College came
To cheer and help, encourage and inspire.

Upon the twenty-eighth, "The Passion Play"
Attracted people near and far away,

Who came to see the pictures, large and small,
And hear what Lewis said about them all.

But April days soon passed with many showers,
That clothed the trees with green and woods with
flowers.

May

WHEN May days came, so many things took place
We cannot give them all for lack of space.
Each class looked forth to field day on the fifth
With interest, and hope that they might win.
Again the Chinooks gained the silver cup
And long and loud their praise was shouted up.
One night, between the hours of eight and nine,
Two naughty lads, whose lessons were unlearned,
Climbed up the fire-escape at Margaret Hall;



But ere they reached the top-most round, were heard,
And lo! a maiden, generous and kind,
Sent "showers of blessings" down upon their heads.
Upon the ninth we heard the Junior speakers named,—
McBirney, Nowlan, Down, and Nicholas,
Taylor, Ellis, Schott, and Diller, too,
And Egger and Peshak were those declared
The most successful workers of the Profs.
Next night, Noit Avrats with their ladies fair
Betook themselves d. t. to get filled up
And there were reassured the truth oft told,
"Civilized man cannot live without cooks."
Upon the twelfth the Xanhos met their friends,
Their Toohoo friends, within the chapel walls;
They sang to them and wished them joy and cheer,
And entertained and feasted till the hour of twelve.
That night, some tar was *some how spilled* upon the walk;
Professor Summers and his wife came by,
"It's only dew," he said, but reaching down to feel,
He found the *dew* quite hard to be removed.
Upon the nineteenth day, De Motte was here
Again to lecture as he did last year.
And now before the month had passed away,
Death, unexpected and unthought of, came again,
And snatched from out our midst, a bright young man,
Mr. G. S. Watters, of the class of 1902.
When May and May-time happenings were o'er,
Much busier times awaited than before.

June

WHEN June's warm, cheery days were ushered in,
We knew, in three weeks more, we'd be at home
And taste, once more, our mothers' things to eat.
Yet, one June night, before the lights were out,
Three girls, with wondrous candy-making powers,
Became ahungered for some home-made sweets.
Their names, you know, are Flora, Grace, Lucille.
No larup now on hand! What could be done?
As quick as thought, a crippled curling iron was seized,
A long, stout string tied to the broken part,
And, from the balcony above, let down;
It hooked the handle of a larup jug
And, slow but sure, the larup jug arose.
Now, when the second day arrived, Rabbi Hirsch
Told us of the Jews and of their Jewish land.
Upon the ninth, our worthy Chinook friends
Betook themselves into the woodlands gay,
And feasted there on genuine things to eat —
On sandwiches and coffee "a la mode,"
And cake and pickles, pie and luscious fruit,
And then, when evening came, they wandered back,
Filled with happiness and sweetmeats rich and rare.
One night, in Margaret Hall, when lights were out,
Three ghosts came round to each girl's door and knocked;
And there they stood, all clad from head to foot,
In long, white garments, trailing on the floor.

They spoke in voices, strange and hideous;
Some girls were scared, and locked their doors and hid,
But some were brave enough to strive with ghosts
And found out who their midnight callers were.
Upon the twenty-first our work was done,
Our lessons said, examinations passed,
And trunks packed up to start for home at last.
The Junior speakers on that night appeared;
They sawed the air awhile and made their speech
To let us know they'd studied elocution.
And then we hurried to our homes away,
Some north, some south, some east and others west,
And hailed with joy our glad vacation time —
Our five short summer weeks for toil and rest.



August

THE summer days with swiftness sped away,
And, ere we were aware, vacation passed.
When August's first warm sultry days came on
Again we sought our college home and friends,
Ambitious Academics first appeared,
The Freshmen entered ere the Profs arrived,
And worthy Sophs a few days later came ;
Ere long the Toohoos joined their college friends ;
But last of all, the Seniors poked along,
And entered school a whole week late or more.
Yet, in a little while, our work was planned,
And Prep and Senior both, mid summer heat,



Toiled in their labs and at their books with sweating brows.
One day the people from the city came —
The Sunday School — with baskets, large and small,
With baskets filled with home-made things to eat.
They spread their grub before our very eyes
And let us watch them eat their cakes and pies ;
And when they all were filled, they went their way
And left for us their doughnut scraps and melon rinds.
Upon the evening of the twenty-fifth,
The boys who promised sure they'd fight all fires,
Did their first meeting hold, for fear that soon,
There'd be some blazing fires that they must fight.
And when the thirty-first and last day came,
From all parts of our state, Alumni folks arrived.
The generous-hearted boys cleaned up their rooms,
For these much-honored guests, and went d. t. themselves.
That night, Athletic folks did serve ice cream
And gather in the dimes to fill their purse.
And now it happened that, ere bed-time came,
A laundry agent took his washing round, —
Five letters spell his name ; we call him Fritz —
At one friend's door he rapped, but no "come in" was given.
And so at once he opened wide the door
To lay the bundle in ; but mighty quick
He turned away with "Please excuse me, ladies."

September

UPON the first of this autumnal month,
 Alumni folks still stayed upon our grounds,
 With nothing else to do but hold their meetings,
 At banquet tables feast, and some, 'tis said,
 Stole off from other friends to be alone and spoon.



Upon the fourth, Professor Meeker and his wife
 Invited college boys and college girls
 To black their faces, dress in costumes gay,
 And to attend a cake-walk on the evening of that day.
 Miss Stevens, with her hair in pig-tail braids,
 And dressed in gaudy gown, was winner of the cake.



Ere long, some hungry girls, though penniless,
 Hit on a scheme whereby to earn some chink.
 Ten cents for scrubbing floors, five for dusting rugs,
 Ten for a plate of fudges was their price.
 They sewed on buttons, mended, darned and stitched
 Through all the livelong day until its close.
 When evening came, they spent their money for a good square
 meal

And penniless and hungry next morning they arose.
 Upon the eleventh, in the afternoon,
 We were addressed by President MacLean, of S. U. I.,
 Who talked to us upon "The Secret of Success."
 And soon the Xanhos met their Freshman friends
 And welcomed and received them in their midst,
 And named them "Erehas," meaning "It is good."
 Upon the twenty-third was Home Field meet
 Between the Freshmen and the Sophomores,
 In which the Xanhos were victorious.
 Dr. Henson, on the twenty-ninth,
 Lectured on the simple subject "Fools,"
 And each one went away, a wiser fool,
 A bigger fool, than he had been before.
 Next day our football boys played with Cornell,
 And back our mighty Cyclones came victorious,
 Announcing that the score was thirty-two to "zip,"
 And so a glorious victory crowned September's closing days,
 And to our worthy Cyclones was given hearty praise.

October

OCTOBER came with glorious autumn days
That turned the leaves to golden hues and red.
Again our famous Cyclones made their mark,
For this month, two more victories they gained,
With students from our nearest sister states,
Nebraska, and from South Dakota, too.
They battled long and hard, then home they came,
The winners in the fierce and hot contests.
Two battles, too, they lost, with Minnesota and with S. U. I.
And then found out that there were other blackbirds in the
pie.

Upon the fourteenth we were entertained
By the Ladies' Orchestra from Boston town,
And were enraptured by the sight of pretty gowns,
And by the music from the instruments.
And Thos. Dixon, two weeks afterwards,
Talked to us on the subject of "Backbone."
One day, our Prof in elocution class,
For some good reason had to be away,
And so he asked a lad — most often known as "Sis" —
To teach his class and hear them speak their piece.
So well he did himself, and taught them, too,
With gesture, all original and new,
The Prof himself declared no one would know,
Or even guess he'd studied elocution.
Upon the eighteenth was the Junior Trot;
The ladies had a chance to choose their beaux,
And with them "trotted" till the hour was late;
Then to Hotel de Cavell found their way,
And there made merry till the evening wore away.
One night a rare, unusual affair took place.
A lad a strange adventure planned to take,



And took it, too. To Margaret Hall he came,
Climbed up the fire-escape and entered 47.
"Man in the hall" was echoed here and there,
So out the window he betook himself,
And sat upon the roof for full two hours,
And then, when all was still, came in again,
And, bidding fond farewell to maiden fair,
Descended as he came and went his way.
A few days more, he packed his little trunk
And said "good-bye" and took a journey home.

When Hallow Eve arrived, some thoughtful lads
Bereft us of our table silverware,
And for two meals, we ate with jack-knives or with pointed
sticks,
And spread the butter on our bread with paddles or with
keys.
Then, too, they put a piggie in the hall,
And "Pig in the hall" was echoed here and there;
It frightened city maidens half to death,
But they, in turn, did scare the piggie worse.



November

AND NOW the busiest days of all were here,
Exams. to "cram" for, and the flunks to fear.
Upon the third, the Normal people came,
Debated with our boys, then went their way
With feelings much more sorrowful than gay.
"Who's all right?" was shouted far and near,
And "Rommel, Perrin, Sheldon" is the response we hear.
Next day our gallant military boys
Betook themselves a mile or two away
And fought a battle, fierce and hard and long;
The first battalion lost, the second won.
The soldier boys came home to dinner, tired and late,
And ate whate'er they found to put upon their plate.
And now, about this time, one Peterson,
With anxious, troubled and inquiring look,
Went seeking, here and there, for something lost;
For, from his room, a few short days before,
His sweetheart's picture had been taken down.
And still, they say, he's searching all about,
To get his picture back and find the culprit out.
About this time the mail brought to the boys
Some little yellow letters, which read thus:
"Be sure to get your lady in at seven,
Or have your trunk packed so that you can leave."
And much they talked—the lads and lassies, too—
And feared and wondered what they next would do.
Our famous football boys played with Grinnell,
And, though they played with wondrous skill and
power,
Yet were defeated, and Grinnell went home
The happy victor of that afternoon.
Again, they played the schoolmarms at the Falls,
Yet no one won, and no one lost the game,
And so we—thought their skill was much the same.

Then, Dr. Willitts, on the seventeenth,
Addressed us on the subject of "Sunshine,"
And told us all to count our blessings rich
And to do good, not murmur nor repine.
The closing days with graduation came—
The busiest times in all the student's life.
Alumni folks, the Seniors now became,
And Juniors, Seniors, dignified and great.
"Good-byes" were said, which ends my verse and rhyme,
And thus ended the year of Ninety-nine.



The Campanile

O H, hark! what breaks upon the air
Of lovely green, of campus fair?
What sounds well out upon the breeze?
What beautiful harmony blends from these?
'Tis metal music clear and sweet,
Soft echoes the refrain repeat,

Peal after peal

It bursts from yonder Campanile.

Thy stately spire thou raisest high
O'er hall and tree toward the sky,
A gem upon the campus set
As jewel on gold coronet;
Thy bells a monument of art
By loving hands for noble heart;

Peal after peal

Their music swells, fair Campanile!

Ring out, ring out, thou ten-tongued tower,
Peal forth thy home's benignant power,
Ring out with all thy might and main
Throughout fair Iowa's blooming plain,
Resound in ev'ry grove and glen,
Make known to homes and minds of men—

Peal after peal—

Thy mission grand, fair Campanile.

Thy warning comes at morning's light;
Throughout the day, at fall of night,
Thy face we see, thy voice we hear,
Reminding us, through eye and ear,
That hours perish, moments fade,
And straightway to our charge are laid.

Peal after peal,

Thou toll'st their fate, fair Campanile.

How sweetly sound thy notes at eve,
When day-light takes its ling'ring leave!
How soothing is thy softer strain
To caring mind and weary brain!
And as we stroll 'neath green of bough,
And friendship's bonds are bound, ring thou—

Peal after peal—

Thy sanction sweet, dear Campanile.

But soon we part for weal or woe,
Each in his field his seed to sow;
And oft, at labor's close, at night,
Fond memory flies a backward flight
To thy green home, to that sweet time,
When last we heard thy classic chime—

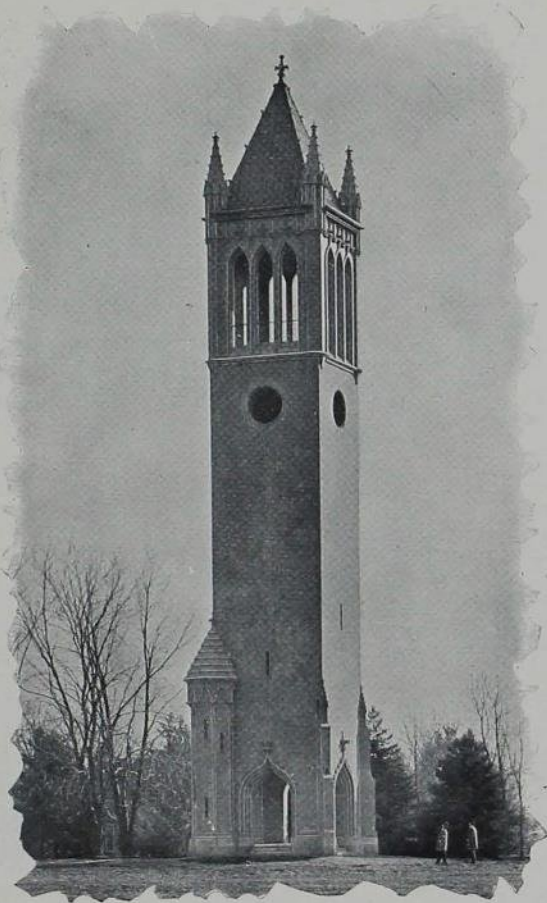
Peal after peal—

Take wings from thee, old Campanile.

The closing century saw thee rise,
The opening one before thee lies;
Year after year thy gaze will meet,
Class after class thy voice will greet;
Thy sound will many a mind incite
To stand for manhood, truth, and right,

Peal after peal,

Tune thou the soul, fair Campanile.



CAMPANILE.

The Campanile

IN memory of Margaret McDonald Stanton the Campanile has been erected. In 1871 she came to the Iowa State College as a member of its first faculty, being preceptress and teacher of French and English. In 1875 she became assistant in Mathematics, and on February 22, 1877, she was united in marriage with Professor E. W. Stanton, then as now Professor of Mathematics in the college. She remained preceptress from 1871 to 1879, during which time the great problem of co-education was before the people, which problem Mrs. Stanton did much to help solve. As a teacher she was very successful and was loved for her devotion and tact in the varied duties she was called upon to perform. By her perfect womanliness, by her sweet sympathy with those in distress or those in gladness, by her earnest wishes and efforts for the best welfare of the College she endeared herself to everyone with whom she came in contact. She loved the college for its own sake, for the wondrous possibilities that she saw embraced in its scope and plan. She rejoiced in the prosperity of any measure or person that would promote the welfare of the college and today, in honor of her whose death occurred July 25, 1895, the chimes peal out in sacred, loving remembrance.

The erection of the tower was begun by the state in 1897 and completed in 1899. Architect G. E. Hallett, of Des Moines, made the design, which has been most highly commended by architectural journals. The clock was purchased of the Seth Thomas Clock Company. The bells were cast at the foundry of John Taylor & Co., Loughborough, England, one of the oldest and most notable firms of bell founders in the world. The chime was cast with the greatest care and very rigidly tested by Mr. Arthur Page, F. R. C. O., who gives the highest praise to the peal.

The inscriptions on the bells are especially beautiful and appropriate. They are as follows:

- "And soften down the rugged road of life."—*Kirk White.*
"Ring merrily, ye chimes, evermore."—*Charles MacKay.*
"Harmonizing this earth with what we feel above."—*Shelley.*
"My language is understood all over the world."—*Hayden.*
"Every deed of goodness done is like a chord set in the heart."
—*Thomas Macklelan.*
- "Sweet on the evening air
Sounds the vesper chime to prayer."
"And ring a thousand memories
At vesper and at prime."—*Coxe.*
- "Music is the child of prayer,
The companion of religion."—*Chateaubriand.*
"A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."—*Proverbs, XXXI: 30.*
"Then pealed the bells more loud than deep;
God is not dead; nor heroes sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail —
With peace on earth, good-will to men."

Ghosts of the Nineteenth Century

G RIM science declares that there are no ghosts and goes on to say that the pale lady who glided at night through haunted halls, ever waiting the return of her faithless lover; and the headless apparition seen on moonlight nights among the tombstones of the country churchyard, were very poetical creatures, but in reality nothing but the products of the imagination. It is a world of stern reality that we live in today. We slay no dragons, but these of our own weaknesses, now. And science, with unrelenting hand, has filtered the sea of all its nymphs, driven all our fairies away from our woods and fields and at last has turned the powerful lens of the telescope upon the weird, shy ghosts until they, too, have vanished.

Yet in spite of all science may say, there are ghosts, dim specters, that still haunt this old world of ours, and I myself received a visit from a ghostly band not long ago.

Margaret Hall with its one hundred inmates was wrapped in silence broken only by the occasional sound of a mouse in quest of a midnight luncheon. I was sitting in my room listening dreamily to the soft drip of the rain outside. The hands of the little clock on the mantel marked the hour as midnight, and the little brass lamp on the table cast a weird, uncertain light over the room, and threw fantastic shadows upon the walls. A huge volume of political economy lay in my lap, but my thoughts were busy with the unsolved problems, not of political economy, but of life.

When suddenly without the slightest warning, the door swung noiselessly back on its hinges, and the strangest procession entered. No sound was uttered, but with awful solemnity they filed in and began arranging themselves about the room. What a strange crowd they were. Some were so tall and thin that it seemed a breath would blow them away, while others were short and fat. But all had the same round, solemn eyes, and all were clothed alike in a simple garment that reaching from their heads to their heels completely enveloped them, and resembled a page torn from some gigantic book. And still these strange people kept coming until the room was filled to overflowing. They fixed their bright, piercing eyes upon me; they whispered to each other, and it seemed to me they said over and over again, "It is she. It is she." And they pointed skeleton fingers at me, until I began to grow cold with fear of I knew not what.

For what did it all mean? Who were they? Were they disguised college students intent on hazing me, or were they visitors from the spirit world?

At last grown desperate by their strange whisperings and accusing glances, I cried, "Who are you? And what do you want with me?" At this a shrill mocking laugh went around the room, and in a hollow chorus came the answer, "Why, we are the ghosts of the classes you flagged. Don't you recognize us?"

Ah, I understood it all now. How familiar some of them looked. That gaunt ghost in the corner was the ghost of a "Lit" class flagged only that morning. That grinning group by the door were all ghostly representatives of Chemistry classes flagged, over their trailing garments were scrawled reactions in characters that bore a horrible resemblance to my hand writing. How they leered up into my face. Bright eyed little French ghosts suspended themselves by one bony hand from the electric light wire, and gazed reproachfully down at me. A stern ghost of political economy seated himself by my side, and taking the book from my trembling fingers began to slowly turn the leaves. And so on around the room, every study taken at I. S. C. was represented. There was a large company of German ghosts, bearing upon their ample backs portions of "William Tell" and Schiller's "Maria Stuart." Botany ghosts were there in abundance. An unrelenting ghost of Domestic Economy laid a charred pie at my feet, the ghostly reminder of a catastrophe of long ago. There were ghostly representatives of Algebra, History and Rhetoric. But worse than all the other ghosts, were the tiny ghosts of Elocution. Their saucy little faces seemed to be everywhere. They teased the big German ghosts, they slyly pinched the grave ghost of Political Economy, and they quarreled long and bitterly with all the Literature ghosts.

And one and all, my unwelcome guests stared and whispered until I realized that flagged classes were bad enough, but their ghosts were a thousand times worse. When suddenly as though swayed by a common impulse, they fixed their glassy eyes upon my face and gazed long and reproachfully at me and cried, "Beware, lest we visit you again." And in another moment they were gone as mysteriously as they came, and I was again alone in my room with the little clock merrily ticking off the seconds.

Reflections of the Dragon

YES, I am only the Dragon, I know, and I have grown weather-stained and old as I have sat here year after year in my place above the dining room door, watching all you students, and the love scenes, the comedies, and sometimes the tragedies that I have seen enacted in your lives, for the old Dragon has sharper eyes than you think. And you, editors of the Bomb, say that you want me to give you a love story. Ah! yes. I could tell you some, for many love a week, some a month, and a few for years, for now-a-days man is fickle and woman is weak, and vows are made only to be broken.

Let me see! It was years ago; it all happened just after I had been fastened into my place. He was a Sophomore then and a favorite of mine. He always had a bright smile and a pleasant word for every one. I had often heard him say that falling in love was foolish and absurd, but when I saw him often watching with open admiration a pretty little Freshman girl, I began to fear that, perhaps, he had fallen another victim to one of Cupid's arrows.

Soon he began to flag classes and ruin his clothes in his untiring efforts to bring her the earliest violets and cowslips, and he cheerfully sacrificed his last quarter in purchasing her the latest songs, while she laughed and flirted and accepted his gifts with the provoking complacency of womankind, snubbed him on every occasion and called him "The Man with the Necktie," because of his unhappy weakness for neckties of vivid and startling hues.

But as the months slipped by and he became a Junior, and she celebrated her Sophomore dignity by assuming long skirts and done-up hair, she ceased to tyrannize over him; and although I am told that the rules of Margaret Hall strictly forbade it, they would take long walks together in the quiet evenings. And sometimes I would see her looking at him as a woman looks at only one man in the world. Then came his senior year. How manly he had grown, and some way he had lost his taste for brilliant neckwear; perhaps she had something to do with it, for she was changed, too, with a new dignity and charm in her manner I had never noticed before. It might have been that the diamond solitaire that sparkled on her left hand gave her new dignity. They were always together now, and I remember thinking that if ever two people in the world loved each other, they did.

But one evening they quarreled and parted at the Y in the walk, and the next morning when I saw her start for class, and the morning sunshine fell around her, there was no answering sparkle from her left hand. I thought they would make it up by the next day; but the days slipped by and became weeks, and the weeks lengthened out into months. And still those two who cared more for each other than anything else in the world seemed perfectly oblivious to each other's existence.

Sometimes I would hear her friends discussing it as they strolled past me. They seemed to think it was better so, for she was talented, they said, and was destined for something higher than the role of housekeeper. She would devote herself to her life-work, and would soon forget this infatuation, for love is only infatuation after all. And as for him — well, men never loved very deeply, anyway. But I, the old Dragon, knew human hearts better than they.

In the next few weeks she was gay and sad by turns. But her old bright laugh lost all its mirth. And was it all Political Economy that made her say so wearily, sometimes, that life was hardly worth the living? And he — in the early morning I often heard him coming home singing in a high, unsteady voice that told of unsuccessful attempts to drown trouble. But the night before graduation, when only the stars and I kept watch, I saw a lonely figure that stole from out the shadow of the Main Building, and walked slowly along the old path where they had so often walked together and lingered under the pine that she loved, and I knew that he had not forgotten.

And the next day the drayman carted away the last trunk, there were hand-clasps and hurried farewells, and the motor bore away the last student, and I was again alone with the silent campus and my own thoughts. When the north wind blew long and loudly over the deserted tennis courts, and the snows wrapped me close in their thick, white blanket, I thought often of those two favorite children of mine, foolish old Dragon that I was. When spring came, long before the first robin appeared, I began to watch for a certain fair head and listen for a well known step. But I watched in vain, and weeks later I learned her father had failed, and there was no money now for a college education.

And so eight years slipped by. Professors had come and gone, hundreds of other students had laughed and sung and strolled upon the campus, since I had watched the unfolding of that simple little romance. As the eighth year drew to a close and the leaves began to grow scarlet and gold, heralding the approach of another winter, there came another Alumni meeting, and the boys and girls of other days came trooping back to their Alma Mater. Among them I saw my little fair-haired girl. She was a woman now, and what a magnificent woman she had become. From snatches of conversation that I overheard I learned that she had become famous, just as her friends had prophesied she would in the old days. He was back, too, although I hardly recognized in the bearded man the impulsive boy of eight years ago.

Was it all an accident, or was it some good angel, that made them meet at the Y in the walk where they had quarreled so long ago? But I heard him say: "Must we let that foolish quarrel spoil both our lives?" Perhaps I am growing deaf, for I could not hear her answer; but on both their faces shown that "light that was never on land or sea."

In 1930

The western sky is all ablaze with the glory of an Iowa sunset until it rivals the beauty of the far-famed Italian skies, and the last rays of the setting sun linger with a touch of infinite tenderness upon a college campus. Is it a college campus? With those winding walks and stately buildings it seems more like some beautiful city. Around the corner of the stone gymnasium there comes a crowd of laughing girls evidently bound for the tennis courts and golf links. What types of physical perfection they are. Thirty years of physical culture has transformed the college girl.

Down by the fountain a merry group of Seniors are singing the old college songs, and the immense society hall opposite that for a quarter of a century has been the scene of debating victories and defeats, of parliamentary scraps and of bursts of Freshman oratory, forgetful of its dignity echoes back snatches of the chorus with college enthusiasm.

And just beyond them another noisy group of Freshmen, Academics and Juniors are discussing the thirtieth victory which was gained that week over Cedar Falls, and an impetuous Sophomore springing up cries, "Yes, L. S. C. is first in Athletics, first in Debate, and first in the hearts of her students." But his voice is drowned by the college yell that bursts from hundreds of throats. In the shadow of the new conservatory a couple are loitering, and she is listening half shyly to the story that is never old.

The birds have ceased their evening songs now, the katydids are singing long and shrilly in the dewy grass; the brilliant tints have faded from the western sky. And from the windows of the surrounding Boarding Halls there comes the glimmer of hundreds of lights, telling of battles being waged there with the same old indomitable enemies of college happiness, "Polit," "Trig," and "Calculus." And over in the north a lone star is keeping guard above the now silent campus.—*Anonymous.*

*Ef You
Don't
Watch
Out!*

THE little Freshman student's gone from home and friends
away,
An' has come to enter college, for four whole years to stay,
An' study at his lessons hard, an' do his work with care,
An' mind his teachers, kind and true, nor falter nor despair;
An' then, the other students, when the evenin' time is come,
They set round on the campus, an' has the mostest fun
A-tryin' to scare the Freshman with the things they tells about,
For Prexy'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Once't there was a Freshman lad wouldn't do his work,
An' ever'thing he's asked to do, he allus used to shirk;
His teachers tried to coax him an' tried to urge him on,
But he used to be a-playin' round as soon as they was gone.
An' now you're sent to college an' told to do your best,
An' ef you go a-foolin' round an' don't do much but rest,
Why, you'll wish, some time or other, 'at you hadn't been
foolin' 'bout,
For the Prof'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a Freshman girl 'ud allus laugh and grin,
An' be so noisy ever'wheres an' never care a pin;
An' once't she's in the library an' so many folks was there,
An' she mocked 'em an' she shocked 'em, an' she said she
didn't care!
An' thist as she put up her book, and turnt to go away,
Why, she felt, somehow, she's pretty glad she hadn't planned
to stay;
An' that she learnt a lesson then, I havn't any doubt,
An' the Librarian'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' then the students says, when evenin' time is here,
An' the weather's nice and pleasant, an' anything but drear,
An' ever'thing is quiet, an' the moon is bright,
An' the hour it seems so charmin' between the dark and light,
You needn't go out a-chumin', an' stayin' out too late,
An' sittin' under shade trees, until the hour of eight,
But study at your lessons that's waitin' all about,
Er the Preceptress'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Some Problems

WHAT is a Prep? A most timid creature
Who wears indescribable looks;
Whose earnest expression is his chief feature
Whether in dining hall or at his books.
A creature, who, when ladies he meets,
Oft forgets his hat to remove —
Who rushes ahead to secure the best seats —
To watch this it doth him behoove.

What is a Freshman? A verdant youth
Who, after his first term is o'er,
Begins to develop until, in sooth,
He poundeth his dishes no more.
A youth who once asked for the promised tin cup,
When buying his books at the store;
But now is content from our *china* to sup,
But at times yet "jams" at the door.

What is a Sophomore? An inspired creation,
Whose condescension is truly sublime;
But who proves to poor "Prexy" a constan
vexation,
And oft leaves I. S. C. 'fore his time!



A creation, whose ambitions to rise,
Have caused him great heights to surmount,
Who still hopes to win the great "Junior Ex."
prize,
So crams to the end of the count.

What is a Junior? A shining light,
Whose radiance shed all abroad,
Inspires the President with wild delight,
And all of his efforts applaud.
A light at whose brightness serene,
The meek Academic bows low,
And longs—"O, with these to be seen!"
Ah! some day he'll know—he'll know!

What is a Senior? A being sublime,
Whose mission in life here below,
Is to teach lesser lights how, in time,
They may the reflected light show.
A being with dignified mein,
Who follows brass bands all about —
Who at classes but seldom is seen,
And who understands working the Profs.



MAIN BUILDING AND MORRILL HALL.—FROM SOUTHEAST.

Looking Backward

BACKWARD, turn backward, O, Time! that has sped,
Make me young again ere life has fled;
Carry me back to my once college home,
Back to the place where my heart loves to roam.
Carry me back once more to abide
On the I. S. C. Campus, loved Iowa's pride.
Weary of life, and the weakness of men,
Dear Alma Mater, claim me again.

O, for the friends who have left us all,
You answer the roll that the angels call.
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I tonight for your presence again.
O, for the friendships, tried and true;
Friends of those days my heart calls for you.
True to our college, true to all men,
Dear Alma Mater, claim us again.

Claim us once more ere life's sinking sun
Warns us too late that our race is run.
There let us meet on the Campus green;
There let us rest. Can it be a dream?
What chimes do I hear so soft and sweet?
What means the tread of so many feet?
What voices are those? Ah! I list not in vain,
For dear Alma Mater claims us again.

Can it be true, or a vision fair,
Thus my soul stealing o'er, with the evening air?
For I see once again the friends of my youth;
We meet; we clasp hands; our hearts speak the truth.
There was one brown-haired girl in her Junior year
Left us; now she has won many laurels dear,
For the world is made better by the words from her pen.
Dear Alma Mater, we all hail thee again!

'Neath the old pine tree, on a clover spot—
Each tells her story—her accepted lot.
There's the tall, stately girl, whose beautiful face,
Has become the more lovely with her womanly grace.
And the short one, too, with knowledge assured,
As a physiognomist her fame is secured.
As we sing the old songs and friendships reclaim,
Dear Alma Mater we are happy again.

There's the one who assisted Domestic affairs,
She has lived for others; to lessen the cares
In a home of her own, known best by a few;
God's highest calling for womanhood true.
And the broad-minded girl, with the strong, iron will,
In the ranks of professors a grand work does she still.
But the sun sinketh low—with the keenest pain,
Dear Alma Mater we must leave thee again.

Yes, Dear Alma Mater, the years have been long
Since last we listened to the chimes' sweet song.
Peal out, then bells, in cadence sweet,
By the Campanile no more will we meet.
The shadows are falling and the vision fades.
The soft calm of life's slumber lowers its shades.
Heaven's blessings to all may the angels tell:
Dear Alma Mater—a last farewell.

A Reverie

WHEN the curtains of evening are falling,
And the day glides into night,
The deep heart voices seem calling
The soul to a better life.

'Tis during this peaceful hour,
As I sit in the gloaming alone,
That I most acknowledge the power
Of the One behind the throne.

And I think how the great All-Father
As He watches His children below,
Must wonder much at their doings,
And wish them His great love to know.

And it is at this evening hour
When the lights in Heaven are yet dim,
That He looks most compassionately earthward,
And pities the sinner, and sin.

So 'tis then that He sends his Angels
Clad in robes that do rustle and shine,
Whose mission it is to breathe courage
From that Grand Soul into mine.

And the inspiration it gives me
Fills my heart with that presence sublime ;
Gives a greater desire to press forward
To conquer and never repine.

To be in the conflict a victor,
To help others His goodness to know,
To never be conquered by Fortune,
But to rise thro' each hard crushing blow.

Until when the strife is all over,
And my Father calls me above,
I shall go to Him without a question,
And rest in His glory and love.

The Ten Commandments of Margaret Hall

- I. Remember the study hours to keep them quiet, for in them thou shalt not visit thy neighbor, and thy neighbor shalt not visit thee.
- II. Thou shalt not congregate in the hall and discuss thy neighbor's new gown, or who is to take thy neighbor to the next lecture. For doth not the rules of Margaret Hall say, "The halls shall be free from groups and noise at all times."
- III. Thou shalt not write letters to thy best friend after lights, neither shalt thou diligently study thy chemistry then, for there is a proper time for all things.
- IV. If there be many in a room and there be much noise there also, and suddenly the Preceptress come unawares, then shalt thou not seek refuge within the closet neither under the bed shalt thou flee.
- V. Thou shalt not yell vigorously for thy neighbor to hurry to class with thee; rather thou shalt go quietly to her room and ask her if she is ready to accompany thee.
- VI. Thou shalt not make fudges at midnight.
- VII. Thou shalt not study in the Madonna parlor.
- VIII. Thou shalt not grumble because the "grub" is poor, rather shalt thou eat with patience all that is set before thee.
- IX. Thou shalt not go "chumming" after chapel; for lo! this is an exceedingly great sin and if thou presisteth in it, a letter shall be written to thy folks, wherein thine iniquity shall be revealed.
- X. All these things and many more shalt thou not do that thy days may be long in the land of I. S. C.

Beatitudes

Blessed is he who climbeth up the fire-escape, for "showers of blessings" shall descend upon his head.



Blessed is the student that worketh the professor, for he shall be on Junior Ex.



Blessed is the man that disobeyeth the law, for the President himself shall correspond with him.



Blessed is he that roasteth his neighbor, for he shall be abundantly repaid.



Blessed is he who goeth beyond the limits of the law, for he shall be promoted to another college.



Blessed is the student that returneth late in the term, for his room shall be cleaned for him?



Blessed is the man that getteth up late, for a sick-meal shall be sent to him.



Blessed is the bashful student who eateth at a straight table, for his hunger may be abundantly satisfied.



Blessed is he whose persistence does not fail in seeking for his sweetheart's picture, for he shall receive his reward in the next world, if not in this.

The Tempest

WE were crowded in the closet,
Not a soul would dare to speak;
It was midnight on the campus,
But we girls were not asleep.

'Tis a fearful thing at college
To be laughing with uproar,
And to hear the preceptress calling,
"Please, come open up this door!"

So we shuddered there in silence,
For the bravest yelled, "Come in!"
While the fudges hissed and sputtered
And the lamp-light flickered dim.

And as thus we stood in darkness,
Each one snickering like a dunce,
"To your rooms!" the preceptress shouted,
"From that closet come at once!"

But our brave one answered calmly,
As she tried her mirth to hide,
"Be not angry, dear preceptress,
We will by thy laws abide."

Then we came out from the closet,
But we moved about with fear;
And we finished up those fudges
Ere the morn was shining clear.

A Parting

HENCEFORTH, they say, our paths must lie apart,
Another, they say, will claim your place in my heart,
You, the kindest friend I ever knew;
You, who ne'er betrayed my trust in you,
My Best Friend.

Though silent our friendship was the stronger,
The silent friendships last the longer,
For all human affections are fragile things,
That vanish away as with fairy winds,
My Best Friend.

Never a secret did you reveal,
Never a hurt from you did I feel;
You were always and ever the same to me,
And never a mistake of mine did you see,
My Best Friend.

And now we must part, they say;
You and I, who've been friends many a day,
For you must go your way, and I go mine,
But I'll never forget this friendship of thine,
My Best Friend.

We've taken our last walk together to class,
If I've treated you badly let it pass;
For where will I find a friend like you,
Who for two long years has been so true,
My German Dictionary.

Number Poem

ONE pretty maiden, happy and free,
Once entered our college at I. S. C.
Two were the objects she had in view,
To study a little and have some fun, too.
Three were the smiles that won to her side
A handsome young man, full of vigor and pride.
Four were the rivals she found that she had
When she first got a card from this very same lad.
Five were the moments she spent at the glass,
And then went to meet him — a sweet little lass.
Six were the dresses, all dainty and neat,
She purchased to make her look pretty and sweet.
Seven were the evenings they met every week,
To stroll on the campus, each other's company seek.
Eight were the letters she wrote to her friends,
To tell of her beau and the flowers he sends.
Nein was the answer she gave him at last —
The reward for the favors he'd shown in the past.
Naught were the chances again any time,
That came to this maiden, so here ends my rhyme.

An Episode

DOWN by the high and stony arch,
A great big wind, it blew,
It came a-sweeping by the park
An blew the woodlands through.
Above it was a lovely day
Just made for the loving pair;
The "spoons," as always is their way,
Were glad that they were there.
And then they talked of many things,
The girl was looking grave,
So they heard no rustling as of wind
That some boys above them made.
The hero's face began to glow,
His eyes they did not see
The mischief that above did grow
So wrapped in his theme was he.
At last, the lover waxed full bold,
"Oh, share my lot," he said;
Just here a large, white stone was rolled,
That nearly scared him dead.
The wicked boys had disappeared,
He did not watch them go,
He waited for the words he feared,
She firmly answered "No."

What's in a Name

WHAT is it that F. A. Schuetz?
What does Edith Foster?
Who does not Guy Roberts?
In what way is Frederick Stout?
Is Ray A. Walker?
What did Earnest Hall?
How would you like to Hall Thomas?
Who is Addie's Knight?
Shall we give John Moore (rope)?
Who calls Ella Down?
How often is Ora Wright?
What makes Helen Knapp?
How much is Mr. Hollingsworth?
Why is Edna White?
Whom has Sophia Schott?
Whom does Frisbie Suit?
Do you know how much Harry Wagers?
Where was Thomas Bourne?
Christopher Battles with whom?
What makes our Daisy Brown?
Why is Will Sweet?
When was John Young?
What is it that May Combs?
Is Geo. A. Taylor?
Is Hattie A. Pike?
Why did Gordon Dodge?
Can Norma Read?
What did Carl Steel?

Already, Yet, So Soon

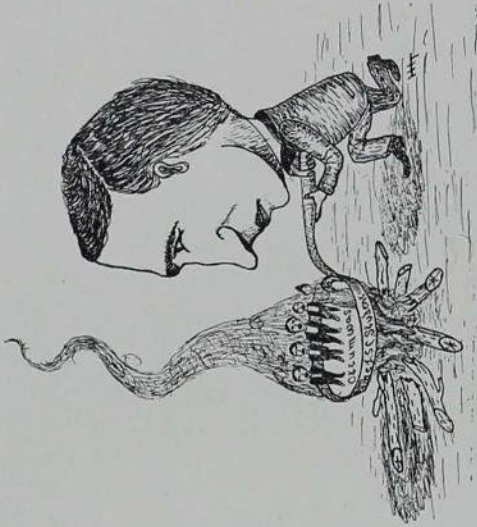
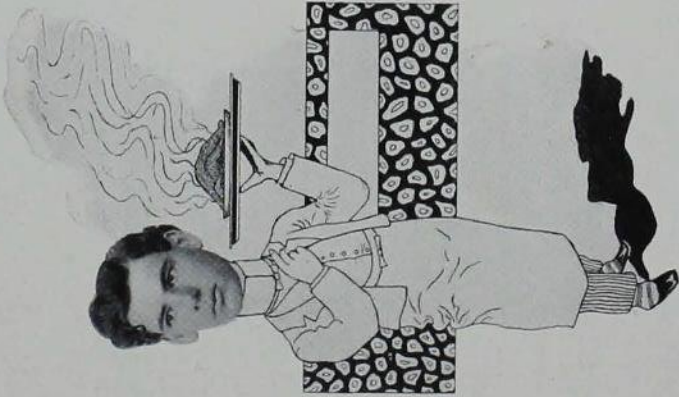
ONCE upon a lonely hour,
I gazed from old North Tower,
At the rare and radiant bower
They surnamed "Maggie Hall."
Alas! my heart was of hope denuded,
As I thought of maids deluded,
That madam kept secluded,
Behind those sacred walls.

I thought of breakfasts saddening,
Of dinners simply maddening,
And suppers but ungladdening,
Of all our unrequited toil.
I thought of most unkind compulsion,
To study, or undergo expulsion,
And it caused such revulsion,
That I took some Scott's Emulsion,
Of pure Cod Liver Oil.

I know I'm not proficient,
In a degree you'd call sufficient,
To be reckoned among poets efficient,
In the stuff they write unto the moon;
So for fear an ode of great dimension,
Would be to your nerve- too great a tension,
I will not keep you in suspension,
But close already, yet, so soon.

Falls

YOU have heard of the Falls of the jolly Cohoes,
And the falls which come with each year;
Of the wonderful falls you in childhood enjoyed,
And the falls of your pride which cost dear.
But the greatest of falls came with friend Cedar Falls
In the eloquence all went to hear,
For the purple and gold most complacently rose
With no tho't of defeat or of fear —
But the sorrow which came when the judge read the name
Of the winner, and made it all clear,
Filled the school-ma'amish heart with the wish to depart,
And they left I. S. C. with a tear!



Conundrums

Why was Mr. Wallace once like a road-grader? Because he was cutting Rhoades out.



What branch of mathematics does Mr. Stivers like best? Trigg.



What evidence is there that Mr. Adams is growing better? He is trying to get Wright.



What kind of steak does Miss Has Brock like best? Porter house steak.



When is a young man to be commended? When he tries to receive his reward of Merritt.



What book does Miss Younie most enjoy? Scott's "Lady of the Lake."



What reason has the Junior class for not fearing enemies? It possesses a Schott and a Pike.



Who possesses the more meekness, Prof. Meeker or his son? His son is a little Meeker.

Why is Prof. Newen's hair like heaven? Because there is no parting there.



Why is the library clock like a soda fountain? It is a hard thing to go by.



Why is Miss Ehlers like a gambler? Because she has such winning ways.



Why does Dr. Beardshear seem melancholy? He is a man of great size (sighs).



What scripture passage is applicable to college board? Heb. 13:8. "The same yesterday and today and forever."



Why is Mr. Smith like a restaurant dinner? Because he is always ready (reddy).



Why does Miss Schott like German verbs better than nouns? She would rather conjugate than decline.



What student has the best eyesight? Mitchell, because he can see Miles farther than anyone else.

Breaks

Prof. B.—What is effervescence ?

Class (in chorus)—Don't know.

Prof. B.—Why, didn't you ever open a bottle of — well probably not, but you have opened a bottle of pop, anyway.



Dr. S. (in veterinary medicine)—Mr. D—, in what way is pepsin useful?

Mr. D.—For making chewing gum.



Miss McG. (in Chem. Lab.)—O! my, I'm hot as —

McK.—Dutch love ?

Miss McG.—Why, what's that ?

McK.—Are you from Missouri ?

Miss McG.—Why, I don't see the joke.

(Miss McG. is still looking for some one to show her the joke.)



First Fresh.—Say, you orter been to zoology today.

Second Fresh.—Why ?

First Fresh.—Cause you orter heard the old boy spiel on Revolution of Animals and Transportation of Required Characters.



Dr. Harriman (physiology)—What causes the second sound of the heart beat ?

Mr. S.—The heart beating against the ribs.



Geo. McM.—Let me sell you a good second-hand military suit.

Prof. A.—Couldn't make use of one.

Geo. McM.—You don't know of any other guy that would like to get a good one cheap ?

Seen by a reliable party, Prof. Summers walking across the campus. Vouched for by H. H.



Prof. (in elocution class)—Miss L. you may give the lines, "Press the bashful stranger to his food."

Miss L. (after vain effort)—Prof, I can't exactly get the idea of *pressing* him.



Mr. D. W., of Des Moines—Well, Dr., this is the first time you have seen me out after recreation hours.

Dr. B.—It is not the first time you have been out, is it ?



E. R. T. (out walking one Sunday afternoon becomes poetical and exclaims)—What is so rare as a day in June.

E. R. M. (answered after a moment of meditation)—A Chinaman with a beard.



Mr. Stivers (in elocution class)—I come here to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

Prof.—You are turning your back on the bier (beer).



Professor—The word "maintenant" comes from the word "main," meaning "hand," and the word "tener," meaning "to hold"; therefore, the word literally means to "hold in hand" or "hand-holding."



Prof. Craig (to the class whose lesson was on the topic of spraying)—Mr. Mast, when would you begin to pray ?

Miss Wilson (in debate)—It is true that women paint a great deal, yet none of them have ever become great artists.

§

Visitor in Margaret Hall—They keep this building so nice and clean, just as they do for the insane.

§

Miss Placeway—Will you give the reaction that occurs when Na and H₂O are brought together?

Mr. Reynolds— $\text{Na} + \text{H}_2\text{O} = \text{NOAH} + \text{H}$.

§

Miss Allis (in French class)—Miss Has Brouck, how do you pronounce "Porter"?

§

Prof. Summers—How many of you can feel the thickened portion of your ear? Well, that is the rudiment of a long tip.

§

Prof.—All those whose name begin with J may sit in these chairs. I see we have four Jays in the class.

§

Mr. C.—I captured a man in the sham battle today.

Miss M.—I wish I had been there; I would have tried to capture a man, too.

§

E. M.—If Mr. Meecker did not order one of the BOMBS, I will take one.

§

Prof. Allen (in Geology)—Cannal Coal, suppose you tell us about that Mr. Bone, since it is kind of a freak.

Freshman (to Professor Dodge)—Who is the the guy that runs this shebang?

§

Miss J. M. Y. (in cooking class)—May we make ruffled eggs today.

§

Miss C. (in cooking class)—What gas causes bread to rise?
Miss K.—Carbolic acid gas.

§

Prof. N.—Why were Romeo and Juliet called star-crossed lovers?

J. M. Y. (after a moment of hesitation)—I suppose it was because they were lovers and love is made in the starlight.

Prof.—I think you will find that all love is not made in the starlight.

§

Prof. Pammel—Mr Lowe, give the definition of spontaneous generation.

John Lowe, '00—Spontaneous generation is the term used for those bacteria that never had any previous forefathers.

§

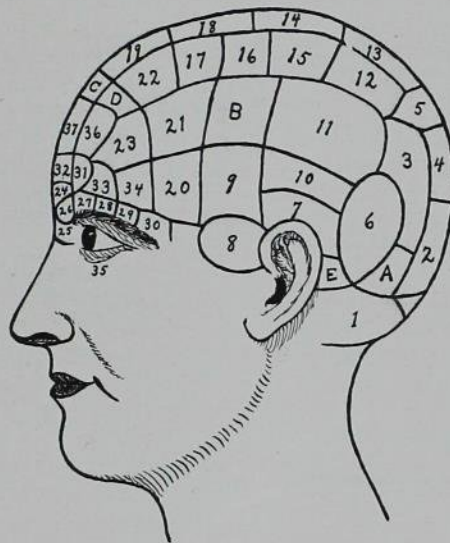
A young man upon being chided for addressing a young woman by her first name, writes the following note:

"Miss S——. I am very sorry if I destroyed your equanimity by my pronunciation of your appellation this morning, and as offender I most humbly beg your pardon.

Mr. B——."

The young man was pardoned.

1. Amativeness.
- A Conjugality.
2. Parental Love.
3. Friendship.
4. Inhabitiveness.
5. Continuity.
- E Vitativeness.
6. Combativeness.
7. Destructiveness.
8. Alimentiveness.
9. Acquisitiveness.
10. Secretiveness.
11. Cautiousness.
12. Approbateness.
13. Self Esteem.
14. Firmness.
15. Conscientiousness.
16. Hope.
17. Spirituality.
18. Veneration.
19. Benevolence.



20. Constructiveness.
21. Ideality.
22. Imitation.
23. Mirthfulness.
- B Sublimity.
24. Individuality.
25. Form.
26. Size.
27. Weight.
28. Color.
29. Order.
30. Calculation.
31. Locality.
32. Eventuality.
33. Time.
34. Tune.
35. Language.
36. Causality.
37. Comparison.
- C Human Nature.
- D Agreeableness.

Words of the Wise

"I look upon Phrenology as the guide to Philosophy and the handmaid of Christianity. Whoever disseminates true Phrenology is a public benefactor."—*Horace Mann*.

"The proper study of mankind is man."—*Fope*.

"The rage of the vicious, therefore, against Physiognomy is to me the most convincing proof, that in their hearts, they believe it."—*Lavater*.



No one science is entirely complete in itself, so in the study of phrenology, physiognomy plays an important part.

The diagram which has been printed shows the location of the faculties as recognized by well known phrenologists.

In the following delineations of characters, only the most prominent characteristics will be given:



RUTH MORRISON has time and tune well developed, ideality good; power of making friends good; would make an excellent nurse or teacher.



E. R. THOMAS—Amativeness or love of opposite sex abnormally developed; he has great ability to revise constitutions; business adaptation, a butcher; ambition, company for a trip (to California).



HENRY S. HOPKINS lacks in attentiveness, not always able to keep the place in text during Botany recitation.



NELLIE NICHOLAS can keep a secret; never tells how many girls a boy asks for; intuitiveness especially developed.

HOWARD ADAMS ever seeks the paths of truth and Wright; business adaption, a minister.



ESTELLA PADDOCK is capable of doing anything she desires.



J. P. LUND—Agreeableness abnormally developed; business adaptation, a politician.



HATTIE PIKE—Thoughtfulness for others especially cultivated; thoroughness and neatness are noticeable traits.



DAN WALLACE has a well developed head; very fond of home; has the faculty of always being agreeable and would therefore make a good editor.



JOE TARR is the first who seeks knowledge of self; conscientiousness well developed; he is reliable and honest in all his work.



ORA WRIGHT has perseverance and devotion to duty well developed, but she would rather be Wright than president.



CLARENCE GRIFFITH has self esteem so poorly cultivated that he is one of the most popular boys in school.



CLARE A. CAMPBELL is timid and afraid of mice. Originality is the strongest faculty.

GEO. M. ROMMEL — (Home making qualities are wanting) — He is tenacious, wants to boss, but bound to be successful; example, Cedar Falls debate.

✕

ED. SAVRE — Good-natured, honest; should cultivate firmness; business adaptation, machinist.

✕

LEROY WALKER can take responsibilities; oratorical powers good; should aim to hold some public office.

✕

C. M. PERRIN has remarkably strong will, can't is not written in his vocabulary; musical ability good.

✕

ALICE MERRITT — Always ready for play when work is done; she has been truly told that her future is a promising one.

✕

CLAY P. BUTLER — Good thinking powers; very fond of home; keen perception of wit.

✕

ERNEST LEE — Conversational powers good; has logical mind, would make a college professor.

✕

ELVA BARTON has human nature remarkably developed; good conversational powers; would make a physiognomist.

✕

MARCELLA MILLS — Musical talent marked; inclined to be restless and not to complete tasks; would make an artist.

G. MASTIN is musically inclined; sometimes restless; needs an aim in life to bring out his best qualities.

✕

H. L. FARMER has power of making many friends; should cultivate destructiveness.

✕

J. C. AUSTIN — Endowed with agreeableness and perseverance; always tries to do the right thing at the right time.

✕

C. E. EGGER exhibits mathematical precision in all lines of work; has good housekeeping principles?

✕

PROF. NEWENS is sensitive to frowns, by which he is easily moved to excuse students from work; endowed with an abundant love of the beautiful.

✕

MARGARET STANTON has excellent home-making qualities; original and always pleasant; will make an excellent home-maker.

✕

J. C. MORELAND — Ideality is good, but should cultivate will-power; could be an actor.

✕

MISS ALLIS has reasoning well cultivated; her familiar saying is "Reason it out"; executive power good.

✕

WM. MASON is always happy; endowed with pluck and wit; business adaptation, an overseer.

✕

JEANNETTE YOUNIE — Good executive and constructive ability; must have some one to love; would make an excellent matron.

Things We Are Sure Of

Larup for breakfast.

A ten o'clock motor on Saturday night.

Trains going west at all hours, both day and night.

That *acanthia lectularia* (bed bugs) are carnivorous.

A laugh in chemistry class.

A pass in botany.

Not getting the gout.

No surplus cash.

Not being troubled with insomnia.

Larup for dinner.

Prex finding it out.

Cheese and crackers for Sunday supper.

That Liegerot has traveled all over the United States and part of Illinois (looking for a wife).

That "Soph" Warburton would prefer being at the head of the Hort department.

That Bennett will get a new girl each term.

That Hon. (?) Dwigans would like to be proctor of the cottages.

That Palmer loves the ladies and would love to have the ladies love him.

That "Jack" will tell you an interesting and thrilling story of his next door neighbor and relatives in St. Louis.

That "Peck" would like to be a general.

That "Sis Ikey" thinks the "smickets" of Boone are more attractive than the ladies of I. S. C.

That "Bunk" got the chicken.

That "Dezzy" put the pig in the parlor.

That no others than "Rhine" and Frisbie would put silverware in a cannon.

That "Babe" broke the transom of 105.

That "Smithy" and his three chums got the blind pony and the watermelons.

Of Bennett going to Des Moines Friday.

Of representatives in Boone.

Larup for supper.



Class "Cons"

A is for "Aguinaldo," "Butcher," "Filipino," "Snow,"
Sometimes called "Sissie," "Keester," "Cheerful" and
"H₂O."

B is for Bennett, Linton P.,
He with the ladies tries to agree.

C stands for Carter, of detective fame;
Also for Combs, but what's in a name?

D is for Deming, a Dr. of Vet.;
Never mind, he'll be a man yet.

E is for Ellis and also for Egger;
Both have many 4's on the ledger.

F stands for Ferguson, who makes his abode
In the state of Missouri and had to be showed (out).

G is for Giffen, of Margaret Hall.
Her favorite pastime is promenade all.

H is for Hattie, also for Has Brouck,
A domestic economist, commonly called cook.

I is for Ira, whose surname is Scott;
He doesn't know Dr. Harriman from Brock.

J stands for Johnson; there are three in our class,
Two of them lads, the other a lass.

K is for Kelsey, Kegley and Knight;
If you know them at all you know they're all right.

L stands for Lentner, a good student is she;
Also for LeClere, from Texas is he;
And also for Lathrop, who in his studies well ranks,
In spite of the fact he's a bicycle crank.

M stands for McKinley of I. S. C.,
A relative of whom the President claims to be.

N is for Nicholas, who has that dreadful undertaking,
Of keeping the inmates of Margaret Hall the rules from vio-
lating.

O is for Ole, who thinks it's a joke,
To let his whiskers grow till he looks like a goat.

P is for Palmer; an Ag is he,
But 'tis a puzzle for all, as well as me,
To tell in which class he should be.

S is for Schott, domestic economist,
Palm-reader and phrenologist.

T is for Thomas; we call him Burley;
He has never been found guilty of being in a hurry.

W is for Wagers, who composed this rhyme;
He'd probably have done better, had he taken more time.

The Songs They Sing

Character study is something in which all are interested. The shape of the features, the bumps on the cranium, the lines of the hand, the expressions of the face, are all indices to character; but if the thoughts and inward emotions are to be interpreted, listen to the songs that are sung, the tunes that are whistled — the little fragments and snatches of song which are heard here and there coming from the heart and wafted, unconsciously, upon the air.

Hear that mournful tune issuing from the lips of that homesick Freshman, as he unpacks his belongings in that dreary room of Freshman Heaven, upon his first night at I. S. C.:

"I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night,
Do not detain me, for I am going." Etc.

While, perhaps, in an opposite room, a Sophomore or higher classman, with happy smiles and joyful voice, sings:

"I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine,
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away."

Watch that throng coming down the chapel steps. Listen to the various tunes upon their lips. The president has given one of those inspiring chapel talks — he has welcomed back the old students and extended a warm

greeting to the new. All go away with songs in their hearts and upon their tongues, pouring out, unconsciously, their feelings. One sings:

"I've found a friend, oh, such a friend,
So kind and true and tender,
So wise a counsellor and guide
So mighty a defender."

Another hums:

"There's a work for me and a work for you,
Something for each of us now to do."

A mischievous looking student whistles:

"Trust and obey, for there's no other way
To be happy at college but to trust and obey."

Observe the students as they go to the examination room. One tremblingly sings:

"I know not what awaits me,
God kindly (?) veils my eyes;
But on those slips of paper white
Hard problems will arise."

He enters, and we await his return. With radiant face he whistles what might be taken for "I'm going home to die no more." But the words in his mind are:

"I've made a four, I've made a four,
I'm going now and make some more."

Another comes from that same room and with down cast eyes and solemn tone sings :

" Must I go and empty handed,
Must I meet my class-mates so?
Not one four with which to greet them,
Must I empty handed go?"

There goes a Senior towards the president's office.
He sings :

" It is finished, yes, indeed,
Finished every jot ;
Senior this is all you need,
Tell me is it not ?"

Evidently he has his thesis in mind.

A love-sick Junior stands on Morrill Hall steps and sighs as he sings :

" On Morrill's stony steps I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
On Margaret Hall, so still and grand,
Where my possessions lie."

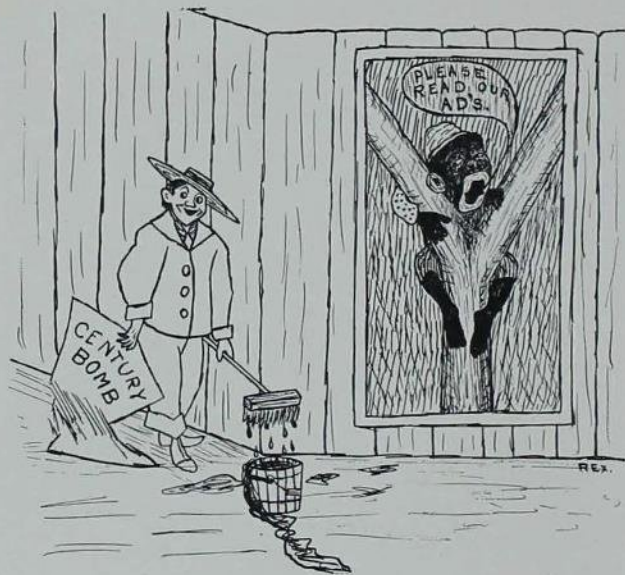
Another, evidently a Freshman, walks toward Ag. Hall whistling :

" Oh, there's somebody waiting,
Oh, there's somebody waiting,
Oh, there's somebody waiting for me."

Then there are songs peculiarly belonging to certain individuals. Prexy's favorite song is: "Boys, keep away from the girls;" while that of the preceptress is: "Why am I ever watching?" Orie Mosher sings pathetically: "Oh, Shepherds, tell me, tell me, have you seen my Flora pass this way!" In mournful accents "Blondy" Hastings sings: "I can't forget the happy past." G. M. Rommel's favorite hymn is "Saved by Grace;" while Jack Horning sadly hums: "Her bright smile haunts me still."

So we hear one and all giving expression to their inmost feelings, and as we near the time of graduation and turn our reflections upon the events of college life, involuntarily the song bursts from our lips:

" Only remembered, only remembered,
Only remembered by what we have done ;
Thus will we pass from the Iowa State College,
Only remembered by what we have done."



WE THE EDITORS of the CENTURY BOMB, wish to tender our sincere thanks to those who have assisted in making the publication of this book a success. Especially do we feel grateful to the following business men for the courteous treatment and ready support we have received at their hands. As friends of the college they certainly deserve the students' patronage, and we take pleasure in recommending them to you as reliable, accommodating firms, the best in their line.

The editors with gladsome cry
Exclaim, "Our work is done!"
The manager with weary sigh
Explains, "My work is dun."

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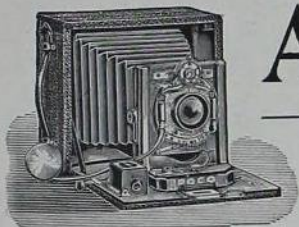
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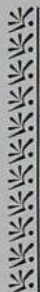
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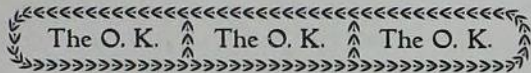
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