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Record of Events

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

SEPTEMBER 25—They’re off at Washington.

SEPTEMBER 29—Mass Meeting in Chapel. The Chancellor and Professor Woodward unwound some “man to man” talk.

SEPTEMBER 30-OCTOBER 2—The annual “survival of the fittest,” by the Sophomore and Freshman Classes.

OCTOBER 1—Girls’ luncheon. All survived.

OCTOBER 22—Glee Club’s first meeting. Leader Arthur Lieber remarked that he had heard worse singing.

OCTOBER 23—The Senior Class met. Wire-pulling, election of officers. Much soreness.

OCTOBER 25—The corner stone of the new Gymnasium was laid with the usual absence of students.

OCTOBER 26—Dramatic Club meeting. The refreshments were worth while.

OCTOBER 31—The Literary Society arose from the dead. Made motion to adjourn. Carried.

NOVEMBER 1—Juniors defeated Sophs at football.

NOVEMBER 5—Professor Woodward inspected another Missouri High School.

NOVEMBER 8—Egyptians’ Halloween party. Those present were Mr. Jas. S. Martin and three others.

NOVEMBER 12—Sophs defeated the Freshmen at football. The presence of two Co-eds lent an interest.

NOVEMBER 13—A slight earthquake was felt, and in the evening the Literary Society met.

NOVEMBER 15—Reception to the Alumni at the Club.

NOVEMBER 19—Sophomore Class “Spread” in Co-ed den.
NOVEMBER 20—The University Band blew into existence.

NOVEMBER 27—The University Band blew out.

NOVEMBER 28—The Co-ed den was the scene of a dance, under the auspices of the Hellmuth-Kenney Company. All had a good time and the company paid for a “hair cut.”

DECEMBER 2—A reception to Students and Professors at the Club. Chancellor Chaplin, Professor Snow and others made some remarks. The Glee Club made its first appearance—and immediately after disbanded—no official reason.

DECEMBER 8—The Interclass Bowling Tournament opened. “Buck” beer became popular thereafter.

DECEMBER 10—The “Now” edition of the Bachelor was issued. Great rush for copies; panic narrowly averted.

DECEMBER 12—The Washington University Chess Club opened its tournament. The band played “Please Go Way and Let Me Sleep.” Captain Rice said “the men are in the pink of condition.”

DECEMBER 17—The Freshman Class gave a feed and held business meeting. Officers for the ensuing month were elected, and the offices of Class Feed Manager and Class Photographer were created. They hope, before June, to supply each member with an office.

DECEMBER 18—The Beta’s gave a dance. According to the Globe-Democrat notes, the usual enjoyable evening was “passed.”

DECEMBER 22—A meeting in Chapel of Students and Professors. Agreeable to all concerned, as the first two hours were used up.

DECEMBER 24-JANUARY 3—Various occupations—cramming—shooting—dancing—receiving and repenting.

JANUARY 1—Phi Delta Theta smoker and minstrel show.

JANUARY 8—Literary Society met with full attendance. Seven present.

JANUARY 12—First smoke at Washington University Club. Captain Rumbold lectured on The Philippines. The cigars were good.

JANUARY 15—Athletic Association granted W’s to football men. No one objected.

FEBRUARY 2—More “man to man” talks in Chapel. No lectures missed.

FEBRUARY 6—Beta’s held annual banquet at Mercantile Club.
FEBRUARY 9—First meeting of the German Club. The Misses Flannagan and Altheimer came without hats.

FEBRUARY 11—Beginning of handball tournament.

FEBRUARY 20—Alumni Banquet at St. Nicholas. Fiftieth Anniversary of Charter grant. Meeting in Chapel and reading of Professor Waterhouse’s will.

FEBRUARY 21—The Colonial tea of the H.E.T. Professors and students attended en masse. The patches were becoming.

FEBRUARY 28—Second smoke talk at Washington University Club. Professor Snow lectured: Switzerland.

MARCH 7—H.E.T.'s gave theater party at Grand. All enjoyed “Tracy, the Outlaw.”

MARCH 9—Second meeting of the German Club. Post-office and other games were played. Adolf won prize at spinning the plate. Sigma Alpha Epsilon Alumni Banquet at Mercantile Club.

MARCH 14—Phi Delta Theta Alumni Banquet at St. Nicholas.

MARCH 27—Freshman Dance at Odeon. The liverymen were well pleased.

MARCH 28—Co-eds visit Year Book office.

APRIL 1—Track Team begins practice. 100-yard dash started promptly at 2:33.

APRIL 2—Brey finishes first in the aforementioned dash at 4:39.

APRIL 17—W.A.G. dance.

APRIL 18—Third smoke talk at Washington University Club. Professor Woodward lectured on “How Eads Bridge was Built.”

APRIL 24—The “Then” edition of the Bachelor was issued. Subscribers felt relieved.

APRIL 28—Washington-William Jewell debate at Memorial Hall. The expected happened.

MAY 5—Theta Sigma dance at Odeon.

MAY 6—This went to press.
A Feathered Nest

In looking o'er a lengthy list
Of grafts and schemes of pay,
Of occupations that exist
Where "snaps" endure alway.
Taking the good ones of the day,
From magnate to conductor,
Give me just one, without delay—
The Cinch of the Young Instructor.

As simple as a turn of wrist
As soft as sunlight's ray
His life is one unending tryst
With Fortune holding sway.
A lecture now and then, we'll say;
From that we may deduct, or
Supplement from day to day—
The Cinch of the Young Instructor.

Think how the Co-eds all persist
In hovering 'round, and say,
Think how ungallant to resist
And drive them straight away.
Their smiles, alone, would make me say
Be magnate or conductor—
But save for me without delay
The Cinch of the Young Instructor.

L'envoi
In truth, I fail to see a way
In which one might construct or
Win a home with so much play
The Cinch of the Young Instructor.
With shocking regularity
The still life studies disappear;
To paint one is a rarity.
The faculty remark "'tis queer!
Banana, cocoanut and date;
They share the same mysterious fate."

*It must have been the Rats!*

Some flush young artists brought champagne
And other bottled stuff to paint,
And to the faculty 'twas plain
When those same students made complaint
That all the bottles had gone dry;
They could not answer "how" nor "why."

*It must have been the Rats!*
Prof.---Ah! Mineral Soil, I bore a Specimen

Oh! Yea!!
Squibs

PRECEPTS

I learned a truth the other night
    That from experience grew.
Faint heart ne'er won fair lady,
    But faint whispers often do.

They say that absence conquers love
    So when you're out of town,
Just take a piece of good advice:
    With presents hold it down.

Behind some potted orange trees,
    Unseen, they sat, alone.
Up through the window came a breeze—
    They heard the sea waves moan.

His searching arm crept 'round her waist,
    The color left her checks,
It ne'er returned, but stuck like paste
    Upon his coat, for weeks.

TWO OF A KIND

Horses ought to kick while being broken,
    I know I like them better when they do;
And I love the little girl who whispers:
    "Mamma wouldn't like it, if she knew."

OF EXAMS

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
    Exams! and the Prof. is never weary:
The chalk still marks on the crowded wall,
    And at every stroke the students fall;
And the day is dark and dreary.

Oh life is cold and dark and dreary;
    And my mind of exams, is ever weary;
My pencil clings to my moistening tongue,
    Methinks I'm a swan whose song is sung;
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
    A good guess, with St. Joles' divining,
Will rest thee, though thy fate be sealed—
    'Tis all a guess, in whatever field;
We but guess that these days be dreary!
R. SCHUYLER leads off thus: "Bunch of fellows singing out of tune in the proper spirit is better than a high-schooled Glee Club." The song that followed bore this out; but the cigars were better. Champagne dropped in Nagel's lap brought a speech. T. G. Rutledge: "My toast is serious." Voice: "Et tu Brute?" Bryan: "My toast is not serious." The Voice: "Except for us." Mulligan asked a friend to come in and see triplets. Friend said he was no fancier of triplets, but if it were pups, or three of a kind, would see them. Finally took a look—white kids; said Mulligan, "I'd keep the middle." Conselman: "We're twenty to-night—" Voice: "Nay, more, and our one prolific mother, Alma, adds to us every June." Second Voice: "And Father Brookings has hitched her baby carriage to a star!" Third Voice: "Nay, to a flight of golden eagles. It takes eagles to teach eaglets." Then they rose to a toast; but all the glasses were empty—why? Song, The Terriers' Drill, by Langsdorf. Ork, Ich bin der Doctor Otto Heller, by himself. Kirby: "We are already moving westward. Look to Mary Institute—" Voice: "We used to," Kirby continues: "Though our prospects often have been dark and clouded—" The Voice: "Smoke, smoke!" Kirby concluded: "Yet has brightness come again—" That Voice: "Give me a light!" And then they all sang Auld Lang Syne—in the proper spirit, out of tune.
A Co-Ed's Welsh Rarebit

AKE a crowd of four or five and a chafing dish
Start a conversation going, anything you wish
Light your fire; then retire, bring on the dish,
One pound of cheese, and if you please, quite yellowish.

Now some butter and the cheese, put in the proper place,
Pepper black and pepper red, add these with grace;
Worcestershire, ale or beer, with the rest encase
Stir with care and then prepare to feed your face.

Should the mess behave, say, like a rubber hose
Get an axe and hit it oft repeated blows
Then get in work with a sharp fork, and watch it close—
Follow it about the room where'er it goes.

When at length you manage to subdue your prey
Then imbed your teeth and grind without delay
He who first in spite of mirth makes the last play
Will win the game and then may claim a hero's lay.
The Menu at a Medical Banquet

**SOUPS**
Sponge  Cork  Nux Vomica

**ENTREES**
Granose Biscuit, with Syrup of Figs
Microbes on Half Shell

**MEATS AND GAME**
Beef a la Iron and Wine
Adder’s Tongue Extract
Elephants Foot Extract and Oxgall
Liver Pills
Dog Wood Extract

**RElishes**
Quinine  Castor Oil  Asafetida

**Vegetables**
Pressed Herbs  Castor Beans  Wormwood

**DESSERTS**
Vaseline Pudding  Blue Mass
Aromatic Rhubarb  Camphor Ice

**SOFT DRINKS**
Bicarbonate Soda  Mexican Ginger
Malteo Milk  Extract of Lemon Peel

**NUTS**
Horse Chestnuts  Nut Galls  Grape Nuts

**SMOKES**
Cabbage Leaves  Grape Leaves
Pulverized Horse Hoof  Prepared Bird Seed
How Clothes Unmake the Man

One of our friends was at a summer garden night before last, with his girl and his flannel suit. He, she, it: he, a dude; she, his girl; it, his suit.

But it rained, you remember; and they had but one umbrella, he remembers; that he was courteous, she does not remember.—And this is the story, of the dude and his girl and his flannel suit: The garments were ready-made, with large stripes and turn-ups—worth twice the money. But ready-mades are unshrunken; and it rained; and he was generous of his umbrella, this dude.

When Nature wept at his feet, the London anklets moaned altius pete, the flannel cuffs seconded the motion, while the collar of that suit shrank shivering down toward fellow sufferers. Then he waxed nervous.

Some of us know him.

Timidly he dodged behind unconscious Beatrice, turned down those trousers, and gave a long pull, oh such a strong pull, and a pull altogether on foreshortened sleeves. They ran for cover, my lady wondered at his gloom, only relieved by the upstart gaiety of sox, and the simper of the shrinking flannel folds, trooping in phalanx toward his belt, to whisper: "This is a cinch."

Oh there was but to do and die—in a bathing suit, well bathed! Her comment was musical, a song not without words: "Home," she hymned, "Home, home, sweet home!"

She was his girl; his suit it was—was, not is! To-day she turns her dimpled hand to cuisine, just cutting dates; and a flannel suit has gone to bowling, pledged to just three balls.
The Tragedy of the Cock of the Legal Walk

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

The Cock
Mr. Chancellor Pandect
Tersites

ARGUMENT

Chanticleer, having attained some distinction in rural, flew the coop seeking greater worlds to conquer. And passing unsathed through sylvan and campestral wilds he found lodging in an urban roost abutting and adjoining We-ourselves. And it came to pass that Fortune smiled on him. And being virile and of courage full, he worshiped Self. Then the people turned on him the other eye. And he became the barnyard laughing-stock of all.

Enter Pandect.

PAN. 'Tis all a waltz at the best, is Law,
Whirling along wi' the world in its paw,
Until we grow, my dear good sirs,
So very dizzy in our course
That indeed we must reverse.
I gave an exam, some while ago,
(Custom being law, you know.)
And now I come with conscience sore
A tale of sorrow to outpour.
Before the said exam, I said
'Twould be no test, for those who led
Must be darn fools, forsooth, who'd read
Not wisely but too well; while to the rear,
Our lawyers young were like to fling
Their guesses false but twinkling.
Now my God-given time I've given in part
To rearing, with a jealous art,
A hedge above my handsome mouth
Of whiskers which or north or south
Have not been beat.
One man alone in that Junior class,
By use of oil and looking-glass
And much sweet-scented breath——
Has tried to emulate my look.
I would not bring the rogue to book,
(For can imitation be mistook?)
No, for the compliment he paid me,
I let him lead the class, so help me!
Stroph.

CHOR. We grant your grace, as in honor bound,
   Take pity on each callow mound,
   And for the compliment he pays thee,
   Oh let him lead the class, we pray thee.

Enter the Cock.

COCK. Always certain, ne'er free,
   Because I'm me I'm happy—see?
   I led the class, 'twas a cinch fo' me;
   I'm happy, just because I'm me.

THER. Like an Ancient Mariner of old
   He goeth about, lean, lank, and cold,
   Telling everyone his tale.
   With ninety-four and something more
   He grew so tall the very door
   Would wish to abate the nuisance!
   He grew so tall, he grew so thin,
   Old Sol upon this human pin
   A second glance must give, perchance,
   Or fail to make a shadow.
   And now about the fields this elf,
   Like Ajax looking for himself,
   That happy, egotistic song
   Still cackles daily all along—

Enter Priest of Justice.

JUSTICE. We grudge no man a lucky mark,
   (What little more from out the dark
   Mazes of a text-book, off-hand,
   He may recall.) While here we stand
   Each from each hath more to learn,
   And now, dear Capon, comes your turn:
   Of school-books you have seen a score,
   Have read or thought of little more,
   And the ignorance you have overlooked
   Of being narrowly well-read and booked.
   Far harder works than you would preen
   Yourself with having counsel, e'en
   Boyhood toys were for many here
   Who now extend this word of cheer:
   Be less cock-sure, and be more wise—
   Such the burden of our bridge of sighs.
   [Vamoose the Cock.]
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