

BOMB OF 1901

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Class C

Book B₀

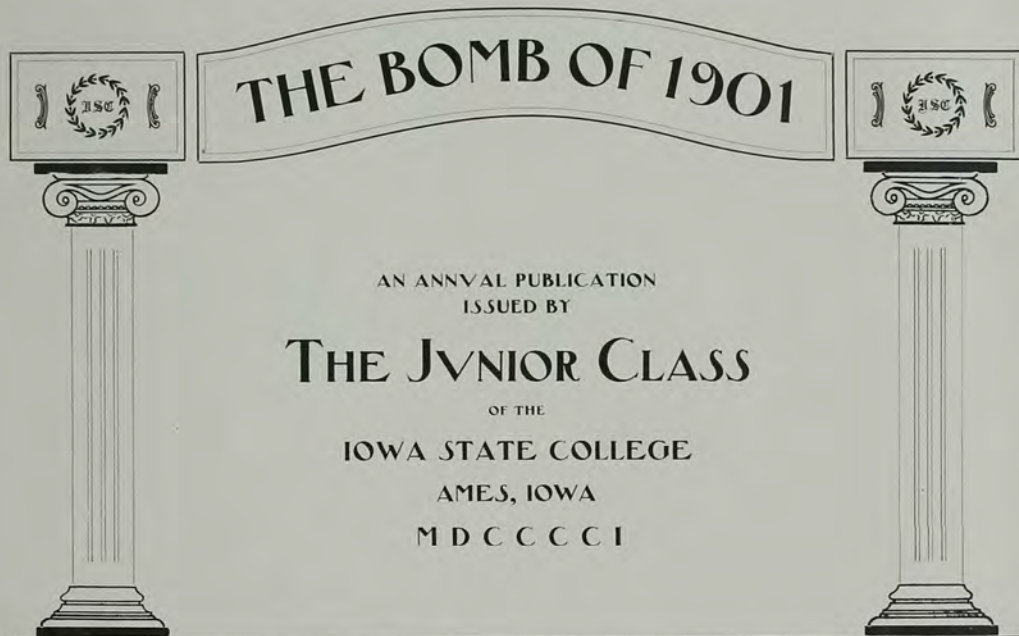
1901



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The Year.

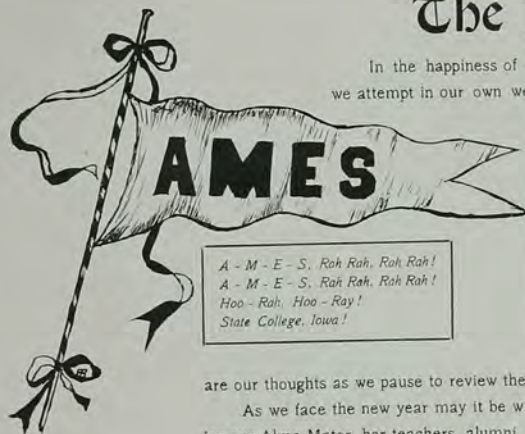
In the happiness of a college course we think only of the present and its associations until we attempt in our own weak way the chronicle of the deeds of a college year. Then comes to our minds the joys and sorrows of the past which have made us what we are.

The year past has been a happy, yet sad, period of our college course. Happy in the associations with those who tread with us the path to a broader field of usefulness, happy in the consciousness of a year's work fulfilled, and happy in the hopes and aspirations of a college life. Sad in the thought of the time when we must leave these pleasant associations, the college, the teachers, and the friends. Sad in the thoughts of those whom a Higher Power has seen fit to remove from our midst in the morning of their young lives. These

are our thoughts as we pause to review the past year.

As we face the new year may it be with hope. May it be the best and happiest year of our college course for our Alma Mater, her teachers, alumni, students, and friends, is the wish of

THE CLASS OF 1902.



HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS



THEY ARE NOT AS BLACK AS THEY ARE PAINTED



NOTICE.

THERE ARE A FEW PLAIN HINTS FOR THE WISE AND OTHERWISE
TO BE GIVEN THE STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE IN SPECIAL CHAPEL THIS
EVENING AT THE USUAL HOUR. THERE WILL BE ALSO ANOTHER MATTER
OF VITAL INTEREST TO THE COLLEGE PRESENTED BY PROFESSORS STANTON,
MARSTON, et al. ALL STUDENTS ARE REQUESTED TO ATTEND/

W. M. Blandin
President



"Come up to the desk after the service."



Right Forward, Fours Right, M-a-arch!



C-4



$$V = \text{ft. per sec} = \frac{\left[\frac{41.6 + \frac{1.211}{\pi} \frac{(\pi C S)}{S}}{1 + \left(41.6 + \frac{.0024}{\pi} \right) \sqrt{R} \text{ (in ft.)}} \right] \sqrt{R} \text{ (in ft.)} \times S$$



"Now remember—5 o'clock."



$$E = -\frac{dN}{dT}$$



$$\frac{T_f - T_g}{T_f}$$



"Just half a cup remember."



"Molecules."



"Morphologically Speaking."



"As It Were."



"Your bill is not in yet."



"A Peculiar Formation."



"Exam on next Monday "



"I always eat the apple."



"Get up on the Firing Line."



"Well, you can do better next time."



"O! You are getting along nicely."



"The Fodder's in the shock."



"Leave your rubbers outside."



I. A. C.



"There must be a chaperon."



"We'll go out on the campus."



GRADUATES OF 1901.

Graduates of 1901.



A. D. Fitzwater
Jas. F. Horner
Geo. A. Taylor
M. H. Crane

Edgar Van Liew
R. C. Obrecht
H. C. Eckles
Jacob Blumer

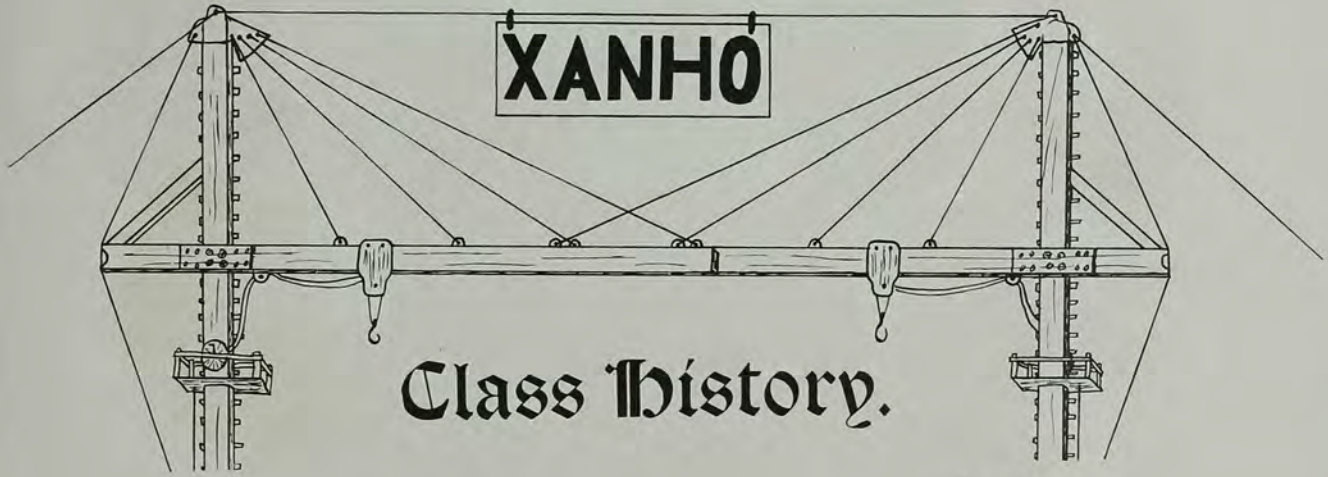
Herman F. Garver
H. R. Porter
Hattie A. Pike
R. Webster
D. A. Wallace

Geo. F. Sokol
Elmer Peshak
H. S. Hopkins
E. E. Savre





HOME OF PRESIDENT BEARDSHEAR



XANH0

Class History.





L. R. MUHS, C. E.
Illustrator.



M. P. CLEGHORN, E. E.
Illustrator.



ALICE MERRITT, G. & D. S.
Humorous.



JOSEPHINE BARCLAY, G. & D. S.
Society.



R. R. KEITH, M. E.
Business Manager.

CLASS HISTORY

BEING THE RECORD OF THE DEEDS AND MISDEEDS OF THE CLASS OF 1902
IN THEIR SOJOURN AT I. S. C.

HARD WORK, societies, songs, friendships, picnics, escapades and thousands of characteristic incidents have combined during the life of the '02s, to form that mystic web of life which is so closely woven of small events. The threads that have united the Class of 1902 and bound it to the College have been firmly woven. The '02s have taken great pride in the systematic instruction and research which is carried on at I. S. C., but besides that they have learned to know and love the life and atmosphere which they have found so characteristic of the College.

The College has greatly changed in the last three years. No wonder the old student, returning, rubs his eyes and wonders if he is dreaming. The "No Eyes" of '97 coming back to their Alma Mater scarcely know the campus, they are fairly stunned by what seems to them



FLORENCE BARBER, G. & D. S.
Literary.



C. W. WARBURTON, Ag.
Societies.



LUELLA S. RANTSCHLER, Sci.
Illustrator.



JOHN COYE, Sci.
History.



WALTER STUHR, Vet.
Athletics.

like a fairy transformation. The water tower in the background, the Campanile rising so majestically in the southeastern portion of the central campus, the chimes which ring out each hour





MARGARET STANTON, G. & D. S.
History.



W. W. OTTO, Sc.
Humorous.



ELVA BARTON, G. & D. S.
Business Manager.



J. C. AUSTIN, M. E.
Literary.



D. A. WALLACE,
Business Manager.

But in the midst of it all stands the "Main," the center of our old college life, a ruin. With this noble building has gone the dormitory system and the life which so many have known and in which the '02s are glad to have had a share. With the passing of the dearly beloved "Main" the social life has necessarily changed. Students now in groups of twelve or more are organizing as clubs, whereas before almost all of them boarded in the College Dining Hall. We know not whether this movement is for the better or the worse, but we do know that nothing can affect the love, the jealous pride, the *esprit de corps*, that the loyal I. S. C. student feels in all that concerns his Alma Mater.

And now as we look back over our life here, like the memories of all the on-marching classes, there crowds upon the mind of each member of the '02s memories sad as well as sweet, serious as well as ludicrous.

Academics.

The Class of 1902 has never been an ordinary class. Why it was they never knew, but when they came here in the Spring of '98, Dr. Beardshear looked at them and said:



E. E. LEE, M. E.
Student Staff.



NORMA READ.



R. E. PESHAK, M. G.



GRACE CAMPBELL, G. & D. S.



J. H. LAWTON, E. E.

"You shall not enter as Freshmen. The Academic Class is the place for you." And so it was that they who, in their own opinions, should have been '01s, became '02s. They soon discovered, however, that the President's saying to them, if not "a hint to the wise" certainly was a wise hint, for the standard of the college had been raised a term and they found that they were doing the work that all Freshies before them had done. Thereupon they raised their heads and the whole campus took on a brighter aspect.

It was somewhat beneath the dignity of the Sophomores to stoop and look so low as the Academics, and yet that something which is always in the immature Sophomore and which creeps out to the great annoyance of the Freshman, had to find an outlet somewhere. Thus it was that some of those mild impositions usually practiced on the Freshman were all vented upon the Academics. Those were hard days for the '02s. If they could have organized and borne the brunt of the fight together it would not have been so hard. But each must fight for himself. Each was stretched, paddled, white spotted and geyed in general as long and as often as the invincible Sophomore saw fit. They needed all this, for now as they look back and see themselves as they were seen they can realize how greenly callow or callowly green they were.

They made all kinds of "breaks," as for example an '02 innocently inquired, "Isn't it time for the chamber-maid to come and straighten up our rooms?" Another, pointing at a Bunsen burner in the Chem. Lab. asked, "Is that an electric gas jet?" The shy young



H. J. LUDWIG, C. E.



C. A. WELSH, C. E.



THYRA HYTLAND, G. & D. S.



A. T. JENKINS, E. E.



L. M. CHAMBERS, Mining.

rural couple, who with hesitating steps and many giggles, stepped up to the Librarian's desk and setting down boxes and bundles asked for the hotel register, were '02s. But they lived and learned; one of them even found out, much to his sorrow, that if, when your roommate's name is "Texas," you are in doubt as to his character "silence is golden."

The Seniors stood by and regarded the Academic's progress with a far off affable condescension, while the Academic's admiration fell upon the Seniors from afar and confined itself to wistfully watching. There was hope in the hearts of the Academics that they might some day know them. This hope was soon to be realized. On the 4th of April, 1898, came the call to arms. The students gathered in the chapel that evening and listened to General Lincoln's stirring address. Then courageously the Academic walked forward, and placed his name upon the roll of volunteers, side by side with that of the Junior and the Senior.

It has always been customary for the Sophomores in their first term to tender a reception to the Freshmen. This year the Sophs could not forego their usual pleasure so they decided to give the Academics a reception in Agricultural Hall promising to tender them a banquet in Margaret Hall when they should have attained to the dignity of Freshmen. How the heart of the Academic swelled as he came into his first social intercourse with those terrible Sophomores and realized that they were bestowing upon him an honor which never before and which probably never again would be bestowed upon an Academic.



T. E. NICHOLS, E. E.



S. M. HANGER, A. E.



F. D. ELWELL, M. E.



A. F. BALDWIN, Vet.



W. H. LYTLE, Vet.

Then came the Home Field Meet. The wind blew, the dust blew, the threatening clouds hung on the horizon, yet the girls and the boys, not to be daunted by the weather, were all there. The poor Academics had no colors nor yell to encourage their athletes on to victory, nevertheless they ran the Juniors a merry pace, beat the Sophomores, and as for the Seniors they "weren't in it."

And thus it was that as Academics the '02s won their first place in the life at I. S. C.

Freshman.

Once more college opened, this time to find itself literally overrun with Freshmen. The Sophomores, then in their second term, looked upon them and were proud of the harvest which had come of the previous year. The Freshman class with its greatly increased numbers soon imbued the other classes with the sense of its own power to such an extent that the usually invincible Sophomores stood and looked on with awe, secretly determining that it were better to make peace than war with this mighty host.

Thus it happened that unmolested on Monday evening, August 1, 1898, the '02s held their first class meeting. The class unanimously



T. W. GIDLEY, Vet.



A. C. SLIFER, Sc.



R. J. CAMPBELL, Vet.



W. C. DONELSON, Ag.



W. C. SCHOLTY, Vet.

chose Mr. Dunphy as their first president. At the suggestion of Dr. Beardshear the motto chosen was, "Push back your horizon;" the colors light blue and old gold. Two weeks later the campus rang with a yell which resounded many times that term:

Rip! Rah! Ree!

Rip! Rah! Roo!

I. S. C.

Nineteen two.

Each Freshman can best recall his own varied experiences as he was in turn introduced to the lunch counter, the library rules and a literary society, but there are at least seven great events which no '02 will forget.

First among these we find the Botany Excursion to the ledges. The sunny morning, then the threatening clouds, the downpour, the walk of two miles through the rain and mud without umbrellas or overshoes, the two basketsful of lunch which scarcely fed a half dozen of that hungry crowd, all of this Professor Pammel vividly recalls as marking the most eventful excursion of the year.



J. O. HAWK, Sc.



J. T. FELTON, E. E.



W. C. BOWER, Vet.



W. T. KELLY, M. E.



C. M. MORGAN, Vet.

Dr. Beardshear scarcely agreeing with him points his finger to August seventeenth, when classes ceased, extra motors were run and for the first time the whole campus was thrown open for a day that six thousand of Iowa's people might come and see and thus know, of the real size, and purpose, and character, and efficiency of our College.

The evening of the nineteenth was set apart as that eventful time when the Toofoos should banquet the Freshmen and christen them with the name which should follow them through life. Much conjecturing was done on both sides; the Freshies wondering what the name would be and the Sophs fearing that they would not worthily designate so noble a band. Their fears were all for naught, however, for a thrill of joy went through the heart of each Freshman as there reverberated through the chapel the words:

"Xanho! Xanho!
Indians call a good thing
Xanho;

Thus the Toofoos name you
Xanhos!"



C. L. ELLIOTT, Vet.



W. E. MILLER, Vet.



E. R. NOWLAN, E. E.



H. B. McCLURE, Ag.



H. A. McINTIRE, Vet.

The Xanhos will ever be grateful to the Toohoos for the name which they consider the best class name ever recorded in the annals of the College.

On Tuesday evening, September 28th, "Freshman dignity" was laid aside and the Xanhos went to their first class picnic. Nearly two hundred and fifty strong, they wound their way across the tracks to a beautiful spot, northeast of the old swinging bridge (just ask any '02; he will tell you where). For a time some played "It," "The Prince of Paris' Hat" or "Drop the Handkerchief," while others sat around among the trees in groups of two or three. As darkness drew near, and the huge bonfire was built, all gathered in a great circle around the fire and in true Indian fashion fell to devouring the evening meal. Songs followed and then the night was made hideous by the clang of the "dish-pan orchestra" and the howling of the Xanhos as they ended their merry-making with a war dance around the dying embers of the camp fire.

The following Tuesday was a gala day for both Ames and the College. With the cadets, the band and waving of flags the Presidential train was welcomed at the depot. All felt the presence of a truly great man as President McKinley stood upon the platform and briefly addressed them. His calm and noble bearing, his kind but piercing eye, his benign countenance, his words of wisdom bespoke the man whom America will ever revere as one of her wisest statesmen and truest of patriots.



H. M. PARKS, Min. E.



A. L. WOOD, Vet.



ALIDA BIGELOW, G. & D. S.



R. W. JAMES, Sc.



C. M. MORGAN, Vet.

One evening in October, negroes of the deepest dye, negroes with straight hair, red-headed negroes, tall negroes, fat negroes, and slim negroes, rich negroes, and some "poor white trash," gathered in the gym and walked their prettiest for an immense, five-layer cocoanut cake. Taken all in all it was the event of the season. Such a gathering of color and of noted individuals had never before been witnessed in Margaret Hall. As eleven o'clock drew near it was whispered through the room, "If we wash the black off we can meet the victorious Cyclones at the motor depot." As the motor came in bearing with it the boys who had so nobly defeated Drake someone yelled, "What's the matter with Grif?" and the crowd came back with the vigorous cry:

He's all right.
You bet, every time.
Who's all right?
Cap. Griffith;
He is, he is, he is all right!

"FRESHMAN! ATTENTION!! A liberal reward will be given to the author of the best class yell left at Room 150.—M. B."



G. W. BLANCHE, Vet.



C. E. HIGGINS, E. E.



C. G. MARTIN, Vet.



MAE MILLER, Sc.



F. R. AHLERS, Vet.

Two weeks later the Freshmen, then in their second term, were practicing their permanent class yell:

Hickili! Hickili! Hi, Ho, He!
 Sickili! Sickili! I. S. C.
 Hizer! Wizer! Walla Wa Zoo!
 Xanho! Xanho! Nineteen two!

The Xanhos were very industrious this term. They had decided that first in their college career they should develop a faculty for work, then in after years they would work the faculty if they saw fit. Now, there were no Sophomores above them and they ruled without interruption. The only thing they really had to fear was the Seniors, the mighty Chinooks of '99. These Chinooks carried everything before them. For two consecutive years they had held the cup so hotly contested for at each Field Meet. In base ball this term the Chinooks won against the Freshmen, 7-6; against the Juniors, 11-8; and against the Faculty, 7-6. For one more year it was destined that the '99s should hold the cup. The Xanhos made a brave fight for it and developed many worthy athletes, but the Chinooks held their own.



H. A. BENNETT, C. E.



ADA JENKS, G. & D. S.



N. C. REW, Ag.



FRANCES JENKS, G. & D. S.



RALPH GRAHAM, Vet.

The evening of May 12, 1899, was set apart that the Xanhos might banquet the Toohoos. It is true the Toohoos were Juniors and for the Freshman to banquet the Juniors was an unheard of thing, but the Xanhos have ever been an extraordinary class, and for them to banquet the Juniors was no greater task than for the ordinary Freshman to banquet the Sophomores. The Toohoos and Xanhos were ever friendly classes and their evening together passed all too quickly, with music, feasting and dancing.

It was with regret that the class bade good-bye to its Freshman year. The year had been full of struggle and hard work, but in it there was much of good cheer and of gain for the Xanhos.

Sophomore.

Perhaps, as Sophomores, for a short time, the Xanhos were marked by a shallow assumption of learning, which of course is a characteristic of Sophomorehood. The "Verdant Greens," who appeared upon the campus about this time in the shape of '03s, soon discovered however, that the Xanhos had not forgotten what the Toohoos had so thoroughly taught them in their Academic year. On the first, second,



WILBUR HURST, Vet.



D. C. PECK, Ag.



J. H. GOULD, Vet.



R. C. MCKINNEY, Sc.

and third Friday nights some of them bravely took their lessons, thinking of the time to come when they should be Sophomores; others during the day, unseen, sought places of safety.

At the end of a month and a half when they had thoroughly stretched the '03s, the Xanhos determined upon the name which apparently fitted the new tribe the best and called them together that they might be christened. The chapel was beautifully decorated. The doorway was hidden by a mass of carnations and smilax. Palms were scattered gracefully about, while in the middle of the rostrum was a frame work, bearing across the top of it in chrysanthemums the word "Xanhos" and the numbers of the two classes. When the class name was pronounced, "Ereha," meaning "it is good," the cross piece of the frame flashed forth the word by means of electric lights. The reception was a great success, but next time, oh noble Xanhos, before you keep an audience waiting forty-five minutes, supposedly by Dr. Beardshear's failure to appear for the invocation, be sure that you have notified him that his presence is desired.

Soon the hitherto latent powers of the Xanhos began to show themselves along the lines of debate and oratory, athletics and social matters. Their oratory and debate surely did not consist wholly of empty grandiloquence, or from the Xanhos' number Mr. Sheldon would not have been chosen as one of the four debaters in the team which so completely defeated Cedar Falls. In athletics the Xanhos won the under-

classmen's field meet 76 to the Freshmen 59. But it was in social matters that the greatest advancements were made. One Sunday afternoon, just after the four o'clock bell had rung, as a crowd of Senior girls were gathered in Room 16, Margaret Hall, one of them was heard to exclaim, "Just see the Sophomore girls go chumming, and here we are. Jeanette is the only Senior girl out to-day." And yet it is not recorded that any of the Xanhos reached the state of the Ereha boy who asked the librarian for a "love story, a real nice love story."

The Spring term of 1900 was an eventful term, not only for the '02s, but for the College. On March twentieth, with the governor's salute of seventeen guns, the legislature was welcomed. All day the distinguished guests were guided from one portion of the campus to another until at last, tired and hungry, they gathered in Margaret Hall for the "Dairy Lunch." Their visit afterwards bore fruit in liberal appropriations to the College.

At the Home Field Meet class spirit ran high, and not until the last event were the Erehas in safe possession of the first place. That night the campus was painted red and the backstop bore evidence that the Erehas had celebrated. But "a word to the wise" to one Ereha. Oh noble Ereha friend, next time, even though your class has won, be careful how you place a skull and cross-bones with the '02 figures on the sidewalk near Morrill Hall, lest the Xanho spies be near and the next morning foot prints bearing in red paint the initials, "McC," reach along the walk, up Main Building steps and to your own room.

The first Farce Field Meet was held June 2d. With women as officials of the day there was plenty of fun, especially when the clerk of the course announced the contestants in the "put-shot." The Freshmen and Sophomores again hotly contested for first place, but the tables were turned, and this time amid the waving of colors and many shouts, the Xanhos left the field victorious.

Some erratic youths spent their pastime in thinking, others took the more natural diversion of reading, going to Margaret Hall, d. t. to the lunch counter or interviewing Prexie. But the Xanhos spent their extra hours plotting and planning. For four whole terms had they lived peacefully on the campus, winning laurels, but never had they really done anything out of the ordinary. But now, for months they had darkly hinted of some extraordinary thing which was soon to happen. Mystery surrounded their every action. Now and then the classmen heard faint rumors of bouquets; for thus it was that the Xanhos determined to mislead the unwary. "Should they be bouquets of red and yellow roses?" "Should they be made *a la Bone* or *a la Suit*?" What mystery! At last it was decided that they should be made of red and yellow roses *a la Suit*. Then the waiting. Would they never come? How will they look? And Miss Campbell worried herself nearly sick over the question, "Can I wear one?"



The eventful day came at last and at 5 o'clock, April 6th, the Xanhos gathered in the Crescent room, where the distribution was to take place. Before adjournment they resolved to meet at Ag. Hall steps after supper and go in a body to the chapel in order that the rest of the college world might see and wonder. That evening all through the dining room you could tell an '02. Every face beamed just like that of a little child who seeks for a time to keep secret his possession of a wonderful toy. They were too excited to remain at the table long. Scarcely had the meal begun when here and there an '02, wreathed in smiles, arose and left the room. One Xanho who could wait no longer pulled from his pocket something red, and as he reached the door he was seen to wear a scarlet cap bearing in gold the figures '02. The mystery was solved. A rush was made for him. Erehas and Toochoos poured forth that they might see and perhaps lay hold of an '02 cap. Each Xanho, seeing what must inevitably come, took a deep breath and braced himself. Stern in the sense of their class duty, the valiant Sophomores clung to their caps. Out into the middle of the campus they surged. Now and then a Senior or Freshman was seen to triumphantly wave a cap above his head, only to have it snatched from him the next minute as the struggle became fiercer and fiercer.

The Sophomore girls, their hearts thumping in a most startling manner, stood by only wishing that they might help; then as chapel hour drew near they started for Ag. Hall. It was noised through the crowd that the class was to meet there. Scarcely knowing what they did, Seniors and Freshmen, pushing, shoving and stumbling over one another, rushed to the building, dashed up the steps and securely held the doors. They were determined that no Sophomore should enter. The Sophomores were close behind. A group of girls were gathered near the steps. They held their breath and waited for the next movement. Then a stern voice called out: "What does this mean? Every one of you go to the chapel." There was instant silence; and after a few had been shaken until you could not tell whether they were Seniors or Freshmen, they made a hasty retreat toward the chapel. The Xanhos lingered and as planned, went in a body, wearing their caps or what was left of them. Those that were lost or torn have since been restored, and the little red caps have always been dear to the hearts of the Xanhos.

Juniors.

"The school where occasional pranks are unknown and harmless jokes are frowned upon, is in the decline." This was the conclusion of Jasper Kelly as he entered Room 111, M. B., one night in the early part of October, 1900. The '99s had painted their class number on the water tower. It was time that "Xanho" should be emblazoned so high that not even the invincible Sophomores could drag it down. Mr. Kelly readily found help in Muhs, Keith, Parks, Lee, Elwell, Mason and McClure.

With great care the expedition was planned. For a month before the eventful day — or rather night — discussions were held as to the best plans and methods to pursue. A board, thirty by sixty inches, was chosen upon which to write the class name. This was taken to Mr. Nordstrom's by Muhs, Kelly and Lee, and upon a white background, Mr. Muhs painted in large black letters the word "Xanho."

On the night of November 1st all was ready. At 1 o'clock a dark form was seen to steal from the foundry toward the derricks, bearing with him the emblazoned sign. Soon the work began. Oh, the fear that they might be detected! It seemed as if every noise they made must waken the entire campus. The moon had set, but the lights, which were on at the power house because of the fever, shone all too plainly. The board was raised to the upper mast, swung to the cable and pushed along as far as possible. Muhs, by ingenious arrangement of pulley, clevis and rope, ran out in mid air and securely riveted to the very middle of the cable the emblem of the Xanhos.

When the sun the next morning shone across the campus and revealed the work of the previous night, the Seniors wondered and the Sophomores raged and swore that ere the sun should rise again the sign of the Xanhos should be trampled in the dust. All that day the sign greeted them as on their way to classes, meals, shops and laboratories, they glanced towards the derricks. Ere night the plans of the Erehas were made.

The Juniors, suspecting something, gathered in room 163 and decided to take turns from ten o'clock on in watching and protecting what was now so dear to them. No sooner was it dark than two daring Sophomores secured a rope and proceeded to their task. With calm assurance they slipped the rope over the cable from one mast and from the other attempted to draw in the pride of the Xanhos. But lo, the sign did not come! Junior engineering was standing its test. The securely bolted and riveted board did not yield. Disheartened, the two Sophomores went for re-enforcements. While they were gone a cunning Xanho cut the rope and spoiled this plan of the Erehas.

At ten o'clock the night watch began with Campbell and Wallace. As the time passed these two boys gave vent to their feelings by whistling, little dreaming what they were doing. At the false alarm Sophomores poured forth from Main Building with ropes and tackle. "Tin Horn" was proclaimed as the man best fitted to undertake this perilous work. With sailor-like agility he climbed to the top of the

mast, but a couple of resolute Juniors at the end of one of the long guy-ropes kept the mast so gently swaying that he could neither work nor did he dare venture to descend. The Sophomores hastened to find out the cause of this new trouble. In the meantime the two Junior boys were joined by other Xanhos. Finding this attempt to remove the sign unsuccessful the Sophomores endeavored to burn it down by means of waste covered with oil. But the Juniors worried them more than ever and at two o'clock the Erehas gave up their third attempt as fruitless. From then on lights glimmered in Main Building and often dusky forms were seen skirting around the derricks but no further attempt was made by the Erehas.

When the Erehas had left, two Juniors climbed to the "fighting tops" and slept on the trap-doors the remainder of the night. The other Xanhos stayed in the box cars and developed further plans. All night long from their room in Margaret Hall four Xanho girls served bread and butter and coffee to their Xanho brothers.

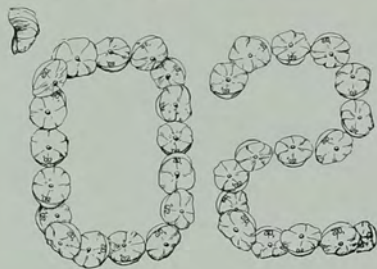
Next day the sun saw the sign still there, and the Seniors exclaimed, "Xanhos, you have scored one!" While the Sophomores found scattered upon the Campus the following notifications of an increase in their wealth:

This is to Certify

That the Xanho class of 1902 hereby gives and assigns to the Ereha class of 1903 the possession (with all rights and privileges) of a certain five foot board emblazoned with the word Xanho, as a fitting token of our appreciation of the efforts of this Ereha class to reach the "high ideal" which we have placed before them. We trust that they will even strive for the "higher things" of life but hope their future efforts may be crowned with better success. In their striving toward this higher altitude we assure them that henceforth they may work free of all care and anxiety assured that they will not be molested.

Saturday, 8 A. M., Ames, Ia.

Thus endeth the early years of the life of the class of

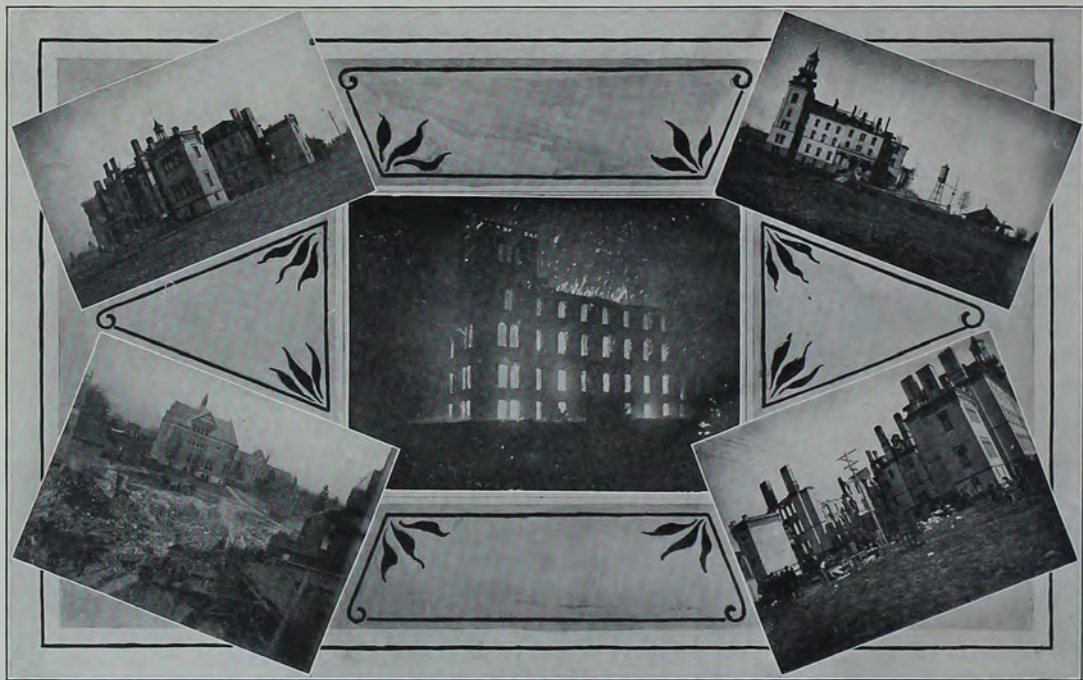




CLASS OF 1903.

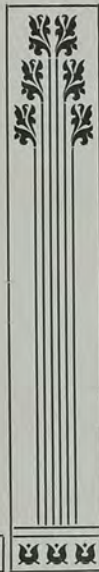
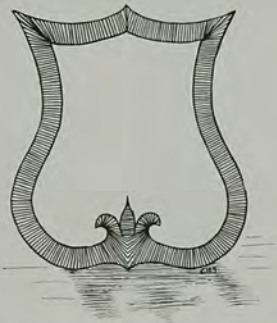


CLASS OF 1904.



THE PASSING OF "THE MAIN."

SOCIETIES AND
ORGANIZATIONS



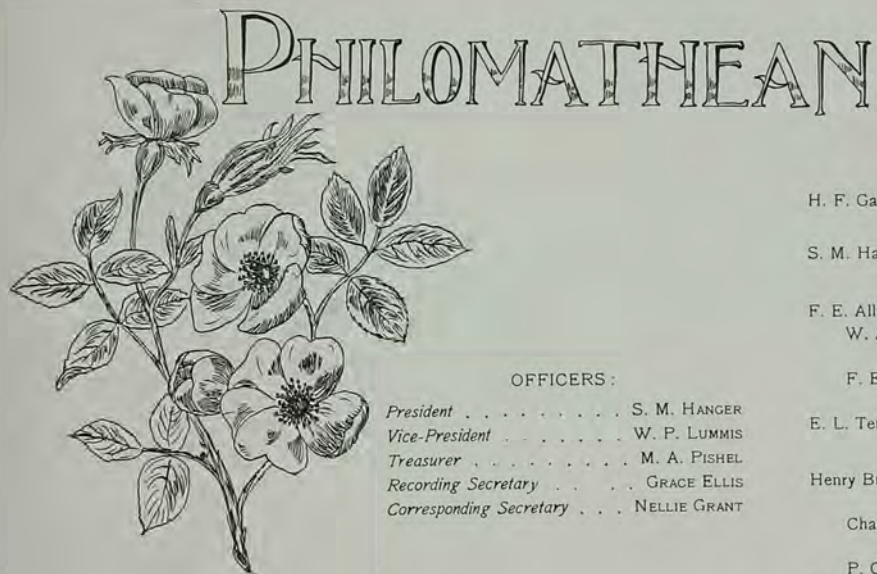


Our Literary Societies.

In the month of November, 1868, a few earnest students, desiring the training in parliamentary practice and public address which a literary society is designed to furnish, assembled in a room of the old Main and effected the organization of the Philomathean literary society. For two years this society worked alone, then the Crescent, and later the Cliollan and Bachelor societies were organized as branches of the parent society. In '88 the Welch society was organized, in '90 the Phileleutheroi and still later the Pythian, so that we have now seven literary societies: The Cliollan society has a membership entirely of ladies, the Pythian, Welch and Bachelor of gentlemen, while the Crescent, Philomathean and Phileleutheroi are composed of both ladies and gentlemen.

The story of the struggles and defeats, of the trials and victories in the varied history of these societies would occupy a volume of real interest. It suffices for us to say that through these trials they have come out victorious. The years of their existence have been years of benefit to those who have enrolled in their ranks. The hearty good cheer of their social gatherings has encouraged many a backward student and drawn out his latent social qualities. Their doors have swung in to admit undeveloped talent and have swung out to send forth into the struggle of life those who have since achieved true success, and brought honor to their Alma Mater.

During the past year the standard of literary work has improved considerably, keeping pace with the growth of our institution. Long life to our literary societies! May their future be worthy of pride as their past has been.



PHILOMATHEAN

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Vice-President W. P. LUMMIS
Treasurer M. A. PISHEL
Recording Secretary GRACE ELLIS
Corresponding Secretary . . . NELLIE GRANT

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CLASS OF 1902.

S. M. Hanger Thos. Crocker J. C. Wall

CLASS OF 1903.

F. E. Allison Nellie Grant E. R. T. Howard
 W. A. Ireland G. M. Lummis
 W. P. Lummis
 F. E. McClure A. A. Miller
 J. W. Novak
 E. L. Tenney W. H. Williams

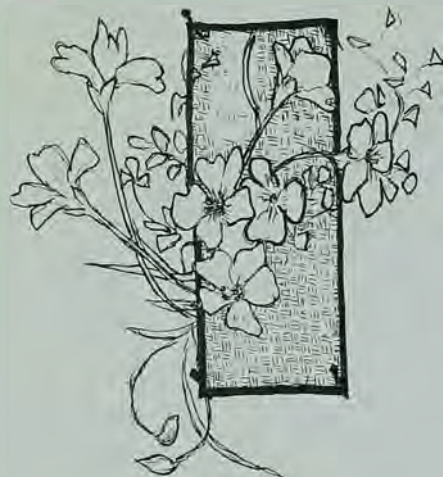
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Henry Brunnier R. E. Buchanan
 W. S. Carter
 Charles Hoag A. L. Illian
 L. H. Morris
 P. C. Parks M. A. Pishel
 Ethel Riley A. J. Smith

CLASS OF 1905.

A. Q. Adamson
 Grace Ellis C. J. Knickerbocker

Welch Eclectic

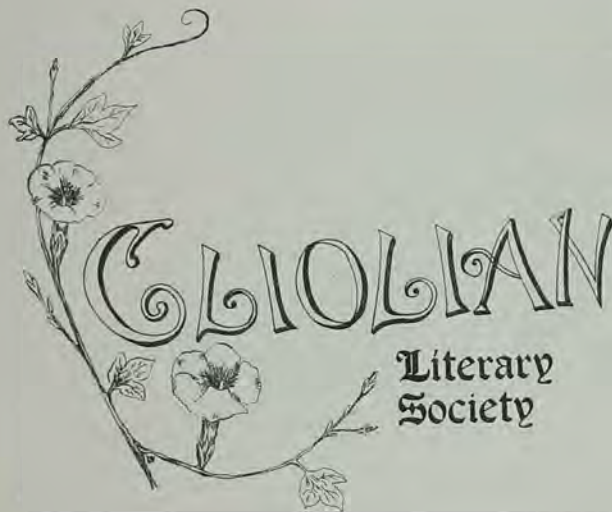


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Recording Secretary WAYNE DINSMORE
Corresponding Secretary F. M. BYL

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	E. E. Savre			H. A. Gerst	
	CLASS OF 1902.			CLASS OF 1904.	
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	H. B. McClure		H. L. Scranton	W. C. Bachman	Howard Wilbur



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Vice-President MAE BOWER
Treasurer JENNIE LUND
Recording Secretary RUTH WALKER
Corresponding Secretary LAURA TAGGART

MEMBERS:

CLASS OF 1902.

Josephine Barclay	Grace Campbell
Mae Miller	
Luella Rantschler	Margaret Stanton

CLASS OF 1903.

Mae Bower	Lillian Hanson
Belle Cairns	Reine Wells

CLASS OF 1904.

Harriet Anderson	Josephine Baird	Iva Brandt	Nellie Brown	Ethyl Cessna
Myrtle Cretsinger	Katherine Dickins	May Kennedy	Lena Kennedy	Louise Rowe
Genevieve Milnes	Florence Palmer	Bertha Pierce	Edith Rapp	
Estella Rhinehart	Martha Schwarting	Edith Stevens	Margaret Stout	
	Laura Taggart	Winifred Thompson		

CLASS OF 1905.

Jennie Lund	Marie McKinlay	Mabel Rundall	Ruth Walker
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Treasurer	OSCAR ROYSE
Recording Secretary	A. C. LASHER
Corresponding Secretary	JAMES REYNOLDS

MEMBERS

CLASS OF 1902.

Franklin Brown	Roy McKinney
Isom Waggoner	

CLASS OF 1903.

W. D. Gilchrist	Oscar Royse	James Reynolds
R. T. McKinney	A. C. Lasher	
Ernest Soenke	W. J. Wilson	

CLASS OF 1904.

C. E. Buchanan	A. B. Coates	Charles Gray
Edward Jones	R. E. McFerren	
W. T. Packer	M. W. Roadman	W. D. Sumner
Fred Nelson	C. R. Packer	
Walter Schwarting	C. H. Tourgee	B. R. Wood
	George Waggoner	

CRESCENT

Literary Society.



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Vice-President W. W. HENDRIX
Treasurer H. S. PILLSBURY
Recording Secretary KATHERINE TERRILL
Corresponding Secretary FRANK A. REW

MEMBERS:

CLASS OF 1901.

J. H. Frandson E. C. Myers

CLASS OF 1902.

J. C. Austin.

CLASS OF 1903.

W. W. Hendrix	F. A. Rew	T. S. Hunt
T. P. Ranney	C. W. Norton	
W. W. Smith	W. B. Penney	L. J. Wilkinson

CLASS OF 1904.

Zaidee Griffith	Covell Hillman	Carlotta Howard
L. L. Lyford	F. M. Okey	
Joseph Packer	C. D. Pillsbury	M. L. Page
Millie Parsons	Nettie Starr	
	Katherine Terrill	

CLASS OF 1905.

Clare A. Dow	Opal Gillette	Roy Gillette
Celestine Pettinger	H. S. Pillsbury	
D. D. Smith	M. I. Warden	

Phileleutheroi

OFFICERS:

President R. WARD JAMES
Vice-President H. K. DODGE
Treasurer T. W. DODD
Recording Secretary MAUDE VANATTA
Corresponding Secretary _____

MEMBERS:

FACULTY.

A. T. Erwin A. Estella Paddock Henry Palmer

CLASS OF 1901.

 H. C. Eckles
 W. D. Fitzwater E. H. Hall
 R. C. Obrecht
 Hattie A. Pike G. A. Taylor D. A. Wallace

CLASS OF 1902.

W. C. Donelson W. S. Hunt R. W. James
 Alice Merritt D. C. Peck
 H. A. Roberts A. C. Slifer H. J. Skinner

CLASS OF 1903.

J. F. Brown Josephine Brown Leon Buck
 Arthur Buckley H. K. Dodge T. W. Dodd
 H. N. Ebersole Ethelda Morrison M. B. Holbrook
 S. W. Needham W. S. Nichols
 F. E. Overholser Lou R. Piersol Maude Vanatta
 I. J. Welch Ethelyn Younie

CLASS OF 1904.

Lila R. Blaine Alice Blanche Mabel Fleming
 Anna Hollingsworth F. W. Fletcher
 Lida Keiter Marie Malley A. Mac Corkindale
 W. T. Packer G. L. Porter L. B. Raymond Elsie Titus

CLASS OF 1905.

Earl Blackwood Gertrude Severance



OFFICERS :

President ERNEST E. LEE
Vice-President IRA W. JONES
Treasurer F. L. McCLAIN
Recording Secretary O. B. MOORHOUSE
Corresponding Secretary WALTER PECK

MEMBERS :

CLASS OF 1901.

H. S. Hopkins	H. R. Porter	Elmer Peshak
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CLASS OF 1902.

L. M. Chambers	W. T. Kelly	W. W. Otto
M. P. Cleghorn	E. E. Lee	
R. E. Peshak	N. C. Rew	J. O. Hawk
C. M. Morgan	H. M. Parks	

CLASS OF 1903.

W. R. Battey	C. P. Butler	J. S. Jones
J. J. Meyers	W. M. Osborn	
A. E. Priem	R. A. Blair	A. E. Elder
Ira W. Jones	F. L. McClain	
F. E. Overholser	Otto Starzinger	W. I. Brock
T. T. Fitch	H. F. Marsh	
R. J. McClellan	F. E. Pielsticker	E. L. Usry

CLASS OF 1904.

D. W. Day	Walter Peck
A. B. Scott	R. B. Ulabarri



Oratorical Association.

OFFICERS:

President W. W. HENDRIX
Vice-President I. J. WELCH

Secretary EMMA HANCOCK
Treasurer J. S. COYE

MEMBERS:

Clio. — Emma Hancock, Josephine Barclay, Mae Bower.

Bachelor. — J. O. Hawk, H. M. Parks, Ross J. McClellan.

Phileleutheroi. — A. Stella Paddock, R. Ward James, I. J. Welch.

Crescent. — E. C. Myers, J. C. Austin, W. W. Hendrix.

Philomathean. — Chas. Ellis, S. M. Hanger, F. C. McClure.

Welch. — Roy J. Campbell, John Coye, Jacob Blumer.

Pythian. — G. A. Askew, E. E. Soenke, Oscar Royse.



Debating League.



Bachelor —

W. W. Otto
A. E. Elder

Crescent —

L. J. Wilkinson
N. C. Rew

Phileleutheroi —

Alice Merritt
H. N. Ebersole

Philomathean —

Richard Hopkins
Thomas Crocker

Pythian —

Oscar Royse



Welch —

F. M. Byl
Edw. Savre

Organizations.

Class of 1902.

COLORS — Light Blue and Old Gold.

YELL — Hickili! Hickili! Hi, Ho, He!
 Sickili! Sickili! I. S. C.
 Hizer! Wizer! Walla! Wazoo!
 Xanho! Xanho! 1902!

OFFICERS:

President A. S. SHEALY
Vice-President H. B. McCCLURE
Secretary FLORENCE BARBER
Treasurer M. P. CLEGHORN

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 FRANK McCLAIN
Vice-President LON R. PIERSON
Secretary MAE M. BOWER
Treasurer HERBERT MARSH

Class of 1904.

COLORS — Green and White.

YELL — Hip! Hike! Tra! Boom!
 Qui! Bissum! Yah! Sum!
 Hulla! Baloo! Balloonior!
 Katinas! Katinas! 1904!

OFFICERS:

President DUDLEY W. DAY
Vice-President W. B. PHILLIPS
Secretary MYRTLE CRETSINGER
Treasurer F. M. OKEY

Preps.

COLORS — Grass Green.

YELL — Up we go!
 Step by Step!
 Who are we?
 Prep! Prep! Prep!

OFFICERS:

?

Christian Associations.

Two strong Christian Associations exist at I. S. C.: The Young Men's and Young Women's. The aim of the associations is to be of benefit to the college community in all possible ways. The work of the associations consists largely in making the new students welcome, and in being of assistance to them, as well as to the old students. To this end, the associations have train, boarding house, information, and other committees, conduct an employment bureau, and hold receptions at the beginning of each term. Some of these features are carried through the term. A very excellent lecture course is given each term under the auspices of the two associations. The work of both associations, and particularly that of the Y. M. C. A., has been furthered by the genial presence of Mr. J. C. Prall, state college secretary, who spends a part of his time in secretarial work among us.

OFFICERS, Y. M. C. A.

<i>President</i>	CHAS. M. MORGAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	A. B. SCOTT
<i>Treasurer</i>	NEWTON C. REW
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	DUDLEY W. DAY
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	WALTER PECK
<i>General Secretary</i>	JOHN C. PRALL

OFFICERS, Y. W. C. A.

<i>President</i>	GRACE CAMPBELL
<i>Vice-President</i>	MAUDE VANATTA
<i>Treasurer</i>	JOSEPHINE BARCLAY
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	GENEVIEVE MILNES
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	LEON BUCK



MILITARY

BRIGADIER GENERAL JAMES RUSH LINCOLN, *Commandant.*

FIRST BATTALION.

Major CHARLES A. WELSH
Adjutant A. P. MELTON
Sergeant Major M. R. MOODY

Co. A

Captain . . ALBERT E. ELDER
1st Lieut . . H. O. SAMPSON
2d Lieut . . . W. S. HUNT

Co. B

Captain . . C. E. GEESAMAN
1st Lieut . . . J. F. BROWN

Co. D

Captain . . G. S. GEARHART
1st Lieut . . . W. E. MILLER
2d Lieut . . . R. J. LEWIS

Co. C

Captain . . . C. W. ROLAND
1st Lieut . O. B. MOORHOUSE
2d Lieut . . . J. G. WRIGHT

Bugler A. C. HOLDEN
Bugler J. C. KING

SECOND BATTALION.

Major EDGAR C. MYERS
Adjutant W. P. LUMMIS
Sergeant Major E. V. ANDREWS

Co. E

Captain . . J. F. HOLMDALE
1st Lieut . . M. C. REYNOLDS
2d Lieut . . . C. L. ELLIOTT

Co. F

Captain . . . F. H. MARSH
1st Lieut . . F. M. WEAKLY
2d Lieut . . . R. A. BLAIR

Co. H

Captain . . . E. G. RITZMAN
1st Lieut . . . G. P. KEMPF
2d Lieut . . . D. A. WALLACE

Co. G

Captain . . . C. A. HOBEIN
1st Lieut . . . C. E. CURTIS
2d Lieut . . . W. GILCHRIST

Color Sergeant W. A. BEVAN
Drum Major T. W. GIDLEY





COLLEGE GLEE CLUB.

S. W. Needham	L. H. Moore	H. S. Hopkins	L. E. Young	A. B. Scott	D. A. Wallace	W. P. Carter
I. A. Dreher	H. H. Thomas	Mrs. Realer, Accom't	Prof. F. J. Resler	D. W. Day	G. O. Dixon	F. M. Okey
G. L. Porter	W. C. Donelson	H. F. Anthony	Ernest E. Lee	C. P. Butler	H. R. Porter	



MANDOLIN CLUB.

Bachman	Okey	Denmead	Hyde	Smith	McCampbell	Jones	Buchanan	Hobeln	Roland	Weakley	Lee	Rew
		Aldrich, Mgr.		Williams		Parks			Wilbur			

Mandolin Club.



The Mandolin Club was organized in the spring of 1901.
Though a new organization, it gives much promise for the future.

INSTRUMENTATION.

Violin Soloist —

Walton A. Smith

Mandolin Soloist —

Victor Ettinger

First Mandolins —

F. M. Okey

W. A. Smith

C. W. Roland

C. B. Williams

H. D. Wilbur

Second Mandolins —

C. A. Hobein

E. A. Hyde

E. E. Lee

A. K. McCampbell

F. M. Weakly

Guitars —

W. C. Bachman

H. K. Denmead

H. M. Parks

W. C. Phillips

Cello —

N. C. Rew

Director C. C. JONES

Manager W. C. BACHMAN

Assistant Manager C. K. ALDRICH



II. S. C. Cadet Band.



Piccolo —

F. L. Shimer

Alto Saxophone —

H. G. Dean

Clarinet —

W. R. Cowan
L. R. Gillespie
G. G. Noble
T. J. Patten
G. J. Adamson

Snare Drum —

H. F. Thomas
J. L. Drug

Cornet —

C. W. Norton
R. Bradley
H. F. Bishop
I. A. Mirick
L. H. Niver

Alto —

A. O. Anderson
C. E. Shipman
T. H. McDonald
F. M. Fonda



Slide Trombone —

O. L. Gesell
M. Brinkerhoff
W. R. Batty
L. M. Hurt

Baritone —

I. Peshak

Bass —

F. W. Wilson

Bass Drum —

W. L. Smith



EXPERIMENT STATION TEAM.



Social Clubs.



The status of an institution is often judged by the social life of its representatives. For this reason, those societies which tend to the development of the social life should be welcomed by the student body. For several years past but one of these clubs has existed with us, but during the past year several new organizations have sprung up, and the sociability of the College has been largely increased thereby.

SOCIAL CLUBS.

The Noit Avrats.

The Weinerwursts.

The Funnel Gang.

The Tri-Serps.

The S. S.



Noit Avrats.

The Noit Avrats, as the name indicates, are diametrically opposed to "starvation." The society was organized in 1897 by the boys of three mixed tables, who proposed to banquet their fair ones. Since that time the club has gone through many experiences, but has always carried out its main object, the giving of a banquet each term.

MEMBERS.

E. A. Pattengill, '97

'01

E. D. Stivers

J. E. Van Llew

D. A. Wallace

'02.

L. M. Chambers

J. S. Coye

R. J. Campbell

W. W. Otto

'03

C. P. Butler

L. M. Parker

T. P. Ranney

W. W. Smith

H. O. Sampson

E. L. Usry

'04

D. W. Day





Weinerwurst Club.

What the Weinerwurst Club is, why it was organized, who its members are, whether it still exists we know not.

All we know of this mysterious organization is contained in the following article, clipped from the I. S. C. Student of March 9, 1901, Vol. 17, No. 3, page 5, southwest corner of the page.

"New societies are the order of the day in the growth of the institution. Saturday evening after the joint session, about thirty I. S. C. aristocrats of an epicurean turn of mind, designating themselves as the Weinerwurst Club, met in their new society hall, in the lower regions of the Main, to spend a social evening. The room was decorated in a pleasing black and white effect, with a bower for the grand orchestra in the center. After the grand march to the voluptuous strains of 'Just Because She Made dem Goo Goo Eyes,' the company sat down to a sumptuous banquet. During a lull in the festivities one of the honored guests delivered a short toast, to which feeling responses were given by two members of the club. Just before the midnight hour the company adjourned, feeling that the first reception given by the club was a decided success."



Tri-Serps.

The fall of 1900, though in many ways a disastrous time in the history of the institution, marked the formation of several new organizations—the S. S., the Funnel Gang, the Glee Club and the Tri-Serps. The Tri-Serps is a social club of thirteen congenial men, first banded together under the leadership of Ira J. Scott, '00. "Toothpick" Deming, "Colonel" Bill Day, "Hop" and "Bunk," were among the earlier members. Since that time the aim of the fellows has been to keep up the high standard set by these men. Like the Nolt Avrats, the occasional banquet is their gala day.



MEMBERS.

G. A. Taylor, '01

'02

H. A. Bennet

W. T. Kelly

R. R. Keith

E. E. Lee

C. M. Morgan

H. B. McClure

H. M. Parks

C. W. Warburton

'03

C. A. Hobein

M. B. Holbrook

J. J. Meyers

L. H. Moore



We have often heard the statement, "No girl can keep a secret." The Bomb Board are fully convinced that some girls, at least, can keep secrets, for their united efforts failed to unravel the mystery of those magic letters S. S. From a large list of guesses we have selected a few which seem most likely to approach the correct solution. But we are convinced that we have not solved the mystery. We would suggest:

Simple Sisters,
 Simpering Susans,
 Starved Sorority,
 Snickering Spinsters.

The S. S., like a number of other clubs, was first organized in the fall of 1901. A banquet is given once each term, from which "those horrid boys" are most carefully excluded.

MEMBERS.

'02

Luella Rantschler

Grace Campbell

Emma Hancock

'03

Mae M. Bower

'04

Myrtle Cretsinger

Harriet Anderson

Bertha Pierce

Katherine Dickins

Florence Palmer

Edith Stevens

'05

Jennie Lund



Funnel Gang.



The Funnel Gang, a crowd of good fellows—banded together to while away the monotony of Thanksgiving vacations, the chief method of killing time being to "eat, drink and be merry." Their first annual banquet was held at "The Elk," on the evening of November 29, 1900.

"Hop,"

"Toothpick,"

"Colonel,"

"Major,"

"Bris,"

"Rusty,"

"Yank,"

"Blondy,"

"Jack,"

"Fat,"

"Scotty,"

"Tex."



In Memoriam

A FEW WEEKS after the opening of the fall term of 1900, the typhoid fever broke out among the students of the College. A large number were attacked by this dreaded disease about the same time. The College Sanitarium was being remodeled and could not be used. The unfortunate ones among the young men who were unable to be taken home, were removed to rooms in Agricultural Hall, while the young ladies were cared for in Margaret Hall. Many who were able, went home to be nursed there. For those who remained, trained nurses and skilled physicians were employed in order that the stricken ones should receive the best medical treatment and care that modern science of medicine could afford. All bore their pain and afflictions patiently and without murmuring. Some did not arise from their sick beds for nine weeks. Two young men at Agricultural Hall, though at first strong and brave, succumbed to the awful pangs of the fever. Of those who went to their homes, three passed from life into the great beyond. Below are given the names of those called away and to their memory this page is sacredly dedicated:

Marvin E. Witter

Earl Masterson

Milford C. Braden

Lewis E. Poch

James L. Peck

Calendar.

Fall Term, 1900.

- Aug. 28.—College year begins.
 Aug. 29.—Mr. ——— fills out a page in the register book at the president's office.
 Aug. 30.—Jiggers and Mary decide to classify in campus laboratory this term.
 Aug. 31.—Y. W. C. A. reception.



"Candy, Salt Peanuts
 and
 Gvm."

- Sept. 1.—Y. M. C. A. reception.
 Sept. 2.—Brock falls from his third story bed.

- Sept. 3.—Gonzala Torres and R. B. Ullibarri arrive at Ames from Mexico.
 Sept. 4.—A few girls discover that they are locked in the chime tower.
 Sept. 5.—At special chapel, Dr. B. instructs the students to write to their relatives, both real and anticipatory, and invite them to Ames to the Jubilee picnic.
 Sept. 6.—Bobbie Lee and George Taylor indulge in a buggy ride.
 Sept. 7.—Dr. B. is a guest at the Sub. Prof.'s dance.
 Sept. 8.—Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. reception.
 Sept. 9.—Jiggers appears at Margaret Hall.
 Sept. 10.—Major Dunphy visits college.
 Sept. 11.—A jolly crowd of girls with Mrs. Bissell spent the day at Watkins well.
 Sept. 15.—Joint Society session.
 Sept. 17.—At special chapel Dr. B. gives us a new commandment, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's dinner basket."
 Sept. 19.—Preliminaries for Cedar Falls debate.
 Sept. 20.—*The excursion.*
 A young lady inquires for the building in which she would find the campus.
 Sept. 21.—Prohibition speeches down town.
 Stretched the flag man.
 Sept. 22.—Reception at the "White House."
 Sept. 23.—Major Dunphy visits the college.
 Sept. 24.—"A step into darkness;" Dr. B. walks off of the bridge.

- Sept. 25.—Prof. Summers' little girl over-hears a part of a conversation being held under the pines, as follows:
He—Don't call me Mr. Horner, call me Jack.
- Sept. 26.—Mr. Soenke kills a mouse during German class.
- Sept. 27.—L. P. Bennett makes the announcement that he does not have to study because the girls will like him just as well anyway.
- Sept. 28.—Miss Ritenour says, "The girls at Ames are chumps, and the boys are chumps too; I am going home."
- Sept. 29.—Lecture by Elbert Hubbard.
- Oct. 1.—Prof. Cessna announces the subject of the next sermon to his History class.



- Oct. 3.—Several Junior boys compliment a German on the Gut Wein which he keeps.
- Oct. 4.—Usry—"Hold on, Prof. Stanton, I have just one more question to ask you."
- Oct. 5.—Foot ball team starts for Minn.
- Oct. 6.—Foot ball team is defeated by a score of 29 to 0.
- Oct. 7.—Foot ball team returns.
- Oct. 8.—Roy Peshak receives regrets for Junior Trot.
- Oct. 9.—Fever breaks out in the college.
- Oct. 10.—The *Junior Trot*.
- Oct. 11.—"Yank" Bremner and Miss Bachman take a walk.
- Oct. 12.—Major Dunphy visits college.
- Oct. 13.—Boston Ladies' Symphony Orchestra.
- Oct. 20.—Soph.—Freshman Field Meet.
- Oct. 25.—Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Sullivan have an accident at Agricultural Hall.
- Oct. 26.—I. S. C. vs. I. S. N. S. debate.
- Oct. 30.—Dinsmore and Penney repair the flag pole.
- Oct. 31.—Yank Bremner and Miss Bachman decide that "campus lab." is very beneficial to one's school duties.



- Nov. 1.—The Xanho sign is discovered hanging on the derrick;
'03s fail to remove it.

Nov. 2.—Paris Exposition is reproduced at I. S. C.



Nov. 5.—Mr. Goos is brought to trial for robbing the Paris Exposition.

Nov. 6.—Billy Mason becomes advertising agent for the Maloney silk garter.

Nov. 7.—Prof. Cessna goes to class without his necktie.

Nov. 8.—Major Dunphy visits college.

Nov. 9.—Scholty is brought before the Athletic Council.

Nov. 10.—Gen. John B. Gordon lectures and loses his cuff.

Nov. 11.—Jimmie Burrows received a "write up" in a Des Moines paper.

Nov. 12.—Fritzel tells of the catch he made at Grinnell.

Nov. 14.—Poverty Row organizes a concert company.

Nov. 16.—Keyser resigns his position on the foot ball team.

Nov. 23.—A dance is held down town.

Nov. 24 —Ames foot ball team defeats Cornell College.

Nov. 26 —North-Western lunch counter and depot opened.

Nov. 28.—I. S. C. received a "write up" in the Chicago Tribune.

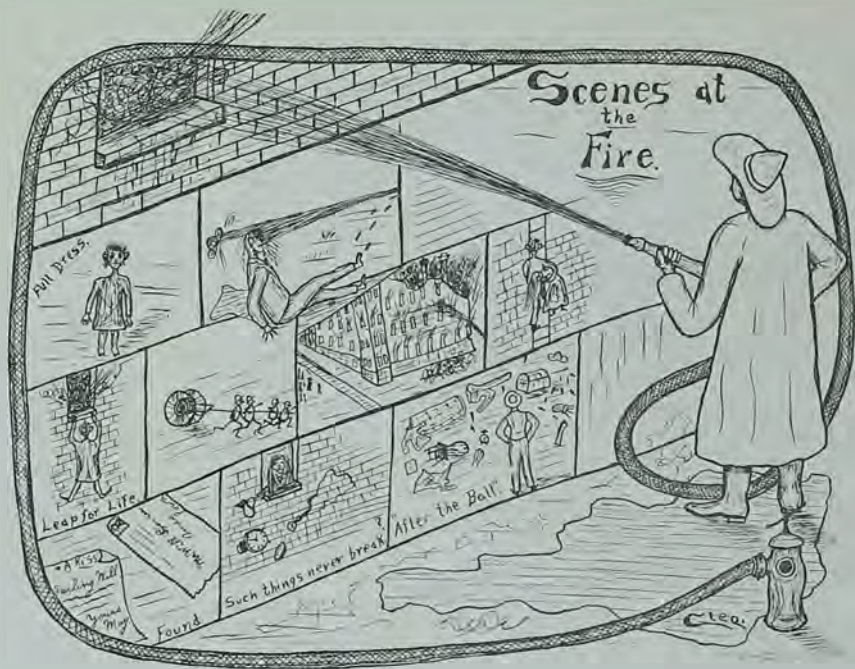
Nov. 29 —What was supposed to be a foot ball game was played with the State Normal.



Dec. 3.—Scholty elected captain of foot ball team for 1901.

Dec. 7.—Lecture by Jacob Riis.

Dec. 8.—Destruction of Main Building by fire.



- Dec. 9.—Ames people open homes to students.
 Dec. 10.—Dad Muhs searches the ruins of the Main for the
 "Tom Moore" which was left upon his table in his
 hurry to escape from the flames.
 Dec. 11.—The Too-Hoos and Xanhos smoke the pipe of peace.



- Dec. 12.—Prof. Noble searches the ruins for essays for Eng. III.
 Dec. 13.—Search for essays continued without fruitful results.
 Dec. 14.—Search discontinued as the weather became inclement.
 Dec. 15.—Society graduation.
 Dec. 16.—Baccalaureate sermon.
 Dec. 17.—Preps start for home.
 Dec. 18.—Class day.
 Dec. 19.—Graduation exercises.
 Dec. 20.—School closed.

Spring Term of 1901.

- Feb. 12.—School opens and examinations begin.
 Feb. 13.—Major Dunphy arrives and classifies in his special
 work.

- Feb. 18.—Doctor Shealy is announced as a strong man at Margaret Hall.
 Feb. 20.—Misses Brown and Bower connected water faucet with the Bunsen burner and proceeded to ignite the gas.
 Feb. 22.—Fire occurs in Miss Wells' room.
 Feb. 23.—Joint Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. reception.
 Feb. 26.—C. W. Warburton gives some expert witness before the Humboldt court.
 Feb. 28.—Miss Wells fractures her arm while skating on Skunk river.
 Mar. 2.—The first semi-annual banquet of the Weinerwurst Club takes place in the beautiful botanical recitation room.



- Mar. 5.—Mr. Shutz applies to the Chemistry department for hydrocolic acid.
- Mar. 13.—"Kill Him! Kill Him! Promise! Promise!" Dr. Quoye.
- Mar. 14.—Quarantine detains several girls and boys in their rooms.
- Mar. 16.—Some one experiments with flash light powder on the stairway of Morrill Hall.
- Mar. 23.—Concert by Ernest Gamble Concert Co.
- Mar. 24.—Henry Palmer talks to Geo. Taylor, alias Dr. B., over the telephone.
- Mar. 26. Miss B—— is scalped by the wind. Mr. B. helps her out of her catastrophe.
- Mar. 27.—Quarantine victims are released.
- April 1.—Hyperion girls take supper down town.
- April 2.—Mr. Otto identifies a pair of mittens by simply feeling of them.
- April 5.—Lecture by Geo. Kennan.
- April 7.—The "'03" scarecrow is hung upon the derrick by the '04s.
- April 8.—Proper burial refused the '03 scarecrow.
- April 11.—One of the Sophomore girls in Chemistry applied to the dispensary for concentrated H_2O .
- April 14.—Miss McClain falls into the creek in the Park.
- April 15.—Tommy Gidley—Drum-major—leads out the band.
- April 16.—Miss McClain is taken prisoner by a door catching her dress and becoming locked.
- April 18.—Reading by F. Hopkinson Smith.
- April 19.—The S. S. holds their annual banquet.
- April 20.—Home Field Meet.



- April 21.—Dad Muhs desires a girl that wears a $6\frac{7}{8}$ hat.
- April 24.—Geo. Taylor falls into a manhole and skins his chin.
- April 27.—Baseball game, I. S. N. S., 5; Ames, 0.
- April 29.—Mr. Priem says that the effect of free trade upon a nation is the same as strychnine or whiskey upon the human body.
- April 31.—Dr. B. speaks to the "Chummers" in particular at special chapel.
- May 1.—Francis Jenks fills Prof. Newen's chair during his absence from class for a few minutes.
- May 2.—Noit Avrats and Tri-Serps banquet at Des Moines and Marshalltown respectively.
- May 4.—Base Ball—Ames, 4; Western, 1.
- May 10.—Entertainment by Slayton's Jubilee Singers.
- May 11.—Triangular Field Meet.
- May 12.—Mae Miller's horse runs away.

- May 13.—"Dutch" and "Stevie" run a half-mile dash; Stevie wins.
- May 16.—Prof. Stanton declares that he will throw his hat very high if I. S. C. wins the State Tennis Tournament.
- May 18.—'02 Class hold their annual picnic; Chummers duly punished.
- May 19.—Wallace flagged "Chumming lab." for one whole day.
- May 22.—Mr. Clapp pole vaults for the students.
- May 23.—Gen. Lincoln gives a reception to the volunteers.
- May 24.—State Field Meet.
- May 26.—Harry Parks is heard to say, "Hurrah! for the United State."
- May 28.—Prof. Cessna finds a deck of cards in his desk.
- May 29.—Ag. Picnic; several persons injured.
- May 30.—The Freshman girls stretch Miss Morrison.
Memorial Day—Classes flagged.
- May 31.—Prof. Newens declares that his heart is broken because he had no attendance to his classes on Memorial Day.
- June 5.—Dan Wallace becomes a candidate for graduation.
- June 7.—Miss Barclay wins the Junior Public Speaking Contest.
- June 9.—Baccalaureate sermon.
- June 12.—A "Prep." who failed to "pass up" English attempts to roast Prof. Noble by painting a witty (?) announcement on the outside of Emergency Hall.
- June 13.—School closes.



A Touch of "High Life" at the Engineer's Summer Camp.





ALICE MERRITT.



J. C. AUSTIN.



E. E. LEE.



IRA J. WELCH.

STUDENT STAFF.



C. W. WARBURTON.



W. W. HENDRIX.



MAE M. BOWER.



D. W. DAY.



R. HOPKINS.



ETHELYN YOUNIE.



FLORENCE BARBER.



LOU PIER SOL.



D. A. WALLACE.

The I. S. C. Student.

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*Changed to a semi-weekly, four pages, fall '01.



"Only a Prep!" He looked from his window—
 Dirty the window and homesick was he!
 There on the campus a Freshman was idling;
 "Were I a Freshman, how happy I'd be!"

The Cycle of a Collegian.



"Only a Freshman!" He looked o'er the compendium—
 "So many hard tasks are laid out for me,"
 Nearby sat a Sophomore stretching his hat-band;
 "If I were a Sophomore, how happy I'd be!"



"Only a Sophomore!" Before the glass posing—
 Tidy he'd grinn, for a girl had he;
 "How distant the future, how slow time is going!"
 Were I a Junior, how happy I'd be!



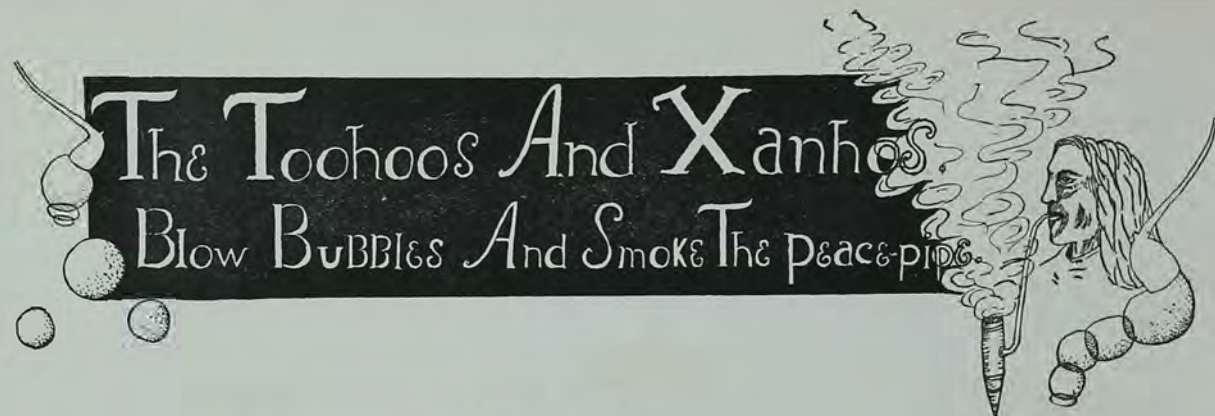
Only a Junior! He'd passed up DeCavell -
No time to eat, for on the Bomb Board was he;
Lessons unstudied, and slunking a habit -
"If I were a Senior, how happy I'd be!"



"Only a Senior!" His mind is now busied
With banquets, and picnics, and calls on Dr. B.
With dignified air he struts o'er the campus -
"Were I a Prof., how happy I'd be!"



"Only a Prof.!" Alone in his study,
Planning to puzzle the Preps was he;
Closing his eyes his thoughts wandered backward -
"Were I only a Prep, how happy I'd be!"



The Peace Pipe.

Long had warfare been abroad
 In the land of I. S. C.
 And the Tooahoo chieftains thought
 Peace again there ought to be.

Likewise also thought the Xanhos,
 Thought that this warfare should cease,
 So they gathered all, together,
 And they smoked the Pipe of Peace.

Then they pledged eternal friendship
 And they smoked and ate their fill.
 Long they lingered round the campfires,
 In the spirit of Good Will.

Hatchets now for e'er are buried
 Conflict ne'er shall break anew,
 And all signs of war have vanished
 Twixt the Xanho and Tooahoo.



STORIETTES

"Swapping."

"Will you please hand me my Geometry?" said Helen St. Clair to her most intimate friend, Gertrude Manning.

Gertrude was busy writing and did not look up. Helen got the book herself and sinking down in her big easy-chair, prepared to study.

"What in the world is the matter with Gertrude?" said Janie Erwin, a merry-eyed girl curled up on the window seat, dividing her time between a perplexing algebra problem and a sack of popcorn. "I really believe she's studying — actually studying. Get the kodak quick, Helen, you'll never have another chance like that."

Helen laughed, but Gertrude had evidently heard nothing, and kept on with her writing.

These three girls roomed together in a house otherwise filled with boys. The boys were very bright and full of mischief, as college boys are apt to be, but Janie said, "Helen and Gertrude are dignified and I walk in their shadow," so they had lived in peace; an oasis in the desert. But this very morning Gertrude had risen at an early hour in order to complete a piece of work left unfinished the night before. When she opened the door a huge form loomed up before her. She started back with a shriek, but collected her senses in time to save herself from a disgraceful retreat and peered timidly out into the dusky hall. She laughed nervously when she saw nothing but a barrel. "Smells like apples," she said.

Janie, who had been awakened by her screams, jumped out of bed and ran to the barrel saying, "The boys chipped in and bought a barrel of apples yesterday and then divided them. Wasn't it lovely of them to remember us?" She took hold of the side of the barrel with one hand and tipped it down that she might reach an apple. As the light showed the white pine bottom she let go and turned away with a disgusted look. "They might at least have left three."

Gertrude laughed and Helen lifted her head from the pillow with a wise air. "Better stay in bed next time until you are sure there is something to eat," she said.

"I'm tired of your moralizing," retorted Janie. "I've got to have better diet if I do have to get up at an unearthly hour, but the worst of it is that when I get there the barrel is bare and so poor Janie gets none."

The girls had laughed about it during the day, and Gertrude had been particularly anxious to get even with the boys.

As she sat at the table this evening, one could not but notice her entire concentration upon her work. Not a word to one of the girls; nothing but the sound of her flying pen, until she suddenly looked up with a triumphant smile. "I've got it, girls! Let me read it to you," and she went on before the astonished girls had time to even ask *what* she had got.



When you're buyin' nice red apples
An' divyin' by the peck,
Be sure of all your goodies,
You do not leave a speck;
But set the empty barrel
On the threshold of the poor,
And thank your glimmerin' senses
There's naught within to lure.

But remember in the long run,
'Twould count a bigger score
If you'd leave within that barrel
Three apples, maybe more.
For all good in life's not eatin',
Though it may seem the best;
There's a day when all these pleasures,
Meet the final awful test.

(Signed) I. O. O. M.

"That's for Independent Order of Old Maids."

"Good," cried the other two. "We'll pin it up in the hall where the boys can't help but find it."

The next morning the girls did not get up so early and had to hurry to get dressed in time for breakfast. As Janie opened the door she heard a queer thumping sound. She looked out and saw, hanging by the strings from the door knob, three red apples, with a fluttering white paper pinned to one of them.

"Another donation; more practical than gift No. 1," she said, as she took a bite from one of the rosy apples.

"What's on the paper? Give it to me," and Gertrude read while the other two munched their apples:

TO THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF OLD MAIDS

Three old maids once made a rhyme,
And thought it pretty bright;
But the lads to whom it was addressed
Couldn't see it in that light.

'Twas all about some apples red
For which these maids did long;
And in a piece of poetry (?)
They said so, good and strong.

But men give gifts because they wish,
And not because they're asked;
Therefore the frisky maidens three,
Should not have been so fast.

Still dwell the three in hunger's hall,
With just three apples sweet;
If they'd kept still a little while,
They'd now have more to eat.



A chorus of laughter greeted the production. "How can we ever get even with them? Gertrude you must manufacture some more poetry," said Helen.

So that night the poet again seated herself at the table, and after the customary amount of frowning and scratching of her head, read to the two impatient girls:

When men give twice,
And give with care,
Some empty gift
Each one can spare;
And think to shine,
Get gratitude,
They need a hint
For mental food.

But since it worked
With so much pain,
The apple cores
Come back again
That they may plant,
Each little seed,
And reap from them
Some generous deed.

"That'll go back with the cores," she said, "and if they send any more of their doggerel someone else will have to write the reply."

"You may be sure there'll be more," said Janie, and sure enough the next morning a little paper was found pinned to their door, with the following written in lead pencil:

Oh, the nights are long and dreary,
And the apples hard to beat;
In a mansion filled with boys,
There dwelt three maidens sweet.
And the maidens, they like apples,
Thus resembling boys
Though they do not chew tobacco
Or ever make a noise.
Now the boys they bought some apples,
And the maidens they felt sore
Because a free-will offering
Was not left beside their door.
But the boys are never stingy,
Though they may be dreadful bores;
When they've eaten all the apples,
They will donate you the cores.

When you hear us munching apples,
And have none to eat yourself;
Just go and make some fudges,
And lay them on the shelf,
And when you feel that apples,—
Apples by the score,
Would exactly hit the spot,
Leave some fudges at our door;
And be sure to leave a lot,
And we will see that apples,—
Apples by the score,
Are within a very short time
Left beside your humble door.
Oh, the maidens they have senses
About as clear as mud;
To give without receiving

Runs not in our noble blood.
If you want to win some apples,
Lead out boldly with the ace —
That is to say with fudges —
And you're sure to win the race.
If the maidens' "glimmering senses"
Cannot see it in that light,
At least blame not the boys
For being a little tight.

If you stumble o'er the barrel
In the hall some real dark night,
Don't say a single cuss word ;
But say, " Let there be light."
If you stumble o'er the barrel,
And bark a shin or two,
Just remember there are others
Who are just as sore as you.

" Goody, that won't take any poetry," cried Gertrude, triumphantly. " They'll get their fudges and we'll make a paper wind-mill for each one of them and line them up in the hall with an inscription above—



BULLETIN!

Glee Club

Let every man be present
at rehearsal to-day in Chapel!
at 5 P.M. sharp
Monday May 20-48 F. J. Recker.

Don't!!

Miss getting something to eat to night at
the 2nd floor laundry room at 9:45
Egg sandwiches each 5¢
Egg onion sandwiches each 5¢
Coke and wafers . . . 5¢
Come and bring your friends with you.

Wanted!

A girl for the concert
Ladies Help

23-48

NOTICE

The members of the State Board must there will be no
seated in Prison, but this; but every there will be no seat
to those who remain on the bench, and every persons will keep
the same price of maintenance as during the usual school days.

W. J. Recker

"CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS"

"We realize this and are also aware of
the fact that we have not had a clean-
ing out for some time.

Will the person who borrowed
broom and dustpan from 146 please
return them immediately.

XXJ

An April Fool Joke.

"Hi there, Nelle!" called Fred Wyman from the motor platform as he caught sight of Nelle Fairchild coming from class. "Don't you want to go d. t.? Hurry up, its nearly time for the last whistle."

"Of course I do," called back a cheery voice, as Nelle tumbled her books into the arms of an obliging friend who was going to the Hall, and hurried to the motor. Wyman took her by the arm as she came up and had just time to push her, laughing and breathless, upon the motor steps as it gave two shrill shrieks and was off.

They had been chums from the time they entered college, and many were the glances of admiration cast upon this couple who enjoyed themselves so well and understood each other perfectly. "Why is it, Nelle," a pretty friend would often say, "that you and Fred get along so beautifully? I am always getting into some sort of a scrap." Wyman's friends winked at each other and remarked aside that he was "hard hit." But no amount of roasting had cooled their affection for each other, but, on the contrary, had only drawn them closer.

"Oh, dear! I forgot that I had a date at 3:30 to drill my elocut," cried Nelle, starting up from the seat she had taken.

"Confound the elocut, anyway!" cried Fred, irreverently. "You are tragic enough now — besides I want you to go down and help me pick out a hat. I want one to go with your Easter bonnet, and they must harmonize. Tell the Prof. you had to go d. t., for I won't let you jump off." Whereupon both of them laughed and settling back in the seat chatted until they came to their stopping place.

After a careful search through the clothing stores in the little town they finally selected a hat which Nelle declared would just match hers. As he opened his pocket-book to pay the bill, he gave a low whistle and asked, "Have you any money with you, Nelle? I got some from home yesterday and thought I had it with me, but I remember now that it is in my other pocket."

"So that is what you brought me along for?" said Nelle. "Well, if you'd been sharp you'd have let me go to the Hall first, for girls are never guilty of carrying money around promiscuously. They aren't so abundantly supplied with pockets, nor coin either, as all that."

"Guess I'd better have him charge it then, for we must have an ice cream Sunday at least."

In a short time their shopping was finished and they were wending their way college-ward, as happy and care-free as any couple in school.

"By the way, Nelle," Fred said, in the midst of their conversation, "you know tomorrow is April Fool and we ought to play a joke on someone. It would be a good time to settle old scores with the "Madam."

"I'd like to, but what could we do?" Nelle asked.

"Just leave that to me," Fred replied. "If a Junior can't think of an April Fool joke that is suitable for the matron of a girl's hall, he ought to be expelled. I'll plan something that will open her eyes. Meet me in the library tomorrow at 3 o'clock and I'll tell you all about it."

"But I want to know what it is — I don't want to get myself into trouble."

"Don't fret, puss, it won't hurt anybody, but it will be a joke that will make you stare," said Fred, knowingly. "Remember, in the library at 3 P. M. sharp," were his last words as he left her at the door.

* * * * *

Two of the boys were in Wyman's room the next morning, but he was not in and his room-mate, Jack Dean, a boy with twinkling brown eyes which registered his temperature of mischief at the boiling point, was doing the honors. They were seated around the room discussing the first of April.

"Guess there isn't going to be much excitement," said Dwight Logan, an easy going fellow whose calmness could be disturbed by nothing short of a dynamite explosion, as he sat tipped far back in his chair and watched the smoke from his pipe curling in graceful wreaths above his head.

"I say fellows, you're not going to let this chance go by without having some fun — such a chance only comes once a year!" cried Nervy White, impatiently. "In the name of our fore-fathers and the great Continental Congress, I beseech you to blow on your waning fires of patriotism and celebrate this glorious day in a manner befitting citizens of the United States of America and students of this noble institution!"

"Help! help!" shrieked Jack. "The fountains of the great deep are unloosed. Save us from the mighty waves! Drag him out by the heels, Logan!" he cried as he dodged one of Nervy's ample gestures and grabbed for his chair legs. But Nervy continued his flow of oratory in favor of his National Holiday, as he had called it, protecting himself from Jack's siege from the rear and Logan's efforts to capture his feet by his powerful arms, until in an unguarded moment the agile Jack seized his chair legs and the three rolled on the floor in a heap, bringing the table with them and scattering books and papers to the four corners of the room. With some difficulty they extricated themselves and sat up to survey the ruins.

"Logan, that beastly pipe has done its work," cried Jack as he noticed a smouldering blaze among some papers, and in an instant a pitcher full of water had quenched it and added its little share to the confusion.

"Well boys, I am now thoroughly convinced that we should celebrate," said Logan. "But what shall it be?"

"Wyman has talked of nothing else for the last twenty-four hours," broke in Jack. "But he won't help us out any plan for he and Nelle are going to fix one for the preceptress. He has it all planned and it is a good one. He is to meet Nelle in the library at three and — I tell you what boys, I have it!" he cried jumping up and slapping his knees.

"Well tell us what you have and don't go through such fearful contortions," said Logan from the cot where he had taken refuge.

Jack calmed himself with difficulty and continued—"You know Wyman often takes a nap between two and three and the fellow sleeps as sound as a log. I always have to call him and this afternoon we'll get some red paint and color his cheeks and lips and make a gay little bird out of him. Then I'll waken him just in time to go to the library and meet Nelle."

"Get a blue pencil and mark D — 4 on his forehead" suggested Nervy who had more than once had sad experience with that same blue pencil mark.

"I will tell you boys," said Logan in his slow voice "Take burnt cork and cover his face with parallel lines. I must have practical illustrations or I never can get that geometry through my head, and Wyman is so obliging he'd be perfectly willing for me to use him in helping along the cause. Parallel lines are lines which will not meet however far they are prolonged, but we won't prolong them any farther than the length of his face."

"Hooray! I can see him now!" cried Jack. "By George, ain't he a fright?"

"But how are we going to get him off without looking in the glass? He is so abominably fussy," asked Nervy.

"I'll need a shave about that time and will borrow your mirror," said Dwight, "And you can give his hair the finishing touches yourself, Jack."

"Nervy will prepare plenty of burnt cork and at 2:30 we will assemble for our bloody deed. Clear out fellows, while I remove the ruins."

Three o'clock found Nelle in the library reading Maurine. She had read it before, but the book had a wonderful fascination for her and she was reading it through the second time. "I think it was a shame Maurine had to suffer so just because of a misunderstanding," she was saying to herself. "I'm glad Fred and I understand each other so well. I don't believe anyone in the world could come between us. I wonder why he don't come—it is five minutes after three now and he is usually so prompt. I wonder what his joke was anyway. I think he might have told me for he knew all the time. I suppose he thought I couldn't keep mum, but he ought to know me by this time. He said it would make me stare." She glanced anxiously at the clock then toward the door. With a great throb her heart leaped to her throat as she saw Fred, coming toward her, with wide lines of black reaching from his handsome wavy hair to his neck, giving him a most diabolical look. He smiled as she glanced up, and the lines parted showing a row of white teeth. His hair and clothes were in perfect order making the contrast all the more striking. Nelle shuddered as he walked towards her and felt the blood surging through her veins as she heard a titter run through the library. Without a word she closed her book and with burning cheeks walked to the librarian's desk, then out of the door followed by the smiling Fred.

"I'm sorry I was late Nelle," he said when they were outside, "But Jack forgot to call me until after three and I had to hurry to get here."

"I shouldn't have cared if you hadn't come at all," said Nelle coldly. "I have decided not to go into any April Fool jokes and I'm going to the Hall now. No, you needn't go over with me, thank you."

"Why Nelle, what in the world is the matter?" he cried in a strange hurt voice.

"You were right when you said I would stare," she said stopping and looking at him.

Just then a couple of girls passed giggling and looking at them in a manner that made Fred turn and look after they had passed. "What are those silly hens cackling about, Nelle?" he asked. "Is there anything wrong with me?"

"You don't seem just exactly right," she said slowly, "With those hideous streaks on your face. Oh, Fred, how could you do it?" and Nelle's voice ended with a sob.

"Those hideous streaks!" Fred repeated, and rubbing his face with his hand found it covered with black. "It was that rascal Jack—he had a devilish grin on his face when I started out. Confound him! I'll crack every bone in his body if I can get my fingers on him. I'm awfully sorry, Nelle, you'll forgive me, won't you? I'll go home now and settle up, then call for you at five," and pulling his hat over his face Fred started on the run for his room.

Nelle watched him until he disappeared through the doorway and a smile crept slowly over her face. "I'm cured of wanting to fool anyone," she said.



When Prexie's been in Sight.



I ain't afraid no Profs., or zips, or flunks
made more than twice,
An' things that Seniors skeer uv I
think are awful nice !
I'm pretty brave, an' yet, I guess I'm
not too fur ahead,
For when I've been a actin' up an'
sayin' what wicked boys said,
A letter comes from Prexy that would
make ones hair turn white
An' we meet down in the "sweat box,"
but our words I dare not write.

Prexy's always round the corner,
sometimes he's by your door,
An' I think he'd hear our talk if
he took it through the floor !
On the campus, sometimes lyin'
down, sometimes a walkin' round
So softly an' so creepy-like he
never makes a sound !

Sometimes our pranks seem black as ink an' other times they're white,
But the color ain't no difference when Prexy comes in sight.

Once when we licked a fellow in the "Wigwam"—one with big feet
An' Prexy sent us up a note that made our pulses beat,
We met him in that "sweat-box" all standin' in a row
A lookin' sheep's-eyes—an' he eyin' uv us—so !
Oh, my ! We wus so skeered that time we never slept all night.
If things are good or bad it's Prexy sees 'em right.

Lucky thing I ain't a Prep, or I'd be skeered to death !
Bein' I'm a Freshie, I just act an' hold my breath;
An I'm sorry, oh ! so sorry I'm a wicked boy, an' then
I promlse Prexy to be better, an' he takes me back again !
Seniors tell us that's the only way to make it right
When a feller's been wicked an' Prexy's been in sight.

So when other wayward Freshies would coax me into sin,
I try to squash the Tempter's voice an' knock 'em pretty thin ;
An' the folks for me are Seniors, cause they're nearly always nice,
A feller can get into trouble, but don't do the same thing twice !
No, ruther let starvation wipe me slowly out of sight,
Than I should keep on sinin' with Prexy seein' right.



Something Else.

A great big tear rolled down her flushed cheek and dropped right in the middle of the algebra problem she was working. Then a sob came from the depths of her sad little heart, and in a moment she lay crying and moaning on the bed. What a discouraging week it had been! All of her plans for pleasure had been frustrated, her lessons had been unusually hard, and now after struggling for an hour with one problem, her composure and courage gave way and she yielded to the natural expression of her grief.

Her life at Margaret Hall for the past three months had been quite happy, after the first few days of getting acquainted. But now as it neared Thanksgiving, her heart began to yearn for the dear ones at home, and she was filled with a strong desire to see them. How could she endure to be away from home and among strangers at Thanksgiving time, when she knew so well what a jolly, happy time they were having at home and the delicious dinner she would miss?

In such thoughts as these that made the poor little girl so homesick and discouraged.

She was still crying when she heard the welcome sound of a letter dropped at her door. Not heeding her disordered locks and tear-stained face, she ran to the door and soon had the letter. It bore no stamp or post-mark, but was addressed to "Miss Blank, Margaret Hall," in a strong, manly hand.

Oh! What a surprise. Her face was a study when she finished reading the dainty note. An invitation from a senior! Could it be possible!

"Say, can you get those problems?" said the familiar voice of a class-mate, a few minutes later. As she entered the room, she found our little girl surrounded by a mist of fluffy dresses, and looking quite rosy and confused as she tucked an open note under a pillow near her. The friend evidently forgot her question as she looked wonderingly from the pretty wardrobe to the happy, yet tear stained face of our little girl who broke the silence by saying:

"No, I couldn't get *one*, but I believe I can now. Let's try them." Even the longing for a Thanksgiving dinner at home had vanished, for she was looking forward anxiously for—*something else*.



The Fable of the Freshie Who Wished to be Popular.

Now it Happens at I. S. C. that One who wishes to Become Popular, joins a Club.

There was a Dyspeptic Freshie who grew Tired of Cavell's Larrup and Bingo, and as he had long been in Search of Popularity, he Decided to join a Club.

His room-mate was a Swell Guy, who wore his Hair in Curl-papers at night and Spieled on a Guitar in the Daytime. This Guy was a Member of the Hilarity Club, and through him the Freshie also Joined the Hilarities.

He went to Dinner the First day, dressed in a pair of Knickerbockers, a Zebra Shirtwaist, Yellow Oxfords, Red Tie and Plaid Golf socks. He had a Hunch that He was the " Happy Thought " so he Donned a Smile that Curdled the Milk before it went half Way around the Table.

Next to Him sat a Sickly Blonde, who said she was studying Chemistry, Elocution and Library Work. During the meal She made Goo-goo eyes at Him and before they left the Table She had Traded her Handkerchief for His College pin.

At Supper he Spoke Sweetly to her and called Her by Her first Name, and at the End of the Two or Three hours it took him to Walk to the Hall with her, He had her Photograph in his Watch and a Date for the Next Lecture.

From that Time on the Freshie had the Swell Head and became Addicted to the Use of Cologne and to Writing Blue notes. At length He Won her Consent, so he Wrote home to His Dad for the Paternal blessing and Fifty Dollars.

MORAL: *If you Want to Win a Home, Join a Club.*



1880.

It is a cool autumn evening. Reluctantly and slowly the groups of students return to the old Main after their hour of recreation. The "study hour" bell is ringing and its clear notes ring out over the campus, where the last rays of the setting sun rest peacefully on the trees, the various buildings and the merry groups of strollers.

The many lights now shine forth from the Main, and as we enter, the old building seems to exhale cheer and welcome. Soon the corridors are quiet, save from the sounds which come from the students' rooms. A merry, girlish laugh first calls our attention, and as we approach the door other voices join in merry confusion. But hark! I thought I heard a boy's voice among the rest! Oh, no, that couldn't be possible. Some Senior must have been practicing his oration up on third floor.

Many of these rooms are quiet, and only the sound of rustling paper or an audible sigh comes to our ears. These are the rooms of the Freshmen girls, who are either too homesick or too busy to spend any time in conversation.

I wonder what the boys are doing. Ah, it must be that there is a spread in progress for the aroma of coffee fills the air. Where does it come from? One by one the boys come to their doors, snuff the air, as some animals do before a storm, and then rush down to that room at the end of the hall and yell for admittance. Undoubtedly that is the place where the coffee is being made.

But what is going on in this room? A small group of boys seem to be interested in something at the window, and strings and pieces of paper are much in evidence. Let us hurry, for they are operating the "air line," and it is against the custom for any one except an alumnus to have any knowledge of such a contrivance.

Be careful as you go down those winding stairs. They are inconvenient at best, but grapes are ripe now and—there's no telling what might happen!



1900.

It is a cold, winter morning. Loudly and wildly rings the old bell, and the terrible cry of *fire*, is shouted by the throng which surges around the old Main. Higher and higher leap the dreadful flames, and cries of terror, help and command ring out above the confusion.

Yet in spite of all efforts the old building must go. Sadness and regret fill our hearts as we watch the walls, the floors, the windows, then the last remnants of the north wing fall in ruins.

Memories and association throng our minds as the familiar rooms are ravaged by fire. At length its course is checked and we look upon the ruins of the old building with a feeling of despair and sorrow.

Yet as we look, new hope and courage rises out of the ashes, and in place of the blackened and hopeless ruin we see a new building arise, one which is larger and better equipped in every way for the central building of I. S. C.

Queries.

How many eyes has Prexie?

Why are flashlights unpopular?

Why is a Campbell always in search of Wells?

How much is a life-sized portrait of Wallace worth?

How can Mr. Otto tell a young lady's gloves by the sense of touch?

Does the continual use of "larup" sweeten the temper of a student?

Who has charge of the campus labs, and how many are required for a diploma?

If the books at the college book-store are sold below actual cost, what is the actual cost?

Could the exclusive use of the cemetery by one couple as a chumming place be called a monopoly?

How long must a person be sick and how much medicine must he take that he may receive his money's worth from his hospital fees?

Why does Mr. Dunphy not patronize the towns of Iowa instead of coming to the college every week to find a Barber?

Why should the sight of a woman hurrying along the walk cause Mr. Lee to jump in terror from a buggy and Mr. Taylor to sit as if frozen to the seat?

What are the feelings of a young society gentleman who has just dropped a couple of lumps of sugar into his bouillon, or taken a drink from his cup of soup, at a banquet?

How could the restrained profanity of a college treasurer who closed his safe on Friday night instead of Saturday, the time lock not opening it until Saturday noon, be calculated?

Dining-room Proctor (walking up to a boy with open notebook)—"What is your name?"

Boy—"Dennis."

Prof. N.—"It is a great treat to go into a big library and just look at the rows and rows of books."

Coye (aside)—"It is a bigger treat to get out with a date."

Prof. P. (explaining variables to class in algebra)—"Lots of things are variables. Take dates for instance. You all know they are variable."

Excursionist (visiting shops)—"How long are the boys in for?"

Miss Sabin—"Where do we find the sweet-bread?"

Miss M.—"I think in the cow or the calf, I'm not sure which."

Boy (walking behind three girls, the one in the middle having her arms around the other two)—"I hate to see a woman doing a man's work, don't you?"

Prof. Newens—"It is marvelous what you can do with a little paint."

Junior boy (checking off list of girls for the home field meet)—"Muhs, will you take one?"

Muhs (thinking they were ordering caps)—"Yes, — 6%."

Rev. W. (the other day before the Baccalaureate sermon—)
"I hear you are going to give an address at the college to-morrow."

Dr. B.—"Oh, I may give a little spiel."

Prof. (in Botany quiz)—"Miss ———, do you know any vegetable growth parasitic upon man?"

Miss ————"I think it is believed among Europeans that the Hottentot's beard is of vegetable origin."

Gould (as Prof. Stanton is passing)—"There goes a bold boy. He is pretty wise in arithmetic, isn't he?"

Miss P. (to little girl)—"If you'd talk more it would make your arms larger."

Little Girl (promptly)—"Is that what makes yours so big?"

(Clipping from a letter written by Miss A. to Prof. B.)—
"Will you please see that the boy who comes to read the electric light meter wears rubbers and removes them when he comes in the house?"

Prof. N.—"Miss P., can you give us Platonic love?"

Miss P.—"No, I haven't got it yet."

Miss S. (mistaking the new Professor's wife who is cleaning the floor for a servant)—"Is Mrs. L. at home?"

Prof. Pammel—"What is Linnaeus (originator of the binomial nomenclature) especially noted for?"

Mr. F.—"I believe he is responsible for the binomial theorem."

Prof. S. (from discussion in Polit)—"Sometimes laws only bring a thing to a person's mind which otherwise would not be

thought of. For example, in the early days of this institution, a chalk-line marked the limit beyond which a young man accompanied by a young lady was not permitted to go. A young man who had never been with a girl before in his life—would immediately get a girl and cross it." (Mr. E. blushes and drops books, while the class laughs.)

English Prof. (class studying figures of speech)—"Mr. D., what meaning do you get from the following: 'And he removed himself from the course of the engines?' Please interpret it in your own language?"

Mr. D.—"Well, I should think he meant that he had decided not to take the engineering course."

Miss S. (suddenly throwing down the book which she has been studying intently)—"Did you ever see Mr. Parker serious? Well, I never did, and never expect to."

Vet. Student (approaching the new Hort. Prof.)—"Well old fellow, how are you getting along, and what course are you taking?"

1st New Boy—"Where is St. Peter's Hall?"

2d New Boy—"I don't know of any such building. Perhaps it is Peter's Hall."

1st New Boy (to old student who is passing)—"Will you please tell me where St. Peter's Hall is?"

Old Student—"St. Peter's Hall! There isn't any such building on the campus. You must mean Ag. Hall or Morrill Hall or ———."

1st New Boy—"I guess that must be it. I knew there was something religious about it."

(In cooking exam.)—"Why is soda put in tomato soup?"
Miss L.—"To make the soup light."

Small Brother (to Bomb editor)—"Oh, I know why they call that the Bomb. It is because it makes you explode."

Prof. N.—"Have you taken the examination in English yet?"

New Girl—"No, have you?"

A revised version of the old saying is used very effectively by Prof. C.—"Mother is the necessity of invention."

When two people, belonging to the same club, are so related that they are always together no matter what other members belong to said club, and when, as other members of the club become likewise entangled, the club approaches a limit, that limit is special chapel.

How I convinced Max

I knew a man that ~~house~~
was one of the worst
men to try and convince ~~effect~~
~~him~~ if he differed from
your opinions. One day
I said "Max you had
better take out any in-
surance on your life, or
first he would not
listen to my pleadings
at all, but when I
told him ~~the~~
benefits his should
derive in case he would
die, and what a re-
spectable life she could
live after his death.
After talking to
him, and showing him the
benefits of a life insurance
he said "I will go to
a policy of two thousand
dollars."

Try P
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ATHLETICS



216

Athletic Council.

C. E. WOODRUFF, Coach.

FACULTY.

W. M. Beardshear, *Ex-Officio*

A. A. Bennett

C. F. Curtiss

S. W. Beyer

ALUMNI.

L. W. Noyes, *Chicago*

J. D. Shearer, *Minneapolis*

AMES.

George Judisch

I. C. Brownlie

STUDENTS.

D. C. Peck, '02

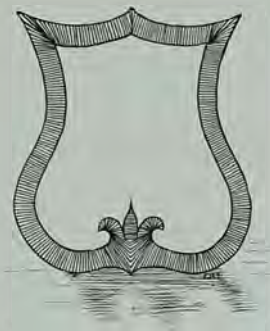
John Coye, '02

A. B. Scott, '04

W. W. Smith, '03

S. W. Needham, '03

Ralph Keyser, '04



With an unlimited wealth of strong, willing material and a wonderfully enthusiastic student body, ready and willing to support anything pertaining to I. S. C., it is hard to understand just why Iowa State College holds no better standing in state and western athletics. Yet with all the material and support that could be desired the history of the past two years has been but a chronicle of defeats and disappointments. It is an unenviable record and undeserved but nevertheless an undisputed fact. We admit the truth only because the time has arrived when faculty, alumni, and students are unitedly determined that Iowa State College must and shall take her proper position.

When we stop to consider the causes of the present state of affairs we find that they are numerous. To "hard luck," that long-suffering excuse, can hardly be attributed all the blame, altho we certainly have had our full share of that little desired article. Our football teams have been especially afflicted with "hoo-doo's" of the blackest sort and largest size. But even "hard luck" does not last all the time. In our opinion the first and foremost trouble is the same old lack of a gymnasium and suitable training quarters, which alone is a greater handicap than any placed on rival institutions. Of equal importance with the gymnasium is the lack of a trainer or physical director whose business it is to watch over the welfare of the individual members of the team. A vacillating policy and lack of patience in regard to coaches is another fatal step. Last but not least is a lack of unity and harmony among athletes, authorities, and coaches. These are the causes. The remedy is only found in some *consistent* policy carried out in a spirit of unity. Until that time comes we must "go way back and sit down."



OR

The Rise and Fall of the 1900 Foot Ball Team.

(Cover one half of face.)

Scores.

Sept. 22, I. S. C., 0; Alumni, 0.

Sept. 29, I. S. C., 16; Penn., 0.

Oct. 6, I. S. C., 0; Minnesota, 27.

Oct. 13, I. S. C., 0; Nebraska, 30.

Oct. 27, I. S. C., 0; Simpson, 0.

Nov. 3, I. S. C., 5; Grinnell, 22.

Nov. 10, I. S. C., 0; Drake, 16.

Nov. 24, I. S. C., 0; Normal, 5.

Nov. 17, I. S. C., 17; Cornell, 0.



FOOT BALL TEAM, 1900.

Mason	Shealy	Faurot	Williams	Parker, Coach	Hanger	Osborne	Suit, Mgr.	Peshak
	Evans	Coye	Starzinger	Scholtz	Burrows	Le Clere	Eckles	

Base Ball.

The nine was almost wholly a new one this spring. With but few exceptions, the men were largely without any base ball experience. For this reason their work at home was uniformly more satisfactory than their work away. But the chief difficulty to overcome was their weakness at the bat. A glance at the averages below will show a state of things but seldom seen in a base ball team. There are but two batting averages above .200. The fielding averages were in some cases seriously marred by nervousness. But it is gratifying to note that the season's work was very helpful and probably laid a solid foundation for the future. The following were the men and their averages. The only uncertainty was in left field, where several men were tried during the season.

Scores of Games.

April 19 — I. S. C. vs. Des Moines H. S. . Ames	16- 0
April 27 — I. S. C. vs. State Normal . . Ames	0- 5
May 4 — I. S. C. vs. Western College . Ames	4- 1
May 11 — I. S. C. vs. State University . Iowa City	3-21
May 18 — I. S. C. vs. Western College . Toledo	4- 0
May 21 — I. S. C. vs. Cornell College . Ames	1- 0
June 1 — I. S. C. vs. Grinnell Grinnell	5-11
June 8 — I. S. C. vs. State Normal . . Cedar Falls	5- 6

Games won, 4. Games lost, 4.



	BATTING				FIELDING				Total Bases
	A. B.	R.	B. H.	AVE.	P. O.	A.	E.	AVE.	
Capt. Sokol, ss . . .	31	7	12	.387	12	20	7	.820	4
Keyser, 2b	29	5	8	.276	22	8	10	.750	5
Williams, cf	27	4	4	.148	5	0	0	1.000	0
Whisler, 3b	30	6	4	.133	13	10	16	.590	1
Hollis, c	33	4	4	.121	53	11	5	.928	7
Evans, 1b	26	2	3	.116	82	0	3	.965	3
Reese, p	27	2	3	.111	5	36	1	.970	1
Chambers, rf	20	1	1	.050	6	0	0	1.000	0
Ranney, lf	8	2	0	.000	4	0	3	.333	0
Palmer, lf	13	0	0	.000	2	0	2	.500	0



BASE BALL TEAM, 1901.

		Barrett, 1 f.	Chambers, r. f.	Whisler, 3d b.	Woodruff, Coach	
Ranney, Sub.	Evans, 1st b.	Hollis, c.	Reese, p.		Sokol, Capt., s. s.	
					Williams, c. f.	Keyser, 2d b.



The track team of 1901 furnishes the only solace to I. S. C. athletic rooters. The team as a whole made the best showing ever made by an Ames team and collectively was the equal of any team in the state. We think it would have demonstrated its worth in dual meets. The fact that for the last two years Ames has won more places at the state meet than any other team adds weight to this view. The state field meet, however, always affords an opportunity for the smaller institutions to cut in with enough points to allow a team with a comparatively poor team and a star or two (most frequently professionals) to defeat a team uniformly good but with no particular star. Such a condition of affairs does not tend to elevate the standard of Western athletics. The credit of the 1901 Track Team belongs to Coach Clapp whose consistent and thorough work rounded out the team. To Mr. J. C. Prall, our esteemed College Secretary, also is due the credit of laying the foundation of the team and the development of a fast squad of sprinters. It is to be sincerely hoped that they may both be with us at least another year, and as much longer as possible. Ames is expecting great things of her Track Team in 1902.

The Team.



	Coach—			Captain—D. C. Peck		
Tener	Lamb	Ricker	Scholty	Hanger	Gidley	Peck
James	Lytle	Coates	Wickham	Smith		Hunt
Porter	Thomas	Tellier	Myers	Boudinot		
	Downie	Lee	McBirney	Fletcher		
	Jorgenson	Needham	Brunier			
	Gray	McClure				
	Pillsbury	Wood				



Results of Home Meets.

TRIANGULAR MEET.

- 1st. Drake.
- 2d. Grinnell.
- 3d. I. S. C.

AMES—SIMPSON.

Won by Ames.

AMES—CORNELL.

Won by Ames.



THE TRIANGULAR MEET.

State Field Meet 1901.

100 YARD DASH.

Won by—Conger—G. — 10 3-5 Sec. Second—Peck — I. S. C.
Third—Wolfe—I. S. N. S.

POLE VAULT.

Won by—Pell—D. U.—10 ft., 8 in. Second—King—G.
Third—Chapman—D. U.

16 POUND SHOT PUT.

Won by—Pell—D. U.—38 ft., 5 1-2 in. Second—Orebaugh—D. U.
Third—Hanger—I. S. C.

DISCUS THROW.

Won by—Smith—D. U.—101 ft., 1 1-2 in. Second—Gidley—I. S. C.
Third—Hull—I.

220 YARD HURDLE.

Won by—Lamb—I. S. C.—27 sec. Second—Crouch—G.
Third—Dye—I.

MILE RUN.

Won by—Boardman—I.—4 min. 52 3-5 sec.
Second—Emerson—D. U.
Third—Thompson—D. U.

HOP STEP AND JUMP.

Won by—Rayner—C. C.—42 ft. 8 1-4 in. Second—Graham—D. U.
Third—Lytle—I. S. C.

ONE MILE BICYCLE RACE.

Won by—Welker—G.—2 min. 53 4-5 sec. Second—Dobson—C. C.
Third—Thomas—I. S. C.

ONE HALF MILE BICYCLE RACE.

Won by—Welker—G.—1 min. 19 4-5 sec. Second—Dobson—C. C.
Third—Porter—I. S. C.

220 YARD DASH.

Won by—Peck—I. S. C.—24 sec. Second—Conger—G.
Third—Wolfe—I. S. N. S.

ONE HALF MILE RUN.

Won by—Evans—G.—2 min. 4 1-5 sec. Second—Emerson—D. U.
Third—Campbell—I. S. N. S.

120 YARD HURDLE RACE.

Won by—Lamb—I. S. C.—16 3-5 sec. Second—Crouch—G.
Third—Bair—G.

BROAD JUMP.

Won by—Bair—G.—19 ft. 7 1-2 in. Second—Sellards—D. U.
Third—Lytle—I. S. C.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

Won by—Abel—I. S. N. S.—5 ft. 6 in. Second and Third tie.

16 POUND HAMMER THROW.

Won by—Pell—D. U.—132 ft. 8 in. Second—Warner—I.
Third—Brockway—I.

440 YARD DASH.

Won by—Brown—I.—53 2-5 sec. Second—Evans—G.
Third—Lyman—G.

ONE HALF MILE RELAY RACE.

Won by Grinnell—1 min. 35 sec. Second—I. S. C.
Third—Iowa.



Tennis.

Never in the past history of our College has so much interest been taken in this department of athletics. Some years ago, fourteen courts were laid off and leveled for use — seven inside the race track and seven on and around the site of the new Mechanical Hall. Heavy expense was necessarily incurred, and, like the promoters of many new departures, the managers were severely criticized. The next two years added nothing. Then in 1900 Mr. Van Liew took matters in hand and put new life and interest in affairs. Under his able direction the courts were put in good shape, players engaged courts and tennis was again a popular sport at the college.

A tournament was held here and members chosen to play at the state meet at Mt. Vernon. M. B. Holbrook, J. L. Cutler and A. M. Kratz made up the team. The tournament at Mt. Vernon proved the teams quite evenly matched and served to give our boys some valuable experience. In the fall of 1901, under the management of

Mr. Kratz, the old-time interest did not lag, but each evening the courts presented a lively scene — many practicing faithfully for a place on the team that will compete with other teams at the state meet in the spring of 1902.



"Hits" for Nothing.

Don't

appoint an editor-in-chief, his salary is an unnecessary expense.
read proof; let the printers do it, it will save lots of grief.
solicit or print ads; they spoil the literary flavor.
demand cash; I. S. C. students are honest always.
get them out too early, students are always more "flush" the latter part of the term.
have the BOMB board all present at meetings; a few are more jolly.
roast the fire department, the man that flies the flag, the fireman or the janitor, the grub at Cavell's or the book store hours, it will make no difference a hundred years from now.
put up posters; they are a "Rank Outrage," and besides the Profs don't like them.
sweep out in the Hall; it makes "Dad" sore.
complain when the Library is closed and you want in, for it is probably a recreation hour. (See Compendium.)
fail to sign the register when you go down town.
forget that church is out at 9:30 and it only takes a half hour to walk out—learn to calculate closely.
forget to turn out the lights when not in use.
imagine the book store is run for financial purposes, it is purely an accommodation to you.
be discouraged when we lose a game, for the other side won and is happy.
blame the coach; he has to draw his salary.
imagine \$5.00 a term is sufficient for the janitor's pay roll.

Don't

be impatient when the Profs take home the late magazines from the library, they have to keep up with the times.
pout over B 2 essays; it is meant 2 B 2 your interest.
get discouraged over E. and M.; it is only E le Mentary.
discontinue your subscription when the *Student* comes late; press reports are sometimes late at way stations.
rave and roar when the lights go out; its a good time to ponder over your deeds and misdeeds in the quiet darkness.
presume that you know anything, even if you did graduate from a high school. There is a mathematical department at Ames.
forget to refer to the Iowa State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts as "State College." The *Student* so desires it.
be too careless when you talk with a stranger; he might be a Prof.
sell your Trig.; you might forget.
buy a season athletic ticket; any old business card up side down will go at the gates.
play poker in the library.
walk in the paths on the campus; make new ones.
put off studying until the last of the term; you might be rushed.
suppose that these "Don'ts" mean anything; they are not mean at all, just simply fill up space.
make fun of other people's defects; it shows defectiveness.

CHUMMERS



LABORATORY.

COLLEGE



Catalogue.

Chummer's College—I. S. C. Anner.

MOTTO	"Blot Out the Moon!"
COLORS	Coal-black.
GREETING	Give Me Thy Hand.
YELL	Ski—yip—ity—yum, Ski—yip—ity—yum! We chum—we chum—we chum!

The Anner.

The trustees and friends of I. S. C. have long felt the need of a special course for students who do not care to pursue a regular college course, but who wish a shorter course devoted to the valuable art of chumming and a life of ease. A great many of the studies in this course have long been pursued by students in connection with their regular college work, but the result has been very unsatisfactory, and it has been thought best to separate the two departments, although students who are very talented and industrious may, at the discretion of the President, be admitted to a limited amount of the regular college class work.

Degrees.

Upon students who graduate from the two-year course the degree of B. C. (Bachelor of Chumming) is conferred.

At the end of the course those who desire special work along this line may pursue a one-year's post graduate course, with the major study taken from this department and the minor from the college course. At the close of the year the degree of N. R. M. (Now Ready for Marriage) is conferred.

Government.

The Annex is wholly under the control of the college authorities. It has been their desire to place the government in the hands of the students as far as possible. In Margaret Hall the power is principally vested in the House Committee, while the laws are revealed to women students at numerous Hall meetings. In a number of special chapels the College President gives fatherly advice especially to students of the Annex. All persons who are not willing to abide by the laws of the institution are very earnestly requested to seek their education elsewhere.

Extensive Laboratories.

The work of the Annex is very thorough. Through the entire course, laboratory work plays a very important part, thus making the work practical. The entire grounds, the railroad track, cemetery and the town of Ames are used for this purpose, as well as Agricultural Hall and parts of Morrill Hall. Each student is attended by an instructor during the laboratory period, the hours of which are arranged with the instructor. The laboratory periods are varied, covering from fifteen minutes to several hours, and may be taken at any hour of the day from five P. M. to ten P. M.

Student's Outfit.

Each student will provide himself with the following articles: Bed clothes (to suit individual), 3 rugs, 1 window seat, 3 chairs, 1 or 2 curtains (according to number of windows), 10 sofa cushions (assorted), 35 pictures and chromos, 1 dresser scarf, 1 table cover, as many photographs as can be collected, 4 towels, 3 wash cloths, 3 napkins, 1 duster, 1 scrubbing cloth, 1 hand mirror, 1 comb, 1 tooth-brush, 1 wash-dish, 1 slop pail, 1 broom, 1 dust-pan, 1 tin horn, 1 oil stove, 1 fudge pan, 1 chafing dish, 6 plates (assorted sizes), six tea cups and saucers, 1 large spoon, 6 small spoons, 1 cake chocolate, 1 box Uneeda biscuit, 5 glasses jelly, 1 large fruit cake, 1 can pickles, 1 can preserves, 1 box shoe blacking, 1 box Mennen's borated talcum, 1 cake Pear's soap, 2 cakes Kirk's laundry soap, 1 curling iron, wearing apparel (to suit taste of the individual).

Students are earnestly advised to bring as many comforts and luxuries from home as can be secured.

How to Enter.

Students wishing to enter the Annex should comply with the requirements for admission as found in the College Compendium. In addition each student is required to answer the following questions:

1. Your name, age and previous employment?
2. Have you secured board at a club?
3. Do you upon graduation, expect to pursue this as a life work?
4. Will you do all in your power to further the interests of this institution and the noble calling which it represents?
5. Do you promise, if your lab. instructor gives satisfaction, to do all in your power to secure a permanent position

for said instructor at the close of your course?

Other questions may be asked at the discretion of the examiner and according to the age of candidate. If satisfactory answers are given the name is enrolled and the work of choosing an instructor begins the regular work of the Annex.



"LABORATORY"

Board.

Good rooms may be had in Margaret Hall, Main Building or any of the buildings on or near the campus. The prices are the same as paid by regular college students. Table board may be had at the dining hall, but it is the earnest request of the department that as many as can possibly do so, obtain board at clubs situated near the campus. By so doing the purpose of the Annex may be combined with exercise and thus the time utilized for laboratory work. It is only through this valuable combination that such thorough work can be done in so short a course.

Course of Study.

FIRST YEAR.

FIRST TERM.

Bumology, 5.
Prof. Working, 3.
Chumotomy, 5.
* Hazing, 1.
Margaret Hall Reception, 1
(required).

* Elective with the approval of
Prexy.

SECOND TERM.

Kickistry, 3.
Prof. Working 5.
Chumotomy 8.
Flirtography, 2.

SECOND YEAR.

FIRST TERM.

Coology, 5.
Prof. Working, 8.
Chumotomy, 10.
Sweat-box Lab., 1 (Time ar-
ranged by Prexy).

SECOND TERM.

Amorology, 1.
Prof. Working, 10.
Chumotomy, 15.
Track Work, 5.
Thesis, 1 (required).

Wanted! 8-4
Someone to heat
carpet this afternoon
A. B. Noble
Wednesday

Dying Words of Celebrated People.

[EDITOR'S NOTE. It was only through the expenditure of vast sums of money that this valuable collection from the death beds of America's most famous people could be given to our readers. This is the first time they have been made public, and our sympathizing readers, many of whom were personal friends of the deceased, will greatly appreciate our efforts.]

STANLY—"I'll throw my hat very high."

TAYLOR—"Pull me out of this d—— coal hole."

McCLURE—"Just enough money to get home."

"TOMMY"—"I'll wear my tailor-made."

RANTSCHLER—"You'll find my illustrations under the bed. Oh, my drawings! my drawings!"

"LUCKY"—"Send me The Student."

GEN. LINCOLN—"Hep! Hep! Hep!"

WALLACE—"No more Bomb Board meetings."

COYE—"I'm going back to Crystal Lake."

CLEGHORN—"Ticket for Coon Rapids—please."

ANDREWS—"I used Kirk's Laundry Soap."

MRS. K.—"We'll meet at 9:45."

RESLER—"There'll be a hot time in ——."

RANNEY—"No More C— 4s."

DUMPHY—"There are no flashlights there."

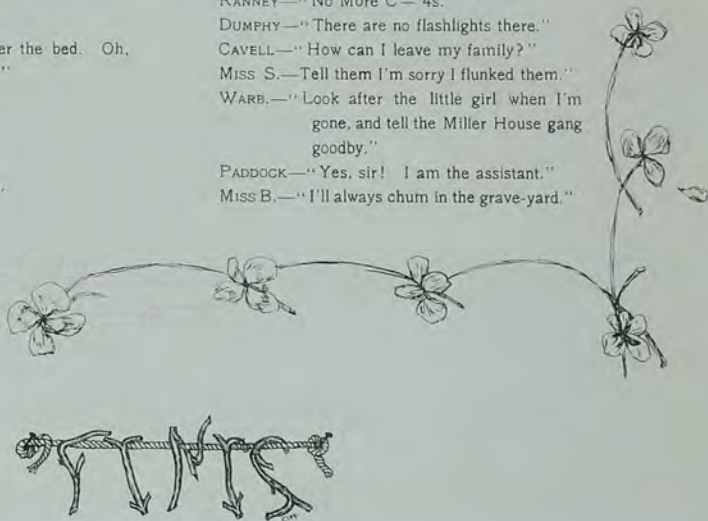
CAVELL—"How can I leave my family?"

MISS S.—"Tell them I'm sorry I flunked them."

WARB.—"Look after the little girl when I'm gone, and tell the Miller House gang goodby."

PADDOCK—"Yes, sir! I am the assistant."

MISS B.—"I'll always chum in the grave-yard."



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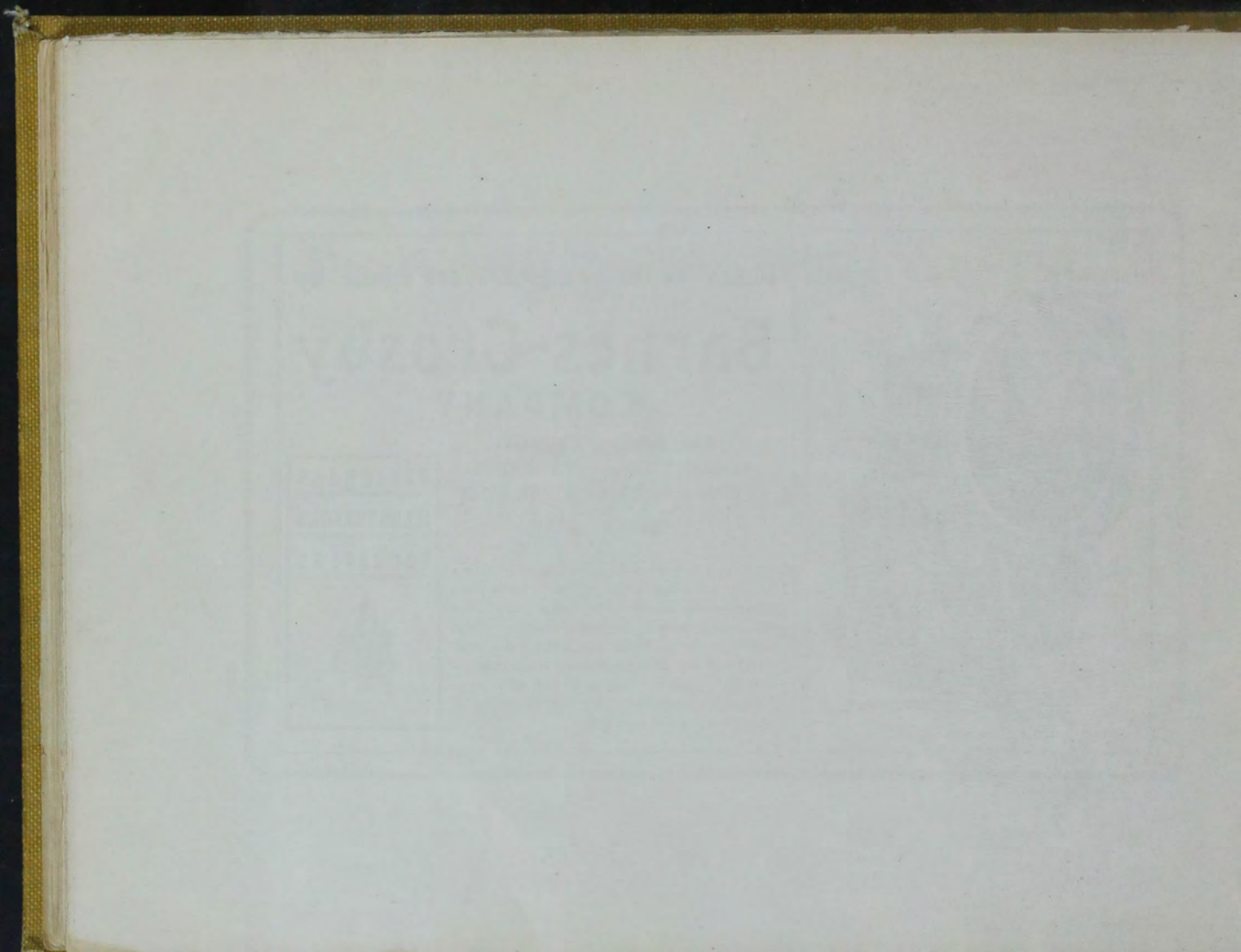
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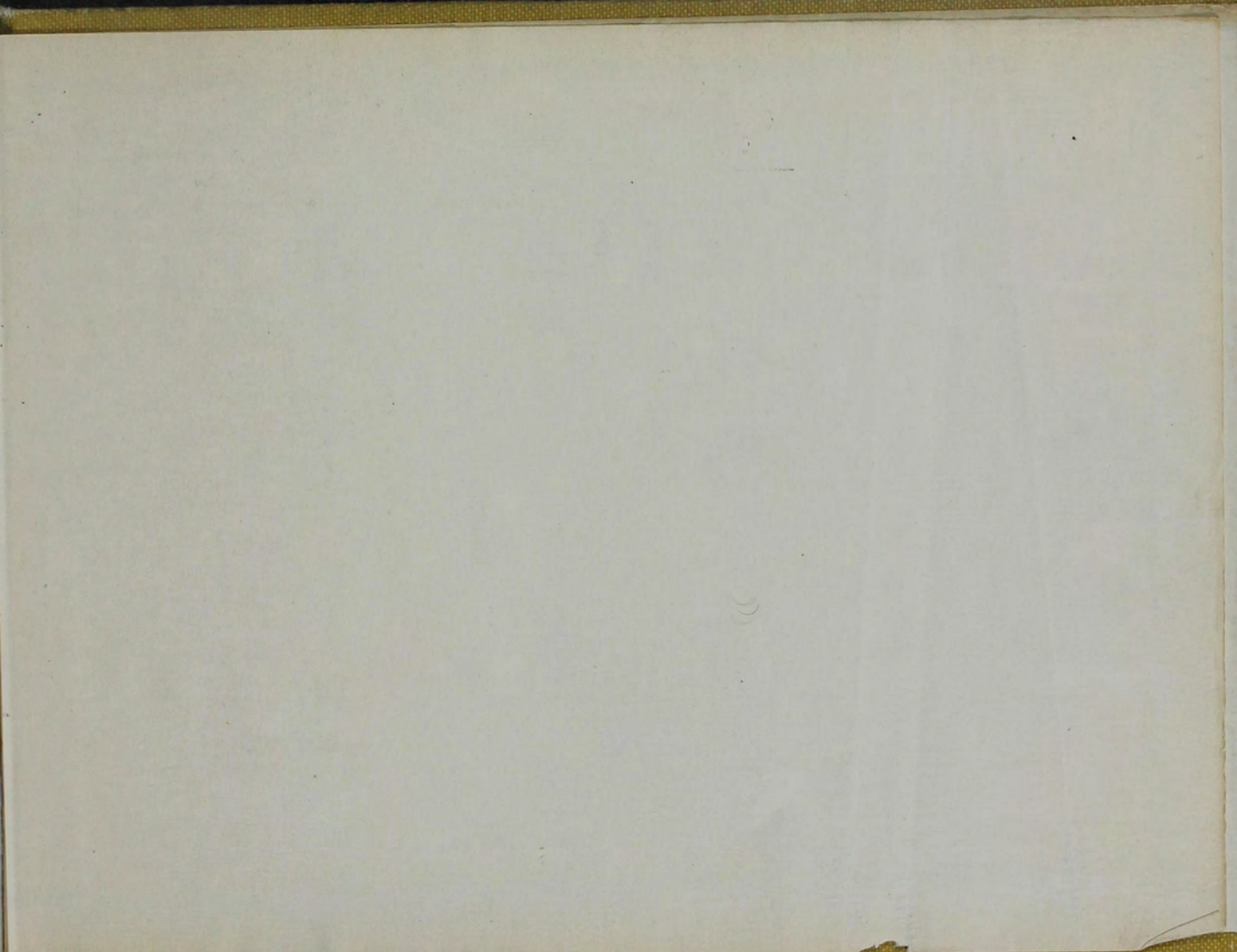
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