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The Oriole year book of the Evansville Junior College for the year nineteen hundred and fourteen. 1914

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The Oriole

1914



The Oriole

Year Book
of the
Evansville Junior College
for the Year
Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen

Dedication

—To Richard Rutherford Blews

who is giving, from the wealth of his unselfish activity,
the zeal of youth.

—To Charles Augustus Stall

who is giving, from the depth of Christian character,
inspiration toward noble achievements.

—To These Two Men

whose best has been a potent factor in the new life of
the school, this volume is affectionately dedicated.

Board of Trustees



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A. W. Gillingham.....	Gillingham, Wis.



Assembly Hall

Administration Building

Environment

Evansville is located in the rich farming section of Southern Wisconsin, popularly known as the garden of the world. It is on the main line of the Chicago and North Western Railroad, 107 miles from Chicago and 22 miles from Madison, the seat of the famous University of Wisconsin.

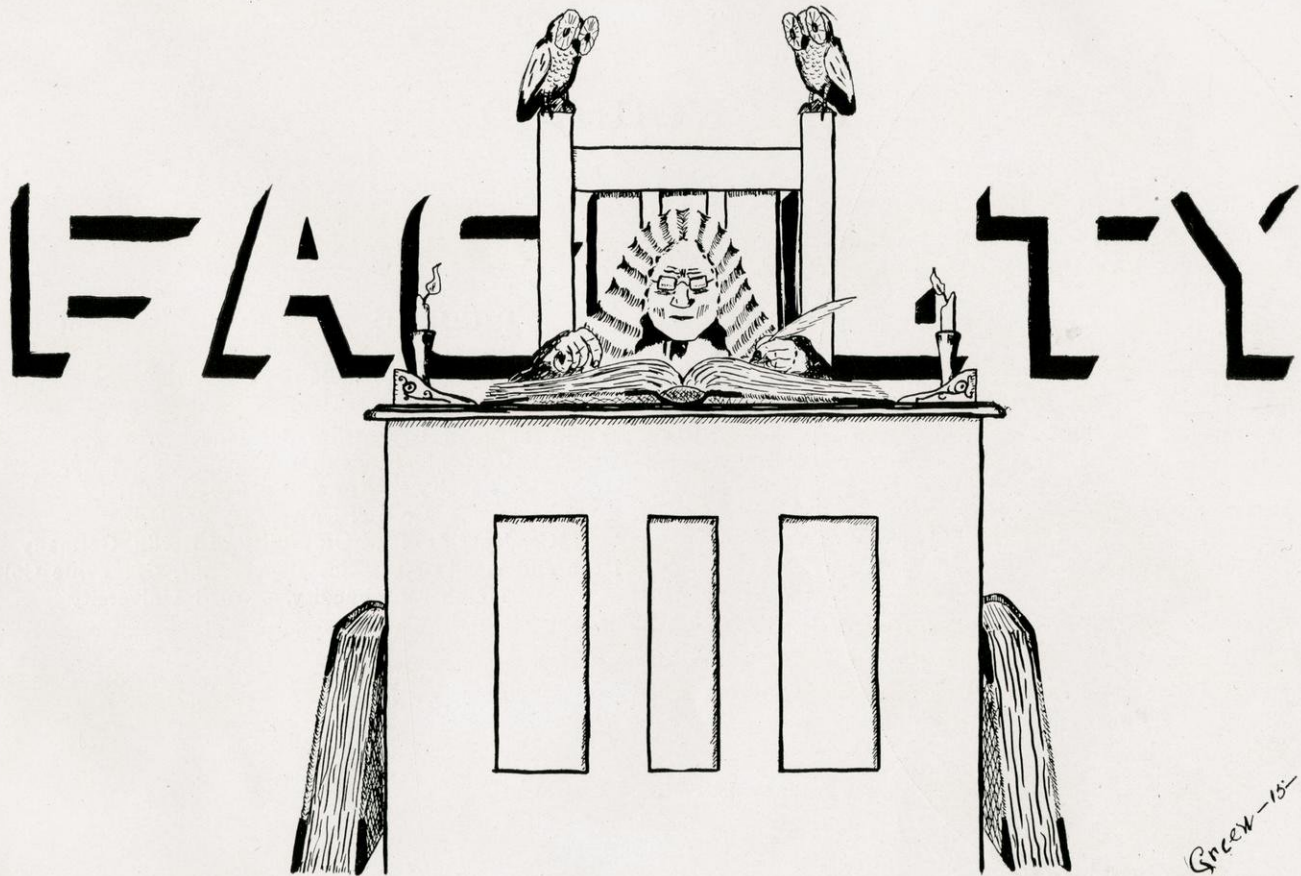
The climate of Evansville is ideal for the student wishing to engage in strenuous mental work. The pure, invigorating atmosphere makes it delightful to work from September to June. The water is excellent and the sewerage and drainage systems are perfect. The streets are well kept and the lawns beautiful. The perfect sanitary conditions account for the fact that the death rate of the town is below the average for the state, which itself is fifth lowest in the Union.

The fact that no saloon has ever invaded the borders of the town is an evidence of the splendid moral tone which is being maintained by its citizens.

School privileges are exceptionally good. Besides the Seminary and Junior College, there is an excellent High School which offers free tuition to all the students of the surrounding community.

Evansville has three banks, two large department stores and a fine working public library housed in a beautiful building.

It is difficult to find a more ideal place to rear and educate a family.



Greek-15



RICHARD R. BLEWS—President

Department of Classics

Greenville College, A. B.

Graduate Student, Columbia University.

Faculty Assistant, Cornell University.

Cornell University, Ph. D.

Graduate Student, University of Berlin, Germany

Dean and Head of Classics Department, Greenville College.

Member of Faculty, Cornell University

CHARLES A. STOLL—Vice-President

Department of History

Greenville College, A. B.
University of Wisconsin, A. M.
Department of History, Greenville College.





RODNEY W. BABCOCK—Recorder
Department of Mathematics
University of Missouri, A. B.
Graduate Student (in absentia) University of Wisconsin

"It's easy when you know how."



VILETTA H. DALRYMPLE

Department of Science

Greenville College, A. B. and Ph. B.
Graduate Student, University of Colorado
Department of Science, Orleans Seminary
Department of Science, Miltonvale
College

"She doeth little kindnesses which others
leave undone or despise."



PAULINE H. BROOKE

Department of English and German

Northwestern University, A. B.
Graduate Student, University of Wisconsin

"What she undertook, she did."



JULIETTE GATES

English and French

Northwestern University, A. B.

"I resolved that, like the sun, as long as my day lasted I would ever look on the bright side of everything."



FRANCIS M. STANGER, Preceptor

Assistant Instructor

Student Occidental College of
Los Angeles, Cal.
Student, Greenville College

"It never entered his head that any living being could disobey his orders."



GERTRUDE R. STANGER, Preceptress

Instructor in English

Greenville College, A. B and Pe. B.

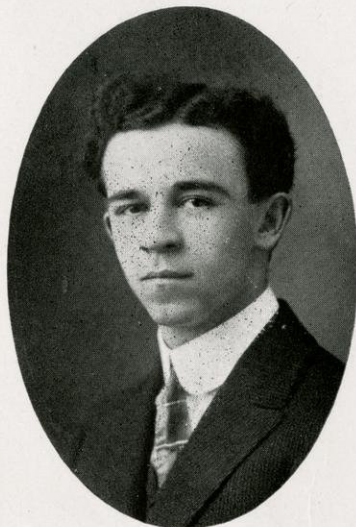
"Reproof on her lips but a smile in her eyes."



ELMER H. WARD

Commercial Department
Newcastle Business College
Newcastle, Pa.

"He kept his council and went his way."



WILILAM H. ZIMMERMAN

Stenography

Graduate Ellis Business Institute of
Elgin, Ill.

"The embodiment of perpetual motion."



L. ETHEL PAUL

Normal

Normal Work, Walton N. Y.
Teacher in New York Schools

"Quiet in class but powerful in grade."



ANNA L. BOYCE

Department of Music

Pupil of Hugh Kelso and Walton Perkins, Chicago Conservatory of Music

Pupil of Wm. H. Sherwood, Sherwood School of Music, Chicago

Pupil of Alexander Wurzburger of Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
Teacher of Piano in Chicago, Sioux Falls and Evansville

"Singing she wrought."



LOU HOWLAND

Assistant in Piano

Pupil of Miss Boyce and Mr. Wurzburger

"Sober, steadfast and demure."

Evansville Junior College

Four years ago the Trustees of the Seminary decided to introduce Freshman College work. Mr. Chester McKinney was the first student to successfully complete the required subjects.

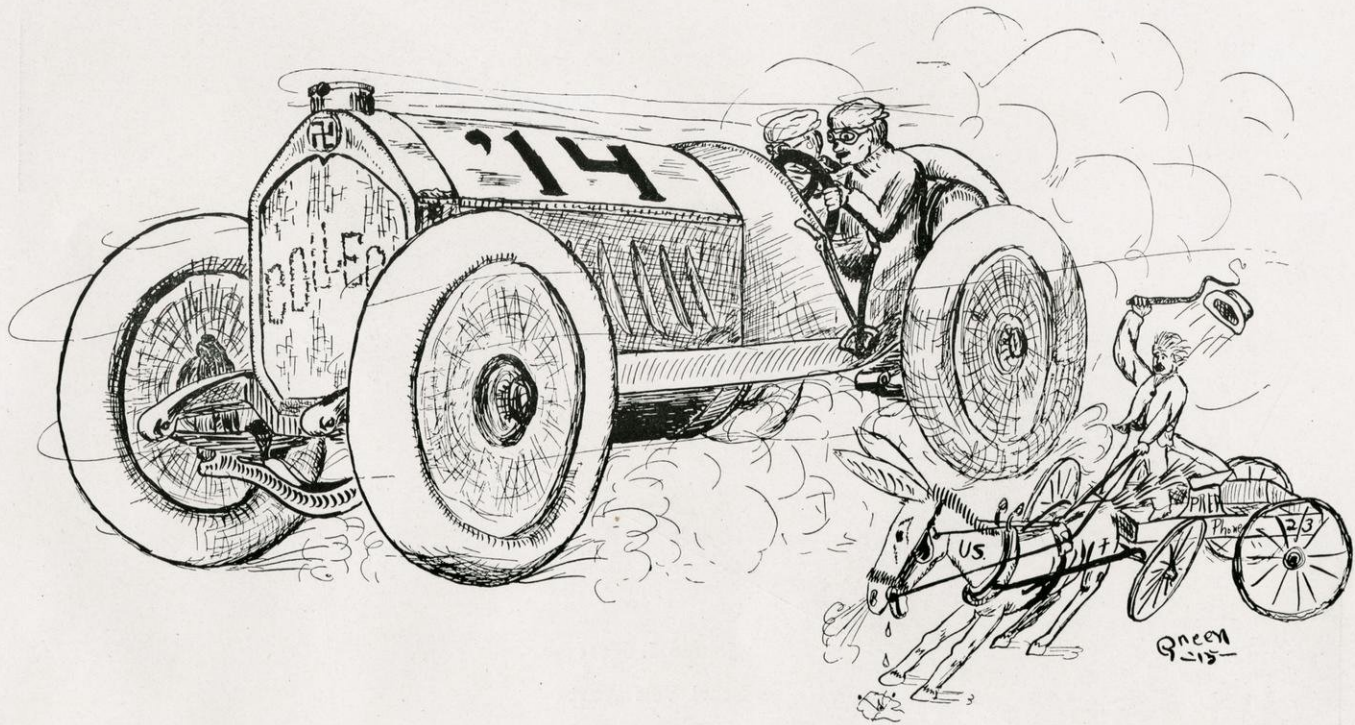
After a thorough inspection by the University authorities and a favorable report from the same, the Trustees of the school voted unanimously to offer full Junior College work. Money was voted for new seats and over a thousand standard volumes were added to better equip a fine working library. The departments of English, History, Economics, Political Science, Psychology, and the Physical Sciences are well supplied with the best authorities.

The organization of the Junior College proved a success from the beginning. About thirty students have entered the courses each year. The creditable work the college is doing is evidenced by the splendid report which has been returned by the University inspector.

The best of environment, expenses reduced to a minimum, and a thorough instruction, are some of the attractive features of the institution.

The community and the patronizing conferences are appreciative of these advantages. This is shown by the students they are sending and the financial support they are giving. Ten states are already represented.

The college is practically out of debt and an endowment of over \$25,000 has been given. A building fund is well under way and students and faculty are looking forward to the completion of a new structure in the near future. With an increase in attendance in the Seminary and College of twenty, thirty, and over thirty percent, respectively, during the last three years, raising the total enrollment to something over two hundred, the future of Evansville Junior College is bright and full of hope.



Sophomores



Mabel E. Trumbauer
Ralph Dake



Jennie I. Hart
Ethel Van Wart



Mrs. Gertrude Stanger
L. Ethel Paul



1914



Francis M. Stanger



Leila E. Syverson



Jay Frost

Pearl Claus



William Zimmerman



Josephine Claus,

College Sophomores

President—Mr. Stanger
Vice-President—Mr. Zimmerman

Motto—S'il n'est pas un chemin, nous le ferons

Colors—Purple and Gold

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Paul
Honorary Member—Mrs. Stanger

Flower—Violet

Ralph Dake, Evansville

"Iddie Biddie"

"Greater men than I may have lived, but I doubt it."

Mabel E. Trumbauer, Dunkerton, Iowa

"Faith"

"We are charmed by her neatness of person; let not thy hair be out of order."

Ethel Van Wart, Evansville

"Scout"

"Sometimes these meek and docile people are just the kind to lead one a merry chase."

Jennie I. Hart, Humbird

"Charity"

"Domestic Science is my long suit."

L. Ethel Paul, Berrybrook, N. Y.

"Hope"

"When one is truly in love, one not only says it but shows it."

Mrs. Gertrude Stanger, Evansville

Honorary Member

"This life has many a care,
But I can easily stand my share."

Francis M. Stanger, Evansville

"Father"

"For what I will, I will, and there's an end"

Leila E. Syverson, Courtney, N. Dak.

"Lizzie"

"Oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone."

Jay Frost, Richland Center

"Blue Jay" "Jack Frost"

"He has a face like a benediction."

Pearl Claus, Plymouth, Iowa

"Kid"

"She's all my fancy pictured her."
Then she's lovely, she's divine."

William Zimmerman, Elgin, Ill.

"Zimmie"

"God made him, therefore let him pass for a man."

Josephine Claus, Plymouth, Iowa

"Sis"

"Spoken for, but not taken—quite."



COLLEGE FRESHMEN

College Freshman

President—Beulah Cerney
Vice-President—Grace Gleason

Secretary-Treasurer—Mabel Hyne
Honorary Member—Prof. Chas. A. Stoll

Class Motto—To render an intelligent being still more intelligent

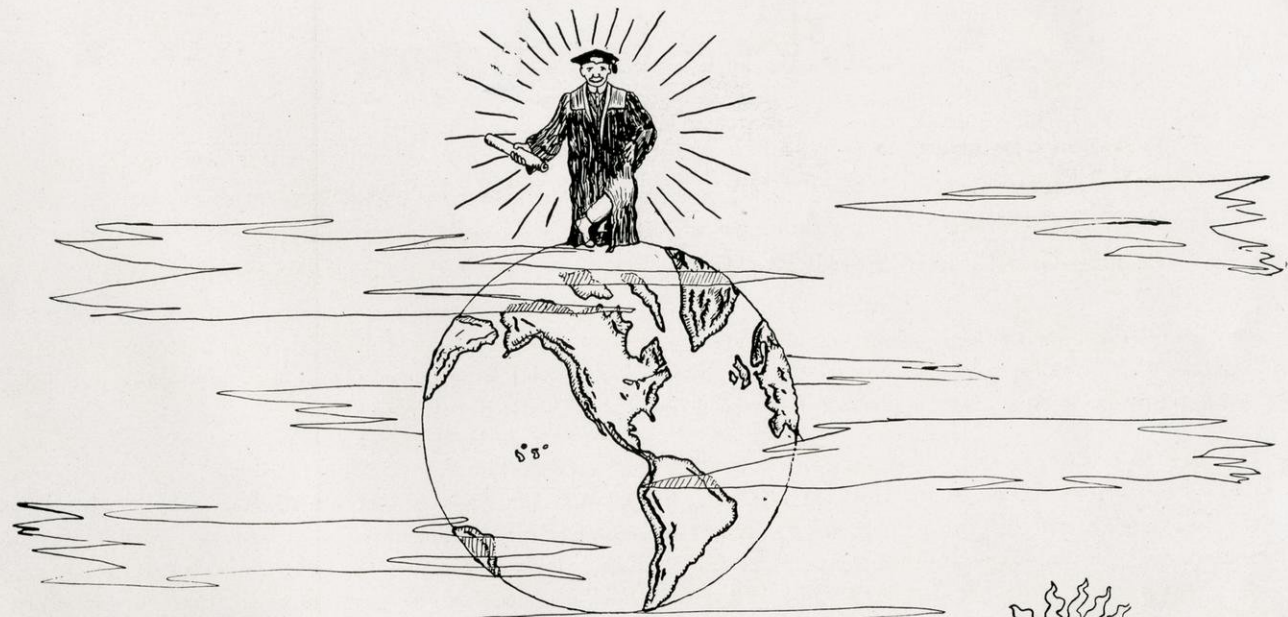
Colors—Green and White

Flower—Cypripedium Acaule

One score and sixteen weeks ago our fathers sent to this school a new class fostered in wisdom and dedicated to the proposition that no men are our equals. Now we are engaged in a great inter-class strife testing whether this class—or any member of this class so fostered and so dedicated—can be excelled.

We are met to commemorate that strife. We have come to dedicate a portion of these pages as the final monument for those who here have given the best of their lives that the class might stand first. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow these pages. The brave members, present and absent, whose pictures appear here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The school will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what we have done here.

It is for us, the writers, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which we as a class have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored members we take increased devotion even as we have given our last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the Freshman class shall not have lived in vain, and that this class, as Sophomores, shall have a new birth of Freedom and that their sovereignty in knowledge, wisdom, and power shall be known to all the earth.



SCIENTISTS

Green-10-

Senior Preparatory

Thomas Johnson—Class President

Lulu Miller—Vice-President

Wesley Cerney—Secretary and Treasurer

Frank Johnson—Sergeant at Arms

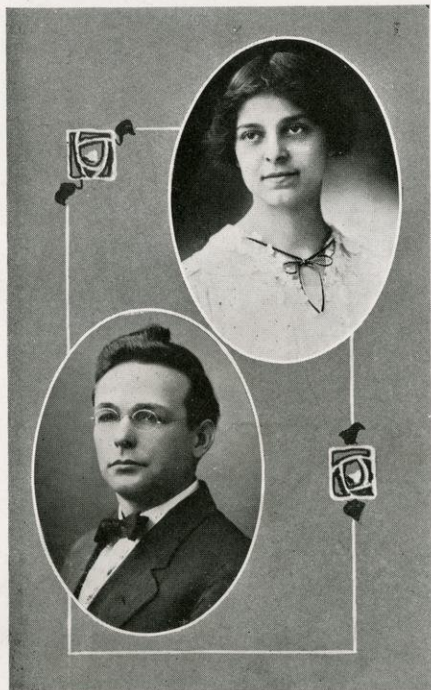
Honorary Member—Juliette Gates

Class Motto—"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Class Flower—Red Rose

Class Colors—Purple and White

- 1 **Juliette Gates, Evanston, Illinois**
 Honorary Member
- 2 **Hugh M. Benton, Richland Center**
 Oration, "Our Next National Issue."
 "Love's like the measles, it's worse when it comes
 late in life."
- 3 **Elmer H. Ward, Newcastle, Pennsylvania**
 Oration, "America, the Land of Opportunity."
 "Another pill mixer to make our lives short."
- 4 **Mae E. Brooke, Evanston, Illinois**
 Oration, "Woman's Civic Duty."
 "Thy voice is celestial melody."
- 5 **Louise M. Goodenough, Rochester N. Y.**
 Oration, "The Value of High Ideals."
 "Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
 Soft as her smile and sunny as her skies."





6 **L. Wesley Cerney, Manley, Iowa**
 Oration, "Life Responsibilities"
 "He never worked but moments odd, yet many a
 bluff wrought he."

7 **Lulu E. Miller, Evansville**
 Oration, "Woman, Past and Present."
 "Valuable goods often come in small packages"

3 **Viva Z. Leighty, Glenville, Minnesota**
 Oration, "True Patriotism"
 "In her friendship there is nothing insincere."

9 **Angeline R. Tullis, Brooklyn**
 Oration, "The American Home."
 "I don't talk fast; why, I drawl."

10 **Thomas H. Johnson, Evansville**
 Oration, "Modern Davids and Goliaths."
 "For he is more than over his shoes."

11 **Clytice A. Smith, Evansville**
 Oration, "Cost of Progress."
 "Let me have my own way and I will be pleasant."

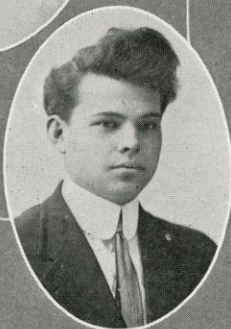




- 12 **Stanley J. Cox, Prairie du Chien**
 Oration, "Do the People Rule?"
 "May the earth cover his mistakes of the future."



- 13 **Ruth B. Hersey, Evansville**
 Oration, "What Constitutes Education?"
 "What fairy-like music steals over the sea,
 Entrancing our seasons with sweet melody."



- 14 **Frank M. Johnson, Evansville**
 Oration, "The Awakening of the South."
 "I know a good joke we can play on somebody."

- 15 **Marie B. Jensen, Ruthven, Iowa**
 Oration, "Our Debt to Heredity."
 "What's the use of fussing when there are so many
 other things to do?"

- 16 **Geo. A. Campbell, Three Lakes**
 Oration, "Compensation of the Working Man."
 "Work, where did I hear that word before?"

- 17 **Nina E. Leighty, Glenville, Minnesota**
 Oration, "Progress of the American Negro."
 "'Tis often constancy to change the mind."



Senior Class History

If we were to write a complete history of the class of 1914 during the past four years, we would be moved to say with Lysias: "Not to begin seems difficult, but to cease speaking."

Four years ago a class of verdent Freshmen entered their preparatory course. They found that the way was by no means flowry, but, undaunted, they set to work.

With what a feeling of responsibility did we enter upon our Sophomore year! We foresook the old care-free Freshman days, and entered with energy and determination into our Sophomore duties. How victoriously we came out of the "color rush" that year, and with what suspense we stole our way to the Sophomore-Senior party which was to be unknown to the Freshmen and their sister classmen, the Juniors!

With the Junior year came still heavier responsibilities. But occasions of lighter vein interspersed the grind of school life. We recall with pleasure the pleasant evenings the class has spent together and also the "thrills" of delight we experienced when one of our boys received first prize, and another third, in the Oratorical contest. Nor were we too busy to give the Seniors a banquet worthy of the name.

At last in the fall of 1913 the class returned stronger in number than ever. And with what dignity have we, as the largest class that ever graduated from Evansville Seminary, held the important position of Seniors! We feel proud of the fact that among our number there are prospective authors, teachers, doctors, preachers, lawyers, musicians, orators, humorists, and poets. We feel justly proud also that one of our number this year has taken the first prize in the poem contest and third place in the story contest.

And now with hearts saddened by the thoughts of farewell, we say with the poet—

"We must leave thy halls of learning
We must bid a fond adieu,
Thou hast taught us noble lessons,
To each one we will be true,
And as years fly swiftly o'er us,
Fond thoughts will linger still,
As we hear the chorus echo:
Oh, we love thee, Evansville."





Junior Preparatory

President—Alta Miller
Vice-President—David Fenwick
Class Colors—Maroon and White

Secretary and Treasurer—Margaret Jones
Honorary Member—Miss Pauline Brooke
Flower—White Rose

When Sophomores become Juniors they pass through a process which takes away all Sophomore boastfulness and renders them very modest, but our class has been so extraordinary that we must be pardoned for a few remarks about ourselves in our Junior year. Lest you forget we will rehearse a few of our past achievements.

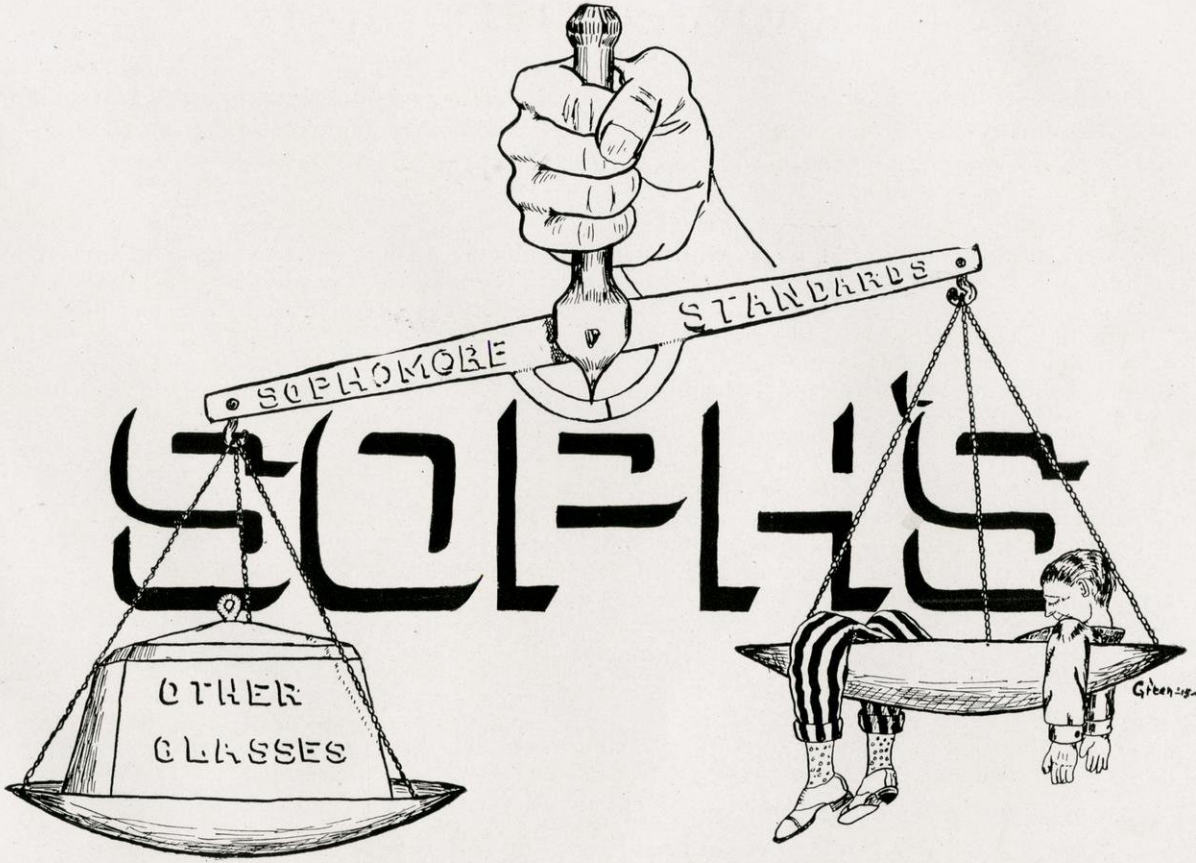
We entered in 1911 a mass of unheeded raw material but whipped ourselves into line so suddenly that it almost took the faculty's breath. In our first year we hoisted the Maroon and White to the top of the belfry pole and kept them there all day and night. The next year the affair was to be repeated, but the faculty, out of fear for the lives for the other classes, put a stop to it. It is well they did for we grow stronger and more successful with each succeeding year.

On beginning school September last we found thrust upon our shoulders the stupendous task of cultivating our younger schoolmates whose unwary steps might lead them astray. We have not yet entirely succeeded for the material was very poor, but give us another year and we will have them moulded into shapes fit to fill our places.

Many have been the efforts of the lower classmen to overthrow the Junior regime, but the only one worth mentioning is the attempted blocking of the Junior sleighride. Yea, and great was the fall of the evildoers. "Nuff said." We then immediately proceeded to forget the wrongs of the Seniors who were implicated in the affair and gave them a feast such as never has been circumnavigated by anyone. "How magnanimous," they all murmured.

First place in the Oriole prize story contest was won by a Junior. Junior girls under adverse conditions took second money and third honors in the declamatory contest, and one-third of the Oriole board is made up of Juniors. Our honorary member is entirely above the average, being equally efficient in military as well as diplomatic activities.

The Juniors embody all the desirable and few of the undesirable traits that go to make up clean-minded Americans. Hence, we shall not find it difficult to continue throughout our years of usefulness to the world the same high and unreachable standards which we have raised and maintained.



SOPHOMORE

STANDARDS

OTHER
CLASSES

Green 1924

Sophomore Preparatory

President—Orlando Devine
Vice-President—Merribell Moungey

Secretary and Treasurer—Vivian Gillingham
Honorary Member—Prof. R. W. Babcock

Class Motto—The courage to dare; the will to do

Colors—Blue and White

Flower—White Carnation

In all the annals of the Evansville Seminary, which was founded in 1855, there has never been a more brilliant, distinguished, philosophical, theological, and spiritual class than the illustrious Sophomores of 1916. Even as Freshmen this class was not as verdant as the ordinary freshman class but gave promise of a career of unusual brilliancy and thus far its brilliant career has amazed the public and astounded the Faculty.

Among our number are a poetess, a musician, a pugilist, a preacher, a mathematical prodigy, a literary genius, a celebrated athlete, a soprano vocalist, and a promising orator, all of whom we are confident will sometime mount to the highest point on the pinnacle of Fame

Sufficient space has not been given us in this publication to allow the recounting of all our wonderful achievements, but we would like to mention a few: In the first ball game of the season the Sophomores proved their skill. We refrain from mentioning the score out of consideration for the defeated ones. The first member of the Athletic Association, according to the constitution, was a Sophomore. On the long list of delinquents appeared the names of only two Sophomores. In the Boy's Oratorical Contest all the prizes were carried off by Sophomore boys. The Sophomore class is the only one which has given a literary program this year. The president and the vice-president of the Literary Society, the vice-president of the Missionary Society, the representative of base ball on the athletic board, the representative of basket ball on the athletic board, the chaplain of the Phoenix Literary Society are all members of our class.

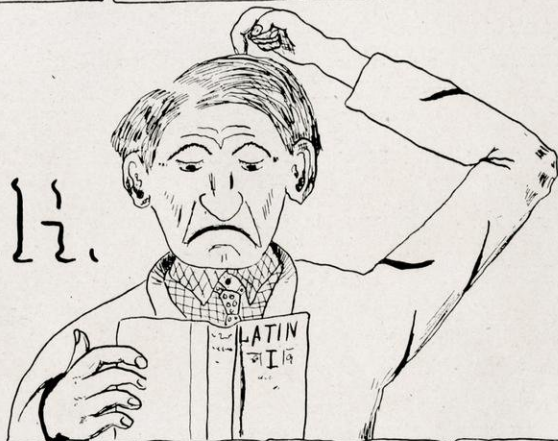
In view of these facts, dear reader, we hope that you will pardon us for the pride which we take in our class and we are sure that you would sympathize with the aspiring young Freshman who exclaimed:

Lives of Sophomores all remind us
We won't always be so green,
But we cannot hope to rival
That illustrious class, '16

—R. J. M.



YE
FROSH.



1914
to
19-?

CH. (1)
They are so green,
The newly sprouted grass CH.
Turns green with envy
BTG. As they pass. (FL)



Freshman Preparatory

President—Wedge Leighty
Vice-President—Wm. Meikle

Secretary—Florence Webb
Treasurer—Fay Pellette

Honorary Member—W. H. Zimmerman

Contrary to the usual trend of affairs, this year's freshman class has taken a leading place in the school activities, especially in athletics.

They began the year on the upstroke by electing an efficient corps of officers, headed by William the First, who later on abdicated in favor of William the Second, better known as Jap. The present monarch is of the famous House of Leighty and is known to his affectionate subjects as Wedge the Silent. Under his able administration most of the class history has been made.

When the call was made for money to make possible the erection of the new gymnasium for 1915, the Freshmen came forward with a subscription amounting to the splendid sum of \$150. This is no small amount considering the number and per capita wealth of the class.

Although the class has not led the school in literary work, it has taken a prominent place and bids fair to win immortal fame in the year to come.

When it came to athletics the Freshmen were, as an illustrious member would say, "right in form." The basket ball team, by hard practice and clean playing, was able to humble the proud sophomores by a score of 20 to 18, and the High School juniors, 12 to 10. When the first team was made up, the list contained one Junior, one Sophomore and three Freshmen.

The Freshmen were the only class that could be induced to enter a team in the tennis tournament. They were beaten but it took college and junior men to do it.

If variety is the spice of life, the Freshman class contains the spice of the school. The list contains the longest and the shortest, the thickest and the thinnest, the heaviest and the lightest, the blackest and the whitest, the homeliest and the most handsome person in the school. Among them are Swedes, Norwegians, English, Germans, an Ethiopian, a Jap (artificial), and a genuine imported Irishman.

The class expects next year to give the name Sophomore even more honor than they have given their present name.

Commercial Department



Edgar L. Gould

Bookkeeping

Edna M. Pierson

Stenography

Marie L. Hagedorn

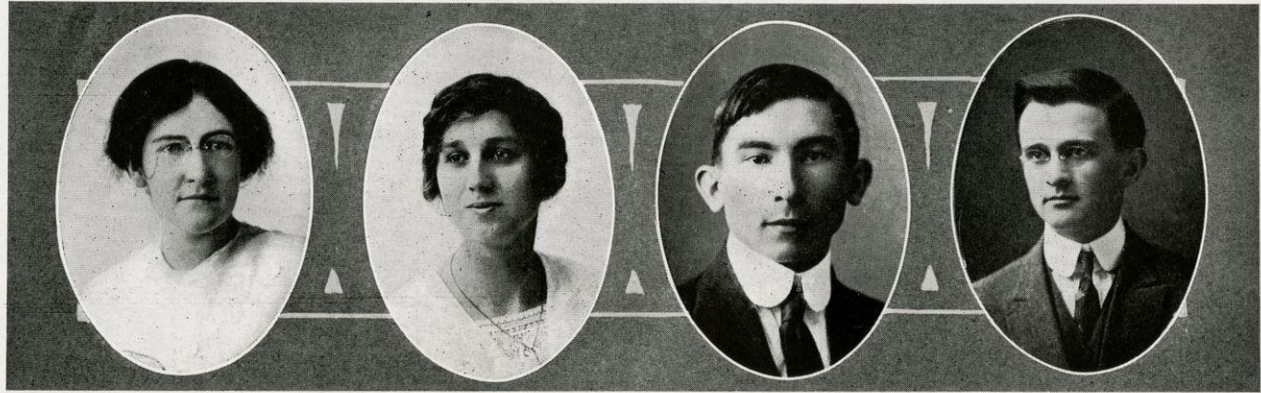
Stenography

Ida F. Heron

Bookkeeping

The present age is distinctively an age of commerce. Never in the history of man has commerce played such a vital role in the world's progress as at the present time. Great business enterprises are springing up on every hand and the demand for thoroughly tarined men and women is steadily increasing.

Like all progressive institutions of learning, the Junior College affords splendid opportunities to young men and women to fit themselves for positions of trust and honor.



Mildred M. Morgan
Bookkeeping
Stenography

Laura O. Morrison
Stenography

Max Phillips
Stenography

Vivian A. Gillingham
Stenography

This department began the fall of 1913 very auspiciously with an enrollment of fifteen members. Although the strain was too much for a few of our number, the others stuck to their task nobly, and, as a result of their unfaltering efforts, the graduating class will leave their Alma Mater's classic halls thoroughly equipped for life's responsibilities.

It is only of recent date that we have begun to realize the importance and necessity of business training in our schools. Without this special training no young man or woman is qualified to meet the problems which must be faced by everyone who wishes to accomplish something worth while in life.



Music

The Department of Music embraces a school of piano and choral work. Up to the present time there has not been sufficient demand for work in other branches to support a corps of teachers.

The piano school has been gradually increasing in size and importance for the past seven years and is now in a flourishing condition. The Leschetizky Method is taught by Miss Boyce and her assistant, Miss Howland. Alexander Wurzburger, who was four years with the master himself, Theodore Leschetizky, visits the school every year in the capacity of critic teacher.

In the choral department, Mrs. Etta Estey Boyce, an experienced vocal teacher, pupil of Julius Stockhausen, George Henschell, and of the Reszke Method under Oscar Seagle, has the direction of the work of the chorus and is conductor of the concerts of the May Festival. Miss Boyce does the drill work.

Each year in May, the chorus, in connection with the Choral Union of Evansville, holds a May Festival at which some of the best soloists in the country appear with the chorus in Oratorios and Cantatas. This gives the pupils of the school a familiarity with the works of the masters. This year Miss Clara Williams of Minneapolis gave a song recital accompanied in one number, the "Inflamatus" from Rossini's Stabat Mater, by the school chorus. The Evansville Choral Union combined with the school in giving Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," Mr. Albert Lindquist of Chicago singing the tenor solo.

The Evansville Junior College, unlike the average school of its class, is fortunate in having a corps of teachers who are in sympathy with and work for the success of the Music Department.



Alexander Wurzburger

Organizations

College Literary Club

President—Leila Syverson
Vice-President—Beulah Cerney
Secretary—Mildred Morgan

Musical Director—Eileen Ballard
Marshall—Max Phillips
Chaplain—William Zimmerman

The College Literary Club is necessarily young but its aim is to set a high standard for the school in literary work. Indeed it has already succeeded in putting before the student body a series of programs commendable in every way. Some of the most notable productions of the year were papers on the following subjects: "The High Cost of Living," P. Claus; "History of Tammany Hall," Morgan; "The New Currency Act," Syverson; "Woodrow Wilson—the Man and the Statesman," Dake; "Panama Canal Tolls," Gleason; "Villa, Huerta, and Caranza," P. Claus. Two very important questions have been settled by debate: "Resolved, That the Panama Canal Should be Fortified," and "Resolved, That the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States Should be Repealed." The members all show a faithfulness and willingness to work which, with increase in numbers, will give to the club a long and enviable record.

Phoenix Literary Club

President—Warren Upton
Vice-President—David Fenwick

Secretary—Margaret Jones
Musical Director—Mae Brooke
Chaplain—Orlando Devine

The Phoenix Literary Society is a historic institution. Our available source of material does not shed any light on its origin, but there is reason to believe that it is as old as its Alma Mater. On its record books, some of which have been preserved, appear the names of some of the most illustrious personages in the country, among whom are President Van Hise of the University of Wisconsin and Senator Robert M. La Follette. Its former members are now holding positions of importance and trust all over the world. A goodly number are missionaries on the foreign field, many are ministers of the Gospel, and a surprising number of the people who make up the bulk of the population of southern Wisconsin tell of benefits derived from part taken in its meetings. Its work is still of first class order, and it is still turning out men and women who will swell its list of illustrious citizens.



LINCOLN FORENSIC DEBATING CLUB

The Glee Club



The Glee Club was organized in 1911 under the leadership of Miss Pauline Brooke. Many who joined then are still members. The club was first composed of girls but later the girls' and boys' clubs consolidated and became the nucleus of the present organization. We have supplied music for the Phoenix and College Literary clubs, have sung in some of the city churches and have always furnished commencement music for our Alma Mater. We wish in this space to express our sincere gratitude to Miss Brooke, our faithful director, who has given us her untiring efforts and whose presence has always been an inspiration to us as a club. We also wish to thank Miss Hersey for her services as accompanist.

The Christian Ideal



The present tendency in many institutions of learning is to separate education from religion. As a result the rising generation are systematically trained to lose sight of ethical standards and of the Christian ideal. It is the avowed purpose of Evansville Junior College to oppose such a basis of mental training. Our ideal is to train not merely the mind but also the heart; to build intellectual attainment upon the "Rock of Ages."

Special provisions are made for the spiritual life of the students. Two revival services are held during the year, to say nothing of spontaneous outbursts of salvation. The present year has been one of special blessing. When school opened a remarkable revival broke out without any special effort and continued during the entire first half of the year. It was an extraordinary visitation of the Lord.

On Tuesday night of each week a prayer meeting is held expressly for the students. These are truly times of refreshing. The interest in missions is stimulated by the Student's Missionary Society which meets regularly throughout the year and presents splendid programs on the various phases of missions. The home missionary work, which makes large contributions to Olive Branch Mission, is organized as a part of the foreign missionary society.

It has been the custom to worship in the Assembly Hall of the school, but this year a Divine Providence made it possible to purchase the Freewill Baptist church. As seen from the picture, it is a beautiful and commodious structure. It is lighted with electricity and heated by a modern furnace. We were all edified by having Bishop Hogue preside at the dedicatory services. Commendation is due to the college pastor, Rev. E. J. Roberts, who, by his faithful labor in collecting funds, made possible the purchase of this well-appointed church. The hand of the Lord is upon us for good in Evansville.

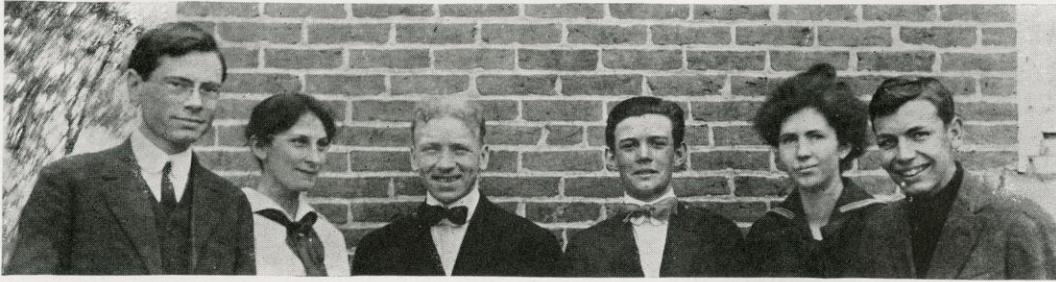
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G. 117-15-11

The Prairie's Call

Prize Poem, Marie Jensen, '14

Blacker grows the night in the prairie
While heavier the rain drops fall;
Ever the mists grow thicker on the gray and lonely hill,
And louder the prairie calls.

The black thunder giant from his cloud castle growls,
Scowling down on the prairie tonight.
And the spirits that out in the marshes live,
Glide forth in the great dark night.

And louder the prairie calls me
Midst the tempest's howling roar,
And the wind that sweeps over its bosom
Is hopeless and restless evermore.

Always the prairie must call me,
I was born on its storm-swept plain,
And I know the strength of the prairie,
Its passion, its power, and its pain.

My spirit was free like the prairie's,
Like the soul of the boundless plain
'Till the tempest held and embraced me,
And taught me its passion and pain.

Over and over and deeper and deeper,
Comes the prairie's sorrowful cry,
And my heart is pierced through with its passionate call,
For the child of the prairie am I.

The Black Cloth

Prize Story, David Fenwick, '15

Situated on the slightly rolling fields of southern Wisconsin, is the charming little town of Argyle. For several years this village has felt the chill of the cold, bleak winds of winter, as they sweep across the country, howling and mourning incessantly, and wailing forth lamentations that remind us of some strange, far-away land of the dead. No doubt these winds have blown over the battle fields of centuries, and could they but speak, would tell of scenes of bloodshed which would provoke groans of sadness from the most peaceful breast. They would tell of the merciless savagery of the Iroquois, and of the sorrowful wanderings of the Algonquin to the setting sun. They would tell of the sorrows, the struggles, and the separations of our forefathers whose arrival they welcomed on the stormy shores of the Atlantic. Yes, they would describe scenes which have never been pictured by tongue or pen. They have blown

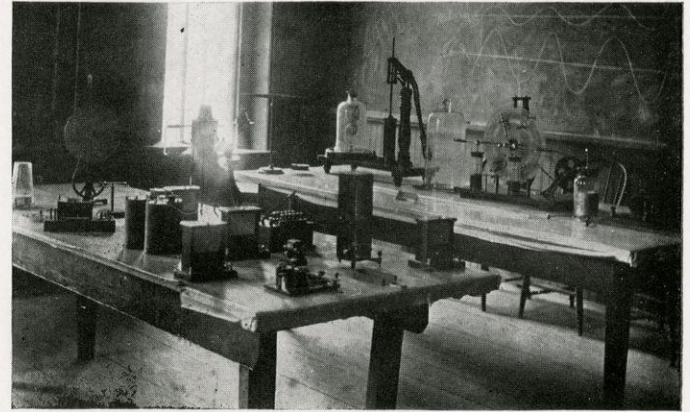
over the crumbling bones of generations long since past, and they breathe still a spirit of sadness to the winter hearth-fires of the world.

It was one of these ever-sighing winds whose supernatural sound passed over the Wisconsin village, and caught the ear of a thoughtful young man as he sat in his room meditating upon things too divine and too well hidden ever to find expression on mortal lips, too sacred to be defiled by common speech. As he listened, he heard the voice of God and the echoes of a vivid past; he heard the cries of humanity and the shudder of human woes. Arising from his chair by the window, where he had been watching the glories of the winter's sunset and the fading beauties of twilight, he reached quickly for his cap, and opening the door, walked out toward the old village church.

The sunset on this particular evening had been one of the most beautiful of the season. The clear serene atmosphere of Wisconsin contributes greatly to the brilliancy of its sunsets, and this evening, the long streaks of red and gold extended farther than usual into the sky. The burning glow faded gradually into a deep golden hue, and finally into a delicate pink and lavender as it tinged the clouds in the west. The scene had impressed the young man deeply with the infinite power of his Creator, and he had been seized with a spirit of reverence and devotion.

As he strolled down the lone path there was nothing particularly striking in his appearance save that he seemed to possess a calm, melancholy gaze. He was a man of medium height, of free natural mien, and dressed usually in brown. His hair was light, almost golden, and his countenance was as serene and clear as the celestial realm on which he seemed constantly to dwell. Beneath his high, intelligent, and beautifully developed forehead, were two keen, piercing, innocent, blue eyes, which reflected, or rather, shone forth the purity and virtue of his character. His cheek was slightly pale from long fasting, vigilance, and devotion, though the cold winter wind gave his face a gentle glow as he continued his walk to the usual place of prayer.

Daniel Fletcher, for that was the name of the young man, was the minister of the village. He had been the pastor of the small parish for more than a year, and the responsibility of his ministerial career was beginning to weigh heavily upon his shoulders. He knew that a kind and infinite Father was directing the course of his life, and his implicit trust and confidence in that Father plainly portrayed itself on his countenance. The souls which he felt were intrusted to his care had learned to love him, and to maintain an earnest respect for his sincerity and devotion. They gazed with awe upon his calm but thoughtful appearance as he walked slowly down the path to his evening





communion. They could not quite understand his sombre character, or comprehend the meaning of such intense meditation. There seemed to be a certain seriousness which linked itself with something supernatural, something eternal, something distant from the present; and even those of the village who associated most closely with him could not form a clear conception of the cause of that seriousness. Sometimes, however, a bright view of the future passed before him, and a ray of light would take such possession of his soul that all around him became enraptured. At other times, some strange hidden dream of the past seemed to linger within him, and clouds of gloom and depression would darken his spirit for days.

But on this particular evening it was not gloom but deep meditation, or perhaps, a gentle melancholy which possessed his spirit. The distance between his room and the church was short and he soon arrived. Opening the large church door, he walked slowly to the prayer room near the pulpit, and after entering, knelt down by a long plain desk on which there was a Bible. Reverently folding

his hands and bowing his head, he breathed forth a silent prayer. It was not uncommon for him to spend his evenings in this manner, but on this occasion an unusual spirit of solemnity possessed him. After he had continued his devotions for some time he arose from his knees and opened his Bible. The shades of night had gathered close around and it was with some effort that he succeeded in reading the words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." The words passed over his troubled soul as the gentle breeze of summer, and closing the book he laid it carefully on the table. Just as he did so, his eyes fell on a long black cloth which stretched across and hung over the ends of the desk. Observing more closely, he saw printed in what appeared to be dull gray letters upon the cloth, the words, "He is dead." The black cloth! What could it mean? He turned and walked silently from the room and out into the clear cold night.

Allowing himself to become completely absorbed in the mystery of the cloth and its three short words, he was about to return to the church when a tall business-like man stepped to his side, and placing his hand in a friendly manner upon his shoulder, said, "Good evening, Mr. Fletcher."

"Good evening, sir," replied the young man with a somewhat puzzled air. "But pardon me, I don't believe I recognize you."

"Perhaps not, and I haven't time to make myself known to you, for I must hasten to catch that evening train to the city. But I have a message of importance for you. Remember the black cloth!" With these words he left the minister and hastened to the train.

Daniel Fletcher turned and hurriedly retraced his steps to the church. Entering the prayer room, he folded the cloth, placed it carefully beneath his coat, and returned rapidly to the humble cottage where he made his abode. After lighting the large lamp which sat on the study table, he removed the cloth, unfolded it to the light and found it to be made of rich black velvet. The letters which had appeared to be a dull gray, he discovered to be made of pure white, and by closer observation he saw that they had been delicately worked by hand. In the corner of the cloth, worked undoubtedly by the same skillful hand, were the two small letters, "L. C." He looked at the letters long and thoughtfully, while a strange light seemed to pass across his countenance, and his eyes seemed to sparkle with a reflection of hope. Then again he became puzzled and melancholy. Laying the cloth across the table he sat down in a rocking chair near by, and gazed steadily upon it until the late hours of the night, every now and then uttering aloud in a soft, but clear rich voice, "Remember the black cloth."

CHAPTER II

In a magnificent home in Gerry, Illinois, sat a young lady. Her father was a prominent business man and moved in the circles of high society. But that society possessed no attractions for the beautiful daughter who, though surrounded by the luxury of wealth, sought rather the comfort and seclusion of solitude. To her the song of birds, the fragrance of flowers, and the super-human call of nature, was of more value than all the music and artificial manners of popular social gaiety. Her father had desired to give her an education in one of the well-known universities, but she did not prefer such a course, and finally persuaded him to permit her to attend one of the humbler colleges in some small town where she might allow the romantic tendencies of her soul to revel in the associations of nature. Her request was granted, however, on condition that when she returned from school she should consent to marry a certain wealthy man by the name of Lansley.

She did not realize when she gave her consent that other associations than those of nature would hold a serious attractions for her. During her course at the small college in southern Wisconsin she became acquainted with a brilliant student. There was a spirit of devotion in his attitude and a calm serenity in his countenance that seemed to grip her with a peculiar charm which she had never realized before. That he had gradually acquired a deep affection for her had become evident in her associations with him during the four years in college. That she had learned to love this strange, thoughtful, meditative man she did not doubt; but she had never dared to acknowledge it to him because of the promise she had given her father. She remembered the day on which she revealed that promise and the conditions under which it had been made to her thoughtful friend, and how the eyes that formerly had been lighted with hope, fell, and a certain gloom remained with him during the rest of his school life.

She was in the midst of just such reflections as these when the door opened and a tall, active, business-like man quietly entered from another room. She was so absorbed in thought that she did not notice his presence. For a moment he stood gazing at her. Her sad blue eyes resembled the dark sky of evening as she sat there before him in meditation. Her black hair appeared to ornament the healthy glow of her countenance as it fell about in gentle waves. Her lips possessed a slight curl, and he noticed a gentle quiver as she continued her reflections.

"Good evening, Lurena," he said, as he stood there in admiration.

"O, uncle," she exclaimed, springing to her feet in surprise, "when did you come? I am so glad you are here. Did you see Daniel? Does he know? Did you give him the message?"

"Yes, child," he replied calmly, "I have seen him and he is a most remarkable young man. The sermon he delivered Sabbath evening was powerful enough to touch the hardest heart. The little village church was crowded to the doors and a spirit of reverence and awe pervaded the very atmosphere. I have never seen anything like it. It seemed that every member of the congregation was in tears, and I understand that his people love him, and assist him well financially and in every way they can."

"O, I knew he would succeed," exclaimed Lurena with delight. "The students at school said that he was too gloomy and despondent, but I knew he had a power and determination within him which would cause him to surmount every difficulty; but uncle, what did he say about the message I sent? Did you tell him?"

"No girl, not in so many words. You see I was so busily engaged in the transactions of the firm that I had but very little time for a personal interview. But I learned where his place of private devotion was, and I laid the cloth in plain view. I met him in the evening as he was returning from prayer with a very solemn countenance, and I had just enough time to tell him to remember the black cloth, and then I was compelled to leave him or miss the train."

"O, but dear Uncle George, do you suppose he will know what you meant? It has been so long and he will have given up all hopes."

"Only a little more than a year, my child, and he cannot help but know," replied her uncle. "Besides I am going to return to the village on business in a few weeks, and I can explain everything if he does not know before."

"Are you really going back? We can hope for the best, can we not?" she asked, excitedly.

"Yes, Lurena, but we must retire now, as it is getting late. I just stepped in to let you know that I had seen the minister alive and well on Monday evening. Good night," and with these words the uncle who loved his niece dearly, left the room.

Lurena turned off the light and was just starting up the stairs when the door bell rang vehemently. Somewhat startled, she hurriedly walked to the door and opened it, only to behold the earnest face of the young minister.

"Daniel Fletcher," she exclaimed. "What does this mean?"

"Everything, girl," he said in a manner of one who had just discovered a new world. For a moment they stood there silently gazing at one another. The winter moon shown through the clear brisk night, full upon the face of the

girl. Her cheeks were slightly flushed and her bright eyes seemed even brighter by the gentle reflection that stole softly across her countenance. Daniel thought it was the prettiest face he had ever seen, and could hardly refrain from drawing it to his own. Taking her hand gently in his, he said thoughtfully, "Lurena, is Mr. Lansley dead and did—?" Here he paused, for it seemed that he could say no more.

"Yes, Daniel, he is dead, and I am still Lurena Carlson," she said slowly.

The uncle who had heard the door-bell ring, when he saw the scene before him, stole quietly away with the wisdom and discretion of long years of experience, without revealing himself to the young couple. With a knowing smile, he said in an undertone, "I guess she is capable of receiving the callers for the remainder of the evening."

The two lovers walked silently into the sitting room. All the beautiful memories of their school days seemed to pass through their minds like a dream as they stood there. Neither spoke until finally Daniel drew closer and said in a low rich voice filled with tenderness, "O, Lurena, I must tell you now what I have never dared to tell you before. I love you. You have been the one dream of my life since our school days. I could not forget you. Your message gave me the hope that has brought me here tonight. Tell me—have I loved and longed all this time in vain?"

The girl stood in utter silence for a moment and then brushing his long hair back gently with her hand, she turned her dark blue eyes earnestly to his and replied tenderly, "No, Daniel, it has not been in vain."

Lyric

The day has been so long without you, dear,
The tasks have taken such a little while,
The hours have loitered; may be they, with me,
We're waiting for your smile.

Tonight, when I look up into the sky
So soft and velvet in its starry pile,
I wonder, will the years be filled with days
Of waiting for your smile? —M. C. C.



School Songs

(Air—Orange and Black)

Midst the prairies stretching eastward,
Midst the prairies stretching west,
With the eagle watching o'er her,
Pillowed on Wisconsin's breast,
Stands our cherished Alma Mater,
With love for her we thrill,
While with joy we join the chorus,
Oh, we love thee, Evansville.

Yes, we love thy shady campus,
We love thy stately halls,
From the east and west we gather
Gladly here within thy walls.
We have long upheld thy standard,
And we'll raise it higher still,
Seminary, Junior College,
Oh, we love thee, Evansville.

We must leave thy halls of learning,
We must bid a fond adieu,
Thou hast taught us noble lessons,
To each one we will be true.
And as the years fly swiftly o'er us,
Fond thoughts shall linger still,
As we hear the chorus echo,
Oh, we love thee, Evansville.

—L. Ethel Paul.

(Air—Annie Laurie)

Dear Evansville, we love thee,
Our Seminary home,
Thy campus, walks and maples,
Where oft we've loved to roam.
Thy ivied wall shall be
Dear to our memory,
And through future years, forever,
We'll love thee, Evansville.

We love thee for the memories
That linger 'round thy halls,
Like the entwining ivy
That's clinging to thy walls.
For friends and schoolmates dear,
We've met from year to year,
And for fond old recollections,
We love thee, Evansville.

'Tis not in famous story,
Nor records proud and high,
Nor on the field of glory
Thy grandest work shall lie.
But in the hearts so true
Of your sons and daughters, too,
For the noble standards lifted,
We love thee, Evansville.

—C. M. Hill.



Athletics



Among the many new demands made upon a growing school come the demand for athletics, and Evansville Junior College is meeting these in a practical, progressive way.

The idea that the field of athletics is one belonging entirely to the powers of evil must be abandoned by all who would "serve the present age." In our modern complex life of hustle and nervous strain, from which have passed out the sawbuck and the waterpail, the gymnasium of the century past, we must have practical, scientific means of building up the physical. "To be a well man or woman is the first step toward being a . . . useful man or woman. The world becomes impatient of physical weakness, not through lack of sympathy, but because it has discovered that in the vast majority of cases physical weakness is a kind of voluntary servitude."

Plans have been definitely made and are being ably carried out to add to our buildings a first-class, up-to-date gymnasium. A good round sum has been contributed, nearly seven hundred dollars of it being subscribed by the faculty and students. Better still, our irrepressible financial agent has got a realistic vision of the building and is bending every energy to make it an accomplished fact. It is a saying common in Evansville that when this much has been gained you may look very soon for actual bricks and mortar. Unless some very unexpected Providence should intervene, we will enter the new gymnasium next fall.

Evansville has always enjoyed a healthy spiritual atmosphere, it stands for thorough scholarship—and it produces the goods—and is now to be able to live up to the ideal standard of education—The development of spirit, mind and body.

We Girls



In the pleasant days of November,
Had you searched on the campus ground,
A group of Athletic women
You might easily have found.

We wanted to use our muscles,
And we felt the autumn's call;
So we gathered the girls together
And went after a basekt ball.

The baskets were nothing extra,
The ground was not even flat;
But the girls were not discouraged,
What did they care for that?

When the winter cold suggested
That their exercise was o'er,
They started to play in a building,
On a dusty wooden floor.

At eight o'clock in the morning,
Through the rain, sun and the snow,
Cheerfully, uncomplaining,
The girls would gladly go.

Of course you remember the contest
That took place in the old town hall,
When the students versus the teachers
Played a game of basket ball.

The boys were prepared for laughter,
But instead they were forced to admire
The coolness, when coolness was needed,
The spirit, and snap and fire.

The girls had had little practice,
But they did have plenty of pluck;
The teams were evenly matched—
The score was decided by luck.

Our part this year has been brief,
But we know we can stand the test,
And if you'll give us a gym,
We'll promise to do the rest.

We will make of the girls, strong women,
Their duty prepared to fulfill,
With strength and courage to forward
The standards of Evansville.

—J. Gatse.



Life

By L. Ethel Paul

Life, what is life? And wherefore do I yearn
For things that are not, nor ever can be.
What means this grasping, groping search for light
To show me glimpses of eternity?

Why, why, so often do I seek in vain
To find the path wherein my feet should tread?
Why do I miss the footsteps in the gloom
To mark the road by which I should be led?

Must my life be ruined as by chance
Because the way was hidden and unknown,
Because the light was dim, the path o'er spread
With leaves and brambles by the tempest strewn?

If I find not the path for me marked out,
What is my life but failure and defeat?
If I do not my duty to the full
How can I find my happiness complete?

More light! More light! Oh, God, wilt Thou deny
The ray which shall make clear Thy course for me?
Wilt Thou not with Thy finger point the way
And by Thy guidance set my spirit free?

One glorious beam now seems to slant the sky;
The gloom dispells, the path at last I see.
It is the light for which my soul hath yearned,
It is the light, and I at last am free.

I take the path, I take it gladly now,
The path which oft before me has been trod;
I search no longer nor need now to ask;
Life, what is life? It is the light of God.

The Perils of Co-education

By Ruth Morgan, '16

Mrs. Carey looked across the breakfast table to her husband who was stretched out comfortably in his chair, reading the morning paper.

"Lynn," she said firmly, in the tone of one who has decided upon a course of action and is determined to follow it, "is going to a co-educational school."

"To a what?" exploded Mr. Carey, bringing his chair to the floor with a crash.

"To a co-educational school," she replied icily. "Really, Henry, anyone would think you were deaf."

"Sometimes wish I was," muttered Henry, in an undertone. "But what under the sun are you going to send the poor kid to a place like that for?"

"Because I consider a co-educational school the only place where a boy can receive the proper culture and refinement. It gives him a chance to associate with boys and girls of his own age, and as Vernon is the nearest institution of this kind, I have decided that Lynn shall go to Vernon."

"Then I suppose he'll go," murmured her husband with conviction born of long and bitter experience, "but really, Katherine, I can't see what you're thinking of. You know Lynn would go six blocks out of his way to avoid speaking to a girl. He is scared to death of anything that wears skirts, and if you send him off to a place like that he'll either die of bashfulness or come home within two weeks."

"He will not," retorted Mrs. Carey. "You don't understand that dear child. All he needs is development and—"

"There he comes," interrupted Mr. Carey, as a door slammed in the hall, "please spring it on him while I am here. I want to see the fun."

"I shall inform him of our plans, if that is what you mean," replied his wife haughtily, as the dining room door swung open and Lynn came in and unceremoniously flung himself in his place opposite his father.

"There was an awkward silence for a few minutes, and then Mrs. Carey took the plunge. "Lynn, dear," she said sweetly, "Father and I have decided that you are to go to Vernon this year."

Mrs. Carey had expected some protest from her son but she was utterly unprepared for the storm which her words called forth. Lynn sprang to his feet, so hastily that he upset his chair and a glass of water; his face was as black as a thunder cloud and his eyes were blazing. For an instant he gazed at his mother, then turning on his heel he strode out of the room, slamming the door behind. Mr. Carey looked across the table. "Evidently the dear child doesn't care to be developed," he drawled. Mrs. Carey looked as if she would like to cry but she didn't. Instead, she rose hurriedly and began to clear the dishes from the table. Mr. Carey sat watching her for a few minutes, then rose, picked up his hat and passed out into the hall where he met Lynn. He was as angry as a boy of his disposition ever gets. To be sent to Vernon was much worse in his estimation than being sent to the penitentiary, a disgrace from

which he would never be able to recover. "All the boys Lynn knew who went to Vernon were, in his vernacular, "sissies," and to be a sissy was to be despised of all men. Lynn fully realized that his doom was sealed for when his mother spoke in that tone of voice no one ever questioned her. The decree was accepted as unalterable for never had she been known to change her mind when it was once made up. Consequently, he made preparations for Vernon with the attitude of a martyr preparing for the stake, which drove his father, who was powerless to help him, nearly to distraction, and on the first day of September about six o'clock in the morning, he set out for Vernon.

Seven hours later a forlorn looking boy, suitcase in hand, walked slowly up the walk which led to "Vernon." He was homesick, frightened, and altogether about as near crying as a boy ever gets. His reception when he arrived at the office did not tend to lessen his gloom. The president of Vernon was a man who did not believe in humoring his students. He had never been homesick himself; therefore he did not see how anyone else could be. He considered the so-called homesickness a device of the devil to keep students from attending school, and had an idea that the way to master the malady was by a severity which generally sent the student from the office on the verge of nervous prostration. Consequently Lynn left at the end of half an hour trembling in every limb, after having imparted to the president that his name was Lynn Percival Carey, that he lived in Walton, Massachusetts, was sixteen years old, and was going to take up the regular first year scientific course if he didn't die or go home before the next morning. Much to his surprise, he was still alive in the morning although he was about the most miserable boy that ever went to boarding school against his will.

For two long weeks he wandered around the school looking as if all his relatives had been killed, studying when he felt like it, writing letters to his mother which would have wrung tears from the eyes of a statue. Time and again she was on the verge of sending for him but the thought of what Mr. Carey would say always intervened, and Lynn stayed on. For two long weeks he made himself, his mother and everyone who happened to be around him miserable. At the end of those two weeks it happened.

Now, it is always bound to happen. It is as inevitable as fate and as unalterable as the law of the Medes and Persians. It may be sooner or later, sometimes in one way, sometimes in another, but happen it must, and in Lynn's case this is how it happened. He was strolling disconsolately along the campus when he met Her (for when anything very important happens to a boy of Lynn's age there is always a Her in the background) a vision of health, grace and beauty, and in one single moment he lost his head, his heart, and his homesickness. His letters to his mother changed in tune. Instead of begging to come home he even suggested that it would hardly pay to come such a long distance for the few days of Thanksgiving vacation, which he had planned to spend at home. His mother was highly elated over the change and her good judgment in choosing Vernon as her son's Alma Mater. His father was plainly perplexed. Such sudden changes were beyond his comprehension, but he made no comment.

A week later Mr. and Mrs. Carey were again sitting at the breakfast table. Mrs. Carey was reading a long article on "The Benefits of Co-education" to a rather unappreciative audience, when there was a sharp ring at the door-bell. Mr. Carey heaved a sigh of relief at the interruption. Mrs. Carey rose and hastened to the door. In a moment she

returned pale as a ghost, holding a slip of yellow paper which she handed to her husband. Mr. Carey snatched it from her hands and read: "I'm engaged. Glad I came. Particulars later. Lynn." Mrs. Carey was sobbing audibly.

"O, Henry, she wailed, "isn't it terrible. Just a mere boy, and he's only been there two weeks. What ever will we do? I shall send for him today."

Henry laid the telegram on the table in front of him and stared for a moment at his wife who was wiping her eyes pathetically. Then his sense of humor came to the rescue. He threw back his head and roared. He laughed until his face was purple, then he leaned against the table and groaned faintly.

"Really, Katherine," he gasped at last, "you don't understand the dear boy. All he needed was development, and, well—I guess he got it."

May Lyric

Oh, What's this May morning to me?
It's the breeze in the trees—
It's the flowers on the earth and the birds in the air—
It's the smell and the song and the color that's there—
It's the laugh of the sun in the curl of your hair—
O, that's the May morning to me. —M. C. C.

A Junior

"He's an all eternal nuisance,
A bleating, bawling mite—
He lets none rest by day time,
He lets none sleep by night."

Toll for the Seniors,
The wise that are no more,
All sunk beneath the wave
Of knowledge and its roar.

—M. C. C.



Miss Jensen, after taking "jolt" from induction coil—"My, but isn't it shocking."

R. W. B. (trying to persuade class that "shocks" didn't hurt), "Say, Miss Miller, you shouldn't be afraid of those sparks.." Miss M.' "I know it, but they are the wrong variety."

Mr. Ward takes a great liking to pickles. We wonder why?

"Fast Horse Frank" has a pony cart to sell. He intends to purchase a vehicle that will accommodate Two.

Conversation a la Dictograph

N. B. or P. S.—(Please excuse Mr. Campbell's grammar, he studies so much dutch that he unthinkingly mixes it into his conversation.)

Mr. Cox—(fiendish glances)—You had her out last night, explain yourself.

Mr. Campbell—O, yah, aye tank so, aber vat makes that to you enny difference.

Mr. Cox—"Well, it makes just this much difference, I am going with her and if I catch you with her again, I'll blow your head off with a pound of dynamite."

Mr. Campbell—"Ach mein freinde, id vill takes about den pounts already, yes, vor to make in mein head ein impression."

(Smell of burning brimstone.) (Two mammoth blows struck.)

"Dere zu honyock, takes a dat, ich vill schow you if you vill pe zo schmarts around me, some more."

More N. B.—(The girl was an imaginary one.)

SENIOR EPITAPH

Thomas Babington Johnson—"Tommy," S. S. (soft soap). Farmer; sub-horse jockey; Pres. of S. C. (senior class). Motto—Out of the brook into the deep.

Hugh Themisticles Benton—"Uncle," M. E. (master of engineering). Retired student; ex-Justice of Peace; freshies godfather; expert stoker; "Senior" champion engineer. Motto—I would if I could, but I can't. Why? Because I'm married now.

Ruth Rockton Hersey—"Percy," P. F. (piano forte). Mendelssohn the Second. Motto—No wedding bells for mine.

Frankus Hoisington Johnson—"Ikey," X. C. (ex-convict). Equestrian speed king; brother to Thomas; likewise farmer. Motto—More speed; More speed yetter.

Georgia Randolphus Campbell—"Easy," D. D. (?). Lumber Jack; famous student; great physics expert; Dutch wonder. Motto—I cannot work before tomorrow.

Lulu Shakefoot Miller—"Lou," S. F. (Sem. f-i-t). Mozart the Second; burns midnight oil (but not studying). Motto—I won't get home til morning.

Clytice Listerine Smith—"Henie," L. H. (?) (late hours). Perambulating dictionary; continued lady; would be book shark. Motto—If only someone would—?

Elmer Alabaster Ward—"Wahdy," F. O. B. (flat on back). Cracked bookkeeper; expert cash register; sentinel of B. H. Motto—Solitude, sweet solitude for mine.

Viva Juneau Leighty—"Peg," E. J. (ex-Junior). Housekeeper; sister of Nina; English shark. Motto—Excelsior.

Nina Medellion Leighty—"Peg No. 2," also E. J. Also housekeeper; sister of Viva; mile-a-minute walker. Motto—Sawdust.

May June July August Brooke—P. S. (Pauline's sis.) Very near relation to our Dutch teacher; sister to Miss P. H. Brooke. Motto—Would that I had more sisters like her.

Wesley Walkamile Cerney—"Wes.," C. O. D. (cracked on dome.) Doctor of Phussology; famous pedestrian; retired farmer; Senior sport. Motto—Walking is slow, but sure.

Stanley Deutches Cox—"Saint," S. O. S. (soft old sap head). Speed boat fiend; expert carpet beater; would be gambler; book worm. Motto—More Dutch, I crave it.

Angelinus Perfectus Tullis—"Peggy," N. G.-angy (no-good). Prominent Dorm student; suffragette (letter sufer); hobble skirt enius. Motto—Get off the earth.

Louise Howe Goodenough—"Jimmie," H. P. (heinz-or?). Rooms with sister of Pauline; much admired by Soph book-bug. Motto—More altitude.

Marias Samantha Jensen—C. Q. D. (come quick dear). Housekeeper; diligent student; tormenter of Frankus H. Johnson. Motto—Over the hill on high.

Young "Fresh" to R. W. B.—"Why do you always get in so late?" R. W. B.—"Why, just beClaus."

One or two of the interesting sights in the Junior Class lately have been—

Miss Cannon making her famous hundred yard dash;
Verna Endicott on her mile run and her sister Villa displaying her knowledge of pole vaulting;

Benjamin Green studying;
Dave Fenwick completely absorbed in the "movies";
Lorin Knapp reciting in German;
Brooks Gabriel chewing gum;
Ruth Miles laughing boisterously because she flunked in every subject;

Edna Pierson silently listening;
Margaret Jones sad and gloomy;
Lola Hazelwood flirting.

Evansville—Water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink.

A salesman upon arriving in Evansville one Friday morning at about 9:10, asked a bystander if they often had such terrific disturbances in this section of the country. The man replied, "No, that is just the Seminary Chorus."

Who would ever think that Wesley Cerney would walk a mile and a half in from the country and on a freezing night at that, just to get back to the Seminary.

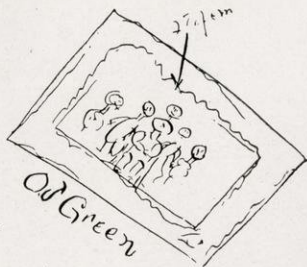
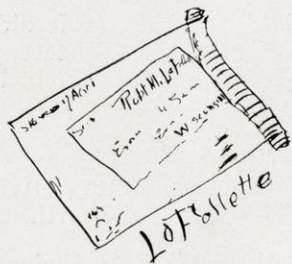
Who would be so high-handed as to accuse Mr. Bone of stealing "Harts?"

Lives of great men oft remind us,
We should make our lives sublime,
By just asking foolish questions,
And thus take the teacher's time.

As an addition to the proposal of the "Doctor" that we hang next year's Freshmen on a clothesline, so enabling the more cultured classes a greater freedom, we would suggest that they be hung over the furnace so they will be fully seasoned by the time they become Sophs.

That's Us

The editor sat in his sanctum, his feet were on the floor, His mien was fierce and vicious, his eyes were full of gore. His hair was tousled and matted, his pencil sawed the air, Papers littered the floor, while his fingers tore his hair. He was not drunk or crazy, he was not wild from booze, But he could not go to press because there was no news.



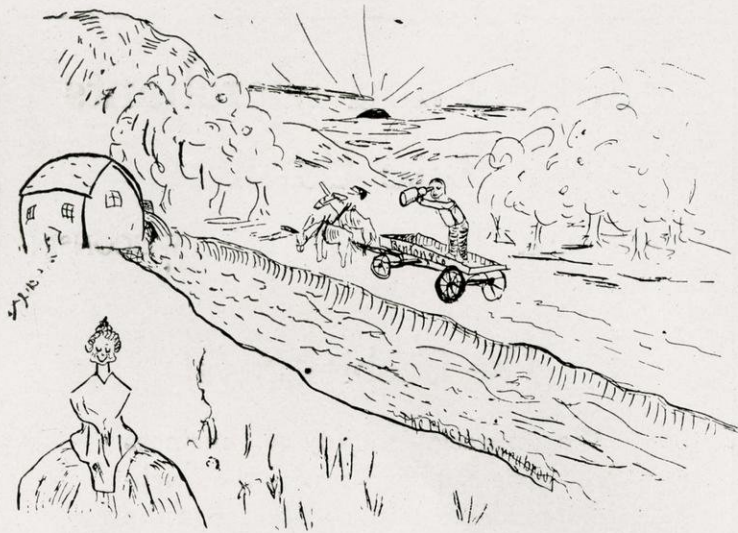
Pick Yourself
Out

MESSAGES FROM ALUMNI.

Freshman Yell

Rah. Rah. Rah.
Ma. Ma. Ma.
Pa. Pa. Pa.
Help!!!

Lastly
Brethren
I reserved this
important place
till the last so
in might give utmost care



Card of Thanks

We, the students of the Junior College, wish to extend our heart felt thanks to those many Glee Clubs, Public Speakers, and others too numerous to mention who have so considerately "stopped off" here, and thus delivered us from many hours of desperate study.

Mr. Fenwick is truly a poet of the first order. He says that the muse holds greatest sway when he can repose by a sparkling Brooke and lose himself in thot (ahem.).

The picture one generally gets of our Commercial class at work is something like this: Mr. Gould— asleep; Mr. Ling—daydreaming, and Mr. Anderson trying to stir up a conversation with Mr. Ling.

REFLECTIONS

Down by the old mill stream
 When I walked there in my 'teens
 And the flowers they did teem
 Over valley, hill and stream—
 Did I see my sweetheart's gleam
 Across the meadow green?—
 Oh! I saw her in a dream
 As she walked beside that stream.

There the violets were so blue
 To all hearts that were so true,
 And that gentle song she sung
 In the meadow there alone
 Caused my heart to be in tune
 To the skies that were so blue,
 To the birds in merry tune
 In the lovely month of June.

Oft along that placid stream
 As I drove a gentle team
 How my countenance did beam
 For my sweetheart's face I'd seen;
 And my heart began to beat
 For to see her was a treat,
 Then my spirit was relieved,
 For then all my troubles ceased.

H. M. B. '14.

Ziggy considers himself above everyone else, principally because of his exceeding great altitude.

The cows are in the meadow,
 The sheep are in the grass,
 But all the simple little geese
 Are in the Sophomore class.

"The Anscó"

Feuelon's fable, "Un Voyage Suppose," written in 1690, tells of his heart's desire for an Anscó.

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It now is late, the lights grow dim,
We've made a grand endeavor;
But We're not like the little brook
We can't go on forever.

12. 7