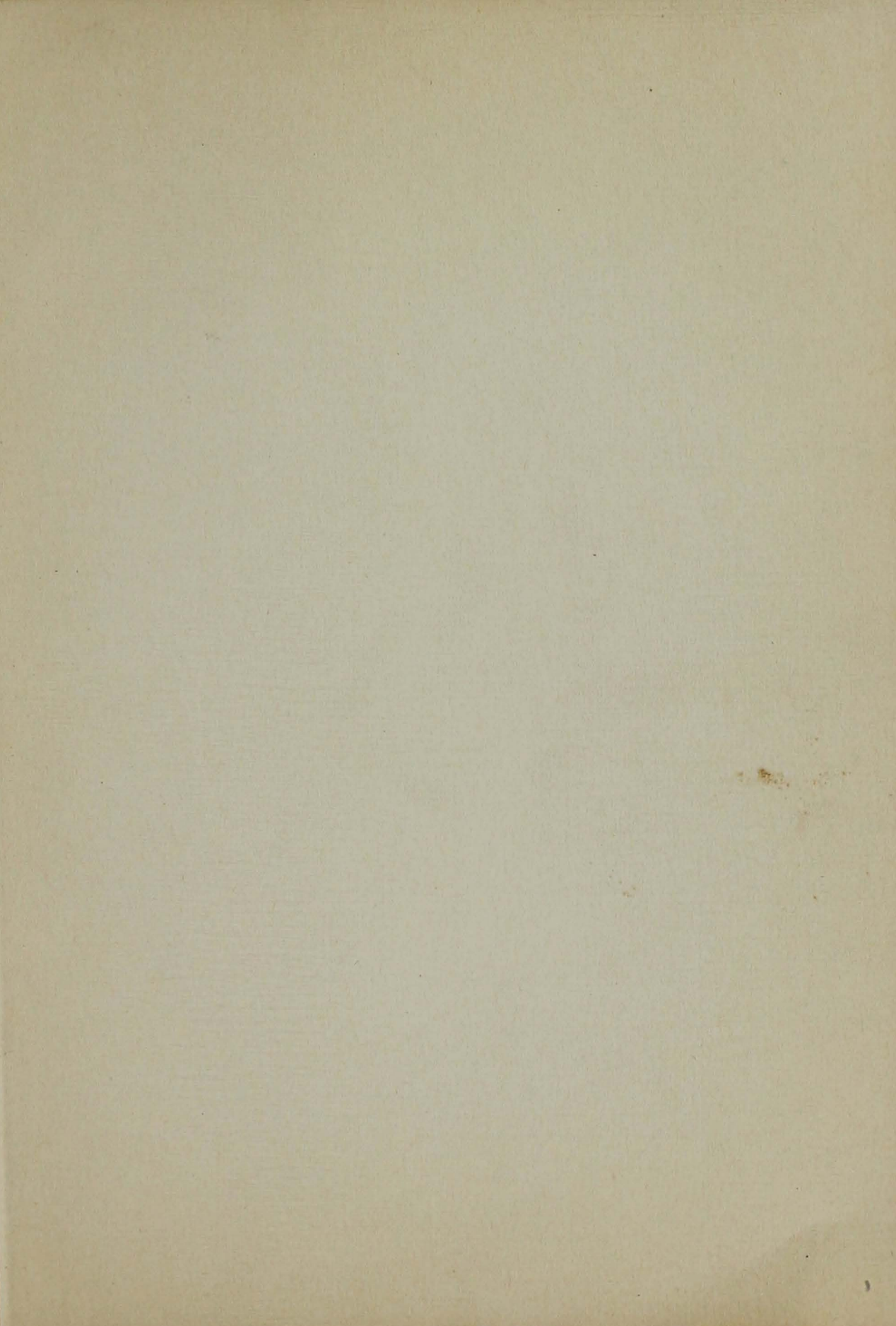


THE
BOMB
1904

Phil L Peppert.
Cumberland,
Iowa,



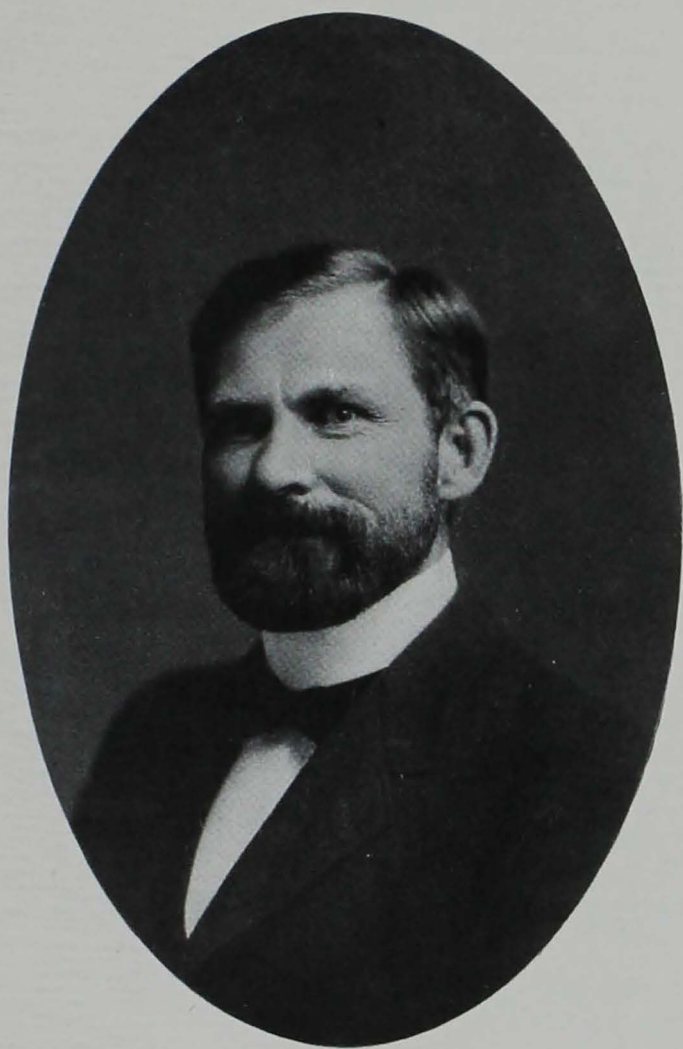


The Bomb of Nineteen Hundred Four



Dedication

TO the memory of DR. WILLIAM MILLER BEARDSHEAR,
whose brooding spirit in fatherly love, in the approving
smile of all that is good, in uncompromising denunciation
of man's baser self, in high ideals of what man is and
may become; still lingers o'er to inspire and animate all
who remember his tall, rugged, manly form, going in and
out thru all the disasters and victories that attended the
never faltering, unceasing progress of the institution to
which he gave his life, and which cost him his death,
this book is dedicated.



WILLIAM MILLER BEARDSHEAR

Tribute

By HAMLIN GARLAND

IT is with profound grief that I read of the death of Professor Beardshear. He was a splendid type of American, and though I did not know him well, I honored him. I met him first at a college banquet at Drake University, and as he rose to speak he seemed a powerful, brusque and serious man. It was only later when a guest in his home that I learned to know his essentially fine, poetic nature. Every hour he could snatch from his manifold duties he spent with me wandering over the fields or lying prone in the shadow of full foliaged maples, cushioned upon the sward. Though a man of reticent mood, he opened his heart to me there, disclosing his love for poesy and nature, hinting at such sweetness and subtilty, such aspirations and hope, that I fell silent in wonder of the wide contrast between his tall, broad-shouldered, physical self and his essentially poetic soul. It is nearly ten years since that glorious June day, but I have carried the picture of him in my mind almost undimmed by the multitudes of other personalities I have faced and felt. His was a most exceptional mind, and I feel that death has cut short a really great career. I join all those who knew him in a feeling of grief so profound that it takes on the pain of a personal loss. I think the many students who knew him do well to set him over warriors and those who seek for place and power. Such lives as his are good to think of in this day of eager and not too scrupulous pursuit of wealth. He was fitted for higher honors than ever came to him, and his recognition as a great educator came late. But of those things he made no complaint.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

A Tribute

TO OUR LATE BELOVED PRESIDENT
BY ONE OF HIS CLOSEST FRIENDS
MR. W. R. BOYD
OF CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

WILLIAM MILLER BEARDSHEAR

AN APPRECIATION

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

AND it is so now. We scarce can make him dead—any of us who knew Doctor Beardshear. But recently he seemed so strong, so full of power, so much to do that only he could do.

Some lives there be which may end at any time and none take note of their departure outside the family circle; most lives, perhaps, end so. And there are other lives, commanding the attention of the world, which seem to close as grandly and as naturally as the splendid setting of an unclouded sun after a perfect day. "It is finished" comes unbidden in such cases—and we write it down almost triumphantly. But it would seem that the most precious of all lives have their ending without "twilight and evening bell." The darkness comes suddenly and at high noon, and we all but forget, for the moment, what has been, in mournful contemplation of what seems unfinished and on hand. Thus ended this great life, and in this hour of grief and darkness, we stand vainly asking: "How can it be that he has gone away?" He crowded into thirty years the work of sixty. He toiled as though he knew the limitations Time had set for him, and meant to triumph over them. But he needed yet more years.

Doctor Beardshear is dead at fifty-one years of age. What is unfinished other hands must grasp and do. Ours it is just now to look for a moment, and with such appreciation as is to us vouchsafed upon what has been and ever will be the result of these brief but strenuous years of noble, untiring and unselfish work.

William Miller Beardshear sprang, as did Abraham Lincoln, "out of the loins of labor, and out of the heart of the continent." It was a typical country home that John Beardshear and Elizabeth Coleman established on the banks of the Little Miami, and here the future leader and master of men was born. It may always be taken for granted, almost without testimony, that a great man has had a noble mother. The forbidding philosophy of Schopenhauer contains one dictum universally attested by observation and experience, that a child receives its mental and moral fiber as an inheritance from its mother. The father may or may not aid in the endowment. Both parents of William M. Beardshear were sturdy folk; the father honest and

hard-working, with the all-saving common sense so well-nigh universal with the pioneers; the mother deeply religious, possessing far-reaching spiritual insight, and a faith that was sublime.

By stream and wood the boy grew up in love with flower and field and tree, the children of the deep blue sky and all that nature held and taught. Struggles he had—not with poverty, for he belonged to that class so aptly described by John Hay, "who know no hunger they are not sure of satisfying, no luxury which can enervate mind or body"—but struggles with himself. For a time he was conscious only of power. His physical powers first attracted attention; for he was larger and stronger at fourteen than most men are at twenty-one, and he entered the army at the former age, by reason of his stature, and in spite of his years. But strong as was the body, the mentality of the youth overmatched it. The hour came when he went over the road to Damascus—saw the light, heard the voice out of Heaven, and made the same humble answer which has marked the starting point of every man to whom God has given a mighty work: "What wilt thou have me to do?"

"Hope found a lodgment in his breast,
Hope that he might be strong
To do his noblest and his best
In undermining wrong."

He went to college—from college to the ministry, and thence to the presidency of a college thoroughly in keeping with its name—"Western."

Who shall tell the story of these educational pioneers? It is a story of hardship and sacrifice, unknown to and unappreciated by the public at large, and oftentimes even by those who are the direct beneficiaries of this unselfish, ill-paid labor. Eight years of his best effort Doctor Beardshear gave to this struggling college; and it was not in vain. Such light as illuminated his soul needed not to be set upon a hill in order to be seen and to give light. By the force of his personality this college became known in every corner of Iowa and far beyond. The largest city of the commonwealth asked for his services, and two years later the state claimed him.

It is as the builder of the greater college at Ames that Doctor Beardshear will be chiefly remembered. Others had done much of the pioneer work. His task was to build the superstructure—to build it with an eye to strength, beauty and utility, in the broad spirit of the heroic men who, founding these colleges, planned for a mighty and peaceful future, in the very darkest hour of the civil war, when even some brave hearts thought the national life lost upon the field of battle.

The might and grandeur of the opportunity possessed him. "For the very work's sake" he lived and moved and had his being. He asked for nothing else, hoped for nothing beyond the consummation of his plans for this school. And those plans were never small or mean. Excelsior! You, to whom his work, undone, is bequeathed, will find naught but inspiration for titanic tasks in all that he has left you.

Beardshear was "an immense personality"—original in everything. Most men can be assigned to a class, upon analysis; Beardshear stood alone. It will be said of him as it has been said of Lincoln, that "he had no ances-

tors, no fellows and no successor." Few men of genius are well poised or satisfactory as a whole. Their admirers are forever compelled to apologize for the short-comings which all but obscure their unusual gifts. In Beardshear the subtle brilliancies of genius were reinforced by standard qualities and common sense; therefore he sustained himself always. He was daring in conception and in execution, but he did not attempt the impossible nor indulge the outlandish. He was broad-gauged—magnanimous in everything. He could not be small and he could not be mean. He used men "after his own honor and dignity." He was forever seeking after truth, and if he found a grain of it in the midst of error, he greeted it with enthusiasm regardless of the company it kept.

Beardshear was a keen judge of character. He discerned the vanities, the weaknesses and the follies of men, but avoided cynicism. He had charity for everything but hypocrisy. He was a leader—not so much by force visibly made manifest, as through the possession of power intuitively recognized by those with whom he came in contact. The leadership of such a man robs no follower of his sense of independence. It is only when weakness occupies the seats of power that obedience becomes degradation, even though the unreasonable be not required. Love and awe were joined in the regard the student body had for him. They knew he had charity for common faults—but no tolerance for the intolerable.

In the world he mingled with men freely and sympathetically—loving and being loved—yet dwelt apart. In his deeper life he was most lonely. He sailed great voyages over the ocean of thought, in regions where sails are seldom sighted; but if, perchance, one came his way that understood his signal code, he hailed it as comrade evermore.

Doctor Beardshear was an orator. In the exercise of this gift he was much influenced by his moods. Sometimes he spoke as to himself, in language weird, with illustrations and quotations gleaned from fields whose grain and fruit would grow untouched forever, if left to wait for the ordinary harvester. But more often he spoke in simple phrase, with homely illustration, and always with such earnestness that he captivated and convinced men—not against their wills, but because they were made to see the truth as he saw it.

Great in stature, great in intellect, great in heart—"and as the greatest only are in his simplicity sublime," was this man. He grew up out of doors and he remained a lover and an interpreter of nature until the day of his death. In every mood he went forth "under the open sky" to "list to nature's teachings." He knew the "various language," the "voice of gladness," the "smile," the "eloquence of beauty" and all the "mild and gentle sympathy" which steals away our sadness "ere we are aware."

And "he walked with God." That is a phrase one dare not use except it fit the man. Whoever uses it recklessly invites contempt or pity both for his subject and himself. His nearness to his Maker was apparent whenever his voice was lifted in prayer. Lost almost utterly to self and situation, he entered into companionship with the Infinite—walked with God and talked with him, as it seemed, face to face. He had piety without show of it—reverence without pretence—trust like unto that of a little child.

The Influence of President Beardshear's Life.

“BUT, when all else is forgotten, there will remain the influence of his life upon men — men who have been helped; men who have been inspired * * * — these will remember our friend and cherish his memory.”

Such were the closing words spoken by the head of Iowa's public school system in an address delivered in memory of our lost president. Yet just how great has been the influence of Doctor Beardshear's life can never be told. It is not with him as with a soldier or a statesman, whose official acts create his influence, and whose Appomattox surrender or Emancipation Proclamation is a great public event, whose effects are visible to all the world. On the contrary Doctor Beardshear's life work, both as a pastor and after as an educator, required him to be continually exerting an influence upon others, not published to the world, an influence peculiarly personal in its nature. In fact the great distinguishing feature of his life influence has been its personal quality. True he guided with wisdom the affairs of great educational institutions, but it was a personal guidance. True he made countless public addresses, but their force came from the personal presence of the man, and from the impact of his intellect and personality.

Because of the personal nature of the influence of Doctor Beardshear's life we should not therefore belittle its importance. The soldier and statesman may aid a nation in fulfilling its destiny, but they cannot build a nation. Alexander nor Charlemagne nor Peter the Great could build an American Republic out of the peoples of ancient Asia or barbarian Europe. This has been reserved for education, directed by such men as our great president, and the importance of their influence is greatest of all.

Nor, because of its personal nature, should we belittle the *extent* of Doctor Beardshear's influence. The writer boarded a train recently for an hour's ride. Two teachers, strangers, devoted the whole hour to a discussion of Doctor Beardshear, which showed his great personal influence on them, though they had met him but a few times. Perhaps no other man had so great an influence upon the teachers of Iowa, and through them he influenced the whole population, for in our state everyone attends or is directly interested in the public schools. The writer boarded another train, and a chance seatmate told how Doctor Beardshear at a crisis had revolutionized the life of his son, a student in the State College. Through the persons, families and friends of the thousands of college students with whom he came into close contact, Doctor Beardshear exerted an influence greater than can be estimated, upon thousands of communities. Statistics show that college men are in general the leaders of the thought, the policies and the affairs of the country. Years hence a deed may be done, vital to the nation's welfare, which shall be due, could its motives be laid bare, to the personal influence exerted by Doctor Beardshear upon some college student.

To me it is Doctor Beardshear's crowning glory that both the great success and the great influence of his life were due to his personal qualities. In this he resembled Lincoln, the man of all others of whom he reminds us. We may doubt the extent of Grant's influence had not the Civil War given him his opportunity, but Lincoln's influence would have been great under any conditions of life. As with the martyred president Doctor Beardshear's personal influence was due in the main to the magnanimity of a great soul, and to the depths of personal experience with a strong man's struggles of soul which alone can give completeness of insight, depth of sympathy and infinity of forbearance in dealing with other men.

True the other personal qualities which contributed to Doctor Beardshear's influence were many. His rugged physical appearance and strength of countenance were such that

men who saw him but once carried away a vivid impression of a strong, virile personality. Association only deepened the impression of strength, which, though a man of strong feelings, he did not weaken by losing self control, even under great provocation. His moral and intellectual strength were equal to his physical, and his integrity was beyond question. He was an optimist, and there is something in human nature which responds instinctively to him whose courage and confidence in the good never fail. He was also a poet, and here again human nature yields instinctive deference to the soul afire with nature's inspirations. He was a growing man, not bigoted or narrow, whose ideals were constantly developing. He was a well balanced and well rounded man, in whose judgment all could confide.

These qualities all added to the strength of his influence, but I am only voicing what many have thought when I say that the great secret of his remarkable power with students was the magnanimity of soul and sincerity of sympathy which made him treat all as fellow men and women, whom it would be a great privilege to him to aid toward true manhood and womanhood. Thus his influence was effective not only with the weak, but even more with the strong students of the college.

Doctor Beardshear's death was so sudden and has been so recent that it is still impossible to form a just estimate of the full extent of his influence upon our State College. It has already been said that he was a man whose ideals were constantly growing and developing, but for four years before his death he had in mind the general features of an ideal for our college, better and grander, it seems to the writer, than any other ideal yet formed for such institutions. This ideal was such a one as would permit the college to grow and work in perfect harmony with the State University and all other state schools, and in the last years of his life he did much to help the University and the Normal School secure the appropriations needed for their growth. Moreover this idea was such as to harmonize all departments of the college into one homogenous but broad and well rounded whole.

This ideal is that our State College is to become a great technical school, which shall train not only the heads and hands, but also the hearts of its students, so that they shall become worthy to be the trusted leaders of our country in the myriad technical interests of modern civilization, and which shall be more intimately in touch with all the agricultural and other industrial and technical interests of the state than has been true of any other educational institution. He saw the Iowa State College as the acknowledged leader and co-worker of all the agricultural, the mining, the manufacturing, the transportation, the engineering and the labor interests of Iowa.

Under his wise guidance the first step in carrying out this ideal was the construction of our new Engineering Hall, a step made with the heartiest co-operation and the most cordial support of our Agricultural Department and its friends. The next step, to enable which to be successfully made he literally sacrificed his life, was to provide similar homes for our Agricultural department and our general departments. In this the Engineering Departments will co-operate in every way in their power. Later Domestic Science and Veterinary Medicine and athletic training and the general culture training necessary for a well rounded technical student must be provided for, and we all will work together in fulfilling his great ideal.

Doctor Beardshear's influence is with us yet. Almost can we see that tall and well loved form come forth from his little office near the close of the day's work, with the overcoat thrown loosely over the broad shoulders. We can see him mingle with the teams practising on the athletic field. We can see him drinking in the inspirations of nature on our beautiful campus. By the virtue of his influence his great ideal shall yet be fulfilled.

ANSON MARSTON.

Many of the Beautiful Thoughts

OF DOCTOR BEARDSHEAR

HAVE BEEN LEFT IN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS.
THE BOMB PRESENTS THE FOLLOWING FROM HIS
PEN, FEELING THAT THEY CAN BEST BE APPRE-
CIATED BY THOSE WHO HAVE COME UNDER
THE INFLUENCE OF HIS MASTER-MIND.

THE TWO I'S OF YOURSELF.

WHAT a Heaven's wide flung palace gate was the parlor of the old childhood homestead!

It had the scent of a holy shut-inness from being open chiefly on Sundays. As a retreat in the mountains to wild things, it beshuttered, gave a boy a week day seclusion. Its hair mattress settee was as soothing to a boy's bare feet on a summer day as a mother's hand to a fevered brow when the day becomes tired. The biggest mirror that ever hung in the world graced that parlor with a God-Almighty's face. One day when the hours were tired, a bare-foot boy lay upon that settee, afront of that God-Almighty's face measuring souls. The soul of him fell into the balances of the face. Who is that boy in the mirror? I am that I; that I is I. The I is called———. What is this I? What are Emi and Elim? Oh, to be a barefoot boy upon that settee again! It isn't long enough now. The fir trees near the windows like Thomas Hood's seemed close against the sky. It is no pleasure to find one's self farther off from heaven than when a boy. The years have enfilled that I with many. If the night has a thousand eyes and the day but one, the soul has a thousand and seventy times seven.

TWO THOUGHTS OF THE NIGHT.

ONE spring time when the flowers were belated and the crops tardy, for a full week the sun had not shown and the husbandman complained of the backward spring. The roads were lead and refused their purple to the eye. Days of continuous cloud tied the body fast in on the soul when the day was done and the darkness of the night. Under foot in the mud and the cold a humble insect of God lit a light. The passerby stopped out-right. He had been somewhat blue, and that tiny insect threw out more light of cheer into the blackest night of the week than man or sun had done. He said to himself, "This light is more appreciable than that of the sun for six whole days. A star in its glory never did better in his degree than this." And he went his way reconciled.

On a dark, stormy night of another year in the lull of the storm on the bank of an old stream way, a man sat down to listen to the brook and the night. His face was between his hands and his eyes to the earth. When the stars do not shine the gloom of the clouds is easiest back of the head, so he was sheltering his soul from the shadows of the storm. But down through the muddy, murky grass and weeds sprang a light. Naturalists say it is a love light of an insect. The increase of the light drove out the darkness.

A BOY AGAIN, JUST FOR A NIGHT,
OR, THE SPIRIT OF MOTHERHOOD.

MAN is a sheaf and the straws are moods. These are chaotic, epochal and formative. Once in a great while a man longs to be a boy again. The boyish instincts of all the years rebirth themselves in his soul. A cradle song comes back to him with the discovery that mother sang it for her own heart as well as his—

“Backward, turn backward, oh time, in thy flight;
Make me a child again, just for to-night!”

In such an epochal mood a child in his forties and a mother in her seventies lived life over again, just for a night. It came about in this way: Duty and work had separated them hundreds of miles for years. The child in his forties had been summoned from afar to share the undescrivable and ineffaceable last hours of the mother. Her absence from boyhood's entrance gate had been intuitional of bad dreams coming true. The nurse had been dismissed for the night that the child might share the vigil and the care. There is something in the atmosphere of things between twelve and four of the night that blends both worlds and makes them somewhat intelligible to each other. At these hours the silence of earth makes hearable the voices of heaven. At this period it is not difficult to find good spirits abroad, and to discover one's own soul out of the portal ways of the body to commune with these in a higher life. The child in his forties was homesick to lie upon that mother arm that first divided the lines between earth and Heaven: the arm that had soothed many a tired day with a solace of the night's rest; the arm that had been strong and yet tender in the perplexing revelations of the mystery called a boy; the arm that had held him to the mother breast and the fountain of an elixir of life. The child-man longed to rest upon that arm and to be a boy again, just for a night. Back flooded the years and memories plentiful. Mother and child shared the holy abandon of true affection. They communed as of yore—the mother in her seventies and the child in his forties. She said, “When you were a babe I took you in my arms to an unused chamber upstairs, and placing you upon the bed, I kneeled in dedication of your life to whatever province a good God might determine. I vowed you should go anywhere in the world that duty should call and I would not murmur. I prayed that you might be kept from harm and become useful. I have been wanting to tell you for years of my prayer, but never had courage enough in your presence before. I am so thankful I have lived to tell you.” “My mother,” said the boy, “the confidence is an inspiration of Heaven, but you must not talk more now, your strength will not permit. You are to be the child to-night and I am to be the strong one to hold you and talk you to sleep as you did me in the days of the old trundle-bed life; so, please listen.”

“That old custom of a trundle-bed telescoped under the larger bed for the day had its poetry as well as its utility. What a comfortable structure for a child, with the corded ropes when new and without pockets of sags, but you always kept mine strung up tight and good. To call up in the night, after some fright of dream, ‘Mother, are you there?’ was a prayer to heaven with love's immediate answer. In the ills and fears of the night, to have you come down to that trundle-bed to soothe ailments of body and soul as real and great as any in all life, was a descent from the skies of a heaven-born messenger. It was an easier pathway to the Good Man in the skies who you said knew all about a boy, and could see him in the house as well as in the big road. As from the mart in South American countries one or two broad pathways face each point of the compass and distribute themselves over the plains and

away up into the mountains until that of the highest dweller is scarcely perceptible, so somewhere out beyond the paths of human feet and a last trace of a going up on the mountain, begins the infinite approach of the soul of man through the paths of his fellow-beings and down near the trundle-bed Mother and God walk in the same way, worn smooth, like the old school path across the fields, by the frequency of the going to and fro of the mother steps.

"Do you remember old Penn, the old brindle dog of childhood hours? Penn had more sense and good comradery than many wise people. I used to think he had a soul. It was a divine privilege to have Penn go with me into the barn of a dark night. I would hear a rat squeal his last, and it drove away ghosts and fearful things to be able to say 'sic'em Penn!' He never did me a mean thing in all his play and companionship. He had such a human feeling and seemed to know when harm came to me, and one time when I had an awful hurt the balm of Penn's tongue was the sweetest solace that came to a boy's heart. You know a boy's hurt is mountainous any way. A piece off his foot seems but a hair's breadth distance from the center of life. Penn lay dead under the kitchen table one morning, of heart disease I suppose, and like old dog Rover, when he died he died all over. You went with us children to the funeral of Penn, and I often think of the tear that was in your eye when we buried him. I never cried holier tears in my life. It seemed to me some part of my heart went into that grave under the apple tree. That tree is dead and the spot is ploughed over, but Penn lives in my heart better than a great many people I have met in my life. Perpetual apple blossoms were none too beautiful nor fragrant over Penn's grave. Wonder where he got his name? It must have been after Pennsylvania, for his heart was as big as a commonwealth.

"In creation time when God Almighty made the dog he started in, I believe, on a different creature, and bethinking himself of man's loneliness and of a boy's need for a heel-and-heart companion, and of a creature with sense enough to be still at the right time, he changed his mind and made a dog. Penn was of the elect from the fountain of a boy's world.

"Oh, those slices of bread and butter you used to give me. The ambrosia of gods couldn't have tasted better to dieties. A slice clear across the loaf with country butter snow deep and maple molasses of lakeful proportions percolated every pore of that slice like honey the flowers of May. It will be a sad day when a boy can't come rushing into the kitchen and say: 'Mother, please give me a piece of bread and butter!'"

Here the mother roused from her semi-conscious sleep and said—"The angels are flying all about, I wonder what they are after." The man replied, "Mother, do you remember when a tiny boy you took me to the bedside of grandmother who was ill to die? I remember the old log cabin and the old fashioned bedstead in the corner with knobs on the top of the posts—the face of that good saint of God glowing like that of a prophet with the light of goodness during her changing of worlds. My childish curiosity wanted to know what would become of grandmother, and you said, 'The angels are now coming to carry her into the skies.' It thrilled my fancy and upon my repeated solicitation you opened the door that I might see the angels come out of the sky to convey grandmother's spirit to her good home above. The garden of grandmother's own planting with the old fashioned flowers dressed in living beauty stood a fitting beginning just beyond the doorway for her pathway from earth to sky, and out over Jake Hire's house was a sky fit for the ascension of angels. These angels you see thus are kindred with those that came to the old home in that long ago to take grandmother to her good home. They know the ways of the pathless air and are bidding you not be afraid." The mother said, "Oh, my son, this has been my faith and I am only too happy to exchange worlds when when the good Father bids me come." The son replied, "I wish you could live a thousand years, dear mother. You are just ready to be of the most service in the world. There is more good than bad on the earth anyway and you would con-

tribute to its immortality and empire supreme." "Oh, my son, I am just a child of the dust here, and will live more and better than a thousand years in the land of the soul." The child-man said, "Rest now, turn on my arm, and say after me the prayer you used to teach my childish ears—

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
And if I die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Like a tired child the mother slept upon the exchanged arm, and the mother heart of the man-child wooed and brooded over that life as in childhood days his life had been fostered by the hallowed breast and prayers of the fostering night hours. The breast of a woman bared to nourish her children renders every woman's personage sacred as the bared arm of a man to support the world begets supremest reverence for this "King of men for a' that!" There is a motherhood in a man's heart as in a woman's. Once in a great while the yearning of this motherhood rises to its intensest capacity and has a strength surpassing any other of earth. The truest love of man for woman, as of woman for man, has a sincere mother element that is akin to the heart of God in the wooing of the children of men to the beautiful and the good. Such a heart moved in the child-man that hour, and the troubled breaths of failing years betokened anxiety for imminent dangers. Mother and child were interchangeable.

That day of marvelous impressibility, the last of hope for the life of a friend and loved one came. This boy-man, helpless to further effort and stifled by the shut-in-ness, sought the tonic of the out-doors. From the house he started down an old path made by mother's feet. A bug in the way drew him a step half aside as if to crush it. "No, you shall live; there's enough death in the world already." And the loathsome bug became a thing of love.

Thrown upon the sod of a summer air he lost himself to be awakened by a childish voice—"Oh, Uncle Will! Look what a pretty grave in this grass. Who made that grave?" "Ask God Almighty." "What, Uncle Will?" "Why, that mole was made to go under the ground, just like you are made to go on top of the ground." "Oh." And the understanding of the little child seemed gratified in that "Oh." But the man said to himself, "Yes, the whole world is now a graveyard for somebody to walk on."

He turned over with his face to the sky. In grief as in love: "A man without sentiment is a mental cripple." However appreciative he may be, it takes forty years to know his own mother. Looking into the fathomless sky his eyes became fixed in that interminable fidelity blue of an indefinite wonder. The fields of the boyhood neighborhood rose in a resurrection morn of rebirthed glories—the corn in its springtime, the fields of royal clover, the flowers of life's earliest acquaintanceships appeared re-graced and the lark flew as he used years ago toward the old tree mid-field, turning his head this way and that to see if anyone were looking, and flinging music all about him.

But what is all this—mother is dying! The river runs with its sparking, be-gemmed surface recalling nights and days of boyhood glee and seeming to make sincere effort anew to happyfy the world this day. The sky fills with Kentucky beneficence and the air has a human feel, but mother is dying! Into an old cedar near by five bluejays awoke him with their vociferous calls and cries. In size they are indistinguishable, but one is a mother bird. They are four times her capacity yet nourished to the full by her ministry and devotion. Four sit clustered together in silence during the intervals of her absences only the more clamorously to appeal to the life of the mother bird's instinct good. Oh, you dumb birds, these are among the last appeals for aid you will ever make through the mystery of motherhood! You must live by yourselves or die. The season of your dependency is accomplishing and you can never be a broodling again. So our fates, or something called destiny, determines that this man,

hitherto dumb as the bird of its future, can never lie upon the mother arm and be a boy again just for a night. In deepest despair and voiceless grief that dried every particle of tear he closed his eyes to the mockings of nature and looked into the conscious severances of his soul. How long he lay thus that summer afternoon it is not lawful to tell, but, finally, as out of the sky a song of childhood's hours sprang into his ears and soul. It was a trundle-bed song of the long ago. It came again at the evening time when the hours of a boy were tired and his spirit restless. It was the mother song in a lullaby and good night. It came with a meaning strong enough for the man, yet sweet and solaceful as for a boy.

"The soul for joy unfolds her wings
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I am safe, safe at home."

The man sprang to his feet. Everything became accordant. The glories of the childhood mornings, the inspiring of the corn, the clover and the refreshing of the flowers of the May, the carols of the lark, the beauty and music of the river, the voices of the mother bird, the gladsome sky and a radiant world proclaimed in melodies infinite and solacies fathomless the rightful accompaniment of that mother's soul to her long home in the skies, and the boy of the night felt the arm of the mother to be the arm of the Almighty for the man of the day. And the old proverb came true: "But it shall come to pass at evening time it shall be light."

Several days afterward this same man passed indifferently down the streets of one of our largest western cities. The bill boards announced a matinee of a play from one of the modern refreshing patches of the infinite out of the country life that God made. He instinctively turned with the crowd to the play to cover his grief. In the retracings of the old time songs a singer startled and aroused him to indescribable emotion as she sang:

"Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!"

How does this song come now? It seems more than a coincidence! No aisle of cathedral ever seemed more hallowed than the seat of this play house. The song continued:

"Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay—
Weary of flinging my soul wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!"

More enduring than a wholesome laugh is a manly cry. It clarifies the soul as the snow frees the winter's air of impurities. Uncontrollable pathos swept the soul of the child-man as the music continued:

"Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish and patient, like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!"

The singer sang all the long stanzas of the poem and they each seemed too short. Resolution camegrowing out of the innermost depth of the being with the concluding stanzas:

“Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Manhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping your face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!”

This song is all the man heard that day. He was hidden in the depth of himself. He mused on the line of the old gray poet—

“There is nothing greater in the world than to be the mother of men.”

More than creed or church, religion or philosophy is a mother soul like that in the destiny of a being. It is an inspired scripture without exposure to verbal inaccuracy. It begets a faith in things high and eternal in both worlds. For a few individuals it surpasses precept, doctrine and congress of mothers.

The spirit of genuine motherhood is fundamental to all Christian progress, civilization and eternal life. Though one cannot be a child again, yet the spirit of such motherhood is perpetual benediction dispensing its beneficences upon one's head ceaselessly. It sings lullabys in the evening time. It says, “I am here” in the wakeful hours of the night. It enhances Christmas joys and the greetings of New Years. Genuine motherhood is one unending New Year's day, joy, inspiration and resolution multiply the real things of a man's being beyond compute and compare.

SOME BIRDS I HAVE KNOWN.

SOME birds like a few men leave an immortal impression upon us. We do not need to clothe a bird with human faculties to make it interesting. Instinctive intelligence and goodness condition a royal individuality though not a personality. In acquaintanceship with birds, as with our own kind, two are a multitude; although for grandeur or expression of a hal-lulujah chorus a crowd is imperative. Under my bed window in the years that at have gone like the flowers, I knew a house wren of unusual brilliancy. He presided over the nesting in a cozy nook aside the window sill. His mother must have called him a welcome child. He came into the world singing and never tired of the habit. When opens a day more hallowedly than the song of a bird thrust down into your slumbers? I am indebted beyond repay to this loyal attendant for several hundred new-born days and unique visions. Sometimes the soul seems to leave the body, like a mother her babe cuddled down in abandoned slumber, while it makes a useful journey to other spheres of love, and the song of the bird arouses the body before the soul's full return; and they come into the new day singing together with the morning. This wren had only a few notes but he knew them so well and sang them so soul-fully that they were always free of sameness. Things well done never grow old nor tiresome.

Robert Browning got his idea of “Pippa Passes” by meeting a spry maiden coming singing along the forest path, and in his poem immortal sent her singing through the streets under the windows forever. This friend of mine in feathers had his paths through the air and the trees anear the house. Some instinctive compass known to God and the birds took him unerringly to the tops of a great lilac cluster around through the evergreens, back to the window sill, flinging music all about him. It was a delight supreme to see him coming, a

melody in feathers, poised like a spirit, with emotion teeming from every feathered tip and forming a halo of sweet sounds. Flying seemed to add to the force of his song. I ask no chaster embodiment for new spirits of heaven coming to my bed window than this unforgettable poem,

“That God Endowed With Wings.”

A filled capacity is magnitude. By this standard that bird was the largest I ever knew. He evidently had a strong home attachment for he was always late in getting back in the spring and must have tarried in his former nesting with a similar reluctance that kept him from leaving my window in the closing season. It was an easier, happier day that marked his return each spring time.

There are rare days in nature as there are in one's life. These are of winter and summer. One such day when the snow was deep and fast falling, the storm and the air were full of lullabys that soothed the spirit and made the snow the downiest of beds for one in a great coat of friendly clothure. In a grove that day were gathered thousands of birds upon tree tops akin that seemed to have caught these hints of the air and were singing in the storm for hours. The snow was falling most plentifully. It was a melting spectacle of ears with closed eyes to lie under these trees encircled by snow and covered over white by the falling elements, to listen to their indescribable carols. All food to them of earth and sky seemed snowed under and wintered over. Human ingenuity could not fortell their next meal. Some Scripture in bird lore regarding the fall of a single sparrow seemed to fortify their spirits and thrill their songs. There has an endless variety of notes, a marvelous blending of voices and a matchless inspiriting of song. They will sing in my life forever. When a man dies how sweet it would be to have birds singing all about him and how apt for some choice friend to read from Browning,

“I go to prove my soul!
I see my way as birds their trackless way,
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God send his hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:
He guides me and the bird. In his good time!”



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De Juniors

With Appropriate Epitaphs



G. M. BEAN, Ames, Iowa
The reason this guy handles the tongs
Is because he monkeyed with class-room gongs.



C. L. TIBBITTS, Vinton, Iowa
Rotund and robust, pleasant and fair,
And with such a bold judicial air.



C. W. RUBEL, Ames, Iowa
Patient, plodding, perservering. He made a success of
whatever he undertook.



WAYNE DINSMORE, Ames, Iowa
Far from being a lazy shirk,
This mortal died of over work,
And the last reports from the warmer shore
Say he is over there working more.

I. A. DREHER,

Scranton, Iowa

Bold and boisterous, and ready to boast,
But he shunned a fight at any cost,
And though his secret you may not know,
To Margaret hall he liked to go.



LEIGH GILLESPIE,

Spencer, Iowa

His head was full of music,
His soul was full of hope,
He left his earthly troubles
By stretching hempen rope.



O. L. BROWN,

Lohrville, Iowa

Arrayed full well in cap and gown
He played the fool's part in "Brown's in Town."



CLYDE O. DIXON,

Stuart, Iowa

Growing weary of this earthly show,
He treads the devious paths below,
And when he isn't trying to sing
He spends his time in worrying.





E. O. SHREVE, Charter Oak, Iowa
A life of much study brought him to an early grave, but
his reward was peace everlasting.



WALTER SHARP, Montezuma, Iowa
Quiet and sober, sedate and steady,
Temperate in all things — especially society.



A. R. BUCKLEY, Shelby, Iowa
In his full measure of manhood, he was a terror to the
ranks of evil doers.



E. V. LARSON, Story City, Iowa
A notorious flagger of classes was he,
And yet it is strange to say
In the numerous classes he has on high,
He answers his name every day.

F. A. PIELSTICKER,

Grave and solomn and wise was he,
A leader of men just bound to be,
But for the lack of a little sand
He is shoveling coal in the promised land.

Carroll, Iowa



W. H. OTIS,

To appreciate him, one had to know him.

Ames, Iowa



G. A. DODGE,

While left handed by nature, he always inclined toward
the right.

St. Ansgar, Iowa



C. D. SIMPSON,

Tall, angular, lean and lank,
He was often taken for a crank;
But then you can't most always tell,
He was a good fellow if you knew him well.

Wall Lake, Iowa





CARLOTTA HOWARD,

Ames, Iowa

A gentle character and a sweet face
Rewarded this girl with three days of grace.



NELLIE BROWN,

Dexter, Iowa

While of troubles on earth you are a speakin',
Just think of heaven without a Deacon.



EDITH STEVENS,

Boone, Iowa

?



HARRIET ANDERSON,

Jewell, Iowa

After a life of earthly shams,
She's gathering eternal cryptograms.
And while the weather grows torrid and hotter,
They shrivel and die for lack of water.

ALICE OVERHOLSER,

This girl with her piping voice
Talks to the young man of her choice.
They will live on a "heavenhill,"
As to where we cannot tell.

Ames, Iowa



BERNICE CORLETTE,

While tantalizing people here below,
She finds above that this won't go,
And while pondering o'er her final fate
They let her peep in at the golden gate.

Ames, Iowa



MYRTLE CRETSINGER,

O thou upon this world most fair
Must some awful punishment bear,
Because thou breakest so many hearts
That have been shot with Cupid's darts.

Coon Rapids, Iowa



GERTRUDE CURTISS,

A gentle, patient, noble woman in the bloom of her youth
when called upon to pass beyond this vale of tears.

Nevada, Iowa





L. S. POAGE,

Ames, Iowa

He did so much with his few small talents that the Lord
decided to make him master over many.



MARK HAVENHILL,

Fox, Ill.

This lad's fate is sad to relate.
He went out walking with his earthly mate,
But beyond this, we're not "up to date."



J. H. BURTON,

Ames, Iowa

This boy was so very hard to kill,
That by last reports he is living still,
And as far as we know he always will.



H. A. BROCKMAN,

Walcott, Iowa

A lusty "Ag" of no small stature,
A farmer by trade and Dutch by nature.

LOUISE ROWE,

Tall and blond and condescending,
Always mimicking and mocking,
The sentence giv'n's not so shocking;
She's doomed to everlasting talking.

Boone, Iowa



NETTIE STARR,

Small and gentle,
Smart and thoughtful.
She is now a little Starr
Up there where the Heavens are.

Maxwell, Iowa



LAURA TAGGART,

State Center, Iowa

Upon this earth she was always with Slater;
In fact, she couldn't get along without her,
So she followed her on high
To be an angel bye and bye.



EVA KINGKADE,

A customer of Hanks
And a girl full of pranks
Was this young damsel on earth.
As to what she is now
We're unable to tell,
For we were asleep when she fell.

Ames, Iowa





ISAAC ANDERSON,

Madrid, Iowa

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."



J. Q. WICKHAM,

Zearing, Iowa

Altho surely not a coon,
His melodies would charm the moon.
It's hard to tell just where he goeth;
'Tis likely where the hot winds bloweth.



D. W. EILER,

Sioux Rapids, Iowa

Brave and handsome and fair to see,
A son of Pocahontas he claimed to be.



H. T. BORSHEIM,

St. Ansgar, Iowa

His hair was red, his motto, ready;
His life both strong and hale and steady.

C. O. SCHOOLEY, West Liberty, Iowa
He was always there to do his share.



L. C. MOODY, Greeley, Iowa
Cool, calm and calculating, yet he was a man of many parts.



C. H. TOURGEE, Ida Grove, Iowa
Tall, lithe and graceful,
A veritable son of the soil.



R. B. NEWCOM, Odebolt, Iowa
Of his future there is fear
That too much greatness will appear.





I. J. WELCH,

Des Moines, Iowa

Tall, slender, lacking in vim,
Seldom, if ever, known to be gay.
The campus held many pleasures for him,
But now he has gone far away.



JOHN W. JORDAN,

Boone, Iowa

A swarthy lad, a valiant knight;
At Margaret Hall he was out of sight.
He's doing stunts in Hades bright
With the rest of us. Ah, 'tis a fright.



LESTER MORRIS,

Corning, Iowa

Handsome, bright and democratic,
Plucky, proud and patriotic.



J. A. HOLDER,

Des Moines, Iowa

On earth, strong in chemistry,
Up there he tries to analyze the golden streets of the
new city.

L. T. GAYLORD,
Tall and lank and lean was he,
Spotless was his array,
Never was this lad known to stay
From Margaret Hall more than a day.

Grinnell, Iowa



PARK HAZELTON,
A simple unassuming youth, fond of his books. He made
much out of life and all in all he was a man.

Glidden, Iowa



MAURICE A. FOGG,
Although his name was Fogg, his conscience was ever
clear as crystal.

Sioux City, Iowa



J. O. SHAFF,
Very bashful and retiring,
But hard to stop when once started.

Camanche, Iowa





L. M. HURT,
Never in a hurry
Yet ever alert,
Never known to worry
Was L. M. Hurt.

Newton, Iowa



F. H. CROUSE,
Slow, sober, honest and true,
The place where he's gone will do for you.

Dike, Iowa



ELLIS ROSS,
Slow, precise and always thinking
This man died while dues collecting.

Sutherland, Iowa



A. B. SPERRY,
With the pig skin he was fierce;
With the ladies' fiercer still;
With the Profs. he was a loafer,
And they put him thru the mill.

Grundy Center, Iowa

P. D. PHILLIPS,

Newton, Iowa

He possessed many rare qualities which did not show upon the surface.



HOMER REED,

Des Moines, Iowa

He built his house on a bed of rock,
And camped himself beside Bill Brock.
At present he is still with Bill,
They both shovel coal in the land of ———.



G. H. CORLETTE,

Ames, Iowa

Good, cheerful and honest. He spent his extra time administering to the wants of others.



F. M. OKEY,

Prescott, Iowa

If at first you don't succeed
Is a good motto for a lad in need,
And if athletics don't fill your time
Social duties are next in line.





A. J. SMITH,

Corning, Iowa

Manners so smooth and polished,
Ever light hearted and gay;
We'll all know where to find him
On the resurrection day.



A. L. EVANS,

Ames, Iowa

Although a product of the town,
His doctrines were both good and sound.
And now he plays a harp all day,
In the place where saints and angels stay.



R. B. LINCOLN,

Ames, Iowa

A military career was his,
To the foe he'd never yield;
And now he's drilling companies
Upon the Elysian field.



GEO. WAGGONER,

Primgar, Iowa

So very serious, solemn and sad—
Never known to do anything bad;
He's gone to make the sinners glad,
As a missionary to the bad.

ELDON L. USRY,

Des Moines, Iowa

He was carried away in a dream
Of wonderful melodies come to him.
May he sing the celestial hymn
'Till the lights are low and dim.



H. S. SCRANTON,

Gilmore City, Iowa

Largely given to the material things, lacking sentimental-
ity, but good withall.



C. A. RAPP,

Shannon City, Iowa

After spending many years
In laying up wealth,
He's gone where it's warmer,
To seek for his health.



GEO. V. LEFFLER,

Hillsboro, Iowa

Like his great namesake, he never told a lie unless neces-
sity demanded it.





L. L. LYFORD,
Shy of manner, careless of fate,
He's resting easy in a blissful state.

Manley, Iowa



HENRY HILL,
A stroke of lightning came one day
And carried this bright lad away.

New Liberty, Iowa



ROBERT MOFFITT,
Pretty, pompous, prim and gay,
And down below they say,
He's getting bigger every day.

Des Moines, Iowa



W. W. SCHWARTING,
On earth a little artist,
He didn't amount to much.
But now we are ever mourning
Our dear, departed "Dutch."

Walcott, Iowa

R. G. AUSTIN, Webster City, Iowa
When he visited on the earth his tall and solemn manner
won for him the name of "preacher."



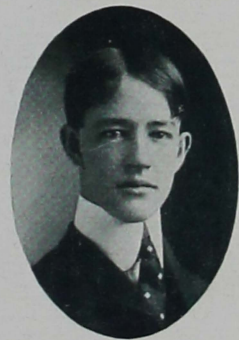
L. J. WILKINSON, Milford, Iowa
A good worker—the same at play, a friend strong and
true.



R. E. BUCHANAN, Eagle Grove, Iowa
A winsome lad with dreamy eyes,
This boy was certainly a prize.
In botany he was so wise
He deserved a home up in the skies.



L. E. CARTER, Clemson College, S. C.
Fair of face and fine of figure,
Above all things he liked a nigger.





O. E. LEWIS, Montezuma, Iowa
Ever cool and backward upon this earth,
Below they've given him a hotter berth.



W. D. SUMNER, Ottumwa, Iowa
He delighted to dispense worldly wisdom, as a strong man
to run a race.



C. B. WILSON, Cherokee, Iowa
Nearly as broad as he was long, ever quiet, happy and
smiling. We all expect to go where he did.



E. H. BRUNTLETT, Wyoming, Iowa
Honest, handsome, happy and grave,
Roguish, rollicking proud and brave.

EDNA L. KING,

The lady of the bath
Did vent her mighty wrath,
And now the lady hath
Taken the upward path.

Osceola, Nebraska



ALBERTHA PIERCE,

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
She was so good we couldn't keep her,
So they took her down to
And there they kept her very well.

Perry, Iowa



KATHERINE TERRILL,

She hitched her wagon to a Starr
And is with her still in the lands afar.

Grand Junction, Iowa



ETHYL CESSNA,

She met her end in the month of May,
A bullet carried her away.
Her rival wanted to have full sway,
Thus ended her life so gay.

Ames, Iowa





H. J. BRUNNIER,

Manning, Iowa

Of a rather slight physique,
He was never known to lack for cheek,
But St. Peter on him took pity,
And he now sweeps streets in the Golden City.



O. H. MILLER,

Des Moines, Iowa

In his stay upon the earth
Two things occupied his mind,
He determined, and it caused us mirth,
That easy places he would find.



J. L. O'HEARN,

Oskaloosa, Iowa

A friend of the ladies,
A provoker of mirth,
Was this young laddie
Before he left earth.



O. B. LOFSTEDT,

Rippey, Iowa

This jolly little lad
Was always full of fun,
But he has crossed the darkened waters
And his troubles have just begun.

C. D. WALTER, Humboldt, Iowa
What could be more unfathomable than that calm, un-
ruffled exterior.



RAY MINERT, Ames, Iowa
A happy, smiling, buoyant youth,
Ever watchful for the truth;
He keeps the time on the second story
Of the place we know as purgatory.



H. O. TELLIER, Humboldt, Iowa
There was a lad
Whose name was Dad,
Tho in this world he was never sad,
He may be now
For he's gone to the bad.



H. R. WILLIAMS, Grand View, Iowa
Ever bubbling over with wisdom and mirth,
He was too good for this old earth,
But as we don't exactly know
We'll leave you to guess where he had to go.





RALPH GRAHAM, Ames, Iowa
His name is registered on the roll of the unappreciated.



H. G. DANFORTH, Little Cedar, Iowa
His fate is common fate of all;
On earth his troubles were none too small,
But now he rides along in a golden carryall.



A. C. HOLDEN, Cherokee, Iowa
On earth so pleasant, prim and sharp,
Up yonder now he plays a harp;
And the reason of this happy plight
Is because he sneaked in in the night.



C. W. WOODARD, Denison, Iowa
Altho to fortune and to fame unknown,
He has a reward in Heaven that is all his own.

WALTER C. BISHOP,
His life was one melody of chimes;
His hereafter full of joy.

Ames, Iowa



HOWARD BISHOP,
He was a hard worker and earned his reward.

Ames, Iowa



CHARLES MORRIS,
This boy never gave religion a show,
So he got a peep at heaven and was sent below.

Corning, Iowa



C. E. CURTISS,
In purgatory so they say,
This man works English by the day,
And for fear of going farther down
He wears a prep cap for a crown.

Redfield, Iowa





W. M. RICKSHER,

Fairfield, Iowa

This little man, peace to his soul,
Was muchly given to the flowing bowl.
Getting weary of these old tricks.
He now drinks water from the river Styx.



W. S. MUNRO,

Westchester, Iowa

Retiring in manner,
His rights slow to claim,
If they sent him below
He was not to blame.



RAYMOND ALVORD,

Marcus, Iowa

Peaceful and quiet, sober and glum,
The place where he's gone is on the bum.
Now this is very bad you say,
But be very careful or you'll go that way.



RICARDO ULIBARRÍ,

Leon, Mexico

Though he was from a southern clime
And his name we couldn't pronounce,
We're sure he has gone to a place sublime
Which none of us would denounce.

FRED HAMERLY,

There was a guy who died of late,
And he went up to Heaven's gate;
Moses met him with a club
And knocked him down to Beelzebub.

Denmark, Iowa



J. H. GARBERSON,

Of a scientific turn of mind,
But often lazily inclined.
Where he is now, I will confess,
It's really rather hard to guess.

Alta, Iowa



W. A. BEVAN,

Did you ever hear in fable or story
Of paying court to a King in the chem. laboratory?

Angus, Iowa



FRANK L. BROWN,

Though brown by name
It is plainly seen,
He was only about three shades from green.

Shelby, Iowa





F. M. HANSON,

Goldfield, Iowa

"How far that little candle throws its beams! So shines
a good deed in a naughty world."



ROSCOE McMILLAN,

Vinton, Iowa

Sober, silent, peaceful and slow,
He's gone where all good boys go.



H. D. AUSTIN,

Prattsburg, N. Y.

The rigors of a "civil's" life carried this young man to an
early grave. He runs the transit in along the new survey of
the River Styx.



EDWARD GERSBACH,

Montezuma, Iowa

This laddie was so very nice
That he swings a fan in Paradise,
And maybe in a few years more
He'll be a deacon on the further shore.

CLAUDE CAMPBELL,

Ames, Iowa

He was given to newspaper writing. Always clever, exact
and conscientious in all he did. In heaven he plays a harp
of many strings.



J. A. ROWAT,

Des Moines, Iowa

He was always industrious,
Yet we smile at his fate;
He's feeding the furnace
In the place that we hate.



A. B. COATES,

Clarinda, Iowa

Quiet in speech, in form neat and trim,
Heaven was not quite enough for him;
So they keep him living as fine as a lord
'Till they can make a place for his reward.



C. H. SMITH,

Ames, Iowa

A tragic fate ends this man's life;
While making experiments in a medical line
Some baccillus grasshoppers got into his head;
So now he's experimenting in the land of the dead.





GEO. V. PEW,

Le Mars, Iowa

One of those careful reserved men who parted from earth
with few regrets.



PEARL JOHNSON,

Ames, Iowa

Of the numerous tribe of Johnson
Only one our class has gotten;
She's transplanted in a garden,
But the place we have forgotten.



M. L. MERRITT,

Grundy Center, Iowa

Of a hard working christian spirit,
He received his crown as a reward of merit.



C. E. SHIPMAN,

West Liberty, Iowa

'Tis surprising to see such goodness
In any one so small,
But 'twere better to be an angel
Than to be no good at all.

T. H. McDONALD,

Montezuma, Iowa

The smile of heaven on his fair face,
The charming winsomeness and grace;
Of this young Scot won him a place
Among the gallants of his race.



CHARLES GRAY,

Ames, Iowa

Try and labor as best you can;
You must be half Scotch to be a man.



BIRD SLATER,

Ames, Iowa

A brilliant mind she had in her head;
We are sure it's the same even now that she's dead
For she certainly needs all she ever had,
As she is teaching now in the land of the bad.



A. H. SCOTT,

Muscatine, Iowa

On this earth so very nice
He was most too neat for paradise,
So they sent him down below
Where only dirt and troubles grow.



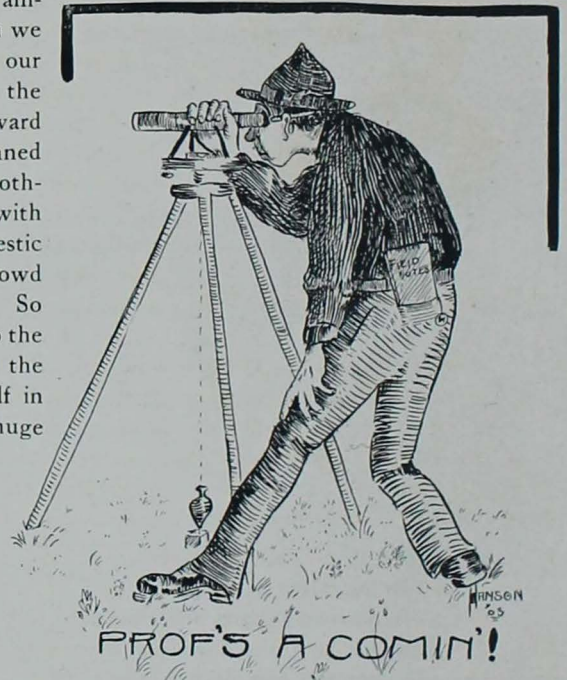
Our Chronicle



THE SUNLIGHT of three summers and the frosts of three winters have lent their beautifying influences to the visage of Mother Nature since the humble tribe of Katinas emerged from the misty land of Nowhere to make their little mark on history's scroll at I. S. C., and then wander into the happy hunting grounds of the wide, wide world. As our task while among you is nearing its completion, and our sojourn on this peaceful camping ground will soon be a thing of the past, the flitting shadow called memory will oft and again turn backward upon its course the revelry of time, and present to us many a task which we deem well finished, many a lesson which went unlearned, many a pang of sorrow which we were left to bear alone, many a heart-flooding joy which we would fain experience over again, and as the dim shadows of the past merge into the radiance of the present, we are still following the well trodden paths of those who have gone before, like our good friend, the village blacksmith,

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life we go."

The old century was fast passing away, and Father Time was preparing to throw off the accumulated troubles of the soon-to-be-forgotten past, and assume the cares and responsibilities of another hundred years, when the trumpet call of that great leveler of humanity, Education, caused the first assembly of our ambitious tribe. Many were the pleasures which we left and many the troubles endured during our first efforts to gather a few shining pebbles on the golden beach of knowledge. The big, awkward farmer's son left his strife with the clods, donned his Sunday clothes, made one last inroad on mother's provisions, and went forth to do battle with the world. His cousin also, decided that domestic economy would be much easier with a jolly crowd of girls, than under mother's careful direction. So this simple, demure maiden made many trips to the dressmaker and the milliner, and finally, when the long looked for day arrived, she arrayed herself in her first long dress, hid her golden tresses in a huge Leghorn hat, and entered bravely into the land of the great unknown. In the city this thirst for knowledge was all pervading. The dainty little maiden who had never known anything but pleasure, suddenly became serious, and decided to go to that place where they make seventeen different articles from one batch of dough. So she added a dozen calico aprons to her already well stocked wardrobe, purchased an alarm clock which was guaranteed to ring softly each morning at five thirty, and joined in the search for "fields new and pastures green." Her brother who has wasted many hours in loafing and spending father's money, is told that he must either go to school or go



to work, and actuated by a desire for the better things, he chooses the former course. So it happened that when the verdant promises of summer were ripening into the golden richness of autumn, when the mother quail was first teaching her young the benefits of aerial navigation, when the little boy haltingly traced his way to the uninviting school-house, that our band of three hundred hopefuls joined hands to grope forward into the great beyond.

We all treasure peculiar memories of those days when we as "preps" were apt to put our trust in everybody, and explore with ever increasing wonder the delights of our new home. Many are the pleasant recollections which we cherish of the first time we entered the spacious dining hall, were nearly enchanted by the delightful sound of the china plate chorus, and dined for thirty long minutes on the fat of the land. Or when we puzzled long and deep over the terrible algebra exams, and wrote pretty little essays for the English department. Or those quiet evenings when the sophomores kindly called at our rooms, and gave us the first lessons in physical culture.

But when all other memories have faded into the dim past, we well still remember the friendly glance of the deep blue eyes, and the firm grasp of that mighty hand which first welcomed us to the blessings of our surroundings.



A Special in English.

Although highly favored during our budding days in this best of all places, yet an occasional trouble found its way across our path and gave us a momentary glance at the serious side of life. Envious of our many joys, the grim destroyer, Fever, called at our abode, left his mark upon the many, and from our midst carried five of our young men from the strength of earthly manhood to the reward of the dim hereafter. During our short acquaintance they had become our brothers in sympathy and affection, and we will ever cherish their memories.

As if to aid the fever in its work of destruction and add a finishing touch to an unpleasant picture, the "Fire" took from us one of our oldest landmarks, and left many of us without a sheltering roof. Never will we forget a raw, chilly morning in December, when the harsh clang of the fire bell aroused us from pleasant dreams, and with the lightest of summer apparel we scrambled out thru the windows, and viewed from afar our beloved bric-a-brac go up in the thick, black, smoke, and waft away on the gentle breeze. That night we

donned a peculiar assortment of dress suits, repaired to the new stock pavilion, and were entertained by our guardian angeles, the Sophomores. So it happened that after many days of cruel baptism by famine, fever and fire, we emerged from out the ranks of the nameless tribes, and there after our banners were blazoned with the name, "Katina," which signifies the swiftness of the wind, the piercing sight of the eagle, the strength and courage of the lion, and understanding beyond all conception.

Of all the good times which we love to live over again in our imagination, is that home coming after our first stay away from the parental roof. Never did the home atmosphere seem so bright and cheerful, never did those home made delicacies seem so good, never did sleep contain for us so many charms, never before did we appreciate the kind words and affections of those who love us best. After a full enjoyment of these home pleasures, we are once more ready to assume our tasks at school. This time it was not the going out of a strange land, but the meeting of friends and congenial spirits. This term we began to feel some sort of ownership of the things about us, and we feel real interest in our work. The

maidens of our tribe began to realize the pleasures to be derived from a midnight spread, and our young braves sought earthly bliss in trips to neighboring villages over the air line.

It was during this term that a series of articles suspended from the big derricks over the new engineering hall, gave trouble to several classes, our's among the rest. On one of these occasions another tribe, who could not always peacefully attend to their own affairs, learned to their sorrow the strength of the despised Freshies, but just when we became a trifle over zealous in our ambition, a mighty voice from out of the darkness ordered us to disband, and our courage dissolved like the blue smoke in the morning breeze.

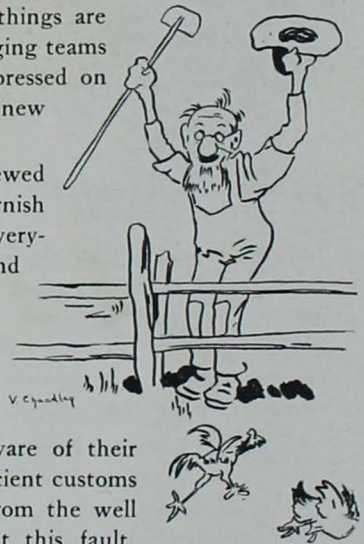


June.

At the spring banquet it was our turn to do the honors, and so from the bottom of our hearts, and the depths of our pockets, came the good cheer—both physical and mental—which added to the kindness of our friends, the Sophomores, made the event one long to be remembered. This was only one of the pleasures which we learned to enjoy, and in those bright, dreamy lazy days of the delightful spring, studies came hard and worry laid heavily upon us, and the approach of summer was eagerly welcomed by many a young hopeful.

Each succeeding school year is but a repetition of all others, except a few incidents which came vividly to the minds of different individuals. Being now full-fledged Sophomores, with the usual enlargement of the cephalic projection, and the wonderful solicitude for the welfare of the groping Freshman which fills the gentle heart of every upper classman, we administered to them such training as we deemed necessary for our mutual benefit. Then of course we followed the usual custom, and won the fall meet, altho' it must be admitted that our protege did remarkably well for such youngsters. We remembered about there being a team of "Cyclones" that fall, but such things are best forgotten. The success of our debating and stock judging teams this fall made our other defeats much lighter, and everybody pressed on with the hope that the coming spring would bring with it new glories for the cardinal and gold.

Softened by the mellowing influences of time and now viewed from afar, the incidents of our second term as Sophomores furnish many an amusing thought. In the bright spring time when everywhere blossomed the flowers of hope and promise, and peace and quiet reigned supreme, there entered into the minds of the large-hearted and ambitious Freshman class, the idea that it would be good departure from the long established rules of the college, and that it would incidentally lead to a greater social spirit among themselves, to hold a little entertainment all of their own. Now the Sophomores, over the solicitous welfare of their greener brethern, and entertaining a profound respect for ancient customs and traditions decided that the youngsters were deviating far from the well beaten paths, and took it as a part of their duty to correct this fault. Their action was not viewed in its proper light by the members of the opposition and that was where the fuss began.



The day of the proposed entertainment dawned bright and fair, and up to this time no mutterings of thunder had foretold of the coming storm. During the morning several

sharp skirmishes took place and in most of these the overwhelming numbers of the Freshmen tribe made them easily victorious. Then the intervention of the faculty members procured a truce between the excited combatants, and for a while all seemed well and good. All afternoon, however, the suspecting Freshmen kept close guard over their Great Chief, fearing that he might be persuaded to journey far from home in search of a happy land.

That evening the big and awkward Sicemakas formed one compact mass about their leaders, and marched rather triumphantly to the old dining hall, there to celebrate their supposed victory, but they reckoned without a host. Outside the silent forces were not asleep and many things happened that did not add to the comfort of those within. Suddenly

the weather became so cold that the current was stopped in the electric wires, and the lights failed entirely. Then a peculiar shower of water and pepper crept mysteriously into the great dining hall, and this together with the terrible darkness made many a faint heart waver, and many a strong lad wish he had been somewhere else. Not daunted by petty trials the brave youngsters procured a few flickering lamps and tried hard to make it appear that they were enjoying themselves, but this proved to be an extremely hard task.

There are many conflicting opinions as to who were the victors in this affair, and of the result the disinterested person must be left to decide for himself. It is true that certain attempts at kidnapping proved to be lamentable failures, and that the Freshmen held a banquet. On the other hand it is also true that a certain company of young people adjourned their social gathering at the early hour of nine-thirty, and we don't remember of hearing of a Freshman banquet since that memorable occasion.

The only authentic records of the affair can be obtained of the Katina class treasury, which contains the following entries for the spring of '02:

BILLS APPROVED.

Livery Bill,	-	-	-	-	-	\$ 5.60
Harness Repairs,	-	-	-	-	-	5.50
Pepper,	-	-	-	-	-	1.25
Paint,	-	-	-	-	-	1.25
Window Glass,	-	-	-	-	-	6.40
Hose (Rubber),	-	-	-	-	-	<u>2.30</u>
Total,	-	-	-	-	-	\$22.50

And that's the way the money goes.

Another amusing incident of that term was the result of the home field meet. Nearly



all the spring the Seniors and Freshmen quarreled with each other about the classification cards of their respective athletes. When the meet finally arrived these two classes flattered themselves that the meet lay between them, but much to the surprise of these noisy persons, the Sophomores won the meet, and the figures '04 were engraved on the silver cup. Thus it is that the Lion and the Bear will sometimes fight, while the sly fox carries away the coveted prize.

In our three years sojourn with the congregation of the unrighteous at this gathering place of ambitious students, we have witnessed many things which tend toward the transformation from the customs of the old regime to those of the new. This transformation brings before us many new and interesting features, and we hope they will all tend toward the better.

We have seen the first of our large buildings leveled to the ground, and travel the way of all the works of mankind, but in its place new structures have arisen to adorn our already beautiful campus, and may they be only the forerunners of better things to come. The brave old flag staff, which so often flaunted the Star Spangled Banner defiantly to the breeze, has departed to its final resting place. A great man has given his life for our betterment and has gone across the river to his greater reward.

We have seen the Normalites once and again downed by our stalwart debaters, and twice has the magnificent Spoor Trophy been brought back to reside among us. After many years of waiting the baseball team has humbled the University colors, and the gridiron warriors have wrestled the battle from the wearers of Scarlet and Black, and the echos of those celebrations still ring in our ears. We have seen the time honored class "scrap" eliminated from our troubles, and everything points to a long reign of peace and prosperity, victory and glory, and ever will the Cardinal and Gold wave triumphantly.

If in our actions there has been any thing that you feel ought to be condemned, be careful not to emulate our example: If, however, we have done a few things worthy of commendation, go thou and do likewise.

Soon we will be called upon to leave you and seek other fields of labor, but when cares rest heavy upon us, memory will turn back to the place where nature ever put forth her finest efforts; where the woodland blended gently with the green sward, and the wild flowers nodded approval to the babbling brook; where the bee sips the honey, and the hummingbird gathers sweetness in the twilight; where the sun ripens the promises of a thousand fields, and the pale moon sends flickering shadows through the rustling leaves; where the chimes ring out ever and anon the glad refrain of our happy school days.





Long, Long Ago

As all outside is cold and drear,
And the voices of night are still,
Save where the sleet beats sharp on the pane,
And the wind moans over the hill,
Memory will turn back and once again
To the time when we knew only the joys
Of that happy life so free from care,—
When we were good little boys.



Time may have brought us trouble and care
And our way may oft be rough;
The reward we get for worry and work
May hardly seem enough;
Still we turn with glad relief,
To the pleasures without alloys,
That we're ours without the asking,—
When we were good little boys.

In those happy days of the springtime of life,
We never played out of doors,
But sat all day in the parlor chairs,
Arrayed in white pinafores.
We never knew any naughty words,
And always said "if you please,"
And were brought up with moral suasion,
Across parental knees.





We never went fishing in the dirty creek,
Where the bull-heads wouldn't bite,
And we never barrowed watermelons,
In the dark of a summer night.
We never went swimming on school days,
And we never made any noise,
To annoy the cross-eyed school ma'am,—
When we were good little boys.

We never took the little blue eggs
From the swallow's dainty nest,
We never ate the heart of the chicken,
If sister liked it best.
We never got mad at brother
And called him a little fool,
And the Sabbath always found us
In our places at Sunday school.



Tho' Fame may have smiled upon us
And Fortune nodded her head,
And the light of the future hangs o'er us
Like a sunset tinged with red,
Yet we would gladly give it all
To be back in the land of toys,
And hear the lullaby that mother sang,—
When we were good little boys.

Dr. Harrinaan's office down town. Telephone rings violently and Dr. takes up receiver.
 "Hello. What's wanted?"
 "Yes. On the 8:30 motor. Someone sick?"
 "Jimmy R—— What's that name?"
 "Oh, yes. Used to be at the Colonial Club, didn't he? What symptoms?"
 "Bad appetite and nervousness are not usually considered bad symptoms. Anything else?"
 "Restlessness at night?"
 "What? What's that? Gets up at night to look at a picture in the back of his watch, you say? Bad, very bad?"
 "At 1 p. m., 1:30 a. m. and 3:00 a. m., you say? Worse, worse."
 "Yes, I am afraid it is. We'll hope for the best, though?"
 "Yes, I'll come immediately. Don't let the watch get out of his sight. Good-bye."



A Tale of Woe

They tell us of Shakespeare and Byron,
 Of Tennyson and Longfellow, too;
 But those old chappies wouldn't be famous
 If they'd had Eng. VI., I tell you.

We must study the law and the papers,
 We dare not read a book:
 And the brief cards we hand in to Noble,
 Have a certain most dignified look.



Then we have a week to get ready,
 For the worst we must surely prepare.
 No one ever thinks of an A I,
 The best we can hope is B square.

But this week the Prof. grew kind-hearted—
 I thought my work just about right.
 At the end in blue pencil, "Well written,"
 And then just below it "Re-write."



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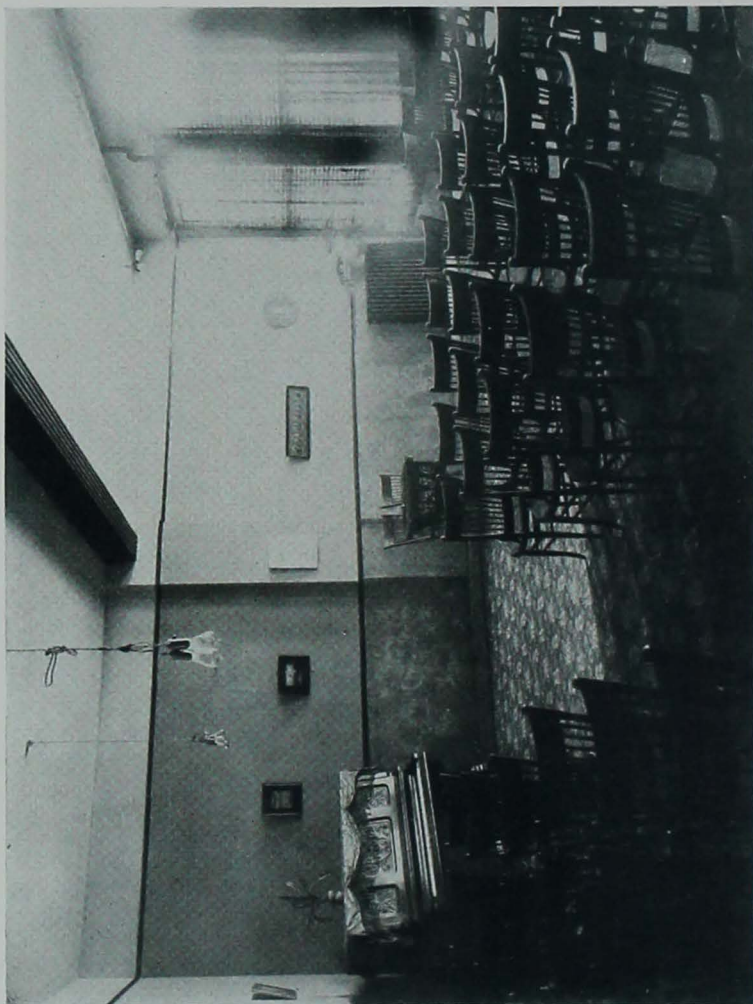
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C. J. Roup	C. J. Crawford	B. R. Wallace
C. G. Matthews	A. B. Scott	J. Rowat
O. Starsinger	J. W. Hook	E. A. Stout
W. R. Hazelton		F. F. Hoffacre



Welch Eclectic

In eighteen hundred eighty-eight, was convened the first meeting of what is now the Welch Eclectic Literary Society. During the past fifteen years the Welchmen have struggled through many difficulties. Discouraged, and dissapointed at times, but never dishearted or hopeless, the members of this society have worked patiently, persistently, for the position to which they have ever aspired; one of importance and value in the literary work of the college.

President, F. M. BYL

Secretary, A. L. SANFORD

Vice-President, W. A. TENER

Treasurer, D. W. EILER

W. C. Claybaugh

R. K. Bliss

D. W. Eiler

F. M. Byl

J. Brehl

R. S. Curtiss

R. L. Cox

O. H. Miller

E. O. Shreve

A. B. Whistler

A. L. Sanford

C. Reinbott

R. B. Dale

C. J. Heisey

Claude Campbell

W. A. Tener

D. Davis

H. G. Dimmitt

W. Dinsmore

E. W. Miller

W. S. Munro

G. A. Roberts

H. Scranton

R. S. Stinson

F. Campbell.

P. Smith

C. V. Gregory



Phileleutheroi

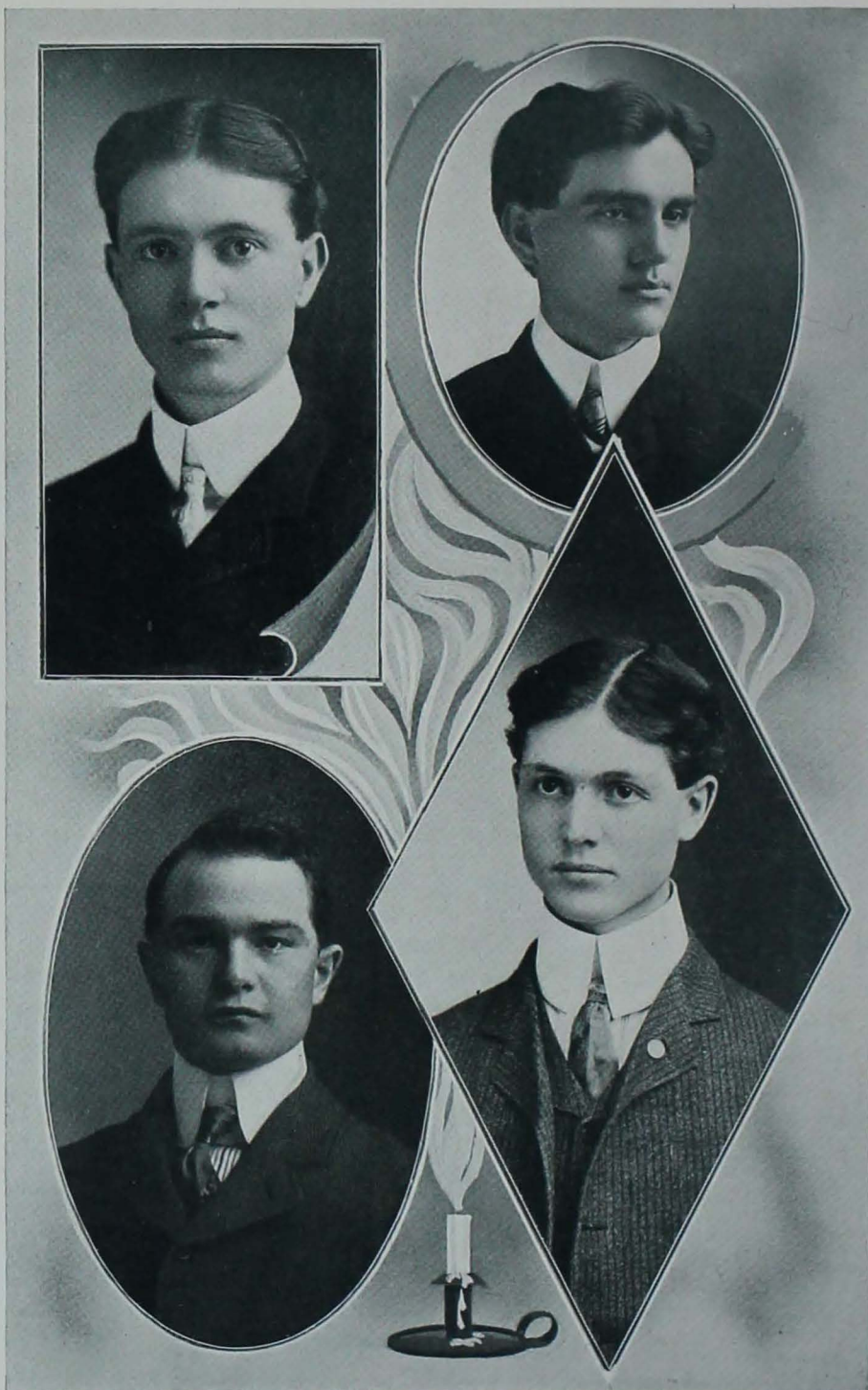
In eighteen hundred and ninety, a few students interested in society work, banded themselves together as a literary society, the purpose of which was as they stated it; "the improvement of its members in literature, art of speaking, debate and parliamentary usages; and the cultivation of their moral and mental faculties." Needless to say, these ideas have been faithfully carried out. The orators and debators of this society have become famous, bringing honors to society and to college.

In this organization may be found some of the warmest advocates of the policy that "charts" are essential to the winning of debates.

President, H. K. DODGE
Vice- President, A. LANSBERG

Secretary, JESSIE FRASER
Treasurer, M. L. MERRITT

'03	'04	'05	'06
Leon Buck	M. L. Merritt	R. E. Blackwood	Clara Meacham
Josephine Brown	C. L. Morris	E. C. Naylor	J. N. Bourne
A. Buckley	Alice Overholser	E. Maharg	F. R. Ross
T. W. Dodd	I. J. Welch	Jessie Fraser	C. J. Zirbel
H. K. Dodge	Edna King	F. Crouse	C. A. Heberling
A. L. Lansberg	C. W. Rubel	G. A. Dodge	R. Crouse
Marie Malley		Stella Hibbard	Millie Flynn
Maude Vanatta			Ruth Watts
Ethyl Younie			J. A. White
John Brown			C. D. Forsbeck
H. N. Ebersole			A. R. McMillan
			H. Morrow



Pythian

Hippity Hip! Kazip! Kazip!
Hippity Hip! Kazip! Kazip!
Hulabaloo! Bazoo! Bazoo!
Hulabaloo! Bazoo! Bazoo!
Roo! Rah! Roo!
Pythian.

COLORS — Scarlet and White.

President, C. C. BUCHANAN

Vice President, E. S. GUTHRIE

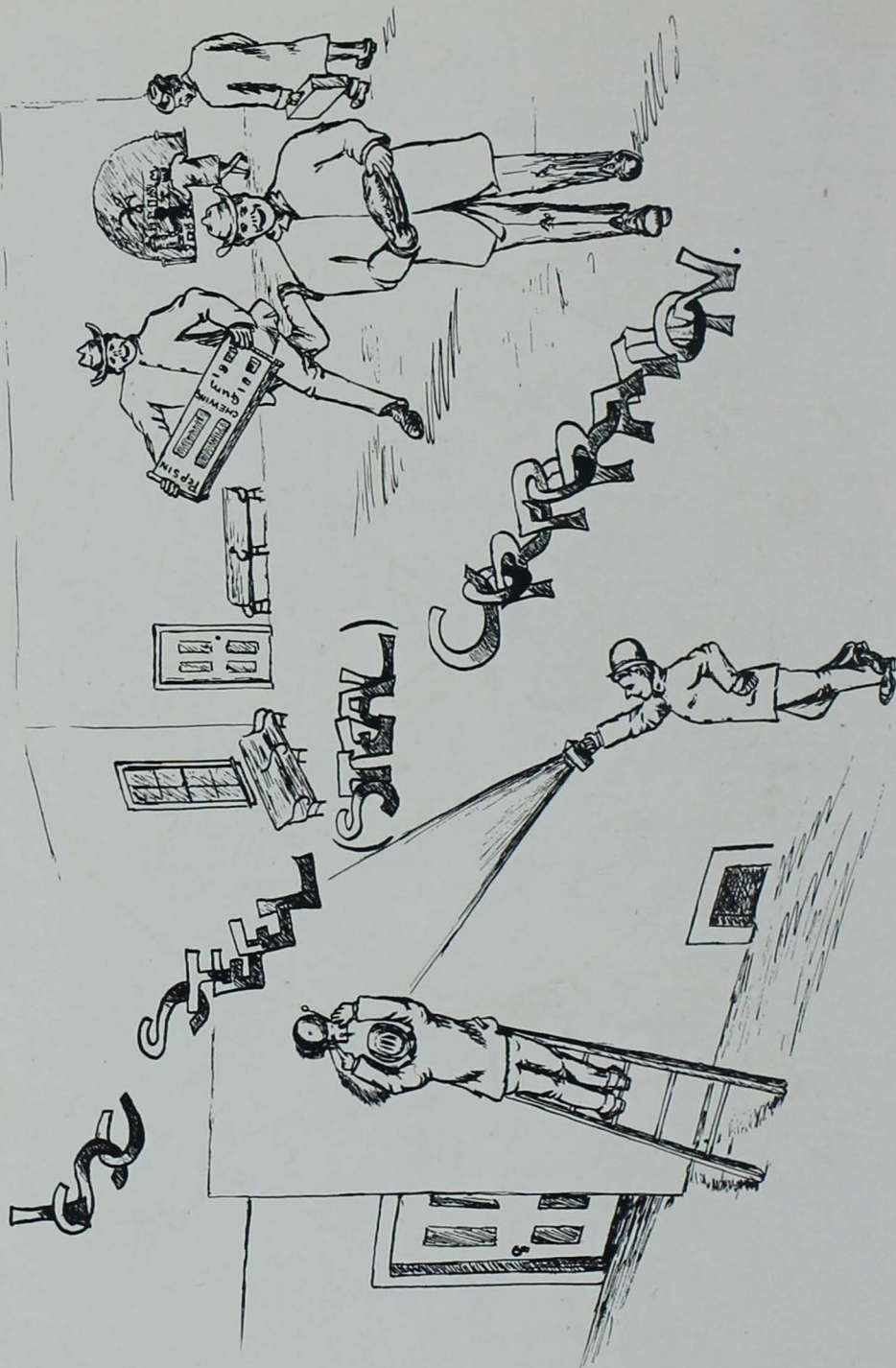
Secretary, J. C. GUTHRIE

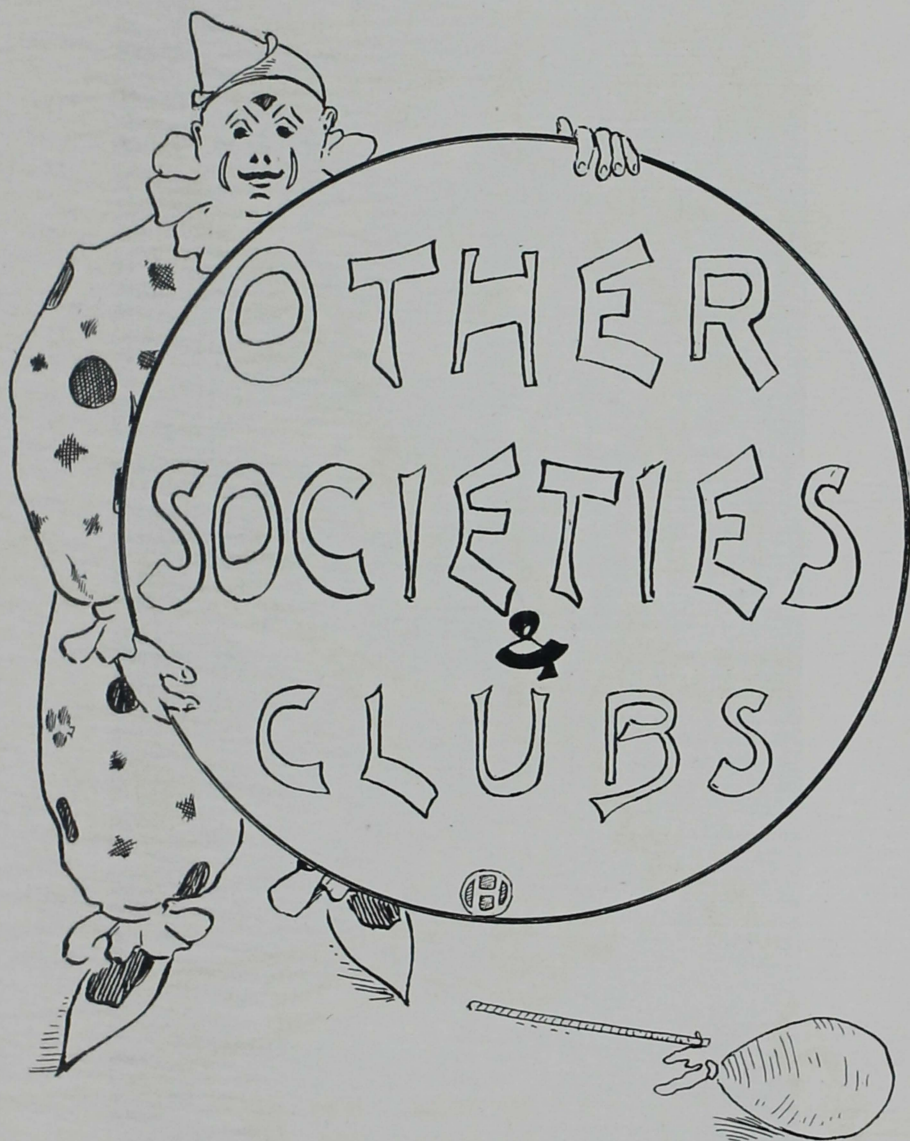
Treasurer, M. L. MOSHER

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R. W. Atkinson
A. B. Coates
Charles Gray
J. W. Lasher
C. D. Ogden
P. Peckstein
C. O. Schooley
W. J. Wilson
E. B. Watson

H. D. Austin
H. O. Buckman
A. C. Epley
Ed Jones
G. V. Leffler
R. Oppenheim
Oscar Royce
A. J. Secor
H. R. Williams
F. M. Hanson
F. C. Rieke

J. B. Ashby
M. L. Bowman
W. D. Gilchrist
A. C. Lasher
C. W. Lawrence
R. C. Prather
J. O. Shaff
C. H. Tourgee
H. Wosoba
C. E. Baker







Noit Avrats

FACULTY

E. A. PATTENGILL, '97

W. M. JONES, '97

A. ATKINSON

W. W. Smith, '03
H. O. Sampson '03
W. W. Otto '03
R. A. Blair '03
F. A. Pielsticker '04
E. L. Usry '04
L. M. Hurt '04
L. T. Gaylord '04
J. W. Jordan '04

A. H. Scott '04
P. H. Daniels '05
T. J. Patton '05
M. Greene, Jr. '05
J. A. Buell '05
R. L. Collette '05
C. J. Crawford '05
G. E. Busby '06
M. R. Bowen '06

P. B. Miller '06



Tri Serps

M. B. Holbrook '04

H. F. Anthony '05 R. G. Knox '06

A. L. Evans '04

L. H. Moore '03

C. O. Dixon '04

E. H. Bruntlett '04

H. M. Parks '03

R. S. Scott '05

C. A. Hobein '03

F. L. McClain '03

O. B. Moorhouse '03

F. H. Ricker '05

T. H. McDonald '04

A. B. Scott '05

H. O. Tellier '04

A. C. Holden '04

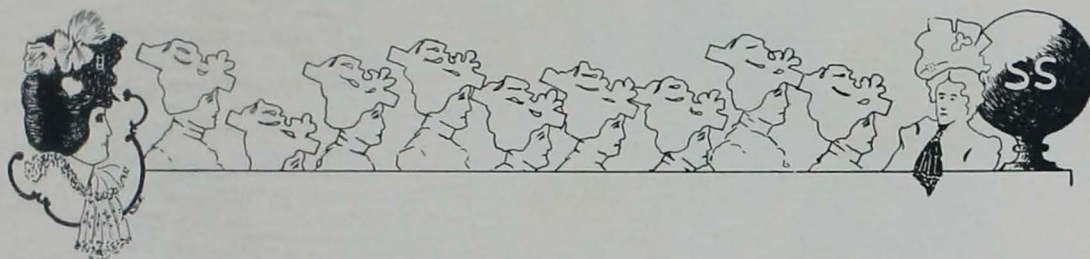
PLEDGED MEMBERS, A. E. Packer '06

P. G. Lauman '06

C. L. Holden '06



Wagner



Mae Bower

Mary Davidson

Jennie Lund

Hattie Anderson

Edith Stevens

Bertha Pierce

Myrtle Cretsinger

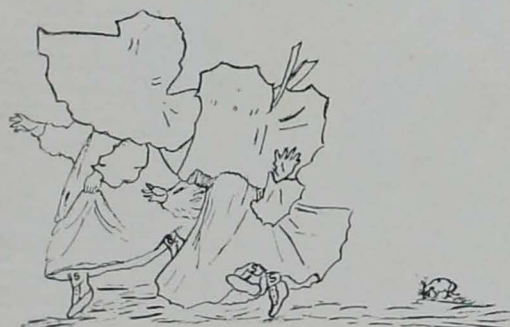
Iva Brandt

Jessie Davidson

Elva Barton

Rachel Mosier

Imogene Stevens





C. O. B.

CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK

The C. O. B. was organized in 1901. All daughters of graduates who are attending college are eligible to membership. Their object is to create interest, love and loyalty for I. S. C.; to perpetuate the feeling of good fellowship of the alumni, and to live up to the name of the society.

Then there is a social aim that of bringing the daughters of the alumni together by a bond of common interest.

A dinner is held each term at which different alumni are present; also gentlemen friends of the members are invited. The first dinner was at the home of Margaret Stanton, on the campus; the second at the home of Reine Wells in Nevada; the third at the Nelson House in Ames. The members with their own classes and those of their parents are as follows:

Ethyl Cessna '04	-	O. H. Cessna '72
Margaret Stanton '02	-	E. W. Stanton '72
Olive Stevens '97	}	J. L. Stevens '72
Edith Stevens '04		Rowena Edson Ste-
Imogene Stevens '05		vens '73

Edna King '04	- - -	E. L. King '77
Genevieve Milnes '05	-	J. C. Milnes '77
Winifred Shaw, '06	}	A. B. Shaw '76
Genevieve Shaw, '06		Winifred Dudley Shaw '76
Reine Wells '04	- - -	J. M. Wells '72



The Glee Club

PROF. F. J. RESLER, Director

FIRST TENORS

Roe Scott

L. W. Wilson

Frank Rowat

L. H. Moore

A. B. Scott

F. Minkler J. E. Wright

SECOND TENORS

C. O. Dixon

I. Dreher

F. M. Okey

J. W. White

C. J. Heisey

BARITONES

E. L. Usry

H. Burton

G. M. Bean

J. G. Minert

Percy Walton

J. E. Wright

H. Anthony

R. J. Sullivan

Lewis Young

Roy Miller

F. E. Hoffman

BASSOS



T. L. B.

This organization, better known as the "Six Foot Club," is one of the youngest and most prominent of the social factors of the college. Among other qualifications for membership, the aspiring candidate must measure six feet from head to heel, and be of good standing in the community.

The members in order of length are—



"If all these men were one man;
If all these heads were one head;
If all their hands were one hand;
If all their shoes were one shoe;
If all their hearts were one heart;
If all the Six Footers were one man
What a big man he would be!"

—MOTHER GOOSE.

A. L. Sanford	
	H. J. Brunnier
H. W. Gray	
	I. W. Peshak
C. H. Smith	
	R. W. Stevenson
H. N. Ebersole	
	J. A. Drake
H. K. Dodge	
	Oscar Royce
D. J. Butts	



The Cadet Corps

GENERAL JAMES RUSH LINCOLN, Commandant.

OFFICERS

LIEUTENANT COLONEL R. J. LEWIS

FIRST BATTALION

Major R. B. Lincoln
Adjutant L. L. Hidinger
Sergeant Major E. W. Hanson
Company K, Captain W. A. Bevan
Company G, Captain J. O. Shaff
Company B, Captain W. A. Gilchrist
Company A, Captain C. H. Tourgee

SECOND BATTALION

Major A. R. Boudinot
Adjutant A. L. Sanford
Sergeant Major C. D. Findley
Company L, Captain M. Havenhill
Company E, Captain C. J. Roup
Company M, Captain M. Green
Company F, Captain J. L. O'Hearn

THIRD BATTALION

Major C. B. Wilson
Adjutant E. Hurd
Sergeant Major M. S. Vincent

Company I, Captain C. J. Knickerbocker
Company H, Captain W. A. Ireland
Company C, Lieutenant E. Smith
Company D, Captain J. L. Cutler

The Cadet Corps—CONTINUED

FIRST LIEUTENANTS	COMPANY	SECOND LIEUTENANTS	COMPANY
C. W. Woodruff	K	F. V. Roy	I
H. C. White	I	A. L. Peterson	M
M. L. Mosher	A	F. F. Hofacre	L
N. C. Bottsford	E	N. B. Garver	K
P. J. Walton	H	I. B. Shinkle	C
H. K. Babbitt	M	P. B. Tracey	B
G. B. Ashby,	L	E. O. Armstrong	E
F. F. Taylor	D	C. J. Warren	A
F. M. Hanson	G	F. W. Cessna	G
H. E. Turner	C	R. McMillan	H
H. C. Wasaba	B	G. Zanke	F
		W. J. Lynch	D
		N. S. Vincent	I

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

On the grass green sod so trim,
And would that the prep could utter,
The tho'ts that arise in him.

Well for the little maid,
That she knows not the bugle's trill;
Well for the Quaker lad,
Whose conscience won't let him drill.

The portly general sails on
To his station under the flag;
He doesn't know that his charger
Is only a plow-horse nag.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
O'er the grass green sod, O prep,
In your dreams you'll ever remember,
The sergeant's ceaseless "hep."

The Grafters

The Grafters Club was organized the latter part of January by the students of the horticulture department who are desirous of becoming proficient in the art of "grafting" which is a division of agriculture science. The object of the "Graftets" is the promotion of horticulture knowledge.

The club is not burdened by officers and has only three rules: The club shall meet



once every week, rain or shine. No member is allowed to fill his pockets before departing from meetings. Every one present shall sign roll at close of each meeting.

As there is a great deal in a name, Hanson, who is quite a "grafter" suggested the above and it was unanimously adopted.

MEMBERS

Prof. H. C. Price	C. R. Bechtle	M. L. Merritt	C. W. Rubel
Prof. A. T. Irwin	A. A. Miller	F. H. Crouse	Mark Havenhill
Prof. E. E. Little	H. H. Howard	E. A. Hyde	E. G. Ritzman
Fred M. Hanson	W. C. Claybaugh	Frank Meiser	Alfred Kohler
John O. Shaff	E. B. Watson	R. W. Crouse	J. A. Drake

Alumni Association

President - W. CLYDE JONES, Chicago, Ill.
Treasurer - - C. G. LEE, Ames, Iowa
Secretary - OLIVE EDSON STEVENS, Ames, Iowa

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

W. CLYDE JONES '91, Chicago, Ill., Chairman
CHARLES W. DIETZ '72, Omaha, Neb.
WILLIAM C. ARMSTRONG '81, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Alumni Association

President - DR. W. A. PETERSON '87
Vice-President, MRS. FLORENCE PARKHILL KUEHL '93
Secretary and Treasurer - B. R. ROGERS '99

Oratorical Association



President	-	-	-	OSCAR ROYCE
Vice-President	-	-	-	DWIGHT DAVIS
Secretary	-	-	-	F. E. OVERHOLSER
Treasurer	-	-	-	C. E. BAKER

Debating League

President	-	-	-	A. E. ELDER
Vice-President	-	-	-	R. G. AUSTIN
Treasurer	-	-	-	F. M. HANSON
Secretary	-	-	-	W. DINSMORE



Christian Associations

OFFICERS

Y. M. C. A.				Y. W. C. A.			
President	-	-	W. A. TENER	President	-	-	ETHYL CESSNA
Vice-President	-	-	A. R. BOUDINOT	Vice-President	-	-	GENEVIEVE MILNES
Treasurer	-	-	H. T. AVEY	Treasurer	-	-	KATHERINE TERRILL
Secretary	-	-	M. L. MERRITT	Secretary	-	-	MARGARET MORRISON

The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations of the college are the organizations which have for their object the fostering of the religious and social life of the whole student body. They are not able to do all they should in this direction, but they are doing a fine work. Within the last three years they have raised funds enough for a beautiful new association building. A building to be not only as the center of christian work among the students but to be the center of other student activities. It shall be open throughout the week with genuine hospitality to every student in college and in this building all shall find a Christian home.



Y. M. C. A. Lecture Course for Spring Semester, 1903:

Swedish Ladies Quintette	-	Feb. 14
Reverend Thomas Dixon, Jr.	-	March 7
George W. Cable	-	March 21
Prof. Adrian M. Newens	-	April 11
Dr. George E. Vincent	-	April 25
Iowa State College Glee Club	-	May 9

Class Organizations

CLASS OF 1903

Colors—White and gold.

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

OFFICERS

President, H. K. Dodge
Vice President, Thos. S. Hunt
Treasurer, Otto Starsinger
Secretary, Josie Brown

CLASS OF 1905

Colors—Red and black

Yell—Wigwam! Wigwam! Wigwam wive!
Sicemaka! Sicemaka! 1905!
War paint! War paint! Cardinal and black!
Sophmores! Sophmores! Sis! Boom! Whack!

OFFICERS

President, C. J. Crawford
Vice-President, M. I. Worden
Secretary, Erma Wiley
Treasurer, R. L. Cox

CLASS OF 1904

Colors—Green and white

Yell—Osco! Wosko!
Rip! Rah! Roar
Katina! Katina!
1904!

OFFICERS

President, D. W. Eiler
Vice-President, J. A. Rowat
Treasurer, A. L. Ross
Secretary, Louise Rowe

CLASS OF 1906

Colors—Black and gold

Yell—Hokety-Pokety!
Six Boom!
Hokety-Pokety!
Six Boom!
Pokety-Possum!
O! Mewassum!
Ames! Ames!
1906!

OFFICERS

President, Walter Peck
Vice-President, A. C. Perrin
Secretary, Edith Fraseur
Treasurer, H. I. Moore

Campus Coeducation



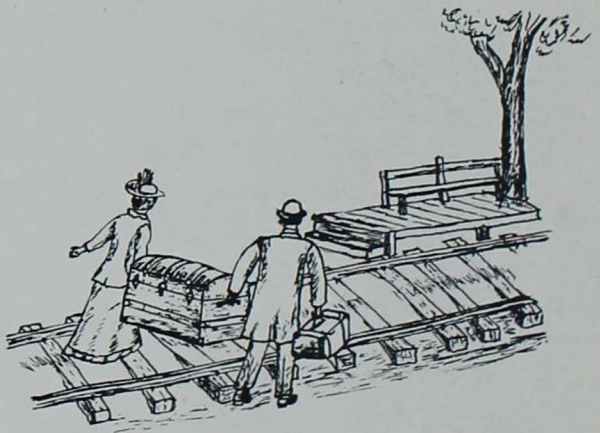
There is lots of nonsense in it,
But when you're feeling glum
There's nothing half so sweet in life
As to take a long, long chum.



Of course boys should chum with boys
And girls with girls should chum;
They can walk and talk and talk and walk
And take cross country runs.



But if girls and boys and boys and girls
Should o'er the Campus go,
Then some one sure would wag his head
And say "I told you so."



'Tis always so in Co-ed schools,
And they to grief will come.
"I'll see our president to-day
And have him send 'em hum."

College
Publications

THE STUDENT

Published Every Wednesday and Saturday
Afternoon of the College Year

*Entered at the Post Office at Ames, Iowa, as
second class matter*

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REMITTANCES should be made by money order or bank draft to business manager.

COMMUNICATIONS in regard to all literary matters should be directed to the editor-in-chief.

TERMS—The STUDENT will be sent to all subscribers until ordered discontinued and all arrearages paid.

OFFICE HOURS—Business Manager, 9:45 to 10:45 A. M., except Thursdays and Saturdays. Office on the second floor, Chemical building.

We wish to invite the attention of our readers, especially our students, to the advertisements in our columns. We solicit for each firm herein represented a share of your patronage.

FROM THE PRESS OF THE AMES TIMES

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Olive E. Stevens '07	
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Carolyn Gabrielson '05	Society Editor
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A. L. Sanford '06	Business Manager
F. F. Hofacre '05	Ass't Business Managers

confidently expect that the choice would be made at this meeting.

AMES LIBRARY ASSURED

(Continued from first page)

sible at this early date to tell where the final location will be.

Ames used to have a small library that was supported by subscriptions from members of the library association, but for the past two or three years the books that made up this library have been stored away out of circulation, and the urgent need of a library and commodious reading room have been recognized for some time. The efforts of the mayor and the P. E. O. organization to secure a library building have been well rewarded and they are amply repaid by seeing a magnificent library as one of the realities of the not distant future.

THE IOWA ENGINEER

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

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1902

No. 3.

EDITORS

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THE TESTING OF CEMENTS.

By ELMINA WILSON.

On account of the increased use of cement in almost every kind of construction there has been a growing demand for more uniform specifications for cement submitted to engineers for approval. The general subject of cement testing has been carried on in our laboratory for a number of years with investigations of special brands of cement for construction work at the College and by request from cement manufacturers and cement users. A description of the tests made in the laboratory, together with some of the data taken from the records kept might be of interest, because when a cement is to be used in constructive work one of the hardest problems for the engineer is to determine beforehand how it will behave under the special conditions of this work. He wishes to know if the brand he is considering will acquire strength and

IOWA AGRICULTURIST

VOL. 2

IOWA STATE COLLEGE, AMES, IA., JANUARY, 1903

NO. 5

Published Monthly by The Agricultural Club of Iowa State College.

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

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T. S. Hunt	General Agriculture
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W. W. Smith	Chemistry
Ethyl Cessna	Domestic Economy
Prof. W. J. Kennedy	Business Manager
C. O. Dixon	Asst. Business Managers
M. L. Merritt	
N. C. Rew	

This magazine is published with the approval of the College Authorities, but the editors are responsible for the statements in all unsigned articles.

Address to the Editor-in-Chief all queries relating to agricultural work. All business communications to the Business Manager, IOWA AGRICULTURIST, Ames, Iowa.

The Agriculturist

IN this issue begins the second year of its history. During the past year, we have had our trials and successes, and have grown the stronger because of them. For the hearty reception accorded us by our many friends we are grateful and we especially appreciate the recognition given us by other agricultural papers. We have tried to deal with subjects from the standpoint of "Science with practice." The success of the college in this respect is well known. We hope to be of help to agriculturists in problems affecting their daily practices, and we aim to bring men into more

intimate touch with experimental work. As we enter upon this new year, so full of promise to agricultural interests, we intend to reach many more enterprising farmers. Add the AGRICULTURIST to your list of reading matter for 1903, and interest your friends in our modest publication. Keep in touch with the pride of the Hawkeye state—The Iowa State College.

Students' Judging Contest at International Exposition

Another International Exposition has come and gone. Exponent of the fundamental industry of modern civilization it surely exemplified in a most adequate manner the immense greatness of the same. Magnanimous in nature and complete in detail it covered the field of Animal Husbandry.

Perhaps one of the most novel and beneficial features of the Exposition was the entrance of the Agricultural Colleges and their students. Stock from the colleges fought for victory with those from the greatest breeding establishments in the land. College trained lads brushed elbows with those from neighboring states and from across the line, also with the lad who received his knowledge on the farm.

The student judging contest was



The Bomb Board

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Encyclopedic Dictionary and Gazetteer of College

LANGUAGE, NAMES AND PLACES

A carefully revised and enlarged edition of the dictionary of local language from the Bomb of '94



IN PRESENTING this work the editors, beg in advance, the clemency of a critical public. Should any error exist, it will be considered as a favor to have the same pointed out in order that correction may be made.

Thanks are due to the many who have rendered their assistance in the preparation of this work; notable among which are the suggestions

which might have been made

by President Stanton, Professors Noble and Cessna and the teachers of the English Department.

Addled—Adj: See bumfuzzled.

Ampere Turns—Noun: Popular name for one of the instructors in the E. E. Department

Beef—Noun: A cut from Shamrock at 57c per lb.

Verb: To find fault.

Syn: Chew-the-rag.

Biff—Noun: A blow struck with the hand or a defensive weapon.

"The golf club hit the Prof. a biff in the eye."

Bingo—Noun: Meat; a dining hall tradition.

Butinsky—Noun: An underclassman who is guilty of "buttin' in" to the affairs of his seniors.

Bugology—Noun: Popular version of Prof. Summer's favorite branch of science called by the uninitiated, Entomology.

Bugs—Noun: A pet name for the Professor of Bugology.

Bumfuzzled—Adj: Obsolete; a state of agitation.

Syn: rattled; addled.

Cabiff—Adv. The manner of dealing the blow as given Professor Hibbard Makes in "biff" A Drive?

Chew-the-rag—Verb: To fuss; to talk; to hear one's head roar.

Chump—Noun: One who will not fake or work the Prof.

Co-ed—Noun: A student who believes "It is not good for man to be alone."

Cow—Noun: Club bingo for milk-pitcher.



Cram—Verb, Active: To study at high pressure; to hurriedly crowd a large number of facts into a small brain.

Den—Noun: See "dive."

Dennis—Noun: The name of a chronic flunker.

Dive—Noun: A student's room.

Doe-lab—Noun: A place where the tender "harts" take lessons in the culinary science.

Donaker—Noun: A tin or sheet-iron vessel. Designs and methods of using furnished free at the cottages.

Dough-face—Noun: A face whose expression has been borrowed from the flour-sack.

Fake—Noun: One who practices faking.

Fake—Verb: To deliberately and with malice aforethought, offer to an instructor as one's own, certain information borrowed from a class-mate, text or "pony."

Fake-sheet—Noun: See pony.

Fate—Noun: The favorite companion in Campus Lob. during one's Senior year.

Fido—Noun: See "bingo."

Flag—Verb: To voluntarily absent one's self from recitation.

Flunk—Verb: To secure a zip by failure to study, or to prepare a fake-sheet.

Foxy—Adj: See "fresh."

Frat—Noun: A word of growing significance West of the Campus.

Eresh—Adj: Somewhat previous.

Freshman-Heaven—Noun: The upper floor of the old "main," now but a memory.

Frog—Verb: To cheat.

Syn: Fake.

Fudge—Noun: Candy of the dive.

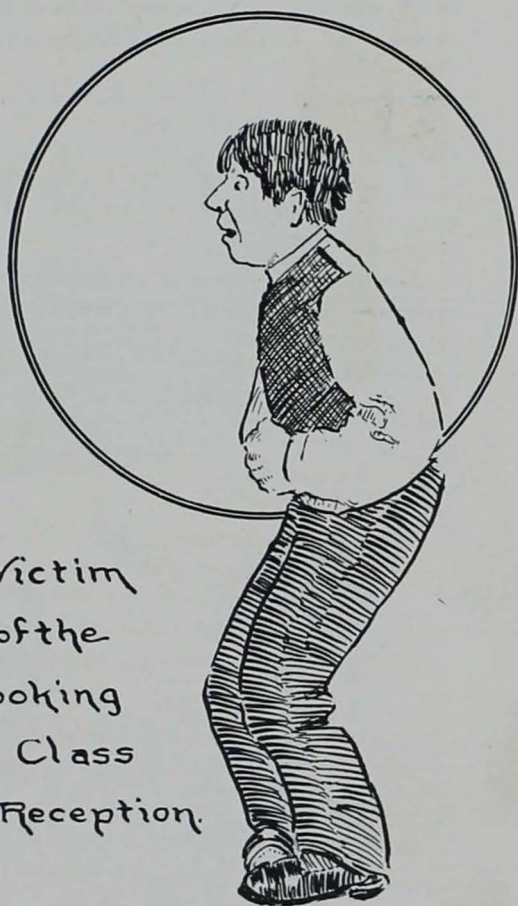
Gag—Noun: A corpse of witticism.

Goose-heaven—Noun: A shade of mental excitement produced by the introduction to Campus Lab.

Guy—Verb: To roast.

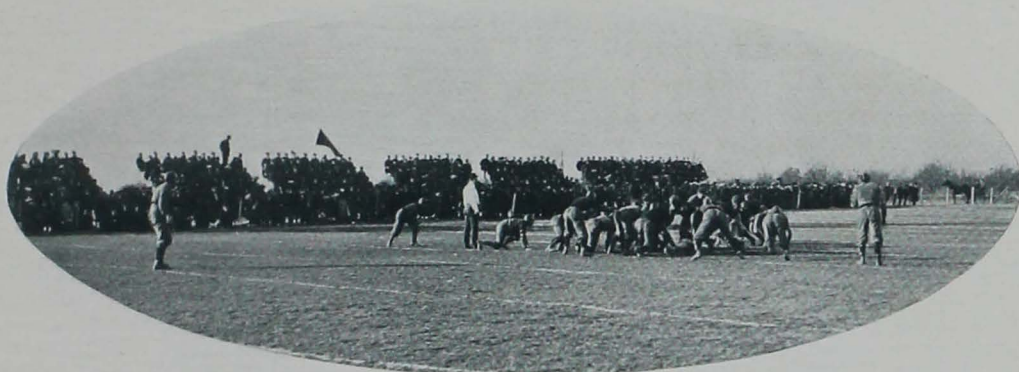
Noun: The superlative of "fellow."

Hoo-doo—Noun: The spirit of ill luck in athletics; burned at the stake in the fall of '01.



Jonar—Noun: One who stands ready to queer any little deal.
 Lab. Campus—Noun: A study of the opposite sex from a live specimen.
 Lab. Bug—Noun: See "bugology."
 Lab. Dough—Noun: See "doe-lab."
 Lab. Fizz—Noun: A contraction for the Laboratory of Physical Research.
 Larup—Noun: The non-classified group of unknowns; a study for qualitative analysis.
 Lazy—Noun: An indispensable article in a student's room, consisting of a combination of tool-chest, portable wardrobe and window-seat.
 Lingo—Noun: College talk; conversation of students.
 "Lizzie May"—Noun: Common name for the professor of languages.
 Mrs. K.—Noun: Abbreviation of preceptress.
 Mucky-muck—Noun: A High Mogul; the real thing.
 Pat—Noun: The boys' name for Ernest Alanson P.
 Prep.—Noun: ?
 Proctor—Noun: A member of that division of the faculty whose office is becoming a sine-cure.
 Queer—verb: To squelch.
 Rambunxious—Adj: A state of chronic rush and expenditure of surplus energy.
 Roast—Verb: To guy.
 Snipe—Verb: See "swipe."
 Spiel—Noun: A connected series of stabs.
 Sprinter—Noun: One who sprints.
 Stab—Verb: To deliver a spiel without preparation.
 Swipe—Verb: To borrow without leave.
 Thug—Noun: One lacking in all but physical development.
 Touser—Noun: See "fido."
 Zip—Noun: 0.





ATHLETICS

Football Schedule

1902



		OPP.	I. S. C.
Sept. 21	E. D. M. H. S	0	17
" 28	Still	0	35
Oct. 4	Minnesota	16	0
" 11	State Normal	0	52
" 18	Grinnell	0	23
" 25	Cornell	17	15
Nov. 1	Iowa	11	6
" 8	Coe	0	53
" 15	Drake	0	0
" 22	Penn	0	44
" 28	Simpson	11	18
Total score,		55	263

Gridiron Campaign of 1902

TO FACULTY, alumni, old student and even to the full fledged "prep" who had but heard of our football prowess (?) in the last two years, the season of 1902 came as an oasis in a weary desert.

After the first big game of the season when we had sent forth our little band of hopefuls into the land of the enemy at Minneapolis, and had awaited the outcome so anxiously at home, and later when the newspaper reports of the game were read, pride and hopefulness shone on every face, for it was then that we knew that though we met better teams than our own in the many hard games to come, we would still be represented by a team which deserved our every confidence, and further we felt assured that we were to have eleven men in every game.

A few of the notable events of the season may be summed up as follows:

Firstly: Iowa State College secured a football coach who proved to be a coach, and who demonstrated to our complete satisfaction that he had really seen a foot ball before.

Secondly: That from a schedule of eleven games we lost but three, one of which was to the University of Minnesota, the second strongest team in the middle west.

Thirdly: That for the second time in the history of Iowa football we defeated our ancient rival Grinnell, and the hearts of the rooters were glad. Many there were who stood

on the side lines that day who had been patiently waiting for years to see the Scarlet and Black trodden in the dust and to see that ever reserving "hoodoo" given his final quieter and wafted to the happy hunting ground. Methinks the great mistake in years gone by was in burning ignobly at the stake this most illustrious and fore-famed "hoodoo" and the wonder is not great that its spirit could not rest in peace, but must ever return to haunt us, after the disgrace of having administered to it a death, other than the one due a noble warrior.

The season started off well with Coach Ristine early on the ground, and about the third evening of the fall term the preliminary practice began. By the end of the first week there was a squad of men even larger than that of last year, on the field every day at 4:00 p. m. Even the aforesaid inexperienced "prep" could see that a team of great promise was to spring from that band of two score and five brawny men.

Of the men who composed the much changed and much shaken-up team of '01, and who were again ready to do and dare for the Cardinal and Gold we must name Ebersole, Buckley, Worden, Tellier, Williams, Daniells, Dreher, Scott, Beshler, Shuler, Jorgenson and Tener; a whole team in both number and ability you will say.

Of Coach Ristine too much cannot be said. When an old player was asked his opinion of the coach he invariably replied: "He's all right, you bet every time," and when one of those enthusiastic rooters was similarly interviewed, he but echoed this statement, in fact this seemed to be a "that's what they all say—'sentiment'—and the beauty of the thing was that this opinion improved with age, for we were as able to say it at the end as at the beginning. "Shady" Ristine has won a big place in the hearts of students at Iowa State College.



Now for a short "playing over" again as it were; each game of the series, and we shall be willing to let the season of '02 go as a bright page on our football history.

The 21st day of September brought the East Des Moines High School team to Ames for a practice game. The high school boys put up a plucky article of football against our half-chosen and undeveloped team. The score at the end of two short halves was Ames 17, East Des Moines High School 0.

The next Saturday saw the "quiet" and never-swearing Osteopaths from Still beaten and sent home to the tune of 35 to 0.

The game with the University of Minnesota came next in order, and it is to the desperate playing and stubborn defense of our representatives that we owe keeping the score so ridiculously low against the big, fast "gophers." Minnesota 16, Ames 0.

Then came the school waifs from State Normal, and in this game our boys piled up 52 scores before they were content to stop the overwhelming tide of victory. How different was this showing as compared with the two former years in which the best we were able to do was a tie game. Score 52 for Ames; 0 for Normal.

On October 18 occurred the annual game with Grinnell on the Ames field, and it was on this day that we prepared to both play and root as we had never played and rooted before. Confidence ran high in the Ames camp for the report had gone out that Grinnell was weaker



Prof Beyer Enjoys the Trip Back.

than in former years. Still as the "Congregationalists" are noted for putting up a good game no matter what the odds, no one felt able to predict the outcome. After the first three downs however, it was apparent that barring accident and the appearance of that much dreaded "hoodoo" we should win, then we *were* happy, and as we could but show our happiness by yelling, we *yelled*. When the game was over and the scores counted our asset footed up 23 as against no liabilities, pandemonium then reigned. By an odd coincidence this score was exactly that by which we were defeated the year before, and on the same field.

Our record thus far had been a splendid one; the total score read Ames 127, opponents 16, and we were flushed with victory and over confident. Then came the middle game of the scedule, with Cornell College, and as in the fable of the rabbit who ran a race with a turtle one day — we slept too long in fancied security and lost. But it was not a bad loss; our touchdowns were three in number and with only a good kicker we should even then have won. The absence of Ristine, too, and the shortness of halves went to work our undoing. It was a lesson somewhat dearly bought. If a moral were to be drawn it would be simply this: "Keep your eye on the ball."

November 1st, with many wishes of good luck, our leather padded crew went to Iowa, accompanied by a train load of rooters—that is where we shine you know — in rooting. Of the game we shall simply say that the team had gone back somewhat in physical condition, and that the game which should have been a tie was lost in the last minute of play when



Iowa received the ball on a punt and ran almost the length of the field for a touchdown which had been impossible but for the darkness. Iowa 11, Ames 6.

Coe was next defeated on our own gridiron by the largest score in our football history. The game was uninteresting and one sided. Ames 53, Coe 0.

We then tramped to Des Moines and met Drake on a field of mud about four inches deep, and more sticky than any "tangle foot" ever made. Handicapped by this pasty condition of the field neither team could show its speed or ability, and punting was the main feature; with honors equally divided. The game ended 0 to 0.

Then came the "Quakers" from Penn. They expected to be beaten and to be beaten badly, and they were not disappointed, but seemed to think it a cause for thanksgiving that the score was no worse. Ames 44, Penn 0.

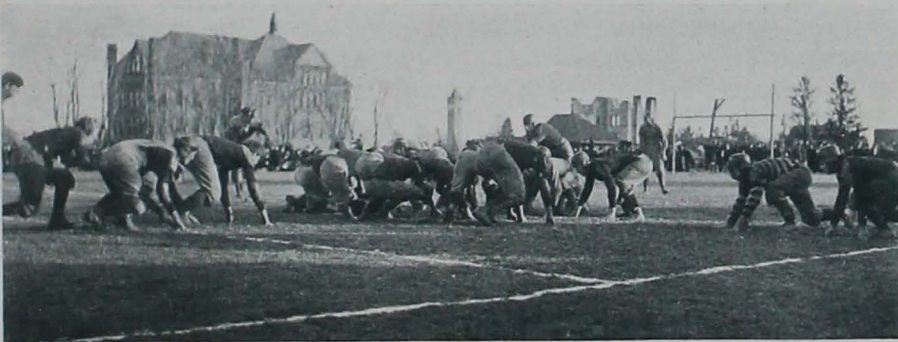
Thanksgiving day the touts and legions from Simpson (some 400 strong) came, saw, and were conquered by our battle scarred veterans. The game was exciting from start to finish, and once when Simpson had a fair chance for a field goal, we almost felt our hats



rising from our heads, but it was not to be. One bitter experience from a place kick was enough, so we took no chances but blocked the kick. The final score—Ames 18, Simpson 11—fitly ended a splendid season; and the highest praise is due the men who composed the 'Varsity team of 1902.

Among the men who made the football team of 1902 were several old veterans; others were playing their first year at I. S. C., and still others were in their first year of football. The football history of the men is filled with varied experiences.

Captain F. M. Byl, who played center on last season's team and won recognition as without a peer in Iowa last fall, played his first football at Coe College, playing there two years. In 1898 he played center on the 'Varsity at Ames. That fall Byl made his "rep." The next year he could not be coaxed out until the middle of the season, but played the last half of the season. The following year, practically without training and suffering with fever, Byl played against Simpson, and the next day, Grinnell. He finished the season in the



SIMPSON-AMES. NOVEMBER 28.

hospital and did not play the next year. Last year was Byl's last, as he graduates this spring, and I. S. C. congratulates her hero of the gridiron.

Tener, who played quarter the first half of the season, and later at right half, played his first ball in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where he held down the quarterback position two years on an amateur team. In 1901 he played end and half at I. S. C. until obliged to cut out football for that year, due to parental objection.

Daniels, who played at quarter the last half of the 1902 season, and the entire season of 1901, got his start at Coe College, where he was captain and quarterback the fall of 1900.

Buckley, a stone wall at right guard last season, played at Shelby three years as guard or center on a combined school and town team. Archie Scott, full and half last season, is another product of the same town. Both played at I. S. C. in 1900 for a few nights, when both were overtaken by fever. Buckley was not strong enough the next fall to play, but made up for time lost by his performance last fall. Scott played a successful season in 1901 at a tackle position.

Ebersole, Captain Byl's left hand supporter last season, began his football career at Toledo High School in '95 and '96. He played left guard at that school, and has played it ever since. The fall of 1900 found "Ebv" left guard on the 'Varsity at I. S. C., and he filled the same place in four games the following season, when taken with typhoid. The seasons of 1901 and 1902 found Ebersole in his accustomed place, playing the game every year until last year. All critics gave him the position on the All-Iowa of 1902.

"Fat" Williams played the game for the first time at I. S. C., when in the fall of 1900, after a three weeks' apprenticeship on the scrubs, he made the 'Varsity. In the games with Grinnell and Nebraska he played guard, and finished the season at center. Both the falls of 1901 and '02 he played at tackle.

"Doc" Shealey first donned a suit of moleskins at Clemson College, where he learned the Pennsylvania system. The season of 1900 found him at Ames in the tackle position in every game but the one with Nebraska. He was not in school the next year, but played his old position again last year.

Jorgenson learned the game at Dennison Normal and Business College, where he played guard the century year. The past two seasons have found him at Ames, holding down a position at tackle.

Dreher is another player who learned the game at Ames, playing guard on the Scrubs until he became sick with the typhoid, that took so many good men off the field at I. S. C. the season of 1900. The next year he played guard on the Scrub again, and last fall made that position on the 'Varsity.

Warden is another of last year's 'Varsity men who began his football career at Ames. In 1900 he played one game on the Reserves at the tackle position. The following year he played end and tackle for a while on the Scrub, then on the 'Varsity. Last season he proved one of the most reliable players in school at the right end position.

"Dad" Tellier began his experiences on the gridiron at Humboldt High School, where he played at full two years. In 1900 "Dad" played "irregularly" on the scrubs at Ames. The following season his work was more regular, playing on the 'Varsity in the games with Grinnell and three succeeding games. Last season he filled the left end position.



COACH RISTINE.

"Mick" Shuler, "Get-in-the-game-you-lobsters," began his career of antagonism to would-be tacklers in the high school at Charles City, Iowa, in '98. His team played such teams as Osage Seminary and Nora Springs Seminary, but have never been heard of since. The following fall "Mick" played sub-half at I. S. C. on the Reserves; in 1900 played half on the 'Varsity at Minnesota, caught the typhoid, and for the last two years has played the right half position on the 'Varsity at Ames.

Nichols is not a whole team in himself, but he has played at center guard, fullback and half. The first position he held in '97 at Huntington High School, and the next season he played guard at the same school. In 1900 he attended Central College in Indiana, where he played full. The next season found "Nick" playing half on the Reserves at I. S. C., and last year witnessed his deserved promotion to the same place on the 'Varsity.

Dan Eiler first kicked the pig-skin at Ames the fall of 1901; On Thanksgiving day



of that memorable fall "Dan" stuffed his overalls with hay and helped the Paradise Alley team to administer defeat to the team from the Cole House. That day I. S. C. discovered another football player, and last season found Eiler on the 'Varsity at end and half.

"Palo" Deshler is a well known figure at I. S. C., playing half and full the last two years. The four falls previous to entering at Ames found "Desh" at the Glidden High School. He played on the Glidden team in 1900, that twice battled with the Boone team, famous that year as one of the best in the state, and the best Boone has ever produced. Those games will always be remembered by Glidden boys, their team being once defeated, and once playing the Boone big team a nothing to nothing game.

Knox, who came into prominence on the 'Varsity at I. S. C., the latter part of last season, got his start on the Cherokee High School team. The two seasons before coming to Ames he played half and quarter at Shattuck Military School.

Mattison played end, full and guard parts of three seasons on the Oskaloosa High School team. The fall of 1901 found him a member of the famous Cole House team, and last season "Matty" played sub-end on the 'Varsity at I. S. C.

Weeks began his football career at Guthrie Center High School, where he played end 1900 and 1901. Last season Weeks was a sub-half and full on the 'Varsity at Ames.

In '97, '98 and '99 O. H. Miller played left half on a town team at Oxford, Iowa.

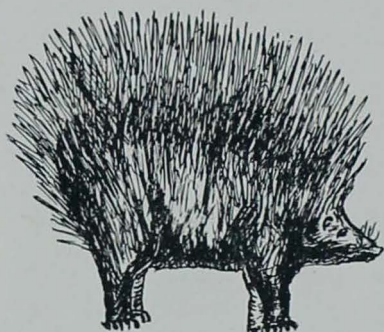
The two succeeding years he played half on the Reserves at I. S. C., and last year was a sub-half on the 'Varsity.

E. W. Miller played center on the Council Bluffs High School team in '98, and played guard and tackle the year following. In 1901 he captained a club team that defeated "Hogan's Alley" and in turn were defeated by the "Campus Stars." Last season Miller was sub-half on the 'Varsity but was unfortunate in breaking his arm in the S. U. I. game.

Brock practiced as guard on the Scrubs of the Council Bluffs Athletic Association team, but was never in a game until last season when he played sub-guard on the 'Varsity at Ames.

McGeehon began his football career on the Atlantic City High School team, where he played guard and center in '98. The three years following he played center on the Atlantic Maroons, and last season played sub-guard at I. S. C.

W. C. Pinkerton played one year as tackle on Clarinda High School and also two years as sub-tackle at Tarkio (Mo.,) College. He entered I. S. C. in the fall of '02, played



"A Full Back"



right end on reserves the first half of the season, and sub-end on the 'Varsity the remainder of the season.

Of last year's team four men were picked as members of the All-Iowa eleven for 1902. Byl was accorded the center position with Ebersole and Buckley as guards. "Dad" Tellier was picked for the left end position. Different authorities disagree but I. S. C. has the right to believe that the 1902 squad contained fully a dozen men that would be a credit to any team in Iowa last fall.

The Second Football Team, 1902

All hail to the Iowa State College "scrubs" who, through no selfish motives, gave time, money, labor, and who, day after day withstood the hammering and rushing of the heavier 'Varsity men. There can be no good first team without a good second team, and no doubt our good showing in football can be largely accredited to the fact that we had a "scrub" team second to none in the state.



CAPT. TIBBETTS, C.

SPERRY, Q. B.



LINE UP

Stoufer, Ebersole, f. b.; Robey, Eveland, Roberts, Booth, Lee, h. b.; Sperry, q. b.; Pinkerton, Childs, Tenney, ends; Strong, Lyman, Dean, tackles; Dimmit, Tyler, Bailey, guards; Tibbetts (capt.) centre.

SCHEDULE

- Nov. 8—At Ames, Humboldt H. S. o,
I. S. C 23.
Nov. 14—At Ames, Drake Seconds o;
I. S. C. o.
Nov. 20—At Eldora, Eldora 16, I. S.
C. 17.





W. W. SMITH,
TRACK CAPTAIN.



A. L. EVANS,
BASE BALL CAPTAIN

Sophomore-Freshman Meet

The annual fall meet between the Sophomore and Freshman classes of the fall semester of 1902, proved one of the closest and most exciting contests ever held. The outcome was in doubt until the mile relay—the last event—was run. The final score gave the Sophomores the meet with a total of 66 points to 64 for the Freshman. The summary of events was as follows:

	1	2	3
100 yard dash; time 11 sec.	Jacobs, F.	Packer, F.	Heisey, S.
Mile run; time 5:15	Warren, S.	Knepper, F.	Strong, F.
Shotput; dist. 36 1-10 ft.	Fyler, S.	Jacobs, F.	Whaler, F.
220 hurdle; time 30 1-5 sec.	Pitts, F.	McHarg, F.	Barrett, S.
Pole vault; height 9 ft.	Bickel, F.	Reynolds, F.	Brown, F.
220 yd. dash; time, 24½ sec.	Jacobs, F.	Ricker, S.	Chiles, F.
½ mile bike; 1 min. 35 sec.	Forsyth, A.	Agg, S.	Roy, S.
Hammer throw; dist. 102 ft.	Jorgenson, S.	Peck, F.	Fyler, S.
440 yd. dash; time, 56 3-5 sec.	Jacobs, F.	Tener, S.	Ricker, S.
Broad jump; dist. 21 ft.	Heisey, S.	Packer, F.	Stoufer, S.
½ mile run; time, 2-35 3-5	Cole, F.	Curtiss, S.	Peck, F.
Discus throw; dist. 90½ ft.	Stoufer, S.	Jorgenson, S.	Scott, S.
High jump; height 5 ft. 1½ in.	Lauman, F.	Reynolds, F.	Mattison, S.
½ mile relay; time 1 min. 43 sec.	Freshmen won.		
2 mile run; 13 min. 25 sec.	Warren, S.	Curtis, S.	Knepper, F.
120 yd. hurdle; time, 20 sec.	Pitts, F.	Bickel, F.	Reynolds, F.
Mile relay	Sophomores won.		

Two institutions that were prominent on the athletic field last fall were the LITTLE DUTCH BAND and the I. O. C. R., both organizations being composed of enthusiastic student rooters. The former was led by E. Peshak, and was composed of twenty players. The I. O. C. R. was reorganized early in the fall with the following officers; Grand High Chief, OTTO STARSINGER; Secretary, ARTHUR WHISTLER; Treasurer, J. W. HOOK. Grand Bouncer, "Moxie Curtis."

Modern Romeos and Juliets

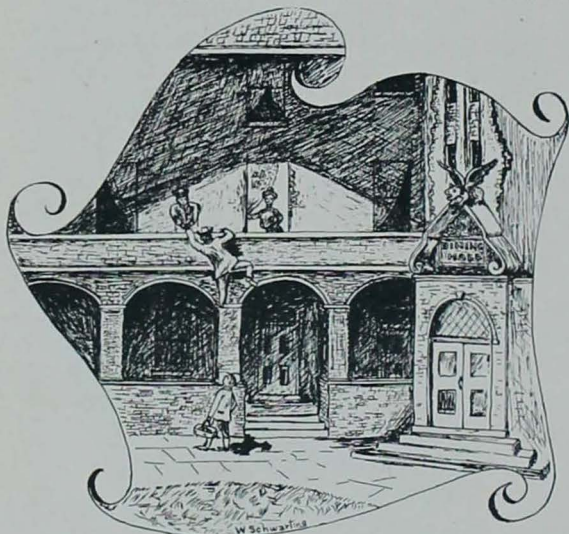
At a porch party held early in November the hostesses and guests were much disturbed by the continued visits of the Matron. The bravest of the entertainers answered the numerous light raps at the door while the other fair ones sought refuge under the cots and in the closet. Meanwhile the guests, all safe, stood outside enjoying a repast of fudges, coffee and egg-onion sandwiches.

BRAVE HOSTESS (standing at window)—“Won’t you have another sandwich? You surely can eat another. (Gentle rap at the door.) I hear some one rapping; be quiet, it may be Mrs. K.” (leaves window; opens door slightly.)

MATRON—“I thought I heard you coughing with your cold, you should retire at once.”

BRAVE HOSTESS—“I know I should but I’ve been cramming for a chemistry exam.”

MATRON—“Your health is of more value, so you’d better retire. Good night.”



BRAVE HOSTESS (going back to window)—“Eat some more fudges, my wife made them—she makes dandy ones.”

GUESTS—“They’re peaches. What did madam want?”

BRAVE HOSTESS—“Just came to send me to bed. (The other girls begin to come out, but another knock is heard and they crawl back again.) Hush! she’s coming again. Be quiet on your life! (goes to the door.) Yes, I’ll retire at once.”

MADAM (stepping into the room; boys outside stop eating; girls in closet hold their breath, while under the cot the fair book-tender trembles.) “How like onions your room smells—I abominate onions.”

BRAVE HOSTESS—“So do I, but I always eat them when I have a cold. They’re a great help.”

MATRON—“Good night.”

HOSTESS (closing the door and going again to the window) “You’d better go; she’s on the war path and will be back in a minute. Hist! I think she’s coming.”

GUESTS—“That’s right. We’ve had a dandy time. Good night. Good night. Good night.”

BRAVE HOSTESS—“Good night.”

The guests slip quietly down the posts; the girls crawl quickly from their hiding places. The party is over.

A Cycle of Margaret Hall

The morning examination was over. The last of the class were slowly leaving; each with a fully developed scowl. One alone was smiling — the girl with the black hair. She was humming too. Listen! Was it "Home, Sweet Home?" Surely that was the air.

— In exam week the passes and credits are punk;
Go hunt where you will, there is naught like a flunk
Flunk, flunk, same old flunk,
Though ever so cautious
I sure did flunk. —

We thought no more about it, till later in the day we heard the same low voice, this time bringing the strains of "Auld Lang Syne."



— Hail sweetest, dearest Lab that binds
My heart to I. S. C.
Hail to the Lab that turns our minds
To great futurity.
It is the Lab; the great "Dough Lab"
Which Miss Sabin has given;
The Lab, when days and years are past,
Will make some homes like heaven. —

A queer combination, this, we thought, and anyone passing Room — at about five-thirty that afternoon would have heard another refrain to still increase this wonder. This time it was "Rock of Ages," sung with variation in the same half-drawling voice.

— Say, my room-mate do not go
For the club is awful slow.
Let the steward rave and scold,
For it is too awful cold.
Draw the blind, turn on the light,
Let us have some fun to-night.

We can only surmise what followed. Suffice it to say that some time later a certain girl was sent to bed and sung to sleep(?) by

— The moon shines not in our cozy little den,
'Tis midnight, the matron's away,
The fudge is done, and the taffy has been
pulled,
And we've bribed the other girls to go
away.

The office maid chummed till the closing of
the doors
So merry, so happy, so bright,
Then the silence reigned 'till we thought we
heard her snore
Then our quiet little room, good night.

Eat no more, my room-mate,
Oh, eat no more till day,
For the midnight train comes a puffing into
town
Then beware — you must beware of Mrs.
K. —

Silence had reigned for some time. The matron had made the rounds of the halls — all lights were out, but one supposed-to-be-sleeping room-mate heard a plaintive voice from the window seat:

—“Where is my college boy to-night.”
An ancient maid sang so,
For college boys; who cares a mite?
There's a boy of the long ago.

Oh, where is my boy to-night?
The same old boy to-night.
'Twas such a delight to chum with
him at night,
Oh, where is my boy to-night?



Margaret Hall



MARGARET HALL'S the place where the girls live. There's lots of things happen there too. You know, all the girls are just like one happy family and the matron is a mother to them all. The girls, especially the Seniors and Juniors, are very, very careful and quiet about the Hall, and should the under classes have spreads during study hours or in any way disturb the peace, they're always ready to disapprove of such conduct. This of course, is right; the new students cannot be expected to know so well how to behave as they.

Once last spring during Commencement, when there were some Alumni here, a few of the new girls did a very rude thing. Perhaps I oughtn't to tell it on them, for they did it thoughtlessly, I'm sure, and after the Seniors explained how impolite they had been, the poor perpetrators were penitent indeed. This is how it was: Four of the alumni occupied the guest chambers. One night when they opened the door—Horrors! there were men's wearing apparel hanging on the chairs. One glance was enough. The fair alumni ran, almost fainting, down the hall.

"There are men in our room," gasped one of the runners to a sympathetic girl whom she met.

Girls are naturally kind hearted, so before long the hall upon the third floor was filled with helpers who were busy devising means for ridding the house of such unwelcome guests.

"They've just got to get out, for my clothes are in there," said one of the graduates. "Sadie you've got to rout them."

After deliberating awhile, the crowd neared the door, some of the more timid keeping far back in the outskirts. Sadie advanced reluctantly, knocked boldly, and spoke in clear strong voice: "Excuse me gentlemen, but you have our room."

The silence was appalling, everybody shook; some with fear, but more with mirth. At last one of the new girls (she had only been in school four years) turned the knob, pushed open the door and rushed in, followed by the crowd.

Joy! the hats and coats were all Cavell's, (borrowed from his office while he was at supper) the collars on the dresser were marked Anderson or Stevens, while on the pillows, partly covered with the blankets, were pinned hair rats.

Don't tell this for they acted thoughtlessly, I'm sure.

Last term there was a series of scenes given in the Hall. The first was something like this: "An Evening at the Sea Shore." 'Twas very interesting and would have been even more so had not the principal actress rebelled at the last moment. However after being sufficiently urged, she did her part gracefully and well.

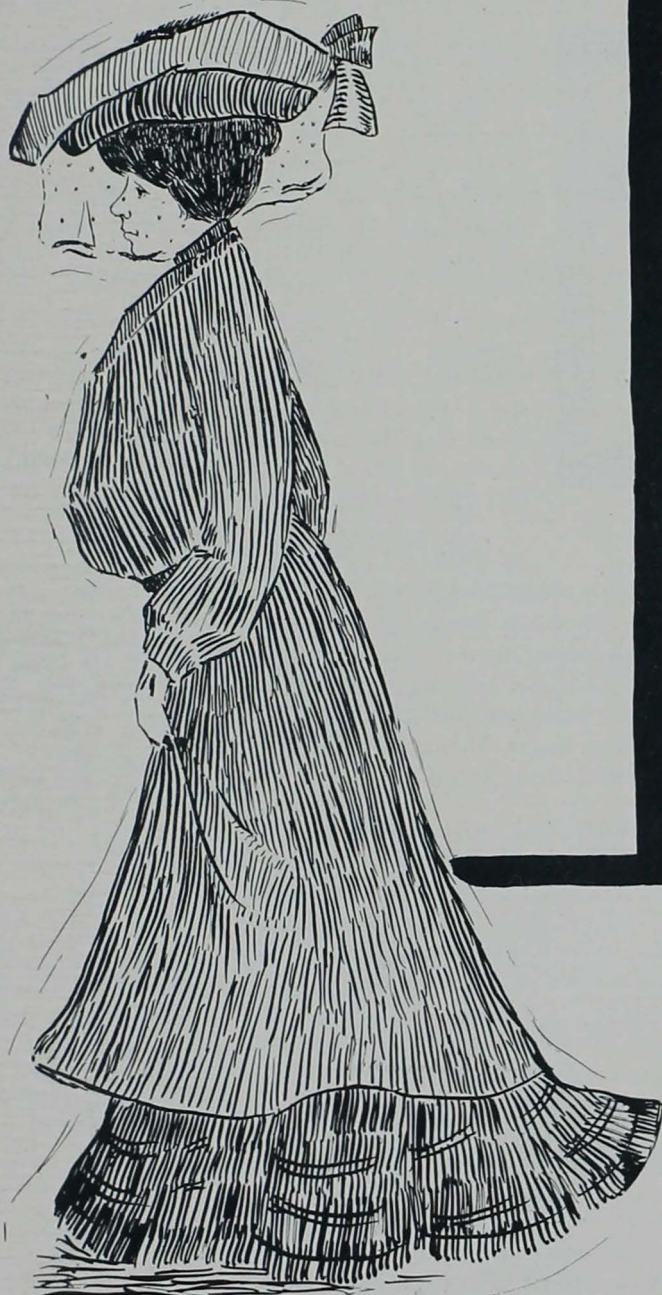
The other was one of those patriotic scenes, which thrill the audience and show the great ability and nerve of the actor. "When Dixon Met His Waterloo" was the title. It was given in three acts: First, the planning of the campaign. Second, the night ride. Third, the meeting of the foe, the utter rout of the indefatigable Dixon, which ended in his extermination from Paradise.

Sometimes the girls give "At Homes," then all the boys are expected, or at least welcome to come. They sometimes give entertainments just for their own pleasure. Of course the boys are always urgently requested to secrete themselves some place inside, stand at the windows or even to enter the rooms during the entertainment. It is so pleasant to think that the gentlemen feel so great an interest in our affairs. Of course all the boys do not come, nor are all of them expected, but just the few.

The boys are allowed and expected to call at all hours of the day. Two girls and the matron are kept just on purpose to carry cards and be courteous to visitors. Not a large number avail themselves of this opportunity, however, but one or two can always be depended upon, indeed, so common has one ring become that the familiar expression, "There goes the bell" has been changed to "Blair, goes the bell."



O Miss McK
Went walking one day,
The beauties of Nature to seek;
Alas! they were found
Not on the ground
But in the dirty old creek.



AN AMES GIRL.

To the Lonely Prep.



UT of my great love for the lonely, unprotected, sublimely, ignorant "Prep" I write these few golden words of advice and admonition. Coming, as they do, from the isolated ranges and country villages, they are plunged at once into the whirlpool of this college life without a hand to guide or a voice to direct them. Crude uncouth with faded ill-fitting clothes, they are the raw material that will some day be turned out as the finished product—a college graduate. This meek and lonely Prep holds the happiness of two fond and doting parents in his care. Loved, petted, honored at home—what is he here? In the eyes of many he is a thing to be fleeced, maltreated and scourged. Trusting, credulous as he is, he at once becomes the prey to the vultures and scavengers that feed on the unsuspecting. Alone he faces the cold, cold world. Do you doubt then his need of some few kind words of advise—some hints at the pitfalls before him—some ideal for him to model after? To this end and this end only. I wield my pen with sincere hope that I may do much good thereby.

SPIEL

"List, Hamlet, List!

I could a tale unfold, whose lighted word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood.
Make thy two eyes like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."



On approaching the college domain be ready to answer two questions, viz: Who are you, and why did you come to I. S. C. Let me help you answer the first puzzle.

You are nothing—a nonentity. I do not care who you were or what your ability is; when you land here you will not be expected to be the whole works, or to do any especially heavy stunts in the society line for some time. You will not be expected to attract too much attention toward yourself by any loud clamoring and kicking against the conditions existing here. Drop quietly into the great Race. Let the sharks after knowledge take the pole and keep the pace. Remember, if you win in the finals, that's where you take the money.

In answer to the second question, the only answer I have to give for you is that you did not know any better. Probably the most severe test on the nerve and stamina of a new student comes when he is being hazed. The hazing custom is in a dying condition at this college, yet in this state it is the more to be feared. In it's death struggles it grasps and clutches at lonely youths who have strayed away from their clan. The method of these cowardly miscreants who seek to perpetuate this ancient feticism are many. Their main purpose is to inveigle a solitary boy into their dens and there they overpower and abuse him as they will. To accomplish this they usually place a bulletin offering some special sale or other equally interesting attraction. Below I give you a sample of one of these posters of

the most malicious type, that appeared recently, and lured many a young man into trouble.

TAKE NOTICE

I have in my possession a brand new Military Suit which has, positively, never made its appearance upon the parade ground. The owner of this gorgeous uniform fell dead upon first beholding his newly-acquired habiliment. This suit is guaranteed to prove a fit, and to give satisfaction. The price is of no consideration. We must get rid of the uniform!

Inquire at room 17 E. C.

Office hours any time; day or night.

MICHEAL SCHULER,

Administrator.

The signer of the above document is one of the most notorious characters on the campus. He has long been sought after by the college authorities, and should they get him in their clutches they will make short work of him. He is a night prowler, and rarely goes abroad in the day time. He is

"Doomed for a certain term to walk the night
And for the day, confined to fast in fires,
'Till the foul crimes done in his days of nature
Are burnt and purged away."

Well, let us get classified. What do you want to take? I would not advise you to take English. By the deep investigation concerning the construction and destruction of the English language which you undertake, you will soon imagine that you are able to write poetry for the Margaret Hall girls — but nay! nay! my son, forget it.

By all means you should take drill. It will give you a beautiful carriage, and you might distinguish yourself. I did. I was promoted for bravery at the battle of Summer's Trot, and was wounded three times in one knee while charging through a trocha just north of Ag. Hall. This is not saying anything about the times I have attracted the attention and drawn the fire of three whole battalions upon me by my striking personality.



Buy all the second-hand books that you think you can use. It will save you lots of money. Buy a Bennett's Chemistry at sight. They are a staple article around here. Notes on this book are especially valuable. Some of them have been re-re-re-re-revised until they are perfect. By the way, I have one I will sell you cheap. Its history dates back as far as the year '99, when it was used by Bob Keith. Further than that the records are conflicting. The last



grade on it was 3.91, which is a better mark than you can get on any other edition now extant.

Now about going to classes; try to attend regularly, or at least have a substitute there. You wont need to make a grandstand recitation every day. Do not imagine you are going to be the whole show. In your capacity as super you will not be required to talk but only to act wise. There will be a few favorite end men that will engage the interlocuter in conversation. "Babe" Stevens gave this advice, "Study your Profs. Put in as much time studying them as you do your lessons, and you will get just as good a grade, and get it twice as easy." Finally, let me ask you to follow the examples of our worthy seniors. Pattern after them in every way. Take them as your ideal. Our Seniors have representative men in every class. In the sissy bunch they have Sampson and Otto. Gearhart and Jones are the representative grafters. Hopkins is a literary genius and hot air artist. You should C. Hank Streeter, and the beautiful brunette, Bobby Blair, when they are bowling. At ten pins, kankakee, Chicago, and quintette they have no equals. Imagine the great leader, Starsinger, as he goes charging down the foot-ball field at the head of a mob of howling rooters, while Piel-sticker, his very able assistant, follows close in his rear, wearing a satanical smile on his face. Look at the Seniors, perfect types, every one of them. Try to emulate their great example.



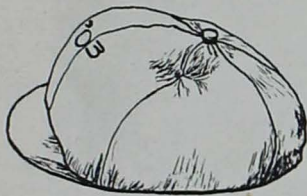
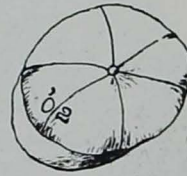
They are the Shamrocks of I. S. C. The corn-fed calves of the college. The cream of Iowa wheat! Make way there and let them advance! They are the we-ally we-al college "devils."



The Evolution of the Class Cap

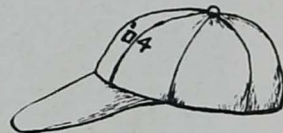
HE COMES to college in trembling and fear,
With nothing but brains near his pate,
But soon he must have a distinctive head gear,
Such is the allotment of Fate.

The Xanho tribe was so pious and wise,
With actions so careful and true,
Their lids were modest in shape and size,
And marked gold on a cardinal hue.



The Ereha head is both broad and round,
But flat on top like a skillet,
They got a cap that looked like a sack,
And had little or nothing to fill it.

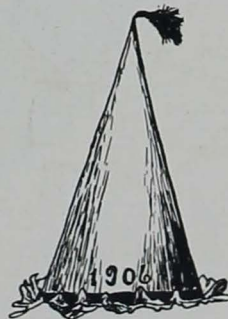
The Katina heads have points far apart,
But you can't tell what is between,
So they cover them up on very hot days
With elongated visors of green.



The upper part of the Sicemake anatomy,
Is so exceedingly small,
That if it hadn't been for the looks of the thing,
They would have had no cap at all.

With the members of the Mewasem host
We have yet to get acquainted,
But from what we have seen of them,
We would judge that their heads were pointed.

If there is anything in this little rhyme,
At which you would take offense,
'Tis our modest opinion,
That you are lacking some sense.





Cedar Falls Debate

WINNERS 1902

W. W. HENDRIX

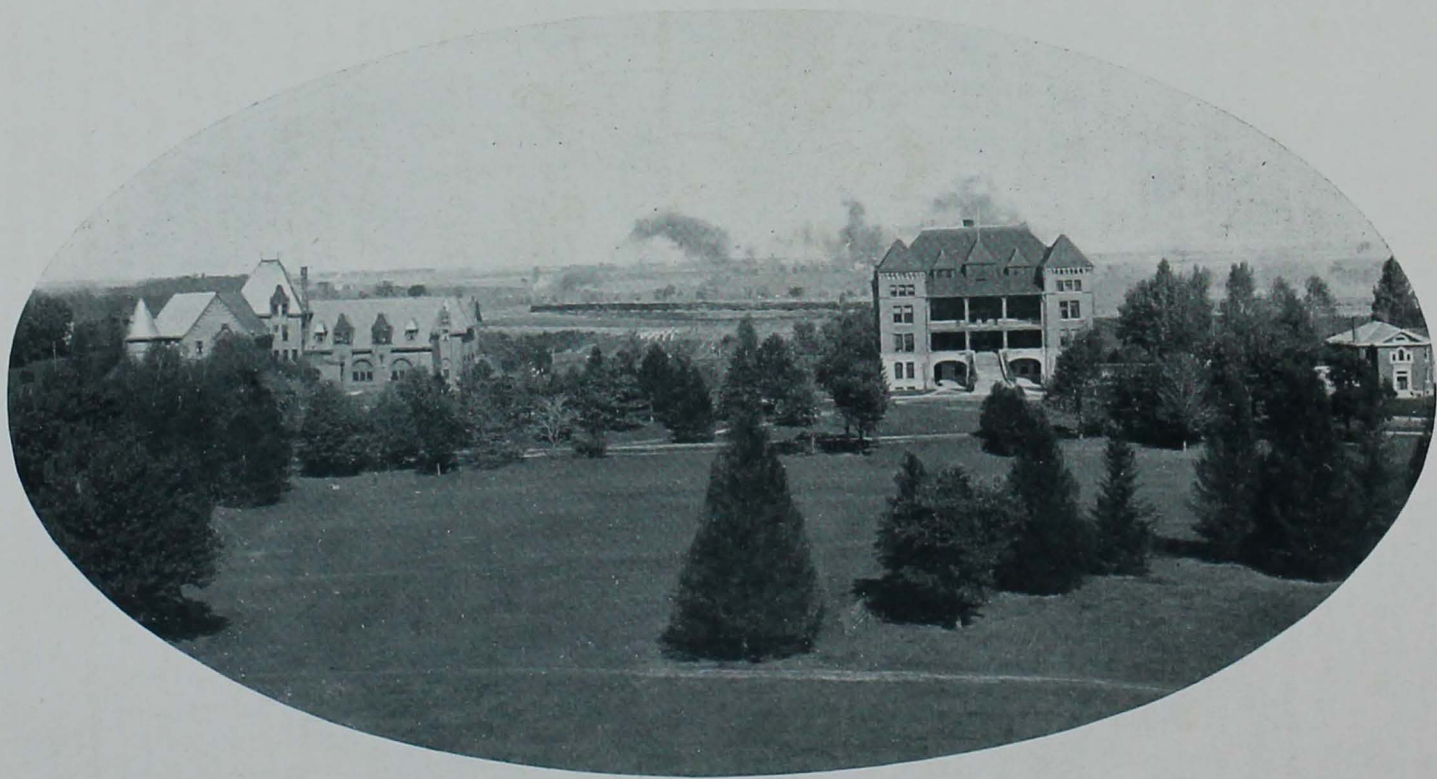
I. W. JONES

T. W. DODD

H. N. EBERSOLE, Alt.

Highest honors are due the earnest, hard-working team of debaters who, in the Fall of 1902, for the third consecutive time wrested victory from the Normalites.

The negative of the question: "Resolved, that the Gothenberg system of controlling the liquor traffic, modified to include malt liquors and government control by the states, is the best solution of the liquor problem in the United States," was masterfully discussed by each speaker, winning a final unanimous decision of the judges.



Retrospective.

In the transition period between the termination of the old and the introduction of the new, the observer is wont to turn aside from his more pressing duties to reflect upon the causes which have made it possible to realize the full growth and fulfillment of the hopes and plans leading up to a desired condition. It is in this attitude, then, that we turn for a few moments from the mathematical mazes of "Church" to a contemplation of the college, as it was, as it is and as it is to be.

Naturally our first thought is of the old main building. The Main! How bold and impressive it looked as we first saw it from the approaching motor! Its many windows and towering walls seemed to our expanded Freshman eyes to radiate the wisdom of the ages past. The worn steps, the battered doors, the pencil-sketched walls, the cracked and scaling paint;



each gave out a welcome and an invitation to further the good deeds of those who had preceded us. The winding stairs and long echoing corridors, terminating in those inviting, yet treacherously damp fire-escapes, will ever illumine a bright page of our memory since it was here that our knowledge of the real college life began.

Time will be long in effacing the records of the many experiences — happy and otherwise — through which the students of former times have passed. In the day of small things practically the whole of the school life was centered in this one building, and around it as a nucleus, the other improvements were clustered. The history of the growth of the college is a continuous record of self-sacrifice on the part of the promoters and of growing interest among those who kept in touch with its progress. From a position and with a course of study, not greatly superior to that of any ordinary academy, from a system of government like that used

in modern reformatories, with a limited number of instructors and almost no apparatus, she has taken a place second to none among the educational institutions of our country. But the progress was slow. Over thirty years elapsed before a suitable structure could be provided in which to house the Engineering department, and in the other departments the time was correspondingly long. Discouragements were many. The lack of funds — ever present — was supplimented by the fact that the work of the I. S. C. was in many respects new, and therefore without the precedent necessary to assure the conservative of its feasibility. Death, too, took away many of those who had made for themselves places which none else could completely fill. Then came disease, and finally fire, whose terrible power destroyed in minutes that which had taken years to build. Through all this the stout-hearted leaders pressed on — perplexed, but not disheartened. The passing of the old was but the dawning of

THE PRESENT

The mute, yet eloquent ruins of the once stately Main, flanked by our magnificent new Engineering hall and the galaxy of smaller buildings, look steadfastly toward the rising sun of our hope. Already we are fitting our ways to the present conditions. In the densely educational air of Emergency Hall we are becoming inoculated with the bacilli of English and Polit, while over at the Dough Lab other germs are busily raising the bread. Down at the new barn and pavillion we are absorbing to a degree heretofore unequaled a knowledge of the peculiarities of the cattle and swine. We are, indeed, making such progress that our number is being rapidly increased by those who are becoming anxious to avail themselves of the same advantages.

In every line of work the school is showing satisfactory progress and especially is this true when judged by the work of other institutions of a like character. At no time since the founding of the school has there been such general recognition of the value of the course as there is at present. The reputation gained through the agricultural department alone through its recent successes is making of us not merely a state, but a national school, while the effect of the Engineering training is shown by the work of the Ames men in nearly every state and in many foreign countries.

Like the gathering of an army, the factors of greatness have been mustered under the leadership of good and wise men until we now stand in the presence of a mighty host which has just received the signal from the state government to invest our fair campus with an array of educational equipment commensurate with the dignity and worth of our commonwealth.

PROSPECTIVE

Our view of the future as we peer down its dim vista is indeed, a pleasant one. In the place of ruin has risen a Central Building — magnificent in dimensions and appointments. On every side new beauties are revealed. The semi-circle of buildings has expanded and lengthened until now a larger area is almost entirely surrounded. Many of the old landmarks have vanished. In their places we find structures adapted to every department of

work at present represented, with the addition of many others. The fondly remembered chimes no longer call the students to a diminutive chapel, but to an auditorium of ample capacity. The societies and religious organizations are found in homes of their own, while the athletes are sheltered from unfriendly storms in their gymnasium. Ever attractive, the old grounds are now fairly alluring. The shady, winding walks (innocent adjuncts to the still popular campus lab) are there. There too is that broad expanse of open ground, covered only with the carpet of Nature, and too sacred to be profaned by the artifices of man.

Truly a grand sight it is, but with it comes the swift regret that we must soon leave this scene for others which have not been so carefully planned for our welfare and comfort, and into which we can carry nothing but the memory of the good old college days. As we turn to go our last glance falls on "Old Glory" in a new and lofty position on the new Central Building — resplendent with its broad stripes and a few added stars. A feeling of peace steals over us, for we rest assured that this — the noble symbol of the greatest of earth's nations — shall ever keep watch over the thousands who are struggling for a higher and better education under the shadow of its friendly folds.



The Growth of a Code

1873

1. The hours from 7:00 to 10:00 o'clock on workday evenings, and from 7:15 to 12:00 m. and 1:30 p. m. to 4:45 p. m. of all week days except Saturday, are devoted to study, recreation and labor.
2. Students shall attend promptly all exercises of classes to which they belong. The recitation for an unexcused absence shall be made up within two weeks from such absence.
3. No student shall graduate from the college upon a lower total standing than 72 for the studies of the course in which he proposes to graduate, and not less than three on each of the branches which constitute the distinctive feature in such course. Studies which are pursued for a part of a term shall be counted proportionally to such part.
4. Students are detailed for labor by the president, and work as directed an average of two and one-half hours per day, for five days in the week.
5. The president or faculty must, in all cases, be consulted by the students before organizing any literary, scientific or other society. The members of such duly organized society may meet for improvement during the study hours of such evenings as may be designated by the president or faculty. The meetings may, if necessary, hold till 10:00 p. m., and in such cases the retiring bell shall be rung at 10:30, but in no case shall attendance of any society be construed to excuse students from strict observance of study hours after adjournment.
6. On each workday morning at inspection hour, students shall have their rooms open and ready for inspection, and upon Saturday morning at least one occupant, or some representative, shall be present at such inspection.
7. For each unexcused absence from classes or chapel, three demerits shall be given.
8. During study hours, when not engaged in work or recitation, students may not leave their rooms, except for unavoidable reasons, approved by the presiding officer of the section.
9. At the beginning of each term, there shall be elected from each section, one councilman, one captain, one lieutenant, and such election shall be valid upon approval by the president, providing no student who is a law-breaker shall be eligible to office.
10. It shall be the duty of each captain, or in the captain's absence, of the lieutenant, to preserve order according to law, in his section, and all violation of law shall be reported at each council meeting. The captain and the lieutenant shall meet each week with the president of the college for informal report as to the condition of government in their section, and to consult as to the best means of securing harmony and efficiency of action.
11. The piazza of the main shall be set aside for the use of the young ladies who do not desire the company of gentlemen. The gentlemen must enter the building by the other entrances.

A DAY'S OCCUPATION.

5:00—Rising Bell.

5:00 to 6:45—Rooms are put to order.

6:45—Breakfast.

- 7:45—Chapel—Attendance required.
 Recitations were fifty minutes each.
 12:45—Captains of working squads meet in president's office for instruction for the day.
 1:00—Dinner.
 1:45—Work bell calls students to their labor: women go to the laundry, bakery or the dining-room for work assigned by the matron. The men work in the fields.
 4:45 to 6:15—Recreation.
 6:15—Supper.
 6:15 to 10:00—Study.
-

1896

MARGARET HALL.

Margaret Hall is under the care of a Preceptress, and all regulations and customs are under her supervision, guided by the advice of the President and Trustees.

The object sought in the management is to make the life as nearly like that of a well ordered private home as possible.

REGULATIONS.

1. From 8:00 a. m. to 12:00 m., from 1:00 p. m. to 4 p. m., and from 7:15 to 9:30 p. m. are designated as hours of study. During these hours the rooms and halls should be quiet, to allow opportunity for study.
 2. Convenience, order and good appearance require that the halls be at all times free from groups and noises.
 3. When the retiring bell rings each young woman should be in her own room, and perfect quiet be the rule from that time until the rising bell.
 4. It is designed to make the social life at the Hall pleasant and helpful for the young women and all connected with the College.
 5. Gentlemen callers can be received Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5:00 to 6:00 p. m., and on Saturdays from 3:00 to 6:00 p. m.
 6. The reception parlor is reserved for the use of brothers and sisters and students having visitors, between chapel time and dinner on Sundays.
 7. Courtesy requires that students see the Preceptress immediately upon their arrival from an absence either long or short; also that she be enabled to meet guests as soon as possible after their arrival.
 8. The desire is to make Saturday a holiday and Sunday a day of rest. No permission is necessary for business trips to Ames on Saturdays. Those who wish to attend Sunday morning services in Ames should inform the Preceptress or her assistant.
 9. Talks on manners, social usages, health and care of the person, and various subjects of special interest to young women will be given each term by the Preceptress.
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1903

1. The object sought in the management of Margaret Hall is, as in past years, to make the life as that of a private home, and to this end the self-government system has been established. A House Committee is elected by the inmates of the Hall.

The Committee consists of a lady elected from each corridor, and there are certain duties and honors pertaining to this office. It is their duty to judge of the deeds and misdeeds of those who have not the office. However, one must be a keen observer of human nature, for in some instances the House Committee, or a representative, has been subjected to an undignified stretching at the hands of the disturbants of the peace.

2. From 8:00 a. m. to 12:00 m., from 1:00 p. m. to 5 p. m., and from 7:00 to 9:45 p. m. are designated as hours of study. From 9:45 to 10:30 p. m. as hours of recreation.
3. Gentlemen callers can be received from Monday to Friday at the hour of 5:00 p. m., but this is supposed to be a business call. No social calls are expected during this time. From 7:00 to 10:00 p. m. on Friday and Saturday are calling hours.
4. During the week the outside door is supposed to be locked at 9:00 p. m., and on Friday and Saturday it is locked at 10:00 p. m., and the zealous student of campus lab. who would gain admittance after these hours must apply for the same at the door.
5. Sunday afternoon from 4:00 p. m. to "eatin' time" are the legal hours for chumming. The young women are urged to have a few hours on Sunday for thought and meditation, so it is not advisable to have gentlemen callers both afternoon and evening.
6. Courtesy requires that students see the Preceptress and ask for permission to go d. t. to church, and it is not wise to walk back to the college. The motor comes at 8:45.
7. For bob-sled rides, excursions d. t. at night and other diversions of the kind, the persons partaking of said frivolity must have a chaperone.
8. The office of the Dean of Women is at the disposal of business callers, but not of social callers.
9. Barnyard concerts and slamming door contests are to be held only at the discretion of the Preceptress.
10. Eating is only a disagreeable duty which we all have to perform. It is quite the custom to eat cookies, pickles and fudges, or to have a spread just before retiring for the night. However, this is not compulsory.

How Slang Was Exterminated From I. S. C.

To any of our students the word slang is almost a stranger. Perhaps for the benefit of the many, I had better tell what Webster says: "Slang is a low, vulgar, unauthorized language, a colloquial mode of expression such as in vogue with some class in society, as the slang of the theater, of college, of boatmen, etc."

Slang is of Gypsy origin, but why need I tell you these things?

Slang has long since been cut out of this institution. Once in the fall of '99, the legislature visited us. How gaily they frisked about, rubbering at our beautiful campus, open house and Dough lab. (The girls of Margaret Hall outdid themselves in showing these legislators a good time, for wasn't the institution trying to work them for an appropriation?)

Will they give it? Dare they give it? flashed like wireless telegraphy from one pair of eyes to another as the girls, each with her gang of law-makers, passed one another in the hall. At last it was done, or at any rate, done so far as the girls were concerned. Everything had been, except the banquet, and of course no girl was in it there. They had to go way back and sit down on the balcony in order to even get their glims on the festivities at all.



After I. S. C. roast beef, creamery cheese, dairy butter, Iowa State College vegetables and all sorts of college stuff had been stowed away, the toastmaster spied awhile and then called on the Hon. Lafe Young. He scrambled gaily to his feet and gave a toast on "The man with the hoe," or the "Woman with the skillet," I forget which.

The way he slung words about was a fright. How breathlessly the audience sat as he filled the vast auditorium with his eloquent rhapsodies. The interest was intense, as he

described how the man with the hoe dug his way through society; how the woman with the skillet, fried her way through with piety.

"This is a glorious school," he said, "a school where the youth and maiden of the land are taught the dignity of labor. Only to-day have I seen this work carried on. I visited Domestic Economy, I tasted the Marguerites, the lemon jelly and cheese straws. I was



astonished at so much learning and could not realize that I was in the same old common world until as I passed one fair damsel's stove, I heard her gasp, saw her look pitiful and screech out, 'Gosh, it's burned.'"

This was the story as it fell from the lips of the Hon. Lafe. Innocent as his words were, they started a reformation which has run rampant through the school. It is needless to say that the fair damsel who so forgot herself was given her walking papers immediately, and was obliged to seek solace in some other department of Learning, and to this day no student has ever had the nerve to spring a stave of slang.



A Natural Suspension Bridge.

A Midnight Fantasy

Ye shades of darkness!

Inside hardly had the merriment died away—suppressed though it must needs be—aroused by having safely to tuck away in bed one of the merry makers, or was it under the bed (but why waste time on mere prepositions when there yet remained many deeds for the night undone) into the pitchy blackness and drizzling rain, start two sweater-clad knights who, even as you watch, fade into dim shadows and are gone.

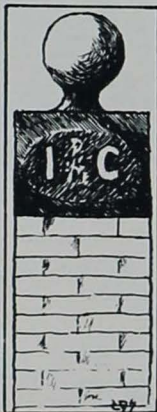
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“Ah, a new style padlock, a needless precaution. Knows he not that true knights spurn the use of skeleton keys? A lift, if you please, the window seems not locked; and rouse not the ever-wakeful dog whose snores please my sense of the aesthetic by breaking the monotone of the rain, and besides there seems to be quite a medley of wire fences round about us.

“Enough? Yes, we better shut the window; the draughts would be bad for their heads. Think you not that the Ag. Department should breed a new species without head or neck for these seem to be the two great danger points. Let us hasten hence, for even now the faithful dog’s slumber is broken and the way rough and weed-tangled.

* * * * *

Back again from the night appear the two silent, shadowy, sweater-clad figures, who tumble into their beds and whose dreams are unbroken by savage growls or frightened squaks.

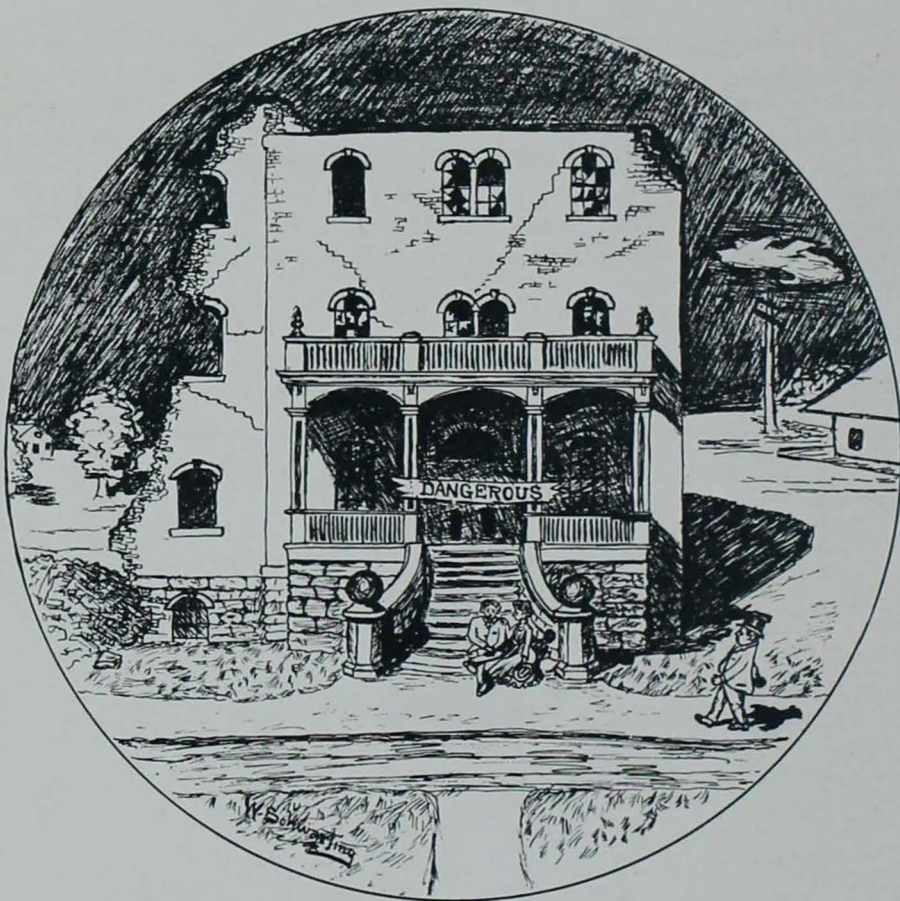


A BLOT ON THE
ESCUTCHEON

Since the Old Main Burned.

I.

How lonesome, oh how lonesome are the girls at
Margaret Hall,
As they look out on the ruins of the old Main Building's wall;
But that they need not look with longing, they
have already learned,
For there's no attraction over there, since the old
Main burned.



II.

The campus seems deserted, so quiet and forlorn,
The Ags. are all that can be seen, even in the morn.
About the cause of all of this, we're very much concerned,
Can it be, oh can it be, because the old Main's burned?

III.

Oh, what an ugly looking shack is the new Emer-
gency Hall;
It always reminds me of a lank professor, one that's
stiff and tall.
Poor, homely looking and distressed, by Engineering
hall seems spurned,
But then its all that's left us now, since the old Main
burned.

IV.

What pleasure now, in sauntering past the grand old
steps' so dear,
For nothing's there now, no nothing, save ruins black
and drear.
There's no sound in the hallways or in corridors old
and spurned.
Yes, all is dreary and forlorn since the old Main
burned.

V.

Oh, how we miss the faces of the boys who once
lived there,
Why, we even smile with pleasure when John Frank-
lin doth appear.
For, that 'tis awful lonesome without the boys we've
learned.
But then there's no help for it, since the old Main
burned.

VI.

The boys, do they note the difference in the situa-
tion, too,
Or do they go about as unconcerned as they were
wont to do?
Well, really, I can't say for sure, but more of them
have turned,
Their faculties to botany, since the old Main burned?



MINSTRELS.

Annual Concert

BY THE GLEE CLUB OF IOWA STATE COLLEGE.

College Chapel, May 9, 1903, 8 p. m.

MISS BERNICE HALLEY, Sop. MR. HORACE ANTHONY, Basso
 MR. FRANK J. RESLER, TENOR
 MR. FRANK J. RESLER, MRS. FRANK J. RESLER,
 Director Accompanist

.... PROGRAM

PART I.

Becker, "On Gallant Company."
 GLEE CLUB.
Wagner, . . "O Thou Sublime, Sweet Evening Star." (Air
 from Tannhauser)
 MR. HORACE ANTHONY.
Schubert-Liszt, "The Omnipotence."
 MR. RESLER AND GLEE CLUB.
Cowen, "The Swallows."
 MISS BERNICE HALLEY.
Arranged, "Cottolene Mauvourneen."
 (In Native Costume)
 SWEDISH LADIES QUINTET.
Jan Gall, "Maiden With the Lips so Rosy."
 GLEE CLUB.
Nicolao, "Ti Prego O Padre."
 MISS HALLEY, MR. RESLER AND MR. ANTHONY
Gottschalk, "A Continuous Performance."
 GLEE CLUB.
Damrosch, "Danny Deever."
 MR. RESLER.
Lacome, "Spanish Serenade."
 GLEE CLUB.

Intermission 10 minutes.

PART II.

Night Scene, I. S. C. Place, Room 99 W. Cottage
 Special Lab. (for Freshies)
 (Involuntary Performance)
 (a) Declamation. (Selected)
 (b) Song. (By request)
 (c) Aquatic Performance. (Pull For the Shore)
 (d) Stretch Him! Stretch Him!!

A few words of counsel and direction for future conduct.

Molloy, "Kerry Dance."
 GLEE CLUB.

Junior Class Play

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.



Mrs. Hardcastle	-	-	-	-	MISS FANNY ANNEGERS
Mr. Hardcastle	-	-	-	-	MR. HAL GALLEY
Miss Hardcastle	-	-	-	-	MISS SADIE HOOK
Tony	-	-	-	-	MR. CLYDE DIXON
Mr. Marlowe	-	-	-	-	MR. HERBERT TELLIER
Mr. Hastings	-	-	-	-	MR. CECIL JONES
Miss Neville	-	-	-	-	MISS EDITH STEVENS

Serving Men and Maids.



Troubles



BEING one day in a sportive mood, Cupid shot a poisoned arrow straight into the heart of a Phiz. Prof. The wound, as such things do, grew and grew, making him miserable by day and sleepless by night, until vacation time came.

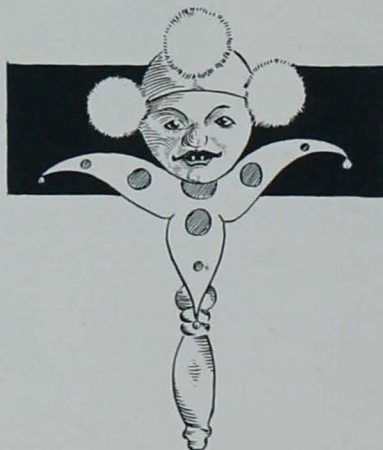
Then did this P. P. leave his post of duty and seek relief over the C. & N. W. R. R., and by the time he had applied about sixty-seven lineal miles of relief, he had not only fully regained his health, but had found about all the happiness that an ordinary man can appreciate at once.

Bodily strength was rapidly restored to him, but his mind was badly shattered, and thus it happened that when he returned to his duties a Mrs. P. P. came too.

Right merrily then hastened Hank and Rube, and all the others whose back work had held them here during vacation, to wish the "newcomers" unalloyed joy of the guaranteed-for-ninety-nine-years variety. The jubliant Prof. showered abundant gold upon them, which they as promptly invested in cigars.

This done the party sought the A. and C. Pullman, and started homeward.

Then the gentle little voice of memory whispered to Rube—whispered of a time at Summer Camp in his Sophomore year when Dame nature had vigorously protested against a pipe which he had borrowed. Yet stay—"Was he not a senior now, and who? pray, who was there to question him now?" demanded another voice, and quickly, lest his nerve fail, Rube lighted the weed. Before long the jolly crowd saw that all was not exactly well with him and—even as with the setting sun—the colors fade and fade, so did Rube's usually ruddy countenance pale and pale to an ashy palor. The half-burned cigar was forgotten and fell unheeded to the floor as Rube sought the rear platform in an agony of haste and despair. Wronged nature uprose within him in a tumult of rage and remonstrance. The motor jolted him this way and that, until his cup of misery was full and overflowing. Torn between conflicting and warring emotions, he only maintained his position by hanging to the brake wheel until the college was reached, when with a wan, limber, feeble, flickering, flimsy smile, he said to the fellows, "I always enjoy the back end on such a pretty evening."



When a Box Talks



LET no one tell me that times are quiet at I. S. C. I've been busier and have had more of real life this term than at any time during my whole college career. When the Bachelors moved me way up on the highest landing, they hadn't the slightest idea that I should be the favorite I am. For a while I must confess that I was shamefully neglected; only twice a week was I ever visited. Twice on Saturday; once when the Bachelors came after their curtains, and next when they brought them back. In this quiet way I spent several months, until one intensely cold night as I dozed away, I heard footsteps quietly ascending the stairs. I pricked up my ears immediately and tried to peer down over the bannister. Soon, however, a couple came in sight, and a handsome couple they were too.

"Let's sit down on this box," said the man.

"All right," replied the girl, "I hate to stay up here, but there's not half enough chairs or reception rooms for this kind of weather."

From the very first I liked that pair, and they liked me, too. For years they had me as a sort of ally and even to this day make me a visit occasionally. I used rather to resent others when they intruded, for somehow, I felt more at home with the couple who discovered me. Then too, one night we all three had our pictures taken together, and I think that made us feel all the more friendly towards each other. I tell you he was a jolly fellow. Nothing small about him.

A year ago this spring, I had a pretty dull time. Once or twice, though, things happened that cheered me up a little. One night along near the last of the term, a tall, light complexioned man and a slender girl came up. They were new ones to me. Along about ten o'clock I heard some boys down stairs. They were planning something. I could hear them distinctly, but my visitors couldn't. After while I heard them stumbling up stairs. They lurched along and I knew they were playing drunk. They came part way up, then sat down on the stairs, and if ever boys knew how to make believe they were drunk, these two did.



I felt sorry for the little girl, but she was pluck from the word go, and didn't get a bit excited. She knew the man with her would protect her with his life, so they just sat still, and long about half past eleven, the boys on the stairs got tired and left. I've always admired that couple for their nerve. Many a girl would have screamed and made a terrible fuss, but she didn't.

That same term, the night of commencement, I was tired and sleepy and had just dozed off when I heard people coming up stairs. When they came in sight, I saw that there were six of them. The boy in front carried a little glass lamp, and all the rest had cakes, jelly glasses and such things. I've always wondered how those girls ever got out of the hall, for it was just striking midnight when I first heard them. They used me for a table, and a jolly time they had too. I rather enjoyed them until one man, whom they called "Jappie," spilled a class of spiced grapes all over me. I have always prided myself on my clear complexion, and this stuff stained my cheek so that, try as I will, I've never been able to get the

black off. That crowd had the queerest names. Why, they actually called one of the boys "Cherry."

Say, one night last fall I heard a good story. I can't tell it just like I heard it, for I never do remember things exactly, but it was something like this: Down at West Cottage, I think the boy said. It happened one Sunday morning and he was telling his friend about it that evening. Well, anyway that morning two of the boys invited some girls down to see them. One of the girls talks incessantly, and the boys about the cottage heard her and thought what a joke it would be to fasten the door and not let the four out. They didn't hesitate long but went to work and did it. The room was connected with another, and the four, just simply to show what they could do, came out the other way. The boys outside felt rather chagrined, but waited an opportunity which came soon, for the four went back again, feeling certain that they had come out ahead. But they hadn't, for no sooner were they inside, than the boys nailed up the other door. I never heard how they got out the last time, but I know they did because I saw one of the girls that evening.

That wasn't such a bad lock-in, though, as one that happened this term. This happened on Friday night when there were all kinds of things going on. The Klatter Klub had a reception for the faculty; the Noits had a dance and the Hyperions had a cake-walk. Well that night a couple came up to see me. They weren't new ones either. I didn't resent it much because he was a talkative fellow and I knew that I'd hear all the news. Long about half past nine I heard a noise down stairs, and just thought to myself that the boys were up to something. My guests didn't notice the noise however, and long about 10:15 the girl spoke about leaving. In about ten minutes more they decided for sure to go and started slowly down stairs. Such a time as they must have had trying to get out for I heard him first try the door, then he began to pound it and at last tried to break it down. A happy thought must have struck him finally, for he stopped pounding and began to yell for the Janitor. This didn't do any good, and after another attempt they came back up to me to talk it over. I felt sorry for the girl, because I thought that she belonged at Margaret Hall and



would be locked out, but soon I found by their conversation that she lived down town, and I thought it was good enough for her. She ought to have stayed at home. The chimes struck twelve and still they sat.

"Why don't you try the window?" she asked.

"All right, lets go down again," he answered, and again they left me. This time I heard him pounding around and he had just threatened to break the window when I heard

the nightwatch coming and I knew they were saved. I was glad of it, too. I don't like such noisy company.

Say, did you ever know that you can hear my visitors plainly down in the library? I had a great deal of amusement the Sunday night after that couple was locked up here. This time my visitors weren't entirely strange to me. I had entertained them both before, but not together. He was a short, light-haired boy, wearing a white sweater. She had on a tremendous beaver hat and looked quite demure. They came up early carrying a book. I believe the book was something about a girl named Nancy. O, yes, I remember distinctly now, it was "The Misdemeanors of Nancy." They would read awhile; then talk, then read again. They appeared to be having a pretty good time, but I didn't pay much attention to them for I was thinking of the past. Soon, I heard the library door open and the people began to come in there. I listened, for often I can hear all that is going on down there. My visitors kept on talking and laughing and soon I began to hear the Librarian laugh too. The man with the sweater made a pretty speech, the girl at his side blushed, the librarian giggled again, while a boy, who must have been seated near the desk, fairly howled with delight. I would have warned them not to talk so loudly, but I couldn't, for how could I—a stout box—with no voice talk?



Personal

ZIMMERMAN'S CLUB, I. S. C. }
March 23d, 1903. }

MR. A. R. PINKERTON,

Chicago Police Headquarters:—

MY DEAR SIR: The enclosed photograph may help you to clear up the case you have been working on so long. Mr. Streeter's intense dislike for women had never made us suspect that domestic trouble was at the bottom of the strange phenomena he has so long exhibited, but now only intensifies our belief that we have reached a satisfactory solution of the case.

For several days before this picture was taken we felt that something strange was going to happen—the strange haunted look and shifty glance of his eyes settled into an expression of strong resolve and deep resentment. One day we came home to find that the lady of the photograph had taken possession of his room, as tho she expected to stay. There was a stormy meeting, and from expressions heard thru the keyhole we surmised that domestic bliss had not reigned supreme in the years preceding. From that on all is mystery. That night the woman disappeared, and we have been able to find not a single trace. The man is almost a nervous wreck, showing there is something serious on his mind, and frequently his hands clutch at the empty air as if he were trying to strangle someone. Please come at once and help us clear up this mystery, for we will feel greatly relieved when everything is explained.

Respectfully yours,

J. L. O'HEARN.

P. S.—The young lady who lives here is so worried that I have to take a good deal of time from my school work to calm her fears.

J. L. O'H.



Engineering Hall



This commodious building is the new home of the various engineering departments. It is the finest building which adorns our campus, and the pride of the whole school. We trust that the energetic spirits who made possible its erection will soon procure others to keep it fitting company.



MR. J. A. SPOOR, the President of the Union Stock Yards Company, of Chicago, has given a trophy to be contested for each year at the International Live Stock Exposition, by the students of stock judging throughout our country. The trophy, which is a bronze bull set on a pedestal of cararra marble, was made by Isadore Bonheur. The Illinois Agricultural College carried off the prize in nineteen hundred. The last two years students from Ames have succeeded in bringing the trophy to Iowa.

Editorial

Sad indeed are many of the scenes through which our detective-reporter is called to pass, and heavy are the burdens cast upon him. Though he rise up early and go out to meet the blushes of the rosy morn yet does he not gain the amount of inspiration needed to demonstrate to the satisfaction of his honored professor that he didn't have time to get his lesson. Nor yet can he prove that by the adiabatic expansion of a pound of hot air in the cylinder of a gas engine according to the third law of Thermodynamics the said engine may be converted into a Carnots' cycle. If then he fail in such simple and altogether superficial requirements how may he be expected to prepare anything suited to the taste and appreciation of the readers of this Bomb?

How can it be supposed either, that one who is liable to be called out among the small hours of the night to report some such a matter as the changing of the initials of a barn could on short notice take along with him his stenographer, photographer and phonographer with the needed apparatus to describe in fitting terms so momentous an event.

It is a reason for surprise that he failed to be an eye-witness to the escape of the entrapped couples in West Cottage when they were nailed in by certain parties who feared the fair ones might unduly curtail their visit?

Do your eyes dilate with surprise as he acknowledges his inability to bring out by mere description the emotional effect produced when the party of Essix girls lost their jack-o-



LOSING THE BAWL ON DOWN.

lantern pumpkins and would not be comforted until the golden treasures were once more restored to their waiting arms?

Can he be accused of neglecting his duty simply because the Head of a Department is not told that he is carrying away a lady's purse and that the Des Moines train headeth not northward?

Should his resignation be demanded on the slight ground that, when a certain couple

were repeating the lingering and affectionate farewell at the doorway of M. H., he forebore to jot down their tender phrases for the gratification of an unsympathetic public.

Or—changing to the prosaic—could he not be pardoned if, in the multiplicity of cares, he should overlook the basement of the machine shop while the two industrious young lads were testing the frictional efficiency of Grandpa's Wonder Soap when applied to the emery wheel used for grinding brick?

And finally, in conclusion: †Does it astonish even you to find at this instant, while reading these words in search of a complimentary notice, that the prominent part you have taken in making college history has been largely overlooked? Strange as it might at first appear he couldn't put in ALL of these good things, and on second thought you, yourself, don't wish a detailed description of———. Well, never mind, we've all participated in those little episodes "not for publication." Should we print them here on this open page you might rightly accuse us of being as stormy-hearted as are the graven figures in front of Engineering Hall.

†We do not claim this phrase as one of our own invention. Others when speaking in public have at times made use of the same.



Days Gone By

Oh how much do we regret
That they are not with us yet—
Times of which the Seniors tell
When such things to them befell
As fancy only can supply,
In the days now long gone by

Such times were always before
We as Preps. came to the door.
Events we now know are quite tame
Still they insist, just the same.
Things were going mighty high
As the old days glided by

Awful were the tricks at school;
They didn't mind a single rule.
Threw the Proctor down the stair,
Did not give a cussed care —
Perhaps — if Prexie wasn't nigh
With a searchlight dashing by.

Then there was the Dining Hall
Where they ran at jingle call;
There they had the souring fruit
With the "bingo" course to boot
Maybe let a 'tater fly
At a waiter going by.

My! The athletes they had then!
Never will be seen again;
Cyclone team, sprinters, scratchers,
Base ball men; pitchers, catchers;
Hurdlers too, who didn't half try.
Had 'em all in days gone by.

Campus Lab and moonlight strolls
Passing Margaret Hall patrols,
So it goes with all the rest —
Everything they had was best.
Where then, where are you and I
As *our* days are dancing by?





A Tragedy

Night had come, bringing with it a tumult of sighing, moaning winds that crept into dark angles and corners of the buildings, frightening hence strange cries and whisperings, that caused the girls in the Hall to gather closer about the fire, filled with the common dread of the unknown.

Over in one corner sat "The Man with the Moustache" with "The Girl" whom he had chosen from all others and for whom he had braved the weird callings of the winds and the ghostly beckonings of the trees. Ah! He smiles; to his eyes comes a look of great contentment, for he feels that his rival will not bestir himself on such a night. In a month, a week, even by tomorrow his hopes may be cast down and his dreams shadowed, but to-night, ah! to-night he will live! Live! and even as hope rises serenely within him he knows that with to-night safely passed, all bridges will have been burned behind and he alone — oh joy! — he alone will be the proud possessor of that road straight to the girl's heart and bliss forever. Onward and upward he is led until his brain reels at the dizzy heights, and the trip-hammer blows of his heart are distinctly heard at ten paces.

But listen, from without during an interval of calm are heard heavy footfalls and out of the darkness and storm with jubilant footsteps, full of life and eagerness into the light from the window comes "The Football Man." Not an instant does he stop to ring, but quickly to the reception room he goes, sure of a welcome there. What meets his bewildered gaze and beats upon his dazed mind? What causes him to start and turn aghast? Not two dark eyes uplifted to his for warm greeting, but "The Girl" in eager conversation with "The Man with the Moustache." For a moment blind rage rose and welled up within him and he trembled as a twig is swayed and bent with the blast, then a strange calm settled on him and he spoke to others near him, who waited in fear and trembling his next move.

Then — oh ye gods — should the guardian angel of "The Man with the Moustache" have born him swiftly away, but he with reeling brain stayed on almost unaware of his rival's presence. Just at this moment when their fates were being weighed in the balance, the lights were extinguished. The house was filled with fear and outside the wild winds rose to a fearful shriek.

* * * * *

Only a few moments of darkness and then light again, but during these few moments what a tragedy had taken place!



"On his own hook."

What a hideous crime had been wrought! As by magic had the Moustache and the Man disappeared. As in a dream were seen "The Girl" and "The Football Man" sitting side by side while out outside the winds fell and rose and fell away again to a low moan.



There was a young fellow named O Key,
Who was always thought to be pokey,
Until he met with a girl
Who set his brain in a whirl;
My! how then he astonished the folkey.

The Beleaguered Bell

"It sounds like some old marvelous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
Like the midnight host of spectres pale
That beleaguered the walls of Prague."

Not far from Squaw Creek's rushing stream
With the wan moon overhead,
There paced, as in an awful scheme
Two men with Senior tread.

One spoke in solemn tones, profound;
The other, calmly smokes,
And e'er he'd uttered e'en a sound,
The chimes peeled forth twelve strokes.

No other voice nor sound was there;
No drum nor sentry's pace;
They planned—then silence, pale but fair,
Held all in her embrace.

But when next morn the Wigwam bell
Proclaimed the morning class,
Astonished questions rose and fell
From the alarmed mass.

Down the broad hall, both fast and far
The Academics fled;
Up rose that glorious morning star
Of the E. E course the head

'Twas been said that the marvelous brain
of man
Can strangest mysteries tell,
Oh that some brain or phantom wan
Would show how to stop the bell.

Snuggled down as for a dream
In the bright electric light;
Yet a Freshman plan began to gleam
Portentous through the night.

Scarcely a word or sound was there
From faculty deep and grave —
Just one slight challenge broke the air,
Yet some of the Seniors rave.

For when the solemn old chimes bell
Invites the class away,
No midnight demon, 'neath the spell,
Rings on throughout the day.

Down the broad Vale of Years afar
Goes the history of that day.
The moral—Seniors, when worlds you'd jar
Keep the Freshman boys away.

College days are swiftly passing —
Two years, one more; that is all.
Yet we're just as swiftly writing
Out our answer to Time's call

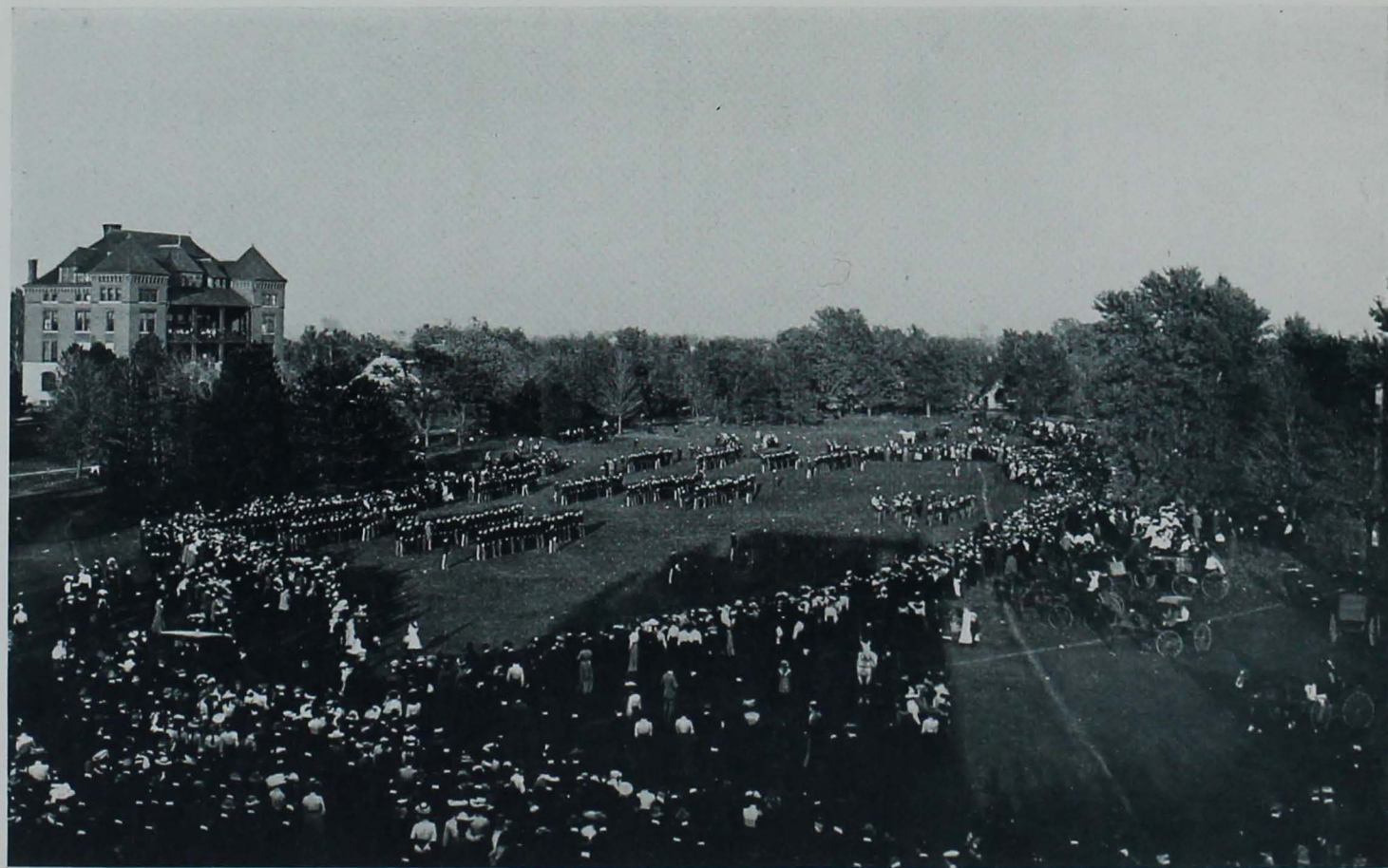
Like a final examination;
Are the questions Time doth ask;
And the answers are as varied
As those in the other task.

Here the constant call is Action;
All must answer else they fail—
No, you need not be an athlete—
Answer, though you're weak and frail.

Answer with the best within you,
With your study work and play;
Answer so that some poor Freshman
May thank you graduation day.

Thank you for a good example;
Duty done with all your might,
Fighting for success, the laurels
Come to him who's banner's Right.

Another midnight came around,
Two boys were out I ween.
Next day by those to classes bound
No bell was longer seen.



In a Quiet Moment.

The days at I. S. C. were so sad and lonely. Nothing seemed as happy and bright as it had been a short time before.

Now and then we all have our dreary, sad times. Commonly, they do not last long; they go as quickly as they come and are soon forgotten. Yet a few days at our College that should have been happy and full of life, were dull and seemed never to pass. All our hopes and ambitions were forgotten for the time. Our beloved President had just passed away. The loss was felt over the whole campus and everything, in its own way, sympathized with us in our great sorrow. Each little blade of grass bowed its tiny head in reverence for the departed one who had just left us, and field after field of golden grain bent low in silence. The leaves tossed wearily about and then one by one some of them fell slowly to the ground.

Even the College buildings, which were such a help to our dear friend, must have missed that familiar step and cheerful voice, and they stood lonely, vacant and still.

The flag on the flagpole, though waving bravely in the slight breeze, drooped lightly in respect for the departed one, and everything was so quiet, save when the chimes in the tower pealed forth its doleful song and struck the hour.

One place alone rejoices. In the little quiet nook, the resting place of our dear President, the wild flowers are the sweetest and loveliest, the birds sing most cheerily, and the little squirrels leap gaily among the trees, for they know that near them rests one who loved them the best of all.

Time alone can melt away our sorrow and when months and years have rolled by and new ones come and go, then and not till then will the bright smile, the strong firm handshake, and the helpful words fade away from our memory.



A Scrawl



IMAGINATION is one of the few things which poverty has not been able to deny me," thot Rachel, "and tho I have never been introduced to the owners of these homes, still it is permitted me to endow these houses with personalities and I have formed some very pleasant friendships in this swell street." It was November and cold and the long avenue with its beautiful residences looked lonely because the trees were bare. There was a colonial mansion standing well back from the street which was Rachel's favorite, for to her it possessed besides a strong character, a charming personality. "The rooms must be beautiful with their pictures and books and the sort of bric-a-brac which only cultured people know how to collect. Rachel had looked at the house so often in passing that she knew the faces of the people who came and went there oftenest. They were men and women whom she knew to be the wealthiest, most cultured in the city. People whose time and wealth together with their taste enabled them to cultivate whatever literary or artistic tendencies they might have. Money and vulgarity united—is there anything so repulsive? But this sort of wealth where fine tastes and the ability to gratify them go hand in hand, Rachel sighed. There were so many things these people had.

The door of the mansion opened and down the broad steps came a beautiful young woman. Rachel had seen her often. Every day at this same hour they passed in the street one beautifully gowned and muffled in her furs, starting for her constitutional; the other like Horace's Pyrsha, "simple in her neatness." Rachel knew that the beautiful girl was called Rose. Sometimes a crowd of girls went with her; sometimes she was with her mother; but more often now, Rachel saw her with a young man.

For two years going to and from her school—for Rachel was a school teacher—she had watched Rose till she almost loved the lovely young creature. The first time she saw Rose she had that "Sometime I shall know her." But Reason—that unsympathetic dame had told you, "You can never hope to have the wealthiest young woman in town—this idolized Rose—for your friend."

To-night Rachel was lonely. In the two years she had lived and worked in this city she had met many people and made many friends. But she told herself that bread winning is leading the strenuous life and there was no time left for David and Jonathan friendships. She loved to study, and no matter how full her days and weeks might be, someway she always found time to perform some little act of love for the wee ones in the hospital. Over at the hospital while she was leaving her small offering, Rose appeared with great quantities of chrysanthemums. How many dollars they must have cost! A feeling of bitterness swept over Rachel. At home again the mother had tried to comfort her with the story of the widow's mite.

To-night the mother's face was at the window watching for her, and the door was opened for her before she turned the knob. It was always this way at this tiny home; mother and daughter were all in all to each other.

"Are you tired my darling? Oh, why won't you take the car and save yourself that long walk?"

"I save myself ten cents a day, besides getting the air which I need. Ten cents count. Extravagant woman! Besides I wouldn't miss my walk down the avenue for even the having of a trolley ride. I saw Rose to-night."

Of course the mother knew as much of Rose as the daughter did, tho she had never

seen her interest in her fagged. "How has the day gone," asked the mother. Her own days were always the same, but she never found them monotonous for each day she worked, that of and welcomed home her darling.

"Oh, mother," Rachel answered wearily, "you know how it always is; the same mass of wriggling, unresponsive humanity. Oh it is a gladsome life I lead."

"I'll put your supper right on," said the mother, "then you can rest. I thot maybe you might like fried oysters to-night."

"Oh, you Dear," cried the daughter, her spirits seeming to revive, "Oh mother, you're so good."

After supper the two sat before the grate. "Mother, did I tell you about the Sunday I went to church with Rose?"

"No, Dear." This little fiction of the mother's to cover defect in her own memory or encourage Rachel to talk bothered neither as it deceived neither. So Rachel went on to tell of one day Rose had come late to church and found the family pew occupied. How the usher had bro't her to the very seat where Rachel was. How she had sung perfect alto to Rachel's soprano. How she had smiled into Rachel's eyes in appreciation of the beauty of Rachel's voice. This last Rachel did not say nor did she know why the smiles had been given her. Ever since that Sunday Rachel has spoken of "the time Rose and I went to church together."

"Apropos of singing, should you like to hear 'Sweet Afton' Mother?"

"If you are not too tired, Dear." and so she sang it softly thru, sitting on her mother's knee. The fire burned lower, the voice came softer and slower until the child-woman slept in her mother's arms.

No wonder the long avenue of beautiful homes looked desolate to-night. It was bitterly cold and the wind almost made Rachel stagger. She did not expect to see Rose for the rumor was over town and the report would be in the evening papers that Rose's fiance had absconded with as much money as he could get together and another woman. Rachel was trying to be analytical and think out for her own satisfaction why a man would leave a girl like Rose with a fortune like hers for this woman he took with no fortune at all. "It keeps me warmer to think hard. But I give it up. It is incomprehensible" Then as she passed her mansion, "How considerate it is of them not to pull the shades until I have passed. I should like to fancy Rose singing in the music room, but it is more probable that she is grieving in her own room, anyhow I shall not see her."

Then her mind went back to the school room worries, and it was not till the mother was tucking her into bed that night that she thot again of Rose. "Mother, I had thot Rose to have a Christmas wedding. Isn't it sad and terrible?" Then as the mother kissed her,



"Good night, sweet dreams," said Rachel, "Come back and kiss me again. Good night, Mother mine."

Christmas came and Rachel spent it with her mother. Sitting together before the fire Rachel read aloud, "The Cricket on the Hearth," and when twilight came they sat silent. The mother thinking of the many happy Christmas days they had spent together, while Rachel, with her boundless ambition tried to believe that circumstances and environment could not govern a life even tho they must help in giving it directions. Not knowing that in her own life she was an example to others of the motto: "Do your work as well as you can and show yourself friendly." To her mother it was always a brave cheerful woman left her in the morning and a tired tho often merry child came to her arms at night.

Rachel looked up, "Mother, we are happier to-night than those in Rose's home. Poor Rose! why couldn't her sorrow have been of the sort that sweetens and strengthens instead of this bitter, bitter thing; doubly hateful because it is being gossiped about all over town."

"Don't think about it my Darling if it makes you sad. I'll light the lamp and we will finish the story."

After this Rachel sometimes saw Rose, but not often as before, for she no longer walked alone on the street, but sometimes drove now with her mother. Rachel tho her face wore not so much an expression of anger or sorrow, but of bitter struggle to believe there was something left for which to live. Rachel had often felt impelled to speak to her and had almost smiled recognition at times, but Rose always passed her with so imperturbable an expression that the smile was never given.

When spring came Rose resumed her walks and Rachel passed her every evening. Once Rose stopped her asking, "Where have I seen you before?" "You have seen me very often; at least I have seen you many times. I pass here twice a day," replied Rachel. Then Rose passed on without another word.

The next evening Rachel was a little late. She was hoping that Rose would speak to her again. "I don't want to take the initiative because she is rich and beautiful but if it is that, or lose all chance of knowing her. I shall do it," tho Rachel smiling to think how deeply in earnest she was about the matter. But as she turned into the avenue there stood Rose, evidently waiting for her. Rose blushed and smiled and stammered: "May I walk down the avenue with you? Aren't you a little late? I was waiting for you. I wanted to ask you to pardon my rudeness of yesterday. It must have sounded so ungracious. Won't you forgive me?"

"Oh, please don't," begged Rachel, "You don't know how glad I was to find you could be unconventional."

For some time they walked on in silence. "May I walk home with you. I want to know where you live," said Rose, breaking the prolonged silence.

"You know I'd love to have you," said Rachel. Another long pause which was not broken till Rachel said, "This is my home," and paused.

"Do you know," said Rose, "I had bushels of things I wanted to say to you to-night. But they can wait. I shall be busy at this time to-morrow, but may I meet you at the same place Friday evening—at the bend in the avenue, you know."

"Surely you may," was all Rachel could say.

"And you haven't said you forgive my for my rudeness," continued Rose.

"I haven't anything to forgive, and I'm glad you did it," said Rachel, trying to think of all the things she had wanted to say. "Good night then, and don't forget," said Rose holding out her hand. "Friday evening at the bend in the avenue," finished Rachel, taking the extended hand. "Good night."

At the door the mother inquired "Who was the lady." "Guess!" said Rachel, embracing her mother. "Was it Rose?" gasped the mother, seeing the happiness in her daughter's face.

"None other," replied the daughter, too happy to talk. So she ate her supper in silence, only remarking sometimes, "Mother, this is good."

When the mother tucked her in, Rachel at last found her tongue. "Sit down beside me mother mine, while I tell you about Rose." And so the story came out.

"And Mother, tho I feel that I know her now, isn't it queer, she said very little."

"Probably you talked enough to make up for it," suggested the mother.

"No, that is the queerest part of it. I couldn't even talk about the weather. Isn't she lovely, Mother."

"Yes dear, as much of her as I could see in the twilight."

"You are an obliging ma to say what you know your daughter wants you to. You are so good. I'll sing you 'The Harp that once through Tara's Hall.'"

The mother sat listening to the sweetest voice in the world. Long after her voice was still the hand clung to the mother's, and the mother did not move till she knew that the eyes were closed fast and sleep had come.

On Friday at the bend in the Avenue, true to her tryst, was Rose, and soon Rachel came too. "Oh," began Rose, "I was afraid you might be late. I know who your are," she went on without pausing. "You are the girl who told a funny Irish story in the book store one day when I was there. You are the girl who helped the old woman across the street once when I was driving and almost ran over her. You are the girl who takes flowers and pictures to the children in the hospital. You are the girl who sings so beautifully. Oh, I know all sorts of things about you." Rose did not wait for a reply for by this time Rachel was bereft of the use of her tongue. "And I knew someway when I spoke to you the other night that you wouldn't mind my being unconventional. And you said you were glad. You know I've seen you without realizing it, and lately I've been thinking about you and all these things kept coming to me till I almost knew you without ever having spoken to you, and now we are really going to know each other. Tell me about your school." And so Rose talked on finding out more and more about Rachel.

In front of Rachel's home they stopped. Rose taking both of Rachel's hands, turned her great soft brown eyes upon Rachel's keener gray ones. "Please don't think I'm simply curious. You understand, don't you?" she asked a little anxiously. "I think I know," answered Rachel. "Good night."

The spring days were very happy for both of the girls. They walked down the avenue together very often. Rachel was able after a few times to find her tongue. They talked of books. The children in the hospital. The need of civic reform, and any number of other subjects. There were all sorts of things to discover about themselves, that their tastes were similar, some of their opinions as widely different as their experiences and lives had been.

In May, Rose went away for a time, and Rachel missed her. She had not said when she would return. One Saturday Rachel wandered off out of the city, and tired sat down in the most delightful spot where she could look down upon a lovely little lake. She heard someone near her and looking up saw Rose. "Rose!" she cried "Rachel!"

Rose sat down beside her. "I was hoping I should find you. I have been at your house and your mother tho't you might be somewhere along the drive."

"When did you get back?" asked Rachel.

"Only yesterday. It was as long as I could stay away from you," laughed Rose.

"Don't say that," said Rachel. "What book have you?"

"'Old Fashioned Roses.' I was just in the mood to have you read to me. There is one person in it that expresses my feeling for you." She opened the book and read:

"I want to sing something, but this is all;
I try and try, but the rhymes are dull
As if they were damp
And the echoes fall limp and unlovable.
'Words will not say what I long to say;
They will not walk as I want them to,
But they stumble and fall in the path of the way.
Of my telling of love for you.
'Simply take what the scrawl is worth.
Knowing I love you as sure as the sod.
On the ripening side of the great round earth
That hangs in the smile of God.'"

Rachel took the book saying "Do you know the one I have always thot of in connection with you? 'The ripest peach is highest on the tree. And so her love beyond the reach of me is dearest in my sight.'" Both girls laughed.

Read to me "Who Bides His Time," begged Rose, and so she asked for one after the other. "This is the last, and it is time to go," said Rachel as she finished reading.

"The Beautiful City! Oh mortal,
Tho hopefully on in thy quest
Pass down through the green grassy portals
That leads to the Valley of Rest.
There first passed the one who, in pity
Of all thy great yearning, awaits
To point out the Beautiful City
And loosen the trump at the gates."

Both girls arose. "Oh, you naughtiness; you've made me do all the love making," said Rose, smiling.

"I began first, anyway," said Rachel. "Do you remember where Shelby speaks of those who learn in suffering what they teach in song. You are one of those people," said Rose.

"No, no, it is you; that is why I care so much for you," replied Rachel.

Then in each others arms Rose said softly, "God keep you everywhere my Dearest," and Rachel repeated still more softly, "God keep you everywhere my dearest."

GENEVIEVE STEVENS.



“A Reverie”

I know not where the ever-changing winds shall blow me, where the floods shall bear me or tempests drive me, but this I hope where'er it be that I cast anchor, may there be one birch or white pine or some such tree to house a pair of birds that I may hear the songs we are wont to hear in this God's chosen land. May there be some bell to ring a benediction as at eventide, my daily work is ended, and at morn, to give me inspiration, zeal and courage to play the man; "Lest we forget" may trouble be there too, but more of joy than sorrow; more of bright than gloom. Better than all may there be friends; friends to press the hand and make merry the heart—to help along with the chorus of good thoughts that make life rich and worth the living. For without friends, birds and sunshine, hope and inspiration will make for nothing.





With a sigh of relief we dip our pen for the last time and bid farewell to our friends. Oher Bomb boards have had their troubles; we have only been human in this respect. The editor has become old, bald and wrinkled over his many trials, the manager dreams only of departing moneybags and writes frequently for more funds, and the rest of the board look sad and serious. With hopes of pardon for our many faults, it is our sincerest hope that we may never again be the '04 BOMB BOARD.





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